

**PAGES MISSING  
IN THE BOOK**

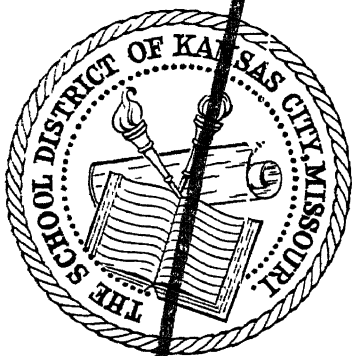




321.08

L6

# Kansas City Public Library



This Volume is for  
REFERENCE USE ONLY

THE  
FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA  
OF  
POETRY

COMPRISING  
BEST POEMS OF THE MOST FAMOUS WRITERS,  
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

BY  
HENRY T. COATES.

---

TWENTY-SEVENTH EDITION.  
REVISED AND ENLARGED.

---



PORTER & COATES,  
PHILADELPHIA.

---

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY PORTER & COATES.

---

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY HENRY T. COATES.

---

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY HENRY T. COATES.

---

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY HENRY T. COATES.

---

TO MY  
ALMA MATER,  
HAVERFORD COLLEGE,  
IN REMEMBRANCE OF  
THE WARM FRIENDSHIPS FORMED THERE,  
THE MANY JOYOUS DAYS SPENT THERE,  
AND,  
ABOVE ALL,  
THE LITERARY ASPIRATIONS WHICH SHE KINDLED AND FOSTERED,  
WHICH HAVE SHED A GLADDENED LIGHT OVER THE YEARS  
SINCE I LEFT HER HALLOWED PRECINCTS,  
THIS VOLUME IS  
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

ing Spring-time and melancholy Autumn, Poems for the lover, and Historical Poems, Old Legends, and Ballads for all.

From the days when

“Adam delved and Eve span”

to the present, human nature has been ever the same. Kingdoms have risen and been forgotten, languages been formed and fallen into disuse, but love, patriotism, sorrow and death, are the same in all ages and climes. The language may be different and the allusions seem strange to our ears, but the same old, old story was told by gallant knight to high-bred dame in the good old days of Queen Bess as is now whispered into the ear of rustic beauty or ball-room belle.

“Each heart recall’d a different name, but all sang ‘Annie Laurie.’”

The same impulses animated Horatius as he faced Lars Porsena’s army on the banks of the Tiber centuries ago, and the brave boys who flocked to their country’s standard during the late civil war; while the bereaved parent even now mourns for his erring child in the same heart-language as did the sweet Singer of Israel over his lost Absalom. Though long cycles have intervened between Shakespeare and Tennyson, Sir Walter Raleigh and Longfellow, Herrick and Burns, Herbert and Whittier, rare Ben Jonson and Mrs. Browning, one animating purpose breathes alike through the voices of the poets of the past and the present.

As many poems are founded upon some historical fact or some interesting incident or legend, a knowledge of which greatly aids the reader in his appreciation of them, Explanatory and Corroborative Notes have been appended at the end of the volume. This plan has been adopted in preference to placing the notes at the bottom of the page; as many readers, who are familiar with their substance, naturally object to such an arrangement as distracting their attention and marring the continuity of the poem.

The compiler would express his thanks to the various authors and publishers who have so kindly permitted him to use the copyright poems contained in this collection, and especially to Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., who, notwithstanding that they publish excellent works of a similar character, generously granted the use of the various poems by Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Bret Harte, Saxe, Bayard Taylor, Stedman, Stoddard, Trowbridge, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Parsons, Lucy Larcom, Julia Ward Howe, and Phœbe Cary, the brightest galaxy of names ever collected together by any American publishing-house. He would also acknowledge his obligation to Mr. N. Clemmons Hunt for the assistance rendered in the selection and arrangement of many of the poems in this work.

Originality cannot be claimed for a work of this character, notwithstanding the labor and thought bestowed upon it; *all* the glory, *all* the praise, belongs to the poets themselves. In the words of Montaigne: “Here is a nosegay of culled flowers, to which I have brought nothing of my own *but the thread that ties them.*”

H. T. C.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
INDEX OF AUTHORS . . . . .	ix
POEMS OF HOME AND THE FIRESIDE . . . . .	1
POEMS OF INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD . . . . .	22
POEMS OF MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION . . . . .	73
POEMS OF LOVE . . . . .	97
PERSONAL POEMS . . . . .	223
HISTORICAL POEMS . . . . .	233
POEMS OF PATRIOTISM . . . . .	353
LEGENDARY AND BALLAD POETRY . . . . .	369
POEMS OF NATURE . . . . .	431
POEMS OF THE SEA . . . . .	507
POEMS OF PLACES . . . . .	521
"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS" . . . . .	543
MORAL AND DIDACTIC POETRY . . . . .	633
POEMS OF SENTIMENT . . . . .	721
WEIRD AND FANTASTIC POETRY . . . . .	797
HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL POETRY . . . . .	895
NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND CORROBORATIVE . . . . .	971
INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . . . .	1003



# INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE		PAGE
ADAM, JEAN (1710-1765).		AUSTIN, JOHN (1613-1669).	
The Mariner's Wife .....	10	"Blest be Thy love, dear Lord" .....	568
ADAMS, SARAH (FLOWER), (1805-1848).		AYTON, SIR ROBERT (1570-1638).	
"Father, Thy will be done" .....	564	To his Forsaken Mistress .....	148
"Nearer, my God, to Thee" .....	584	Woman's Inconstancy .....	141
ADDISON, JOSEPH (1672-1719).		AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE (1818-1865).	
An Ode—"The spacious firmament on high" ..	565	Edinburgh after Flodden .....	303
"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" .....	578	The Burial-March of Dundee .....	318
Paraphrase of Psalm XXIII .....	581	The Execution of Montrose .....	314
"When all Thy mercies, O my God!" .....	567	The Massacre of the Macpherson .....	944
AKENSIDE, MARK (1721-1770).		BACON, FRANCIS, BARON VERULAM (1561-1626).	
Inscription for a Statue of Chaucer .....	227	Life .....	633
AKERMAN, LUCY EVELINA (1816-1874).		BAILIE, JOANNA (1762-1851).	
Nothing but Leaves .....	598	Morning Song .....	503
ALDRICH, JAMES (1810-1856).		Song—"Oh welcome, bat and owlet gray" .....	485
A Death-bed .....	645	The Black Cock .....	485
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY (1836—).		The Kitten .....	488
Baby Bell .....	30	BAKEWELL, JOHN (1721-1819).	
On an Intaglio Head of Minerva .....	778	"Hail! Thou once-despised Jesus!" .....	558
ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES (1823—).		BALLANTYNE, JAMES (1808-1877).	
The Burial of Moses .....	600	Castles in the Air .....	37
ALEXANDER, SIR WILLIAM. See STIRLING.		BAMPFYLDE, JOHN CODRINGTON (1754-1796).	
ALFORD, HENRY (1810-1871).		Sonnet—To the Redbreast .....	481
Baptismal Hymn .....	538	BARBAULD, ANNA LÆTITIA (1749-1825).	
Thanksgiving Hymn .....	578	Christ Risen .....	536
ALISON, RICHARD (1806?—).		Life .....	613
"There is a garden in her face" .....	185	Praise to God .....	508
ALLEN, ELIZABETH AKERS (1832—).		The Death of the Virtuous .....	638
Endurance .....	637	BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS (1788-1845).	
My Ship .....	787	Mr. Barney Maguire's account of the Corona-	
Rock me to Sleep .....	74	tion .....	965
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM (1828—).		The Execution .....	951
A Wife .....	12	BARNARD, LADY ANNE (LINDSAY), (1750-1825).	
Lovely Mary Donnelly .....	122	Auld Robin Gray .....	137
Robin Redbreast .....	481	BARNFIELD, RICHARD (1574-1627).	
The Fairies. A Child's Song .....	798	The Nightingale .....	484
The Touchstone .....	685	"Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled" .....	776
ALLSTON, WASHINGTON (1779-1843).		BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH (1815—).	
Boyhood .....	53	The Place to Die .....	700
ARNOLD, EDWIN (1832—).		BARTON, BERNARD (1784-1849).	
After Death in Arabia .....	701	Not ours the Vows .....	101
Almond-Blossom .....	466	"There be Those" .....	687
ARNOLD, GEORGE (1834-1865).		BAXTER, RICHARD (1615-1691).	
The Jolly Old Pedagogue .....	937	Resignation .....	586
ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822-1888).		The Valediction .....	612
Euphrosyne .....	213	BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES (1797-1839).	
Philomela .....	476	To My Wife .....	9
The Neckan .....	887		
Urania .....	216		



	PAGE		PAGE
BEATTIE, JAMES (1735-1803).		BONAR, HORATIUS (1808——).	
The Hermit .....	658	A Little While .....	615
BEATTIE, WILLIAM (1793-1875).		The Inner Calm .....	585
Evening Hymn of the Alpine Shepherds .....	572	BOOTH, BARTON (1681-1733).	
{ BEAUMONT, FRANCIS (1584-1616). }		"Sweet are the charms" .....	154
{ FLETCHER, JOHN (1576-1625). }		BOTTA, ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH (1820-).	
Evening Song—"Shepherds all and maidens		Thoughts in a Library .....	736
fair" .....	499	BOURDILLON, FRANCIS W. (1852——).	
" Lay a garland on my hearse " .....	212	Light .....	180
Lines on the Tombs in Westminster Abbey		BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE (1762-1850).	
(Beaumont) .....	522	Influence of Time on Grief .....	706
" Look out, bright eyes " .....	194	On the Funeral of Charles I. ....	313
Melancholia (Fletcher) .....	676	The Rhine .....	536
" Take, oh take, those lips away " .....	134	BOWRING, SIR JOHN (1792-1872).	
The Power of Love (Fletcher) .....	169	" God is Love " .....	564
To Pan .....	433	" Watchman, tell us of the night " .....	543
Weep no More (Fletcher) .....	784	BRAINARD, JOHN GARDNER CALKINS (1796-	
BEAUMONT, SIR JOHN (1583-1627).		1828).	
On my Dear Son, Gervase Beaumont .....	228	Epithalamium .....	220
BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL (1803-1849).		Niagara .....	538
Dirge .....	178	BRENAN, JOSEPH (1829-1857).	
How Many Times .....	102	The Exile to his Wife .....	11
BEDDOME, BENJAMIN (1717-1795).		BRETON, NICHOLAS (1545?-1626?).	
Jesus Wept .....	555	A Pastoral .....	182
BEERS, ETHEL LYNN (1827-1879).		Phyllida and Corydon .....	145
All Quiet Along the Potomac .....	349	The Priest .....	572
On the Shores of Tennessee .....	367	BROOKS, MARIA (1795-1845).	
Which Shall it Be? .....	45	" Day in melting purple dying " .....	170
BEERS, HENRY AUGUSTIN (1847——).		BROWN, WILLIAM GOLDSMITH.	
Cargamon .....	406	A Hundred Years to Come .....	695
BENNETT, HENRY (1785-?).		BROWNE, FRANCES (1816-1864).	
St. Patrick was a Gentleman .....	934	Is it come? .....	746
BENNETT, WILLIAM COX (1820——).		Losses .....	700
Baby May .....	29	" Oh, the pleasant days of old ! " .....	745
BERKELEY, GEORGE (1685-1753).		BROWNE, SIR THOMAS (1605-1682).	
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learn-		Evening Hymn .....	576
ing in America .....	721	BROWNE, WILLIAM (1591-1643?).	
BERNARD DE MORLAIX, MONK OF CLUNY		" Shall I tell you whom I love ? " .....	123
(XII. CENTURY).		The Welcome .....	125
The Celestial Country .....	624	BROWNELL, HENRY HOWARD (1820-1872).	
BISHOP, SAMUEL (1731-1795).		The Lawyer's Invocation to Spring .....	960
To Mary .....	10	BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT (1809-1861).	
BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM (1723-1780).		A Child's Thought of God .....	44
The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse .....	736	A Court Lady .....	361
BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757-1827).		A Musical Instrument .....	721
Charity Children at St. Paul's .....	43	Cowper's Grave .....	248
Introduction to " Songs of Innocence " .....	68	Lady Geraldine's Courtship .....	104
" My silks and fine array " .....	190	Mother and Poet .....	26
On Another's Sorrow .....	609	Rhyme of the Duchess May .....	423
The Little Black Boy .....	37	Sleeping and Watching .....	33
The Tiger .....	498	Sonnets from the Portuguese—	
To the Muses .....	752	XXXVIII. " First time he kissed me, he	
BLAMIRE, SUSANNA (1747-1794).		but only kiss'd " .....	135
The Nabob .....	93	XLIII. " How do I love thee? let me count	
The Siller Crown .....	147	the ways " .....	135
" What ails this heart o' mine ? " .....	199	XXXV. " If I leave all for thee, wilt thou	
BLANCHARD, LAMAN (1804-1845).		exchange " .....	135
The Mother's Hope .....	52	XIV. " If thou must love me, let it be for	
BLOOD, HENRY AMES.		naught " .....	134
The Last Visitor .....	659	XVIII. " I never gave a lock of hair away " .....	134
BOKER, GEORGE HENRY (1824——).		XXVIII. " My letters! all dead paper, . . .	
Dirge for a Soldier .....	277	mute and white " .....	135

	PAGE		PAGE
XXI. "Say over again, and yet once over again" .....	134	Christmas Carol.....	551
The Cry of the Children.....	63	Jacobite Toast.....	311
The Forced Recruit at Solferino.....	364	BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON	
The Lady's Yes .....	138	(1788-1824).	
The Sleep.....	642	A Very Mournful Ballad on the Siege and Con-	
BROWNING, ROBERT (1812——).		quest of Alhama.....	236
Evelyn Hope.....	196	And thou Art Dead, as Young and Fair.....	749
How they Brought the Good News from Ghent		Fare thee Well .....	15
to Aix.....	374	Girl of Cadiz.....	146
In a Year .....	211	Maid of Athens.....	145
Incident of the French Camp.....	340	Oh, Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom.....	741
Marching Along.....	311	Oh Talk Not to Me of a Name Great in Story..	157
The Lost Leader.....	264	On this Day I Complete my Thirty-sixth Year..	88
The Pied Piper of Hamelin.....	855	She Walks in Beauty.....	739
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN (1794-1878).		Song of the Greek Poet.....	399
Song of Marion's Men .....	330	Sonnet on Chillon.....	400
Thanatopsis .....	644	The Destruction of Sennacherib.....	233
The Battle-Field.....	696	The Dream.....	788
The Crowded Street.....	667	The Prisoner of Chillon.....	400
The Death of the Flowers .....	465	There be None of Beauty's Daughters.....	157
The Evening Wind .....	451	There's not a Joy the World can Give.....	676
The Hunter of the Prairies .....	498	When Coldness Wraps this Suffering Clay. ....	645
The Living Lost .....	702	When We Two Parted.....	85
To a Water-Fowl.....	475	CAMPBELL, THOMAS (1777-1844).	
To the Fringed Gentian .....	464	Adelgitha.....	145
BRYDGES, SIR SAMUEL EGERTON (1762-1837).		Battle of the Baltic.....	340
Echo and Silence.....	506	Hallowed Ground.....	683
BUCHANAN, ROBERT (1841——).		Hohenlinden.....	239
Hermione .....	7	Lochiel's Warning.....	322
Langley Lane.....	203	Lord Ullin's Daughter.....	383
Tom Dunstan; or, the Politician .....	791	"Men of England".....	356
BUNNER, HENRY C		O'Connor's Child .....	397
To a Dead Woman.....	142	The Exile of Erin .....	359
BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796).		The Last Man.....	663
Address to the Toothache.....	962	The Soldier's Dream .....	83
A Red, Red Rose .....	157	To the Evening Star.....	456
Auld Lang Syne .....	81	To the Rainbow .....	453
Bonnie Lesley.....	145	Ye Mariners of England .....	356
Bruce to his Men at Bannockburn .....	296	CANNING, GEORGE (1770-1827).	
Duncan Gray .....	144	Epitaph on the Tombstone Erected over the	
Elegy on Captain Matthew Hendersou.....	249	Marquis of Anglesea's Leg.....	957
Farewell to Nancy.....	154	Song by Rogers, in "The Rovers" .....	945
"Flow gently, sweet Afton".....	533	The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-	
For a' that and a' that.....	793	Grinder .....	945
Highland Mary.....	120	CAREW, THOMAS (1598?-1639?).	
I love my Jean .....	126	"Ask me no more where Jove bestows".....	192
Jessy—"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear".....	166	Disdain Returned.....	180
John Anderson.....	8	Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villiers.....	276
Mary Morrison .....	147	Loveliness of Love .....	139
"My heart's in the Highlands".....	358	The Airs of Spring.....	440
My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.....	9	CAREY, HENRY (1663?-1743).	
Tam O'Shanter.....	877	God Save the King .....	355
The Banks of Doon.....	170	Maiden's Choice.....	210
The Cotter's Saturday Night.....	3	Sally in our Alley.....	120
To a Mountain Daisy.....	468	CARY, ALICE (1820-1871).	
To a Mouse.....	487	Her Last Verses.....	649
To Mary in Heaven.....	137	CARY, PHCEBE (1824-1871).	
BURTON, JOHN (1773-1822).		Nearer Home.....	607
"Holy Bible, book divine".....	582	CELANO, THOMAS DE (1253——).	
BUTLER, WILLIAM ALLEN (1825——)		Dies Ira .....	629
Nothing to Wear .....	920	CENNECK, JOHN (1718-1756).	
BYRON, JOHN (1692-1763).		Hymn—"Children of the heavenly King".....	594
A Pastoral.....	178	CHALKHILL, JOHN (1600-1679).	
Careless Content.....	680	The Angler.....	472

	PAGE		PAGE
CHANDLER, BESSIE. <i>Jaquetot</i> .....	282	CONOLLY, ERSKINE (1796-1843). <i>Mary Macneil</i> .....	201
CHATTERTON, THOMAS (1752-1776). <i>The Minstrel's Song in "Aella"</i> .....	147	CONSTABLE, HENRY (1562-1613). <i>Diaphenia</i> .....	179
<i>The Resignation</i> .....	585	<i>"To live in hell, and heaven to behold"</i> .....	212
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY (1340-1400). <i>Good Counsell</i> .....	718	COOK, ELIZA (1817—). <i>The Old Arm-Chair</i> .....	73
CIBBER, COLLEY (1671-1757). <i>The Blind Boy</i> .....	67	COOKE, PHILIP PENDLETON (1816-1850). <i>Florence Vane</i> .....	171
CLAIRE, JOHN (1790-1864). <i>His Last Verses</i> .....	638	COOKE, ROSE TERRY (1827—). <i>Rêve du Midi</i> .....	442
<i>July</i> .....	441	CORBET, RICHARD (1582-1635). <i>Farewell to the Fairies</i> .....	837
<i>The Thrush's Nest</i> .....	480	<i>To Vincent Corbet, my Son</i> .....	235
<i>To the Glowworm</i> .....	487	COTTON, CHARLES (1630-1687). <i>Invitation to Isaac Walton</i> .....	471
CLELAND, WILLIAM (1601?-1659). <i>Hallo, my Fancy</i> .....	888	<i>The Retirement</i> .....	499
CLEPHANE, ELIZABETH C. (1830-1880). <i>The Ninety and Nine</i> .....	601	COTTON, NATHANIEL (1705-1788). <i>The Fireside</i> .....	2
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819-1861). <i>Qua Cursum Ventus</i> .....	742	COWLEY, ABRAHAM (1618-1667). <i>A Fragment</i> .....	142
<i>Stream of Life</i> .....	634	<i>A Supplication</i> .....	121
<i>Where Lies the Land</i> .....	520	<i>Drinking</i> .....	455
COATES, REYNELL (1802-1856). <i>Christian Charity</i> .....	697	<i>Epitaph on a Living Author</i> .....	228
COFFIN, ROBERT BARRY (1826-1856). <i>Ships at Sea</i> .....	787	<i>Of Myself</i> .....	235
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY (1796-1849). <i>Address to Certain Gold-fishes</i> .....	473	<i>The Chronicle. A Ballad</i> .....	221
<i>Night</i> .....	773	COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800). <i>Joy and Peace in Believing</i> .....	593
<i>"She is not fair to outward view"</i> .....	172	<i>Light Shining out of Darkness</i> .....	563
<i>The First Man</i> .....	740	<i>"Lovest thou Me?"</i> .....	561
<i>"'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark"</i> .....	476	<i>On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture</i> .....	15
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772-1834). <i>Answer to a Child's Question</i> .....	479	<i>Retirement</i> .....	602
<i>Christabel</i> .....	845	<i>The Diverting History of John Gilpin</i> .....	939
<i>Cologne</i> .....	938	<i>To Mary</i> .....	247
<i>Epigram</i> .....	968	<i>To Mrs. Unwin</i> .....	247
<i>Epitaph on an Infant</i> .....	708	<i>Verses supposed to be Written by Alexander Selkirk</i> .....	699
<i>Fancy in Nubibus; or, the Poet in the Clouds</i> .....	455	<i>Walking with God</i> .....	584
<i>France. An Ode</i> .....	332	COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND (1818—). <i>Christmas Carol</i> .....	550
<i>Genevieve</i> .....	155	<i>The Chimes of England</i> .....	521
<i>Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni</i> .....	536	<i>The Heart's Song</i> .....	595
<i>Kubla Khan; or a Vision in a Dream</i> .....	852	CRAIK, DINAH MARIA (MULOCK), (1826-1887). <i>A Christmas Carol</i> .....	553
<i>Love</i> .....	100	<i>A Lancashire Doxology</i> .....	603
<i>The Devil's Thoughts</i> .....	927	<i>Now and Afterwards</i> .....	640
<i>The Good, Great Man</i> .....	682	<i>Philip, my King</i> .....	30
<i>The Knight's Tomb</i> .....	646	<i>Too Late</i> .....	17
<i>The Rime of the Ancient Mariner</i> .....	859	CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE (1813—). <i>"Thought is deeper than all speech"</i> .....	780
<i>Youth and Age</i> .....	94	CRASHAW, RICHARD (1613?-1649). <i>Epitaph upon a Husband and Wife</i> .....	655
COLLINS, JOHN (XVIII CENTURY). <i>"In the downhill of life"</i> .....	694	<i>On a Prayer-Book</i> .....	606
COLLINS, WILLIAM (1721-1759). <i>Dirge in Cymbeline</i> .....	657	<i>Wishes. To his Supposed Mistress</i> .....	121
<i>Ode—"How sleep the brave"</i> .....	363	CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN (1784-1842). <i>"A wet sheet and a flowing sea"</i> .....	509
<i>Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson</i> .....	246	<i>"Gane were but the winter cauld"</i> .....	658
<i>Ode to Evening</i> .....	449	<i>It's Hame and it's Hame</i> .....	387
<i>The Passions</i> .....	728	<i>She's gane to Dwall in Heaven</i> .....	218
COLMAN, GEORGE, THE YOUNGER (1762-1836). <i>Sir Marmaduke</i> .....	782	<i>The Poet's Bridal-Day Song</i> .....	18
CONGREVE, WILLIAM (1670-1729). <i>Amoret</i> .....	155	<i>"The Sun rises Bright in France"</i> .....	358
<i>Lesbia</i> .....	155	<i>"Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie"</i> .....	157

	PAGE		PAGE
CUNNINGHAM, JOHN (1729-1773).		DORSET, CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF	
Content. A Pastoral.....	747	(1687-1705).	
DANA, MARY S. B.		"Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes".....	127
Passing Under the Rod.....	609	DOTEN, ELIZABETH (1829-.....).	
DANA, RICHARD HENRY (1787-1879).		Song of the North.....	422
The Little Beach-Bird.....	475	DOUGLAS, WILLIAM (1630?-.....).	
DANIEL, SAMUEL (1562-1619).		Maxwelton Banks.....	979
"Love is a sickness".....	98	DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW.	
Sleep.....	774	Battle of Fontenoy.....	321
To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumber-		Indian Revelry.....	785
land.....	282	DOWNING, MARY (1830-.....).	
DARLEY, GEORGE (1795-1846).		The Grave of Macaura.....	223
Song of the Summer Winds.....	442	DOYLE, SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS (1810-1883).	
The Call.....	178	The Doncaster St. Leger.....	413
The Gambols of Children.....	53	The Old Cavalier.....	311
DARWIN, ERASMUS (1781-1802).		DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN (1795-1820).	
Song to May.....	440	The American Flag.....	358
DAYENANT, SIR WILLIAM (1606-1668).		The Culprit Fay.....	514
"The lark now leaves his watery nest".....	476	DRAYTON, MICHAEL (1563-1631).	
DAVIS, FRANCIS.		"Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and	
The Fisherman's Song.....	510	part".....	170
DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE (1815-1845).		The Ballad of Agincourt.....	299
Fontenoy.....	320	To his Fair Idea.....	762
The Welcome.....	158	DRUMMOND, WILLIAM (1585-1649).	
DEKKER, THOMAS (1573?-1640?).		"A good that never satisfies the mind".....	676
Lullaby.....	82	Beauty Fades.....	739
Sweet Content.....	680	No Trust in Time.....	777
DE VERE, AUBREY THOMAS (1814-.....).		The Lessons of Nature.....	470
"Sad is our youth".....	634	To a Nightingale.....	481
DIBDIN, CHARLES (1745-1814).		To his Lute.....	782
Nongtongpaw.....	957	To Spring.....	488
Poor Jack.....	512	To the Nightingale.....	482
The High-Mettled Racer.....	492	DRYDEN, JOHN (1631-1700).	
Tom Bowling.....	659	A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.....	724
DICKENS, CHARLES (1812-1870).		"Ah! how sweet it is to love".....	97
The Ivy Green.....	465	Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music.....	722
DICKINSON, CHARLES M. (1812-.....).		Lines Written under the Picture of John	
The Children.....	62	Milton.....	242
DIMOND, WILLIAM (1800-1837).		Song of Jealousy, in Love Triumphant.....	218
The Mariner's Dream.....	510	Veni Creator Spiritus, paraphrased.....	563
DIX, JOHN ADAMS (1798-1879).		DUFFERIN, HELEN SELINA, LADY (1807-	
Translation of Dies Ira.....	631	1867).	
DOANE, GEORGE WASHINGTON (1799-1859).		Lament of the Irish Emigrant.....	86
Evening Contemplation.....	572	DWIGHT, TIMOTHY (1752-1817).	
DOBELL, SIDNEY THOMPSON (1824-1874).		"I love Thy kingdom, Lord".....	594
How's my Boy?.....	67	DYER, SIR EDWARD (1550?-1607).	
Tommy's Dead.....	640	"My minde to me a kingdom is".....	785
DOBSON, HENRY AUSTIN (1840-.....).		DYER, JOHN (1698?-1758).	
A Virtuoso.....	967	Grongar Hill.....	524
To Q. H. F.....	981	EASTMAN, CHARLES GAMAGE (1816-1861).	
DODDRIDGE, PHILIP (1702-1751).		A Picture.....	6
Confirmation Hymn.....	585	Dirge.....	658
Epigram—Dum Vivimus, Vivamus.....	594	EDMESTON, JAMES (1791-1867).	
For New Year's Day.....	579	"Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us".....	605
"Hark! the glad sound".....	558	ELLIOT, SIR GILBERT (1722-1777).	
"O God of Bethel, by whose hand".....	607	Amynta.....	200
"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell".....	608	ELLIOT JANE (1727-1805).	
DOMETT, ALFRED (1811-1887).		The Flowers of the Forest.....	307
A Christmas Hymn.....	549	ELLIOTT, CHARLOTTE (1789-1871).	
DORR, JULIA CAROLINE (RIPLEY), (1825-.....).		"Just as I am".....	588
Twenty-One.....	44	"O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend".....	559
		"Thy will be done".....	586

	PAGE		PAGE
ELLIOTT, EBENEZER (1781-1849).		GILFILLIN, ROBERT (1798-1850).	
A Poet's Epitaph.....	698	The Exile's Song.....	362
ELVEN, CORNELIUS (1797-1873).		GILMAN, CAROLINE (HOWARD), (1794——).	
"With broken heart and contrite sigh".....	582	The Household Woman.....	24
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (1803-1882).		GLADDEN, WASHINGTON (1836——).	
Concord Hymn.....	367	Pastor's Reverie.....	92
Each and All.....	796	GLEN, WILLIAM (1789-1826).	
Good-Bye.....	677	Wae's me for Prince Charlie.....	325
The Humble-Bee.....	486	GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728-1774).	
The Problem.....	683	An Elegy on that Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary	
The Rhodora.....	464	Blaize.....	916
To Eva.....	217	Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.....	938
EVERETT, EDWARD (1794-1865).		Stanzas on Woman.....	707
Dirge of Alarie the Visigoth.....	292	The Deserted Village.....	754
EWEN, JOHN (1741-1821).		The Hermit.....	159
The Boatle Rows.....	516	The Traveller; or, A Prospect of Society.....	765
FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM (1814-1863).		"The wretch condemned with life to part".....	783
Evening Hymn.....	576	GOULD, HANNAH FLAGG (1789-1865).	
Paradise.....	621	A Name in the Sand.....	678
The Pilgrims of the Night.....	620	GRAHAM, ROBERT, OF GARTMORE (1750-1797).	
The Right must Win.....	592	Tell me how to woo thee.....	161
The Will of God.....	586	GRANT, ANNE (1755-1838).	
FENNER, CORNELIUS GEORGE (1822-1847).		On a Sprig of Heath.....	456
Gulf-Weed.....	517	GRANT, SIR ROBERT (1785-1838).	
FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL (1810——).		Litany.....	559
The Forging of the Anchor.....	507	"When gathering clouds around I view".....	589
FIELDING, HENRY (1707-1754).		GRAY, THOMAS (1716-1771).	
A Hunting we Will Go.....	497	Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.....	650
FIELDS, JAMES TICKNOR (1817-1881).		Hymn to Adversity.....	775
Ballad of the Tempest.....	38	On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.....	522
Jupiter and Ten.....	899	On the Spring.....	455
The Nantucket Skipper.....	937	The Bard.....	204
FINLEY, JOHN (1797-1866).		The Progress of Poesy.....	726
Bachelor's Hall.....	969	GREENE, ALBERT G. (1802-1868).	
FLETCHER, GILES (1538-1623).		Old Grimes.....	916
Panglory's Woeful Song.....	98	The Baron's Last Banquet.....	641
FLETCHER, PHINEAS (1584?-1650?).		GREENE, ROBERT (1560-1592).	
"Drop, drop, slow tears".....	564	Content.....	680
FLOWERDEW, ANNE.		GRINFIELD, THOMAS (1788-18——).	
"Fountain of mercy! God of love!".....	583	"Oh how kindly hast Thou led me!".....	590
FORD, JOHN (1536-1640?).		GURNEY, ARCHER THOMPSON (1820——).	
Awakening Song.....	752	"Come, ye Lofty".....	550
Calantha's Dirge—Love and Death.....	208	HABINGTON, WILLIAM (1605-1645).	
FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS (1826-1864).		Castara.....	179
My Old Kentucky Home.....	24	Night.....	773
Old Folks at Home.....	18	HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE (1790-1867).	
GALL, RICHARD (1766-1801).		Alnwick Castle.....	531
My only Jo and Dearie, O.....	203	Burns.....	251
GAY, JOHN (1683-1782).		Marco Bozzaris.....	246
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan.	119	On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.....	254
The Painter who Pleased Nobody and Every-		HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM (1829-1858).	
body.....	958	The Trooper to his Mare.....	497
"'Twas when the seas were roaring".....	125	HAMILTON, ELIZABETH (1758-1816).	
GIBBONS, THOMAS (1720-1785).		My Ain Fireside.....	1
"Thy Goodness, Lord, our Souls Confess".....	582	HAMILTON, WILLIAM (OF BANGOUR), (1704-1754).	
GILBERT, WILLIAM SCHWENCK (1836——).		The Braes of Yarrow.....	384
Captain Reece.....	963	HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN (1534-1582).	
Epitaph.....	935	Epigram—Treason.....	775
The Yarn of the Nancy Bell.....	914	Lines on Isabella Markham.....	124
		Of a Precise Tailor.....	599

	PAGE		PAGE
<b>HARTE, FRANCIS BRET (1839—).</b>		<b>HINDS, SAMUEL (1793-1872).</b>	
Dickens in Camp.....	280	"Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee".....	602
Fate.....	783	Sleeping Babe, The.....	45
Her Letter.....	207	<b>HOBART, MRS. CHARLES.</b>	
Plain Language from Truthful James.....	943	Changed Cross.....	610
The Dead Politician.....	793	<b>HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO (1806-1884).</b>	
The Society upon the Stanislaus.....	954	Monterey.....	347
<b>HASTINGS, THOMAS (1784-1872).</b>		<b>HOGG, JAMES (1770-1835).</b>	
In Sorrow.....	563	Bonnie Prince Charlie.....	325
<b>HAWES, THOMAS (1783-1820).</b>		Charlie is my Darling.....	324
"O Thou from whom all goodness flows.....	604	"I hae naeboddy now".....	83
<b>HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON (1830-1886).</b>		Kilmeny.....	587
By the Autumn Sea.....	320	The Abbot McKinnon.....	582
<b>HEBER, REGINALD (1788-1826).</b>		The Skylark.....	477
Epiphany Hymn.....	554	When Maggie gangs away.....	161
Hymn for First Sunday after Epiphany.....	595	When the Kye comes Hame.....	167
Hymn for Trinity Sunday.....	566	<b>HOLCROFT, THOMAS (1744-1809).</b>	
Lines Addressed to his Wife.....	9	Gaffer Gray.....	710
Missionary Hymn.....	600	<b>HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT (1819-1881).</b>	
Stanzas on the Death of a Friend.....	614	The Heart of the War.....	365
Sympathy.....	963	<b>HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL (1809—).</b>	
<b>HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA (1793-1835).</b>		The Boys.....	80
A Dirge.....	708	The Chambered Nautilus.....	474
Casabianca.....	344	The Deacon's Masterpiece.....	942
The Better Land.....	618	The Last Leaf.....	753
The Graves of a Household.....	28	The Old Man Dreams.....	903
The Homes of England.....	1	The Voiceless.....	646
The Hour of Death.....	650	<b>HOOD, THOMAS (1799-1845).</b>	
The Hour of Prayer.....	584	A Nocturnal Sketch.....	968
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.....	309	A Serenade.....	907
The Treasures of the Deep.....	517	Epicurean Reminiscences of a Sentimentalist.....	961
<b>HERBERT, GEORGE (1592-1634).</b>		Fair Ines.....	102
Life.....	754	Faithless Nelly Gray.....	900
Sunday.....	580	Faithless Sally Brown.....	901
The Elixir.....	564	"I remember, I remember".....	73
The Flower.....	599	Ode to my Little Son.....	907
The Pulley.....	682	Ruth.....	144
Virtue.....	682	Stanzas—"Farewell, life".....	657
<b>HERRICK, ROBERT (1594-1634).</b>		The Art of Book-Keeping.....	960
A Thanksgiving to God for His House.....	579	The Bachelor's Dream.....	906
Cherry Ripe.....	214	The Bridge of Sighs.....	714
Corinna's going a-Maying.....	436	The Death-bed.....	645
Delight in Disorder.....	735	The Dream of Eugene Aram.....	377
The Captive Bee; or, The Little Filcher.....	209	The Haunted House.....	870
The Hag.....	879	The Lady's Dream.....	709
The Night Piece. To Julia.....	127	The Lost Heir.....	908
The Primrose.....	214	The Song of the Shirt.....	711
To Anthea who may Command him Any- thing.....	221	To a Child Embracing his Mother.....	35
To Blossoms.....	466	<b>HOOPER, LUCY HAMILTON (1835—).</b>	
To Daffodils.....	462	Three Loves.....	156
To Dianeme.....	210	<b>HOUGHTON, RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,</b>	
To Keep a True Lent.....	607	LORD (1809-1885).	
To Music, to Becaln his Fever.....	752	Good-Night and Good-Morning.....	72
To Primroses filled with Morning Dew.....	461	The Brookside.....	169
To Virgins, to make much of Time.....	123	The Men of Old.....	745
<b>HEYWOOD, THOMAS (d. about 1640).</b>		<b>HOW, WILLIAM WALSHAM (1823—).</b>	
Good-Morrow Song.....	215	"Behold, I stand at the door and knock".....	570
Go, Pretty Birds.....	162	"O word of God incarnate".....	605
<b>HILL, AARON (1685-1750).</b>		<b>HOWARD, HENRY. See SURREY.</b>	
How to Deal with Common Natures.....	708	<b>HOWE, JULIA (WARD), (1819—).</b>	
		Battle Hymn of the Republic.....	354
		<b>HOWELL, ELIZABETH (LLOYD).</b>	
		Milton's Prayer of Patience.....	237

	PAGE		PAGE
HOWITT, MARY (1798—).		"To one who has been long in city pent".....	303
The Fairies of the Caldon Low.....	813	To the Poets.....	738
The Spider and the Fly. An Apologue.....	707	KEBLE, JOHN (1792-1866).	
The Use of Flowers.....	464	Evening Hymn.....	575
HUNT, LEIGH (1784-1859).		Flowers.....	457
Abou Ben Adhem.....	684	Morning Hymn.....	573
An Angel in the House.....	741	KELLY, THOMAS (1769-1855).	
Rondeau—"Jenny Kissed me".....	186	"We sing the praise of Him who died".....	555
Song of Fairies robbing an Orchard ( <i>Translation</i> ).....	798	KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE (1809—).	
Songs of the Flowers.....	453	Absence.....	101
The Glove and the Lions.....	413	Faith.....	699
The Nun.....	171	KEN, THOMAS (1637-1711).	
To the Grasshopper and Cricket.....	486	Evening Hymn.....	575
To T. L. H., Six Years Old, during a Sickness..	36	Midnight Hymn.....	577
HUNTER, ANNE (1742-1821).		Morning Hymn.....	573
The Lot of Thousands.....	705	KENYON, JAMES BENJAMIN (1858—).	
INGELOW, JEAN (1820—).		The King is Dying.....	791
Songs of Seven.....	19	KEPPEL, LADY CAROLINE.	
The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire...	417	Robin Adair.....	102
IRONS, WILLIAM JOSEPH (1812—).		KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT (1780-1843).	
Translation of Dies Irae.....	630	"Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee"...	563
JACKSON, HELEN HUNT (1831-1887).		The Star-Spangled Banner.....	353
Coronation.....	791	KING, HENRY (1591-1669).	
JAMES I. OF ENGLAND (1566-1625).		Life.....	698
To Prince Henry.....	702	Sic Vita.....	718
JOHNSON, SAMUEL (1709-1784).		KINGSLEY, CHARLES (1819-1875).	
On the Death of Dr. Levett.....	247	A Farewell.....	48
Prologue Spoken by Garrick at Opening of		A Parable from Liebig.....	582
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.....	774	Dolcino to Margaret.....	778
The Vanity of Human Wishes.....	669	The Last Buccaneer.....	421
JONES, SIR WILLIAM (1746-1794).		The Sands o' Dee.....	419
An Ode—In Imitation of Alcaeus.....	363	The Three Fishers.....	513
The Babe (translation).....	50	KNOWLES, HERBERT (1798-1817).	
JONSON, BEN (1573-1637).		Lines written in Richmond Churchyard, York-	
Epigram on Sir Francis Drake.....	227	shire.....	653
Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.....	235	KNOX, WILLIAM (1769-1825).	
Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy.....	234	"Oh why should the spirit of mortal be	
Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.....	235	proud?".....	647
Good Life, Long Life.....	698	LAMB, CHARLES (1775-1834).	
Lines on the Portrait of Shakespeare.....	232	A Farewell to Tobacco.....	929
On Lucy, Countess of Bedford.....	235	Hester.....	280
Song—"Follow a shadow, it still flies you".....	124	The Old Familiar Faces.....	77
Song—"Still to be near".....	733	LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE (1775-1864).	
The Triumph of Charis.....	160	Children.....	36
To Celia.....	195	Rose Aylmer.....	762
To Cynthia.....	455	Sixteen.....	214
To Himself.....	227	The Maid's Lament.....	141
To the Memory of my Beloved Master, William		The One Gray Hair.....	749
Shakespeare.....	280	To the Sister of Elia.....	274
JUDSON, EMILY CHUBBOCK (1817-1854).		LANG, ANDREW (1844—).	
My Bird.....	29	Ballad of the Unattainable.....	762
KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821).		LAPRAIK, JOHN (1717-1807).	
Fairy Song.....	797	Matrimonial Happiness.....	7
La Belle Dame sans Merce.....	869	LARCOM, LUCY (1826—).	
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern.....	522	Hannah Binding Shoes.....	512
On a Grecian Urn.....	744	LEIGH, HENRY S.	
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.....	737	The Twins.....	910
On the Grasshopper and Cricket.....	486	L'ESTRANGE, SIR ROGER (1616-1704).	
The Eve of St. Agnes.....	127	Loyalty Confined.....	243
To a Nightingale.....	432		
To Autumn.....	444		
To Fancy.....	504		

	PAGE		PAGE
LEWIS, MATTHEW GREGORY (1775-1818).		The Heritage.....	794
Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene.....	875	The Present Crisis.....	942
LEYDEN, JOHN (1775-1811).		What Mr. Robinson Thinks.....	982
Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.....	87	Without and Within.....	796
The Sabbath Morning.....	443	LOWELL, MARIA WHITE (1821-1853).	
To the Evening Star.....	456	The Alpine Sheep.....	653
LIPPINCOTT, SARA JANE ("GRACE GREEN- WOOD"), (1823——).		The Morning Glory.....	46
The Horseback Ride.....	463	LOWELL, ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE (1816——).	
LOCKER-LAMPSON, FREDERICK (1821——).		The Relief of Lucknow.....	347
A Nice Correspondent.....	202	LUKE, JEMIMA THOMPSON (1818——).	
Old Letters.....	88	"Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven".....	533
LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON (1794-1854).		LYLY, JOHN (1554-1606).	
Napoleon.....	269	Cupid and Campaspe.....	99
The Drival of Andalla ( <i>Translation</i> ).....	209	Song of the Fairies.....	797
The Bull-Fight of Gazul ( <i>Translation</i> ).....	410	The Songs of Birds.....	484
The Lamentation for Celin ( <i>Translation</i> ).....	375	LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS (1793-1847).	
The Lamentation of Don Roderick ( <i>Translation</i> ).....	293	Abide with Me.....	577
Zara's Ear-rings ( <i>Translation</i> ).....	183	"Jesus, I my cross have taken".....	559
LODGE, THOMAS (1556?-1525).		"Long did I toil".....	589
Rosader's Sonetto.....	156	Psalm LXXXIV.....	620
Rosalind's Madrigal.....	98	LYTLE, WILLIAM HAINES (1826-1863).	
Rosaline.....	123	Antony and Cleopatra.....	290
LOGAN, JOHN (1748-1788).		LYTTON, EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BUL- WER (LORD LYTTON), (1805-1873).	
Heavenly Wisdom.....	595	"When stars are in the quiet skies".....	218
"O God of Bethel, by whose hand".....	607	LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT BULWER (LORD LYTTON), ("OWEN MEREDITH"), (1831——).	
The Braes of Yarrow.....	386	Aux Italiens.....	180
To the Cuckoo.....	435	The Chess-Board.....	85
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807- 1882).		The Portrait.....	199
A Psalm of Life.....	635	MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON (LORD MACAULAY), (1800-1859).	
Excelsior.....	783	Horatius.....	283
Flowers.....	457	Ivry. A Song of the Huguenots.....	303
Footsteps of Angels.....	771	Naseby.....	312
Maidenhood.....	66	MACDONALD, GEORGE (1824——).	
Old St. David's at Radnor.....	540	"Where did you come from?".....	31
Paul Revere's Ride.....	328	MACKAY, CHARLES (1814——).	
Resignation.....	666	Differences.....	794
The Arsenal at Springfield.....	539	"I lay in sorrow, deep distressed".....	707
The Children's Hour.....	45	I Love my Love.....	146
The Day is Done.....	772	The Child and the Mourners.....	55
The Ladder of St. Augustine.....	699	The Good Time Coming.....	748
The Old Clock on the Stairs.....	76	The Sailor's Wife.....	25
The Rainy Day.....	773	MACLEAN, LÆTITIA ELIZABETH (LONDON), ("L. E. L."), (1802-1838).	
The Skeleton in Armor.....	868	Crescentius.....	293
The Village Blacksmith.....	739	The Awakening of Endymion.....	172
Wreck of the Hesperus.....	514	MACNEILL, HECTOR (1746-1818).	
LORD, WILLIAM WILBERFORCE (1818——).		Mary of Castle Cary.....	164
On the Defeat of Henry Clay.....	270	MAGINN, WILLIAM (1794-1842).	
LOVELACE, RICHARD (1618-1658).		The Irishman.....	900
On Sir Peter Lely's Portrait of Charles I.....	253	MAHONY, FRANCIS ("FATHER PROUT"), (1805- 1866).	
To Althea, from Frison.....	124	Malbrouck ( <i>Translation</i> ).....	957
To Lucasta, on going beyond the Seas.....	125	The Bells of Shandon.....	534
To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.....	124	MALLET, DAVID (1700-1765).	
LOVER, SAMUEL (1797-1863).		William and Margaret.....	175
Rory O'More; or, Good Omens.....	165	MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE (1808-1849).	
The Angels' Whisper.....	33	Napoleon's Midnight Review ( <i>Translation</i> ).....	269
The Birth of St. Patrick.....	953	MANT, RICHARD (1776-1845).	
The Low-Back'd Car.....	165	"There is a dwelling-place above".....	619
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819——).			
Auf Wiedersehen.....	217		
My Love.....	208		
The Courtin'.....	895		
The First Snowfall.....	446		



	PAGE		PAGE
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER (1564-1593).		MONTGOMERY, JAMES (1771-1854).	
The Milkmaid's Song.....	140	"For ever with the Lord".....	617
MARVELL, ANDREW (1621-1678).		"Friend after friend departs".....	658
An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return		Gethsemane.....	534
from Ireland.....	240	Make Way for Liberty.....	298
The Emigrants in the Bermudas.....	569	Psalm LXXII.....	557
The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her		"Songs of praise the angels sang".....	608
Fawn.....	505	The Common Lot.....	638
The Picture of T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers.	242	The Grave.....	661
Thoughts in a Garden.....	501	The Stranger and his Friend.....	561
MASON, WILLIAM (1724-1797).		"To Thy temple I repair".....	581
Epitaph on Mrs. Mason.....	252	"What are these in bright array".....	618
MAYNE, JOHN (1761-1836).		What is Prayer?.....	583
Helen of Kirkconnell.....	405	MONTROSE, JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF	
MCCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE (1820-1882).		(1612-1651).	
Summer Longings.....	437	"My dear and only love".....	193
McMASTER, GUY HUMPHREY (1829-1837).		MOORE, CLARA (JESSUP), (1824——).	
Carmen Bellicosum.....	330	The Web of Life.....	637
MEREDITH, GEORGE (1828——).		MOORE, CLEMENT CLARKE (1779-1865).	
Love in the Valley.....	142	The Night before Christmas.....	67
MERRICK, JAMES (1720-1769).		MOORE, EDWARD (1712-1757).	
The Chameleon.....	706	The Happy Marriage.....	2
MESSINGER, ROBERT HINCKLEY (1811-1874).		MOORE, THOMAS (1779-1852).	
Give me the Old.....	747	A Canadian Boat-Song.....	733
MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS (1734-1785).		"As by the shore at break of day".....	363
Cumnor Hall.....	381	"Believe me, if all those endearing young	
MILLER, WILLIAM (1810-1872).		charms".....	162
The Wonderfu' Wean.....	42	"Come, rest in this bosom".....	147
Willie Winkie.....	41	"Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the	
MILLIKEN, RICHARD ALFRED (1757-1815).		hour".....	85
The Groves of Blarney.....	534	"Farewell,—farewell to thee, Araby's daugh-	
MILMAN, HENRY HART, (1791-1868).		ter!".....	779
"Bound upon th' accursed tree".....	555	"Go where glory waits thee".....	95
Bridal Song.....	220	"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully	
Burial Hymn.....	615	curled".....	761
Christ Crucified.....	554	"Oft, in the still night".....	77
"When our heads are bowed with woe".....	602	"O, breathe not his name.....	253
MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON. See HOUGH-		"She is far from the land".....	274
TON, LORD.		"Sound the loud timbrel".....	570
MILTON, JOHN (1608-1674).		Sweet Innisfallen.....	535
Comus: A Mask.....	822	"The harp that once through Tara's halls".....	362
Epitaph on Shakespeare.....	232	The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.....	416
Il Penseroso.....	733	The Meeting of the Waters.....	535
L'Allegro.....	731	Those Evening Bells.....	782
Lycidas.....	287	"Thou art, O God".....	571
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.....	543	'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.....	465
Song on May Morning.....	435	"To sigh, yet feel no pain".....	182
Sonnets—		MORRIS, GEORGE PERKINS (1802-1864).	
On his being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-		"Woodman, spare that tree".....	75
three.....	228	MOSS, THOMAS (1740-1808).	
On his Blindness.....	236	The Beggar's Petition.....	712
On the Late Massacre in Piedmont.....	314	MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM (1797-1835).	
To Cyriac Skinner.....	236	Jeanie Morrison.....	118
To the Lady Margaret Ley.....	237	The Covenanters' Battle-Chant.....	297
To the Lord General Cromwell.....	236	"They come! the merry summer mouths".....	438
To the Nightingale.....	482	MOULTRIE, JOHN (1799-1874).	
When the Assault was Intended to the		"Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie".....	214
City.....	314	The Three Sons.....	50
MITCHEL, WALTER (1825——).		MUHLBERG, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS (1796-	
Tackling Ship off Shore.....	516	1877).	
MOIR, DAVID MACBETH (1798-1851).		"I would not live away".....	613
Cass Wappy.....	39	"Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding".....	560
		"Shout the glad tidings".....	553

	PAGE		PAGE
MUNBY, ARTHUR JOSEPH (1828—).		PARNELL, THOMAS (1679-1718).	
Doris. A Pastoral.....	201	A Hymn to Contentment.....	679
NAIRNE, CAROLINA, LADY (1766-1845).		The Hermit.....	686
The Laird o' Cockpen.....	896	PARR, HARRIET.	
The Land of the Leal.....	656	"Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father".....	584
NASH, THOMAS (1564-1604).		PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAM (1819—).	
Spring.....	435	On a Bust of Dante.....	223
NEALE, HANNAH (LLOYD).		The Groomsman to the Bridesmaid.....	188
The Neglected Call.....	704	PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD (1792-1852).	
NEALE, JOHN MASON (1818-1866).		Home, Sweet Home.....	1
"Art thou weary?" ( <i>Translation</i> ).....	597	PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE (1785-1866).	
The Celestial Country.....	624	The Grave of Love.....	126
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY (1801—).		PEELE, GEORGE (1552?-1598?).	
The Pillar of the Cloud.....	589	The Aged Man-at-Arms.....	743
NEWTON, JOHN (1725-1807).		PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES (1795-1856).	
"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds".....	561	Coral Grove.....	518
Psalm LXXXVII.....	618	It is Great for our Country to Die.....	345
NICOLL, ROBERT (1814-1837).		The Reign of May.....	441
"We are brethren a".....	795	To Seneca Lake.....	549
NOEL, THOMAS.		PERCY, THOMAS (1728-1811).	
The Pauper's Drive.....	717	"O Nanny, wilt thou go with me".....	161
NORRIS, JOHN (1657-1711).		The Friar of Orders Gray.....	117
Superstition.....	179	PERRONET, EDWARD (1721-1792).	
NORTON, ANDREWS (1786-1852).		Coronation.....	556
After a Summer Shower.....	439	PERRY, NORA (1841).	
NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH (1808-1877).		After the Ball.....	784
Bingen on the Rhine.....	83	The Love-Knot.....	217
Love Not.....	187	PHILIPS, AMBROSE (1671-1749).	
The Arab's Farewell to his Horse.....	496	A Fragment from Sappho.....	192
The King of Denmark's Ride.....	422	To Miss Charlotte Pulteney.....	35
O'BRIEN, FITZ-JAMES (1823-1862).		PIATT, JOHN JAMES (1835—).	
Kane.....	275	The Morning Street.....	789
O'CONNOR, MICHAEL.		PIERPONT, JOHN (1783-1866).	
Reveille.....	358	My Child.....	48
O'HARA, THEODORE (1820-1867).		Passing Away.....	648
The Bivouac of the Dead.....	367	Warren's Address.....	328
O'KEEFE, JOHN (1747-1833).		PIKE, ALBERT (1809—).	
"I am a friar of orders gray".....	926	Hymn to Neptune.....	891
OLDY'S, WILLIAM (1696-1761).		PINKNEY, EDWARD COATE (1802-1826).	
"Busy, curious, thirsty fly".....	487	A Health.....	282
OLIVERS, THOMAS (1725-1799).		PIOZZI, HESTER LYNCH THRALE (1739-1821).	
"Lo! He comes with clouds descending".....	631	The Three Warnings.....	689
"The God of Abraham praise".....	603	PITT, WILLIAM.	
ONDERDONK, HENRY USTICK (1789-1833).		The Sailor's Consolation.....	898
"The spirit in our hearts".....	593	PLUMPTRE, EDWARD HAYES (1821—).	
OPIE, AMELIA (1769-1853).		Dedication to Dante's Divine Comedy.....	281
Forget me Not.....	94	The River.....	467
The Orphan Boy's Tale.....	46	POE, EDGAR ALLAN (1809-1849).	
OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT (1811-1850).		Annabel Lee.....	412
"I have something sweet to tell you".....	213	The Bells.....	763
Little Things.....	659	The Haunted Palace.....	873
OSLER, EDWARD (1798-1863).		The Raven.....	858
Praise.....	621	POPE, ALEXANDER (1688-1744).	
OXFORD, EDWARD VERE, EARL OF (1834?-1864).		Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.....	656
A Renunciation.....	190	Messiah. A Sacred Eclogue.....	547
PALMER, RAY (1808-1887).		Ode on Solitude.....	753
"My faith looks up to Thee".....	558	Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.....	725
PALMER, WILLIAM PITT (1803-1884).		Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato.....	244
The Smack in School.....	933	The Dying Christian to his Soul.....	616
PARKER, MARTYN.		The Rape of the Lock.....	799
Ye Gentlemen of England.....	507	The Universal Prayer.....	565
		PRÆD, WINTHROP MACKWORTH (1802-1839).	
		Charade—Campbell.....	265
		Quince.....	915

	PAGE		PAGE
School and Schoolfellows.....	79	ROGERS, SAMUEL (1763-1855).	
The Belle of the Ball-Room.....	955	An Italian Song.....	502
The Vicar.....	917	A Wish.....	6
PRENTICE, GEORGE DENISON (1802-1870).		Ginevra.....	408
Sabbath Evening.....	450	To the Butterfly.....	486
The Closing Year.....	95	ROSCOE, WILLIAM (1733-1831).	
To an Absent Wife.....	14	On Parting with his Books.....	782
PRENTISS, ELIZABETH PAYSON (1818-1873).		ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA (1830—).	
Cradle Song ( <i>Translation</i> ).....	82	Maude Clare.....	188
PRINGLE, THOMAS (1759-1834).		Up-Hill.....	508
"Afar in the desert".....	494	Weary in Well-Doing.....	611
PRIOR, MATTHEW (1664-1721).		ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL (1828-1882).	
Epitaph Extempore.....	243	Sister Helen.....	879
"In vain you tell your parting lover".....	196	The Blessed Damsel.....	848
"The merchant to secure his treasure".....	142	ROWE, NICHOLAS (1678-1718).	
To a Child of Quality Five Years Old.....	47	Colin's Complaint.....	194
PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE (1825-1864).		RYAN, ABRAM J. (1834?—).	
A Doubting Heart.....	704	The Conquered Banner.....	857
A Dream.....	772	SANDS, ROBERT C. (1799-1832).	
A Woman's Answer.....	188	Good-Night.....	638
A Woman's Question.....	187	SARGENT, EPES (1812-1880).	
One by One.....	703	A Life on the Ocean Wave.....	509
Per Pacem ad Lucem.....	537	SAXE, JOHN GODFREY (1816-1887).	
The Storm.....	515	A Reflective Retrospect.....	79
PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER (1787-1874).		I'm Growing Old.....	749
A Petition to Time.....	749	The Briefless Barrister.....	930
Golden-tressed Adelaide.....	39	SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832).	
Life.....	635	Alice Brand.....	842
The Blood Horse.....	492	Allen-a-Dale.....	136
The Poet's Song to his Wife.....	14	Boat-Song—"Hail to the chief".....	884
The Sea.....	507	Border Ballad.....	358
The Stormy Petrel.....	474	Coronach.....	645
QUARLES, FRANCIS (1592-1644).		County Guy.....	189
Delight in God only.....	596	Hellvallyn.....	532
The Shortness of Life.....	635	Jock of Hazeldean.....	134
The Vanity of the World.....	674	Lochinvar.....	136
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER (1552-1618).		Paraphrase of Dies Ira.....	630
An Epitaph upon Sir Philip Sidney.....	229	Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.....	359
A Vision upon this Conceit of the Faerie Queene.....	787	"Proud Maisie is in the wood".....	894
Lines written the Night before his Execution.....	232	Rebecca's Hymn.....	570
The Lie.....	675	Rosabelle.....	405
The Milkmaid's Mother's Answer.....	140	The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.....	317
The Pilgrimage.....	593	"The heath this night must be my bed".....	136
The Silent Lover.....	182	The Outlaw.....	176
RAMSAY, ALLAN (1686-1758).		Time.....	717
"At setting day and rising morn".....	195	"Where shall the lover rest".....	176
Lochaber no More.....	195	SEAGRAVE, ROBERT (1693-1755?).	
RANDOLPH, THOMAS (1605-1634).		"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings".....	590
To my Picture.....	753	SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON (1810-1876).	
RANKIN, J. E. (1828—).		"It came upon the midnight clear".....	552
The Babe.....	41	SEDLLEY, SIR CHARLES (1639-1701).	
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN (1822-1872).		"Love still hath something of the sea".....	99
Drifting.....	519	"Not, Celia, that I juster am".....	127
Sheridan's Rêlê.....	351	To a Very Young Lady.....	189
The Closing Scene.....	680	SEWALL, HARRIET WINSLOW (1819—).	
The Stranger on the Sill.....	75	Why thus Longing?.....	764
ROBINSON, ROBERT (1735-1790).		SEWELL, GEORGE (—1726).	
"Come, Thou Fount of every blessing".....	605	The Dying Man in his Garden.....	657
ROCHESTER, JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF (1647- 1680).		SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616).	
"My dear mistress has a heart".....	156	Birds.....	444
"Too late, alas! I must confess".....	126	"Blow, blow, thou winter wind".....	447
		"Come away, come away, Death".....	197
		"Come unto these yellow sands".....	798
		Crabbed Age and Youth.....	754

	PAGE		PAGE
Dirge from "Cymbeline".....	657	SHIRLEY, WALTER (1725-1786).	
"Full fathom five thy father lies".....	798	"Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing".....	682
Influence of Music.....	730	SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP (1554-1586).	
Morning Song from "Cymbeline".....	448	A Ditty.....	127
"On a day—alack the day".....	141	"Because I oft in dark abstracted guise".....	779
"Over hill, over dale".....	798	"Having this day my horse, my hand, my	
"Sigh no more, ladies".....	187	lance".....	152
Silvia.....	217	"O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear".	191
Sonnets—		On Sleep.....	774
"Full many a glorious morning have I		To the Moon.....	118
seen".....	448	SIGOURNEY, LYDIA (HUNTLEY), (1791-1865).	
"Let me not to the marriage of true		Indian Names.....	588
minds".....	218	SKELTON, JOHN (1460?-1529).	
"Like as the waves make toward the peb-		To Mistress Margaret Hussey.....	227
bled shore".....	751	SMITH, CHARLOTTE (1748-1806).	
"No longer mourn for me when I am		On the Departure of the Nightingale.....	484
dead".....	219	SMITH, HORACE (1779-1849).	
"Not marble nor the gilded monuments".....	750	Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhi-	
"O, how much more doth beauty beau-		tion.....	742
teous seem".....	731	A Tale of Drury Lane.....	946
"Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth".	751	Hymn to the Flowers.....	490
"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"	220	The Contrast.....	341
"That time of year thou may'st in me be-		SMITH, JAMES (1775-1839).	
hold".....	219	Epigram.....	963
"They that have power to hurt, and will		The Baby's Debut.....	950
do none".....	752	The Theatre.....	948
"Tired with all these, for restful death I		SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS (1808—).	
cry".....	219	America.....	354
"To me, fair friend, you never can be old".	750	Missionary Hymn.....	581
"When I do count the clock that tells the		SMITH, SIDNEY (1771-1845).	
time".....	750	A Recipe for Salad.....	968
"When in disgrace with fortune and men's		Parody on Pope.....	953
eyes".....	219	SMOLLETT, TOBIAS GEORGE (1721-1771).	
"When in the chronicle of wasted time".....	220	Ode to Leven Water.....	533
"When to the sessions of sweet silent		The Tears of Scotland.....	326
thought".....	751	SOUTHEY, CAROLINE (BOWLES), (1787-1854).	
Sweet-and-Twenty.....	163	Once upon a Time.....	93
"Tell me where is Fancy bred".....	842	The Pauper's Death bed.....	716
Under the Greenwood Tree.....	466	SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843).	
"When icicles hang by the wall".....	447	God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop.....	411
"Where the bee sucks, there suck I".....	798	History.....	352
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792-1822).		"My days among the dead are passed".....	735
Adonais; an Elegy on the Death of John Keats.	254	The Battle of Blenheim.....	697
A Lament.....	764	The Cataract of Lodore.....	526
Arethusa.....	469	The Complaints of the Poor.....	709
Autumn; a Dirge.....	445	The Holly Tree.....	467
Lines to an Indian Air.....	103	The Inchcape Rock.....	380
Love's Philosophy.....	97	The March to Moscow.....	958
"Music when soft voices die".....	185	The Old Man's Comforts.....	694
Ode to the West Wind.....	445	The Well of St. Keyne.....	902
"One word is too often profaned".....	148	SOUTHWELL, ROBERT (1560-1595).	
"Rarely, rarely comest thou".....	777	Times go by Turns.....	776
Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples.....	262	SPENCER, PETER.	
The Cloud.....	453	A Thought among the Roses.....	465
The Invitation.....	503	SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT (1770-1834).	
The Question.....	500	Beth Gélert; or, the Grave of the Greyhound.....	394
To a Skylark.....	478	To Lady Anne Hamilton.....	777
To Night.....	451	"When midnight o'er the moonless skies".....	94
To the Moon.....	455	SPENSER, EDMUND (1552-1598).	
With a Guitar, To Jane.....	730	"Like as the culver on the bared bough".....	190
SHENSTONE, WILLIAM (1714-1763).		"Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere".....	778
A Pastoral Ballad.....	205	"The doubt which ye misdeem, fair love".....	101
The Schoolmistress.....	57		
SHIRLEY, JAMES (1596-1666).			
Death's Final Conquest.....	648		
The Last Conqueror.....	648		

	PAGE		PAGE
SPRAGUE, CHARLES (1791-1878).		TAYLOR, BAYARD (1826-1878).	
The Family Meeting.....	17	Bedouin Song.....	177
STARK.		The Quaker Widow.....	22
Modern Belle.....	932	The Song of the Camp.....	216
STERMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE (1823—).		TAYLOR, JANE (1783-1824).	
Cavalry Song.....	366	The Philosopher's Scales.....	685
On the Doorstep.....	222	The Squire's Pew.....	691
Pan in Wall Street.....	890	TAYLOR, TOM (1817-1880).	
Toujours Amour.....	163	Abraham Lincoln.....	278
STIERLING, JOHN (1806-1844).		TENNYSON, ALFRED (1809—).	
Louis XV.....	327	"Ask me no more".....	192
STILL, JOHN (1842-1867).		"As thro' the land at eve we went".....	39
Jolly Good Ale and Old.....	927	"Break, break, break".....	88
STIRLING, WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF		Bugle Song.....	506
(1780?-1849).		"Come into the garden, Maud".....	177
To Aurora.....	162	Dedication to "Idylls of the King".....	278
STODART, RICHARD HENRY (1825—).		From "In Memoriam"—	
Never Again.....	762	"Again at Christmas did we weave".....	719
"The house is dark and dreary".....	783	"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer".....	719
Without and Within.....	12	"I held it truth, with him who sings".....	719
STODART, THOMAS TOD (1810—).		"Oh yet we trust that somehow good".....	719
The Angler's Trysting Tree.....	473	"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky".....	720
STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE (1819—).		"Strong Son of God, immortal Love".....	720
At Dieppe.....	536	"Home they brought her warrior dead".....	56
Io Vietis.....	702	Lady Clara Vere de Vere.....	210
Praxiteles and Phryne.....	782	Lady Clare.....	138
The Violet.....	462	Lady of Shalott, The.....	892
STROME, WILLIAM (1600-1643).		Lilian.....	203
Kisses.....	156	Locksley Hall.....	149
STRONG, L. C.		Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.....	271
West Point.....	90	Song of the Brook.....	460
SUCKLING, SIR JOHN (1609-1642).		St. Agnes' Eve.....	566
"I prithee send me back my heart".....	171	"Sweet and low".....	31
The Constant Lover.....	142	The Charge of the Light Brigade.....	348
Why so Pale?.....	104	The Days that are no More.....	85
SURREY, HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF (1518-1547).		The Death of the Old Year.....	447
A Praise of his Love.....	154	The May Queen.....	69
Description of Spring.....	433	The Miller's Daughter.....	155
No Age content with his own Estate.....	677	"Thy voice is heard through rolling drums".....	741
Prisoned in Windsor.....	224	Tithonus.....	785
The Means to attain Happy Life.....	636	Ulysses.....	289
SWAIN, CHARLES (1803-1874).		THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE (1811-1883).	
Dryburgh Abbey.....	265	At the Church Gate.....	211
SWIFT, JONATHAN (1667-1745).		Little Billee.....	918
Baucis and Philemon.....	903	Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball.....	964
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES (1837-?).		Sorrows of Werther.....	898
Age and Song.....	739	The Age of Wisdom.....	87
"Before the beginning of years".....	742	The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.....	89
"When the hounds of spring".....	434	The Chronicle of the Drum.....	333
SYLVESTER, JOSHUA (1563-1618).		The End of the Play.....	693
A Contented Mind.....	680	The King of Brentford's Testament.....	910
Love's Unimpresence.....	99	THOM, WILLIAM (1799-1850).	
TANNAHILL, ROBERT (1774-1810).		The Mitherless Bairn.....	46
Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane.....	163	THOMSON, JAMES (1700-1748).	
The Braes of Balquhither.....	502	Hymn of the Seasons.....	431
"The midges dance aboon the burn".....	449	Rule, Britannia.....	355
TATE (NAHUM), (1652-1715) and BRADY (NICHOLAS), (1659-1726).		THORNBURY, GEORGE WALTER (1828-1876).	
Christmas.....	549	La Tricoteuse.....	331
Psalm C.....	565	The Jester's Sermon.....	926
		The Pompadour.....	326
		The Three Troopers.....	810
		THORPE, ROSA HARTWICK (1850—).	
		Curfew must not Ring to-night.....	406
		THRUPP, DOROTHY ANNE (1799-1847).	
		"I am the Good Shepherd".....	597

	PAGE		PAGE
THURLOW, EDWARD HOVELL, LORD (1781-1829).		WATTS, ISAAC (1674-1748).	
Song to May.....	436	"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove".....	562
Summer.....	442	Cradle Hymn.....	54
To a Bird that Haunted the Waters of Laaken.....	476	Glorious in the Cross.....	567
To the Moon.....	455	"I give immortal praise".....	566
TICKELL, THOMAS (1686-1740).		"O happy soul that lives on high".....	595
Colin and Lucy.....	197	Psalm XC.....	569
On the Death of Mr. Addison.....	244	Psalm XCVIII.....	569
TIMROD, HENRY (1829-1867).		Psalm C.....	566
Spring.....	440	Psalm CXVII.....	572
TODHUNTER, JOHN.		Psalm CXXI.....	603
The First Spring Day.....	439	"There is a land of pure delight".....	619
TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE (1740-1778).		WAUGH, EDWIN (1818-——).	
Address to the Soul.....	616	"The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine".....	166
Rock of Ages.....	560	WEBSTER, JOHN (1685?-1684?).	
TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX (1807-1886).		Dirge from "The White Devil".....	658
Harmoson.....	291	WELBY, AMELIA B. (1821-1852).	
"Some murmur, when their sky is clear".....	678	Twilight at Sea. A Fragment.....	515
The Kingdom of God.....	682	WESLEY, CHARLES (1708-1788).	
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND (1827-——).		"Hark, how all the welkin rings".....	572
At Sea.....	519	"Jesu, my strength, my hope".....	599
Midsummer.....	443	"Jesus, lover of my soul".....	560
The Vagabonds.....	712	The Lord is Risen.....	555
TURNER, CHARLES (TENNYSON), 1808-1878).		Wrestling Jacob.....	591
The Lachrymatory.....	738	WESTWOOD, THOMAS (1814-——).	
TYCHBORN, CHIDIACK (——1856).		Little Bell.....	38
Lines Written by One in the Tower.....	718	Under my Window.....	53
VAUGHAN, HENRY (1621-1693).		WHITE, HENRY KIRKE (1785-1806).	
Sou-Dayes.....	580	Additional Verse to Waller's "Go, lovely	
The Rainbow.....	452	Rose".....	978
They are all Gone.....	617	Hymn for Family Worship.....	598
VAUX, THOMAS, LORD (1510-1556).		The Star of Bethlehem.....	597
On a Contented Mind.....	678	To an Early Primrose.....	461
VENABLE, W. H.		WHITE, JOSEPH BLANCO (1775-1841).	
Teacher's Dream.....	91	To Night.....	450
WAKEFIELD, NANCY A. W. (1836-1870).		WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807-——).	
Over the River.....	649	Barbara Frietchie.....	330
WALLER, EDMUND (1605-1687).		Brown of Ossawatimie.....	277
"Go, lovely Rose".....	185	Ichabod.....	268
On a Girdle.....	185	In School-Days.....	47
On his Divine Poems.....	718	Maud Muller.....	167
On the Statue of King Charles I.....	270	My Playmate.....	52
WALTON, IZAAK (1593-1683).		My Psalm.....	613
The Angler's Wish.....	471	Randolph of Roanoke.....	268
WARING, ANNA LÆTITIA.		Skipper Ireson's Ride.....	373
Thy Will be Done.....	587	The Angels of Buena Vista.....	344
WARTON, THOMAS (1687-1745).		The Eve of Election.....	605
Sonnet—Written after Seeing Windsor Castle.....	522	The Red River Voyageur.....	781
WARTON, THOMAS (1728-1790).		WILDE, RICHARD HENRY (1789-1847).	
On Revisiting the River Loddon.....	526	"My life is like the summer rose".....	636
Sonnet—On Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.....	747	To the Mocking Bird.....	479
WASTELL, SIMON (1560?-1630?).		WILLIAMS, HELEN MARIA (1762-1827).	
Man's Mortality.....	646	To Hope.....	683
WATSON, JOHN W.		"Whilst Thee I seek".....	592
Beautiful Snow.....	715	WILLIAMS, WILLIAM (1717-1791).	
WATSON, THOMAS (1557?-1692?).		"Guide me, O Thou great Jehorah".....	593
May.....	436	WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER (1807-1867).	
"Time wasteth years, and months, and hours".....	172	Saturday Afternoon.....	77
		WILSON, ALEXANDER (1766-1813).	
		The Blue Bird.....	479
		WILSON, JOHN (1785-1854).	
		The Evening Cloud.....	451

	PAGE		PAGE
WINCHELSEA, ANNE FINCH, COUNTESS OF (1690-1720).		WYATT, SIR THOMAS (1503-1542).	
A Nocturnal Reverie .....	443	Blame not my Lute .....	190
WINTER, WILLIAM.		The Recured Lover Exulteth in his Freedom ..	191
Fidele.....	276	YATES, EDMUND.	
WITHER, GEORGE (1553-1667).		Epigram—"All Saints".....	893
A Rocking Hymn .....	34	YOUNG, ANDREW (1807-—).	
A Stolen Kiss.....	156	"There is a happy land" .....	619
Evening Hymn.....	376	ZEDLIEZ, JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON.	
Lemuel's Song .....	24	Napoleon's Midnight Review .....	269
Morning Hymn.....	574	AUTHOR UNKNOWN.	
Psalm CXLVIII.....	571	Anne Hathaway .....	281
The Shepherd's Resolution.....	169	Annie Laurie.....	199
The Steadfast Shepherd .....	153	Armstrong's Good-Night.....	676
WOLFE, CHARLES (1791-1823).		Ballad of Chevy-Chace.....	300
"If I had thought thou couldst have died" .....	703	Barbara Allen's Cruelty .....	419
The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna.....	253	Between the Lights.....	703
WOODWORTH, SAMUEL (1783-1842).		Christmas Carol .....	551
The Old Oakon Bucket .....	74	"Christ will gather in His own" .....	629
The Whiskers .....	506	Comin' through the Rye.....	214
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850).		Edward, Edward .....	382
Daffodils.....	461	Epigram—"Vox et præterea nihil" .....	898
Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle .....	523	Fair Annie of Lochroyan.....	396
Hart-Leap Well .....	389	Fair Helen .....	404
Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.....	664	Glenlogie.....	408
"It is a beauteous evening calm and free".....	450	Good-Night.....	718
Lines Written in Early Spring .....	439	Katharine Janfarie.....	395
Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey.....	540	Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament .....	32
Lucy Gray; or, Solitude.....	36	Lament of the Border Widow .....	419
"My Heart Leaps Up when I Behold" .....	453	Lord Lovel .....	198
Ode to Duty.....	634	"Love not me for comely grace" .....	139
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.....	347	Love will Find out the Way.....	97
"Scorn not the sonnet" .....	779	Monody on the Death of an Only Client.....	931
She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways.....	49	Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale.....	392
"She was a Phantom of delight" .....	10	Sir Patrick Spens.....	369
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle .....	225	St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes.....	919
Sonnet—Composed upon Westminster Bridge.....	521	Take thy Old Cloak about Thee.....	905
The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.....	439	The Child of Elle.....	387
The Pet Lamb. A Pastoral .....	491	The Children in the Wood.....	53
"Three years she grew in sun and shade" .....	49	The Cruel Sister.....	420
To a Highland Girl .....	65	The Cumberland .....	350
To a Skylark .....	477	The Dowie Dens of Yarrow.....	333
To a Skylark .....	477	The Dumb Child.....	41
To Milton .....	242	The Fairy Queen.....	797
To the Cuckoo .....	484	The Heir of Linne.....	370
To the Daisy .....	462	The Jovial Beggar.....	928
To the Daisy .....	463	The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.....	812
We are Seven .....	51	The New Jerusalem.....	622
Yarrow Revisited.....	529	The Nut-Brown Maid.....	112
Yarrow Unvisited .....	523	The Old and Young Courtier.....	692
Yarrow Visited .....	528	The Siege of Belgrade.....	969
WOTTON, SIR HENRY (1558-1639).		The Two Corbises.....	416
Tears wept at the Grave of Sir Albertus Morton.....	230	The Vicar of Bray.....	918
The Character of a Happy Life.....	681	The Wandering Jew.....	376
To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia .....	185	"They're Dear Fish to Me".....	513
Upon the Death of Sir Albertus Morton's Wife.....	230	To a Skeleton.....	662
Upon the Sudden Restraint of the Earl of Somerset.....	232	To my Horse.....	497
Verses in Praise of Angling.....	471	Twenty Years Ago .....	78
		Veni Creator Spiritus.....	562
		Waly, waly, but Love be Bonny.....	103
		Where are you Going, my Pretty Maid? .....	902
		White Rose.....	214
		Winifreda.....	7
		Young Airly.....	324

# INDEX OF THE NAMES OF THE POEMS, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

	PAGE		PAGE
ABBOT M'KINNON, The .....	Hogg. 882	Angler's Trysting-Tree, The .....	Stoddart. 473
"Abide with me" .....	Lyte. 577	Angler's Wish, The .....	Watton. 471
Abou Ben Adhem .....	Hunt. 684	Angling, Verses in Praise of .....	Wotton. 471
Absence .....	Kemble. 101	Annabel Lee .....	Poe. 412
Absent Wife, To an .....	Prentice. 14	Annie Laurie .....	Unknown. 199
Addison, On the Death of .....	Tickell. 244	Annie Laurie .....	Douglas. 979
Address to Certain Gold-Fishes .....	Coleridge. 473	Another's Sorrow, On .....	Blake. 609
Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibi- tion .....	Smith. 742	Answer to a Child's Question .....	Coleridge. 479
Address to the Soul .....	Toplady. 616	Anthea, To .....	Herrick. 221
Address to the Toothache .....	Burns. 962	Antony and Cleopatra .....	Lytle. 290
Adelgitha .....	Campbell. 145	Arab's Farewell to his Horse, The .....	Norton. 496
Adonais .....	Shelley. 254	Arethusa .....	Shelley. 469
Adversity, Hymn to .....	Gray. 775	Ariel's Songs .....	Shakespeare. 798
"Afar in the Desert" .....	Pringle. 494	Armstrong's Good-Night .....	Unknown. 676
After Death in Arabia .....	Arnold. 701	Arsenal at Springfield, The .....	Longfellow. 539
After the Ball .....	Perry. 784	Art of Book-keeping, The .....	Hood. 960
Age and Song .....	Swinburne. 739	Arts and Learning in America, On the Pros- pect of Planting .....	Berkeley. 721
Aged Man-at-Arms, The .....	Peele. 749	"Art thou Weary?" .....	Neale. 597
Age of Wisdom, The .....	Thackeray. 87	"As by the shore at break of day" .....	Moore. 363
Agincourt, The Ballad of .....	Drayton. 299	"Ask me no more" .....	Tennyson. 192
"A good that never satisfies the mind," Drummond. 676		"Ask me no more where Jove bestows" .....	Carew. 192
"Ah, how sweet it is to love!" .....	Dryden. 97	"As thro' the land at eve we went" .....	Tennyson. 39
A-Hunting We Will Go .....	Fielding. 497	"At settin' ; day and rising morn" .....	Ramsay. 195
Airs of Spring, The .....	Carew. 440	At the Church-Gate .....	Thackeray. 211
Alexander's Feast .....	Dryden. 722	Auf Wiedersehen .....	Lowell. 217
Alice Brand .....	Scott. 842	Auld Lang Syne .....	Burns. 81
Allen-a-Dale .....	Scott. 186	Auld Robin Gray .....	Barnard. 137
All Quiet Along the Potomac .....	Beers. 349	Aurora, To .....	Stirling. 162
All Saints .....	Yates. 898	Autumn, A Dirge .....	Shelley. 445
Almond-Blossom .....	Arnold. 466	Autumn, To .....	Keats. 444
Alnwick Castle .....	Halleck. 531	Aux Italiens .....	Lytton. 180
Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene .....	Lewis. 875	Awakening of Endymion, The .....	Maclean. 172
Alpine Sheep, The .....	Lowell. 658	Awakening Song .....	Ford. 752
Althea, To, from Prison .....	Lovelace. 124	BABE, The .....	Jones. 50
America .....	Smith. 354	Babie, The .....	Rankin. 41
American Flag, The .....	Drake. 353	Baby Bell .....	Aldrich. 30
Amoret .....	Congreve. 155	Baby May .....	Bennett. 29
Amynta .....	Elliot. 200	Baby's Début, The .....	Smith. 950
Ancient Mariner, The Rime of the .....	Coleridge. 859	Bachelor's Dream, The .....	Hood. 906
"And art thou dead, as young and fair" .....	Byron. 740	Bachelors' Hall .....	Finley. 969
Angel in the House, An .....	Hunt. 741	Baltic, The Battle of the .....	Campbell. 340
Angels of Buena Vista, The .....	Whittier. 344	Banks o' Doon, The .....	Burns. 170
Angels' Whisper, The .....	Lover. 33	Bannockburn .....	Burns. 296
Angler, The .....	Chalkhill. 472	Baptismal Hymn .....	Alford. 583



	PAGE		PAGE
Barbara Allen's Cruelty.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 419	Bridal of Andalla, The.....	<i>Lockhart</i> . 209
Barbara Frietchie .....	<i>Whittier</i> . 350	Bridal Song.....	<i>Milman</i> . 220
"Bards of passion and of mirth".....	<i>Keats</i> . 738	Bridge of Sighs, The.....	<i>Hood</i> . 714
Bard, The.....	<i>Gray</i> . 294	Briefless Barrister, The.....	<i>Saxe</i> . 930
Baron's Last Banquet, The.....	<i>Greene</i> . 641	Brook, Song of the.....	<i>Tennyson</i> . 469
Battle-Field, The.....	<i>Bryant</i> . 696	Brookside, The.....	<i>Houghton</i> . 169
Battle-Hymn of the Republic.....	<i>Howe</i> . 354	Brown of Ossawatimie.....	<i>Whittier</i> . 277
Baucis and Philemon.....	<i>Swift</i> . 903	Bugle Song .....	<i>Tennyson</i> . 506
Beaumont, On Gervase.....	<i>Beaumont</i> . 228	Bull-Fight of Gazul, The.....	<i>Lockhart</i> . 410
Beautiful Snow.....	<i>Watson</i> . 715	Burial Hymn.....	<i>Milman</i> . 615
Beauty Fades.....	<i>Drummond</i> . 739	Burial March of Dundee.....	<i>Aytoun</i> . 313
"Because I oft in dark abstracted guise,"	<i>Sidney</i> . 779	Burial of Moses, The.....	<i>Alexander</i> . 600
Bedford, On Lucy, Countess of.....	<i>Jonson</i> . 235	Burial of Sir John Moore.....	<i>Wolfe</i> . 253
Bedouin Song.....	<i>Taylor</i> . 177	Burns .....	<i>Hallock</i> . 251
"Before the beginning of years".....	<i>Swinburne</i> . 742	"Busy, curious, thirsty fly".....	<i>Oldys</i> . 487
Beggar's Petition, The.....	<i>Moss</i> . 712	Butterfly, To the.....	<i>Rogers</i> . 486
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock".....	<i>Howe</i> . 570	CALL, The.....	<i>Darley</i> . 178
Belgrade, The Siege of.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 969	Canadian Boat-Song, A.....	<i>Moore</i> . 733
"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms".....	<i>Moore</i> . 162	Captain Reece.....	<i>Gilbert</i> . 963
Belle of the Ball, The.....	<i>Praed</i> . 955	Captive Bee, The.....	<i>Herrick</i> . 209
Bells, The.....	<i>Poe</i> . 763	Cargamon .....	<i>Beers</i> . 406
Bells of Shandon, The.....	<i>Mahony</i> . 534	Carmen Bellicosum.....	<i>McMaster</i> . 330
Beth Gêlert.....	<i>Spencer</i> . 394	Casabianca.....	<i>Hemans</i> . 344
Better Land, The.....	<i>Hemans</i> . 613	Casa Wappy .....	<i>Moir</i> . 39
Between the Lights.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 703	Castara .....	<i>Habington</i> . 179
Bingen on the Rhine.....	<i>Norton</i> . 83	Castles in the Air.....	<i>Ballantyne</i> . 37
Birds .....	<i>Shakespeare</i> . 444	Cataract of Lodore, The.....	<i>Southey</i> . 526
Bird, To a, that Haunted the Waters of Laaken.....	<i>Thurlow</i> . 476	Cavalry Song .....	<i>Stedman</i> . 366
Birth of St. Patrick, The.....	<i>Lover</i> . 953	Celestial Country, The.....	<i>Bernard of Cluny</i> . 624
Bivouac of the Dead, The.....	<i>O'Hara</i> . 367	Celia, To.....	<i>Jonson</i> . 195
Black Cock, The.....	<i>Baillie</i> . 485	Chambered Nautilus, The.....	<i>Holmes</i> . 474
"Blame not my Lute".....	<i>Wyatt</i> . 190	Chameleon, The.....	<i>Merrick</i> . 706
Blenheim, The Battle of.....	<i>Southey</i> . 697	Changed Cross, The.....	<i>Hobart</i> . 610
Blessed Damsel, The.....	<i>Rossetti</i> . 843	Character of a Happy Life.....	<i>Wotton</i> . 681
"Blest be thy love, dear Lord".....	<i>Austin</i> . 568	Charade—Camp-Bell.....	<i>Praed</i> . 265
Blind Boy, The.....	<i>Cibber</i> . 67	Charge of the Light Brigade.....	<i>Tennyson</i> . 348
Blindness, On his.....	<i>Milton</i> . 236	Charity Children at St. Paul's, The.....	<i>Blake</i> . 43
Blossoms, To.....	<i>Herrick</i> . 466	Charles I., On Sir Lely's Portrait of.....	<i>Lovelace</i> . 253
"Blow, blow, thou winter wind".....	<i>Shakespeare</i> . 447	Charles I., On the Statue of.....	<i>Walter</i> . 270
Blue-Bird, The.....	<i>Wilson</i> . 479	Charlie is my Darling.....	<i>Hogg</i> . 324
Boafie Rows, The.....	<i>Keen</i> . 516	Chaucer, Inscription for a Statue of.....	<i>Akenside</i> . 227
Boat Song .....	<i>Scott</i> . 364	Cherry-Ripe.....	<i>Herrick</i> . 214
Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, The.....	<i>Scott</i> . 317	Chess-Board, The.....	<i>Lytton</i> . 85
Bonnie Lesley.....	<i>Burns</i> . 145	Chevy-Chace, The Ballad of .....	<i>Unknown</i> . 300
Bonnie Prince Charlie.....	<i>Hogg</i> . 325	Child and the Mourners, The.....	<i>Mackay</i> . 55
Books, on Parting with his.....	<i>Roscoe</i> . 782	Child embracing his Mother, To a.....	<i>Hood</i> . 35
Border Ballad.....	<i>Scott</i> . 358	Child of Elle, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 387
Bouillabaisse, The Ballad of.....	<i>Thackeray</i> . 89	Child of Quality, To a.....	<i>Prior</i> . 47
"Bound upon th' accursed tree".....	<i>Milman</i> . 555	Children.....	<i>Landor</i> . 36
Boyhood .....	<i>Allston</i> . 53	Children in the Wood, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 53
Boys, The.....	<i>Holmes</i> . 80	"Children of the Heavenly King".....	<i>Cennick</i> . 594
Braes o' Balquhither.....	<i>Tannahill</i> . 502	Children, The.....	<i>Dickinson</i> . 62
Braes of Yarrow, The.....	<i>Hamilton</i> . 384	Children's Hour, The.....	<i>Longfellow</i> . 45
Braes of Yarrow, The.....	<i>Logan</i> . 386	Child's Thought of God, A.....	<i>Browning</i> . 44
"Break, break, break".....	<i>Tennyson</i> . 88	Chimes of England, The.....	<i>Coze</i> . 521
		Christabel .....	<i>Coleridge</i> . 845
		Christian Charity.....	<i>Coates</i> . 697

	PAGE		PAGE
Christ Crucified.....	<i>Milman</i> . 554	Cromwell, To the Lord General.....	<i>Milton</i> . 226
Christmas.....	<i>Tate and Brady</i> . 549	Crowded Street, The.....	<i>Bryant</i> . 667
Christmas Carol.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 551	Cruel Sister, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 420
Christmas Carol.....	<i>Byron</i> . 551	Cry of the Children, The.....	<i>Browning</i> . 63
Christmas Carol.....	<i>Coe</i> . 550	Cuckoo, To the.....	<i>Logan</i> . 485
Christmas Carol, A.....	<i>Craik</i> . 553	Cuckoo, To the.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> . 484
Christmas Hymn, A.....	<i>Donnett</i> . 549	Culprit Fay, The.....	<i>Drake</i> . 814
Christ Risen.....	<i>Barbauld</i> . 556	Cumberland, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 350
Christ's Nativity, On the Morning of.....	<i>Milton</i> . 543	Cumberland, To the Lady Margaret, Countess of.....	<i>Daniel</i> . 232
"Christ will gather in His own".....	<i>Unknown</i> . 629	Cumnor Hall.....	<i>Mickle</i> . 381
Chronicle, The.....	<i>Cowley</i> . 221	Cupid and Campaspe.....	<i>Lyly</i> . 99
Chronicle of the Drum, The.....	<i>Thackeray</i> . 333	Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night.....	<i>Thorpe</i> . 406
Clay, Henry, On the Defeat of.....	<i>Lord</i> . 270	Cynthia, To.....	<i>Jonson</i> . 455
Closing Scene, The.....	<i>Read</i> . 660		
Closing Year, The.....	<i>Prentice</i> . 95	DAFFODILS.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> . 461
Cloud, The.....	<i>Shelley</i> . 453	Daffodils, To.....	<i>Herrick</i> . 462
Colin and Lucy.....	<i>Tickell</i> . 197	Daisy, To the.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> . 462
Colin's Complaint.....	<i>Rowe</i> . 194	Daisy, To the.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> . 463
Cologne.....	<i>Coleridge</i> . 938	Dante, On a Bust of.....	<i>Parsons</i> . 223
"Come away, come away, Death," <i>Shakespeare</i> . 197		"Day, in melting purple dying".....	<i>Brooks</i> . 170
"Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove".....	<i>Watts</i> . 562	Day is Done, The.....	<i>Longfellow</i> . 772
"Come into the garden, Maud".....	<i>Tennyson</i> . 177	Days That Are No More, The.....	<i>Tennyson</i> . 85
"Come, rest in this bosom".....	<i>Moore</i> . 147	Deacon's Masterpiece, The.....	<i>Holmes</i> . 942
"Come, Thou Fount of every blessing," <i>Robinson</i> . 605		Dead Politician, The.....	<i>Bret Harte</i> . 793
"Come, ye lofty, come ye lowly".....	<i>Gurney</i> . 550	Dead Woman, To a.....	<i>Bunner</i> . 142
Comin' through the Rye.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 214	Death-bed, A.....	<i>Aldrich</i> . 645
Common Lot, The.....	<i>Montgomery</i> . 638	Death-bed, The.....	<i>Thomas Hood</i> . 645
Complaints of the Poor, The.....	<i>Southey</i> . 709	Death of a Friend, Stanzas on the.....	<i>Heber</i> . 614
Comus: A Mask.....	<i>Milton</i> . 822	Death of an Only Client, Monody on the, <i>London Punch</i> . 931	
Concord Hymn.....	<i>Emerson</i> . 367	Death of Sir Albertus Morton's Wife, Upon the.....	<i>Wotton</i> . 230
Confirmation Hymn.....	<i>Doddridge</i> . 585	Death of the Flowers, The.....	<i>Bryant</i> . 465
Conquered Banner, The.....	<i>Ryan</i> . 357	Death of the Old Year, The.....	<i>Tennyson</i> . 447
Constancy.....	<i>Suckling</i> . 142	Death of the Virtuous, The.....	<i>Barbauld</i> . 638
Content.....	<i>Greene</i> . 650	Death's Final Conquest.....	<i>Shirley</i> . 643
Content. A Pastoral.....	<i>Cunningham</i> . 747	Dedication to Idylls of the King.....	<i>Tennyson</i> . 278
Content, Careless.....	<i>Byron</i> . 650	Delight in Disorder.....	<i>Herrick</i> . 738
Contented Mind, A.....	<i>Sylvester</i> . 650	Delight in God Only.....	<i>Quarles</i> . 596
Contented Mind, On a.....	<i>Vauz</i> . 678	Deserted Village, The.....	<i>Goldsmith</i> . 754
Contentment, Hymn to.....	<i>Parnell</i> . 679	Destruction of Sennacherib, The.....	<i>Byron</i> . 283
Contrast, The.....	<i>Smith</i> . 341	Devil's Thoughts, The.....	<i>Coleridge</i> . 927
Coral Grove, The.....	<i>Perceival</i> . 518	Dianeme, To.....	<i>Herrick</i> . 210
Corbet, Vincent, To.....	<i>Corbet</i> . 235	Diaphenia.....	<i>Constable</i> . 179
Corinna's Going a-Maying.....	<i>Herrick</i> . 436	Dickens in Camp.....	<i>Bret Harte</i> . 280
Coronach.....	<i>Scott</i> . 645	Dieppe, At.....	<i>William Story</i> . 536
Coronation.....	<i>Jackson</i> . 791	Dies Iræ.....	<i>Thomas de Celano</i> . 629
Coronation.....	<i>Perronet</i> . 556	Dies Iræ.....	<i>Dix</i> . 631
Cotter's Saturday Night, The.....	<i>Burns</i> . 3	Dies Iræ.....	<i>Irons</i> . 630
County Guy.....	<i>Scott</i> . 189	Dies Iræ.....	<i>Scott</i> . 630
Courtin', The.....	<i>Lowell</i> . 895	Differences.....	<i>Mackay</i> . 794
Court Lady, A.....	<i>Browning</i> . 361	Different Minds.....	<i>Trench</i> . 673
Covenantant's Battle Chant.....	<i>Motherwell</i> . 297	Dirge, A.....	<i>Hemans</i> . 708
Cowper's Grave.....	<i>Browning</i> . 248	Dirge.....	<i>Beddoes</i> . 178
Crabbed Age and Youth.....	<i>Shakespeare</i> . 754	Dirge.....	<i>Eastman</i> . 658
Cradle Hymn.....	<i>Watts</i> . 34	Dirge of Alaric the Visigoth.....	<i>Everett</i> . 292
Cradle Song.....	<i>Prentiss</i> . 32	Dirge for a Soldier.....	<i>Boker</i> . 277
Crescentius.....	<i>Maclean</i> . 293		

	PAGE		PAGE
Dirge from "The White Devil".....	Webster. 658	Epitaph upon Husband and Wife ...	Crashaw. 655
Dirge from "Cymbeline".....	Shakespeare. 657	Epithalamium .....	Brainard. 220
Dirge, in Cymbeline.....	Collins. 657	Etiquette.....	Gilbert. 935
Disdain Returned.....	Carew. 180	Eton College, On a Distant Prospect of...	Gray. 522
Ditty, A.....	Sidney. 127	Euphrosyne.....	Arnold. 213
Dolcino to Margaret.....	Kingsley. 778	Eva, To.....	Emerson. 217
Doneaster St. Leger, The.....	Doyle. 413	Evelyn Hope.....	Browning. 196
Doorstep, On the.....	Stedman. 222	Evening .....	Wordsworth. 450
"Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes".....	Dorset. 127	Evening, To.....	Collins. 449
Doris.....	Mundy. 201	Evening Cloud, The.....	Wilson. 451
Doubting Heart, A.....	Procter. 704	Evening Contemplation.....	Doane. 572
Dowie Dens of Yarrow, The.....	Unknown. 383	Evening Hymn.....	Ken. 575
Drake, Epigram on Sir Francis.....	Jonson. 227	Evening Hymn.....	Wither. 576
Drake, Joseph Rodman, On the Death of,		Evening Hymn.....	Keble. 575
	Halleck. 254	Evening Hymn.....	Faber. 576
Dream, A.....	Procter. 772	Evening Hymn.....	Brown. 576
Dream, The.....	Byron. 788	Evening Hymn of the Alpine Shepherds,	
Dream of Eugene Aram, The.....	Hood. 377		Beattie. 572
Drifting.....	Read. 519	Evening Star, To the.....	Leyden. 456
Drinking .....	Cowley. 455	Evening Star, To the.....	Campbell. 456
"Drop, drop, slow tears".....	Fletcher. 564	Evening Wind, The.....	Bryant. 451
Drury Lane, A Tale of.....	Smith. 946	Eve of Election, The.....	Whittier. 695
Dryburgh Abbey.....	Swain. 265	Eve of St. Agnes, The.....	Keats. 127
Duchess May, Rhyme of the.....	Browning. 423	Excelsior.....	Longfellow. 783
Dumb Child, The .....	Unknown. 41	Execution, The.....	Barham. 951
Dum Virinus Viramus.....	Dodderidge. 594	Execution of Montrose, The.....	Aytoun. 314
Duncan Gray.....	Burns. 144	Exile of Erin, The.....	Campbell. 359
Duty, Ode to.....	Wordsworth. 684	Exile's Song, The.....	Gilfillan. 362
Dying Christian to his Soul, The.....	Pope. 616	Exile to his Wife, The.....	Brenan. 11
Dying Man in his Garden, The.....	Sewell. 657		
		FAIR ANNIE of Lochroyan.....	Unknown. 396
EACH AND ALL.....	Emerson. 796	Fair Helen.....	Unknown. 404
Early Piety.....	Heber. 595	Fair Idea, To his.....	Drayton. 762
Echo and Silence.....	Brydges. 506	Fairies of the Caldon Low, The.....	Howitt. 813
Edinburgh after Flodden .....	Aytoun. 303	Fairies Robbing an Orchard, Song of.....	Hunt. 798
"Edward, Edward".....	Unknown. 382	Fairies, Song of the.....	Lyly. 797
Elegy on that Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary		Fairies, The.....	Allingham. 798
Blaise, An.....	Goldsmith. 916	Fair Ines.....	Hood. 102
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.....	Goldsmith. 938	Fairy Queen .....	Unknown. 797
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate		Fairy Song.....	Keats. 797
Lady.....	Pope. 655	Faith .....	Kemble. 699
Elegy. Written in a Country Churchyard,		Faithless Nellie Gray.....	Hood. 900
	Gray. 650	Faithless Sallie Brown.....	Hood. 901
Elizabeth L. H., Epitaph on.....	Jonson. 235	Family Meeting, The.....	Sprague. 17
Elixir, The.....	Herbert. 564	Fancy .....	Keats. 504
Emigrants in the Bermudas, The.....	Marvell. 569	Fancy.....	Shakespeare. 842
End of the Play, The.....	Thackeray. 693	Fancy in Nubibus.....	Coleridge. 455
Endurance .....	Allen. 637	"Fare Thee Well! and if Forever".....	Byron. 15
Epicurean Reminiscences of a Sentimentalist,		Farewell, A.....	Kingsley. 48
	Hood. 961	"Farewell! but whenever you welcome the	
Epigram.....	Coleridge. 968	hour".....	Moore. 85
Epigram.....	Smith. 963	"Farewell, life! my senses swim".....	Hood. 657
Epiphany.....	Heber. 554	Farewell to Nancy.....	Burns. 154
Epitaph Extempore.....	Prior. 243	"Farewell to Thee, Araby's Daughter".....	Moore. 779
Epitaph on a Living Author .....	Cowley. 228	Farewell to the Fairies.....	Corbet. 837
Epitaph on an Infant.....	Coleridge. 708	Farewell to Tobacco, A.....	Lamb. 929
Epitaph on the Tombstone Erected over the		Fate.....	Harte. 783
Marquis of Anglesea's Leg.....	Canning. 957	"Father, Thy Will be Done".....	Adams. 564

	PAGE		PAGE
Fidele.....	Winter. 276	Good, Great Man, The.....	Coleridge. 682
Fireside, The.....	Cotton. 2	Good Life, Long Life.....	Jonson. 698
First Man, The.....	Coleridge. 740	Good-Morrow Song.....	Heywood. 215
First Snow-Fall, The.....	Lowell. 446	Good-Night.....	Unknown. 718
Fisherman's Song, The.....	Davis. 510	Good-Night.....	Saunders. 638
Florence Vane.....	Cooke. 171	Good-Night and Good-Morning.....	Houghton. 72
Flower, The.....	Herbert. 599	Good Time Coming, The.....	Mackay. 748
Flowers.....	Longfellow. 457	Go, Pretty Birds.....	Heywood. 162
Flowers.....	Keble. 437	"Go where glory waits thee".....	Moore. 95
Flowers, Hymn to the.....	Smith. 460	Grasshopper and Cricket, On the.....	Keats. 486
Flowers, Songs of the.....	Hunt. 458	Grasshopper and Cricket, To the.....	Hunt. 486
Flowers, The Use of.....	Hewitt. 464	Grave, The.....	Montgomery. 661
Flowers of the Forest, The.....	Elliot. 307	Grave of Love, The.....	Peacock. 126
"Flow gently, sweet Afton".....	Burns. 533	Grave of Macaura, The.....	Downing. 223
"Follow a shadow, it still flies you".....	Jonson. 124	Graves of a Household, The.....	Hemans. 28
Fontenoy.....	Davis. 320	Grecian Urn, On a.....	Keats. 744
Fontenoy, Battle of.....	Douling. 321	Greek Poet, Song of the.....	Byron. 360
Footsteps of Angels.....	Longfellow. 771	Grongar Hill.....	Dyer. 524
For a' That, and a' That.....	Burns. 793	Groomsman to the Bridesmaid, The.....	Parrons. 183
Forced Recruit at Solferino, A.....	Browning. 364	Groves of Blarney, The.....	Milliken. 534
"For ever with the Lord".....	Montgomery. 617	"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah!"	Williams. 593
Forget me Not.....	Opie. 94	Gulf-Weed.....	Fenner. 517
Forging of the Anchor, The.....	Ferguson. 507		
Forsaken Mistress, To his.....	Ayton. 148		
"Fountain of Mercy! God of Love!"			
	Flowerdew. 583	Hag, The.....	Herrick. 879
Fragment from Sappho, A.....	Philips. 192	"Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus".....	Bakewell. 558
France: An Ode.....	Coleridge. 332	Hallo, my Fancy.....	Cleland. 888
Friar of Orders Gray, The.....	Percy. 117	Hallowed Ground.....	Campbell. 653
"Friend after friend departs".....	Montgomery. 658	Hamilton, To Lady Anne.....	Spenser. 777
Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder,		Hannah Binding Shoes.....	Larcom. 512
The.....	Canning. 945	Happy Marriage, The.....	Moore. 2
Fringed Gentian, To the.....	Bryant. 464	"Hark! how all the welkin rings".....	Wesley. 552
"Full many a glorious morning have I seen,"		"Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,"	Doddridge. 553
	Shakespeare. 448		
Funeral of Charles I., On the.....	Bowles. 313	Harmosan.....	Trench. 291
		Hart-Leap Well.....	Wordsworth. 389
GAFFER GRAY.....	Holcroft. 710	Hathaway, Anne.....	Unknown. 281
Gambols of the Children, The.....	Darley. 53	Haunted House, The.....	Hood. 870
"Gane were but the winter cauld,"		Haunted Palace, The.....	Poe. 875
	Cunningham. 658	Health, A.....	Pinkey. 282
Genevieve.....	Coleridge. 155	"Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father".....	Parr. 584
Gethsemane.....	Montgomery. 554	Heart of the War, The.....	Holland. 365
Ginevra.....	Rogers. 408	Heart's Song, The.....	Coze. 595
Girdle, On a.....	Waller. 185	Heath, On a Sprig of.....	Grant. 456
Girl of Cadiz, The.....	Byron. 146	Heavenly Wisdom.....	Logan. 595
Give me the Old.....	Messinger. 747	Heir of Linne. The.....	Unknown. 370
Glenlogie.....	Unknown. 408	Helen of Kirkeconnell.....	Mayne. 405
Glorious in the Cross.....	Watts. 567	Hellvellyn.....	Scott. 532
Glove and the Lions, The.....	Hunt. 413	Henderson, Elegy on Capt. Matthew.....	Burns. 249
Glow-Worm, To the.....	Clare. 487	"Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie".....	Moultrie. 214
God is Love.....	Bowering. 564	Heritage, The.....	Louell. 794
God Save the King.....	Carew. 355	Her Letter.....	Bret Harte. 207
God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop.....	Southey. 411	Hermioné.....	Buchanan. 7
Golden-tressed Adelaide.....	Procter. 39	Hermit, The.....	Beattie. 668
"Go, lovely rose".....	Waller. 185	Hermit, The.....	Goldsmith. 159
Good-Bye.....	Emerson. 677	Hermit, The.....	Parnell. 686
Good Counsel.....	Chaucer. 718	Hester.....	Lamb. 280
		Highland Girl, To a.....	Wordsworth. 65

	PAGE		PAGE
Highland Mary .....	Burns. 120	Incident of the French Camp.....	Browning. 340
High-Mettled Racer, The. ....	Dibdin. 492	Indian Gold Coin, To an.....	Leyden. 87
High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,		Indian Names.....	Sigourney. 538
	Inglow. 417	Indian Revelry.....	Dowling. 785
History.....	Southey. 352	Influence of Music.....	Shakespeare. 730
Hohenlinden .....	Campbell. 339	Influence of Time on Grief.....	Bowles. 706
Holly Tree, The.....	Southey. 467	"In Memoriam," From.....	Tennyson. 719
"Holy Bible, book divine" .....	Burton. 552	Inner Calm, The.....	Bunar. 585
Homes of England, The.....	Hemans. 1	In School-Days.....	Whittier. 47
Home, Sweet Home.....	Payne. 1	In Sorrow.....	Hastings. 563
"Home they brought her warrior dead,"		Intaglio Head of Minerva, On a.....	Aldrich. 778
	Tennyson. 56	In the Down-Hill of Life.....	Collins. 694
Hope, To .....	Williams. 683	Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.....	Wordsworth. 664
Horatian Ode, An.....	Marvell. 240	Introduction to "Songs of Innocence,"	
Horatius .....	Macaulay. 283		Blake. 68
Horse, The Blood .....	Procter. 492	"In vain you tell your parting lover" ..	Prior. 196
Horse, To my.....	Unknown. 497	Invitation, The.....	Shelley. 503
Horseback Ride, The.....	Lippincott. 493	Invitation to Izaak Walton.....	Cotton. 471
Hour of Death, The .....	Hemans. 650	Io Victim.....	Story. 702
Hour of Prayer, The.....	Hemans. 584	"I prithee send me back my heart" ..	Suckling. 171
Household Woman, The.....	Gilman. 24	"I remember, I remember" ..	Hood. 73
"How many times do I love thee?" ..	Beddoes. 102	Irishman, The .....	Mayim. 900
How Sleep the Brave.....	Collins. 263	Is it Come? .....	Broten. 746
How's my Boy?.....	Dobell. 67	Italian Song, An.....	Rogers. 502
"How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!"		"It came upon the midnight clear" ..	Sears. 552
	Addison. 578	"It is great for our country to die" ..	Percival. 365
"How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds,"		"It's hame, and it's hame" .....	Cunningham. 357
	Newton. 561	Ivry.....	Macaulay. 308
How they Brought the Good News from		Ivy Green, The.....	Dickens. 465
Ghent to Aix.....	Browning. 374	I would not Live Alway.....	Muhlenberg. 613
How to Deal with Common Natures.....	Hill. 708	JACOBITE TOAST.....	Byrom. 311
Humble-Bee, The.....	Emerson. 486	Jacqueminot.....	Chandler. 282
Hundred Years to Come, A.....	Brown. 605	Jealousy, the Tyrant of the Mind.....	Dryden. 213
Hunter of the Prairies, The.....	Bryant. 498	Jeanie Morrison .....	Motherwell. 118
Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.....	Coleridge. 536	Jenny Kissed Me.....	Hunt. 186
Hymn for Family Worship.....	White. 588	Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.....	Tannahill. 163
Hymn for First Sunday after Epiphany.....	Heber. 595	Jessy .....	Burns. 166
Hymn for Trinity Sunday .....	Heber. 566	Jester's Sermon, The.....	Thornbury. 926
"I AM a friar of orders gray" .....	O'Keefe. 926	"Jesus, I my cross have taken" ..	Lyte. 559
"I am the Good Shepherd" .....	Thrupp. 597	"Jesu, Lover of my Soul" ..	Wesley. 560
Ichabod.....	Whittier. 268	"Jesu, my Strength, my Hope" ..	Wesley. 599
"If I had thought thou couldst have died,"		Jesus Wept.....	Beddome. 555
	Wolfe. 708	Jock of Hazeldean.....	Scott. 134
"I give immortal praise" .....	Watts. 566	John Anderson, my Jo.....	Burns. 8
"I hae naeboddy now" .....	Hogg. 83	John Gilpin, Diverting History of.....	Couper. 939
"I have something sweet to tell you" ..	Ongond. 213	Jolly Good Ale and Old.....	Still. 927
"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled" ..	Moore. 761	Jolly Old Pedagogue, The.....	Arnold. 937
"I lay in sorrow, deep distress'd" ..	Mackay. 707	Jovial Beggar, The.....	Unknown. 928
"I love Thy kingdom, Lord" .....	Dwight. 594	Joy and Peace in Believing.....	Couper. 593
I love my Jean.....	Burns. 126	July.....	Clare. 441
I love my Love.....	Mackay. 146	Jupiter and Ten.....	Fielde. 899
Il Penseroso .....	Milton. 738	"Just as I am" .....	Elliot. 588
I'm Growing Old .....	Saxe. 749	KANE.....	O'Brien. 275
In a Year.....	Browning. 211	Katharine Janfarie.....	Unknown. 395
Inchcape Rock, The.....	Southey. 380	Kilmeny.....	Hogg. 837

	PAGE		PAGE
Kingdom of God, The.....	<i>Trench.</i> 682	Life.....	<i>Herbert.</i> 754
King is Dying, The.....	<i>Kenyon.</i> 791	Life.....	<i>King.</i> 698
King of Brentford's Testament.....	<i>Thackeray.</i> 910	Life.....	<i>Procter.</i> 635
King of Denmark's Ride, The.....	<i>Norton.</i> 422	Life on the Ocean Wave, A.....	<i>Sargent.</i> 509
Kisses.....	<i>Strode.</i> 156	Light.....	<i>Bourdillon.</i> 130
Kitten, The.....	<i>Baillie.</i> 488	Light Shining out of Darkness.....	<i>Cooper.</i> 563
Kitten and the Falling Leaves... ..	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 489	"Like as the culver, on the bared bough,"	<i>Spenser.</i> 190
Knight's Tomb, The.....	<i>Coleridge.</i> 646	Lilian.....	<i>Tennyson.</i> 203
Kubla Khan.....	<i>Coleridge.</i> 852	Lincoln, Abraham.....	<i>Taylor.</i> 278
LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.....	<i>Keats.</i> 869	Lines to an Indian Air.....	<i>Shelley.</i> 103
Lachrymatory, The.....	<i>Turner.</i> 738	Lines Written in Richmond Churchyard,	
Ladder of St. Augustine, The.....	<i>Longfellow.</i> 699	Yorkshire.....	<i>Knowles.</i> 653
Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.....	<i>Unknown.</i> 32	Lines Written in the Tower.....	<i>Tychborn.</i> 718
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.....	<i>Tennyson.</i> 210	Lines Written the Night before his Execution,	
Lady Clare.....	<i>Tennyson.</i> 138	<i>Ruleigh.</i> 232	
Lady Geraldine's Courtship.....	<i>Browning.</i> 104	Litany.....	<i>Grant.</i> 559
Lady Margaret Ley, To the.....	<i>Milton.</i> 237	Little Beach-Bird, The.....	<i>Dana.</i> 475
Lady of Shalott, The.....	<i>Tennyson.</i> 892	Little Bell.....	<i>Westwood.</i> 38
Lady's Dream, The.....	<i>Hood.</i> 709	Little Billee.....	<i>Thackeray.</i> 913
Lady's Yes, The.....	<i>Browning.</i> 138	Little Black Boy, The.....	<i>Blake.</i> 37
Laird o' Cockpen, The.....	<i>Nairne.</i> 896	Little Things.....	<i>Osgood.</i> 639
Lake of the Dismal Swamp, The.....	<i>Moore.</i> 416	Little While, A.....	<i>Bonar.</i> 615
L'Allegro.....	<i>Milton.</i> 731	Living Lost, The.....	<i>Bryant.</i> 702
Lament, A.....	<i>Shelley.</i> 764	Lochaber no More.....	<i>Ramsay.</i> 195
Lamentation for Celin, The.....	<i>Lockhart.</i> 375	Lochiel's Warning.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 322
Lamentation of Don Roderick.....	<i>Lockhart.</i> 293	Lochinvar.....	<i>Scott.</i> 136
Lamentation of the Border Widow... ..	<i>Unknown.</i> 419	Locksley Hall.....	<i>Tennyson.</i> 149
Lament of the Irish Emigrant.....	<i>Dufferrin.</i> 86	Loddon, On Revisiting the River....	<i>Warton.</i> 526
Lancashire Doxology, A.....	<i>Craik.</i> 603	"Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,"	<i>Olivier.</i> 631
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.....	<i>Hemans.</i> 309	"Long did I toil".....	<i>Lyte.</i> 589
Land o' the Leal, The.....	<i>Nairne.</i> 656	"Look out, bright eyes".....	<i>Beaumont &amp; Fletcher.</i> 184
Langley Lane.....	<i>Buchanan.</i> 203	"Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing".....	<i>Shirley.</i> 632
Last Buccaneer, The.....	<i>Kingsley.</i> 421	Lord is Risen, The.....	<i>Wesley.</i> 555
Last Conqueror, The.....	<i>Shirley.</i> 643	Lord Lovel.....	<i>Unknown.</i> 198
Last Leaf, The.....	<i>Holmes.</i> 753	"Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee,"	<i>Hinds.</i> 602
Last Man, The.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 663	"Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee,"	<i>Key.</i> 568
Last Rose of Summer, The.....	<i>Moore.</i> 465	Lord Ullin's Daughter.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 383
Last Verses.....	<i>Clare.</i> 638	Lost Heir, The.....	<i>Hood.</i> 908
Last Verses.....	<i>Carey.</i> 649	Lost Leader, The.....	<i>Browning.</i> 264
Last Visitor, The.....	<i>Blood.</i> 659	Lot of Thousands, The.....	<i>Hunter.</i> 705
La Tricoteuse.....	<i>Thornbury.</i> 331	Louis XV.....	<i>Sterling.</i> 327
Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.....	<i>Blackstone.</i> 736	Losses.....	<i>Browne.</i> 700
Lawyer's Invocation to Spring.....	<i>Brownell.</i> 960	Love.....	<i>Coleridge.</i> 100
"Lay a garland on my hearse,"	<i>Beaumont &amp; Fletcher.</i> 212	Love and Death.....	<i>Ford.</i> 203
Lead, Kindly Light.....	<i>Newman.</i> 539	Love in the Valley.....	<i>Meredith.</i> 142
"Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us,"	<i>Edmeston.</i> 605	"Love is a Sickness".....	<i>Daniel.</i> 98
Lemuel's Song.....	<i>Wither.</i> 24	"Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,"	<i>Cowley.</i> 142
Lent, To Keep a Truce.....	<i>Herrick.</i> 607	Love-Knot, The.....	<i>Perry.</i> 217
Lesbia.....	<i>Congreve.</i> 155	Loveliness of Love, The.....	<i>Carew.</i> 139
Lessons of Nature, The.....	<i>Drummond.</i> 470	Lovely Mary Donnelly.....	<i>Allingham.</i> 122
Leven Water, Ode to.....	<i>Smollett.</i> 533	Love Not.....	<i>Norton.</i> 187
Levett, On the Death of Dr.....	<i>Johnson.</i> 247	"Love not me for comely grace"....	<i>Unknown.</i> 139
Lie, The.....	<i>Ruleigh.</i> 675	Love's Omnipresence.....	<i>Sylvester.</i> 99
Life.....	<i>Bacon.</i> 633		
Life.....	<i>Barbauld.</i> 633		

	PAGE		PAGE
Love's Philosophy..... <i>Shelley.</i>	97	Midnight Hymn..... <i>Ken.</i>	577
"Love still hath something of the sea,"		Midsummer..... <i>Trowbridge.</i>	443
..... <i>Sedley.</i>	99	Milk-Maid's Mother's Answer..... <i>Raleigh.</i>	140
"Lovest thou Me?"..... <i>Cowper.</i>	561	Milk-Maid's Song..... <i>Marlowe.</i>	140
Love will Find out the Way..... <i>Unknown.</i>	97	Miller's Daughter, The..... <i>Tennyson.</i>	155
Low-backed Car, The..... <i>Lover.</i>	165	Milton, Lines written under the Picture of,	
Loyalty Confined..... <i>L'Estrange.</i>	243	..... <i>Dryden.</i>	242
Lucasta, To. (On Going beyond the Seas.),		Milton, To..... <i>Wordsworth.</i>	242
..... <i>Lovelace.</i>	125	Milton's Prayer of Patience..... <i>Howell.</i>	237
Lucasta, To. (On Going to the Wars.),		Minstrel's Song, The..... <i>Chatterton.</i>	147
..... <i>Lovelace.</i>	124	Missionary Hymn..... <i>Heber.</i>	600
Lucy Gray; or, Solitude..... <i>Wordsworth.</i>	56	Missionary Hymn..... <i>Smith.</i>	581
Lullaby..... <i>Dekker.</i>	32	Mitherless Bairn, The..... <i>Thom.</i>	46
Lute, To his..... <i>Drummond.</i>	732	Mocking Bird, To the..... <i>Wilde.</i>	479
Lycidas..... <i>Milton.</i>	237	Modern Belle, The..... <i>Stark.</i>	932
MAIDENHOOD..... <i>Longfellow.</i>	66	Monterey..... <i>Hoffman.</i>	347
Maiden's Choice, The..... <i>Carey.</i>	210	Moon, To the..... <i>Shelley.</i>	455
Maid of Athens..... <i>Byron.</i>	145	Moon, To the..... <i>Sidney.</i>	118
Maid's Lament, The..... <i>Landor.</i>	141	Moon, To the..... <i>Thurlow.</i>	455
Make Way for Liberty..... <i>Montgomery.</i>	298	Morning..... <i>Shakespeare.</i>	448
Malbrouck..... <i>Muhony.</i>	957	Morning-Glory, The..... <i>Lovell.</i>	49
Man's Mortality..... <i>Westell.</i>	646	Morning Hymn..... <i>Kemble.</i>	573
Marching Along..... <i>Browning.</i>	311	Morning Hymn..... <i>Ken.</i>	573
March to Moscow, The..... <i>Southey.</i>	958	Morning Hymn..... <i>Wither.</i>	574
Marco Bozzaris..... <i>Halleck.</i>	346	Morning Song..... <i>Baillie.</i>	503
Margaret Hussey, To Mistress..... <i>Skelton.</i>	227	Morning Street, The..... <i>Piatt.</i>	780
Mariner's Dream, The..... <i>Diamond.</i>	510	Mother and Poet..... <i>Browning.</i>	26
Mariner's Wife, The..... <i>Adam.</i>	10	Mother's Hope, The..... <i>Blanchard.</i>	52
Marion's Men, Song of..... <i>Bryant.</i>	330	Mountain Daisy, To a..... <i>Burns.</i>	463
Markham, Isabella, Lines on..... <i>Harrington.</i>	124	Mouse, To a..... <i>Burns.</i>	487
Mary, To..... <i>Bishop.</i>	10	Mr. Barney Maguire's Account of the Corona-	
Mary, To..... <i>Cowper.</i>	247	..... <i>Barham.</i>	965
Mary in Heaven, To..... <i>Burns.</i>	137	Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball..... <i>Thackeray.</i>	964
Mary MacNeil..... <i>Conolly.</i>	201	Muses, To the..... <i>Blake.</i>	752
Mary Morison..... <i>Burns.</i>	147	Musical Instrument, A..... <i>Browning.</i>	721
Mary of Castle Cary..... <i>Macneill.</i>	164	Music, to Becalme his Fever, To..... <i>Herrick.</i>	752
Mason, Mrs., Epitaph on..... <i>Mason.</i>	252	"Music, when soft voices die"..... <i>Shelley.</i>	185
Massacre in Piedmont, On the Late..... <i>Milton.</i>	314	My Ain Fireside..... <i>Hamilton.</i>	1
Massacre of the Macpherson..... <i>Aytoun.</i>	944	My Bird..... <i>Judson.</i>	29
Matrimonial Happiness..... <i>Lapraik.</i>	7	My Child..... <i>Pierpont.</i>	48
Maude Clare..... <i>Rossetti.</i>	188	"My days among the dead are passed,"	
Maud Muller..... <i>Whittier.</i>	167	..... <i>Southey.</i>	735
May..... <i>Watson.</i>	436	My Dear and Only Love..... <i>Graham.</i>	193
May, Song to..... <i>Darwin.</i>	440	"My dear mistress has a heart"..... <i>Rochester.</i>	156
May, Song to..... <i>Thurlow.</i>	436	"My faith looks up to Thee"..... <i>Palmer.</i>	558
May, The Reign of..... <i>Percival.</i>	441	"My heart's in the Highlands"..... <i>Burns.</i>	358
May Morning, Song on..... <i>Milton.</i>	435	"My life is like the summer rose"..... <i>Wilde.</i>	636
May Queen, The..... <i>Tennyson.</i>	69	My Love..... <i>Lovell.</i>	208
Means to Attain Happy Life, The..... <i>Surrey.</i>	636	"My minde to me a kingdom is"..... <i>Dyer.</i>	735
Meeting of the Waters, The..... <i>Moore.</i>	535	My Old Kentucky Home..... <i>Foster.</i>	24
Melancholia..... <i>Beaumont &amp; Fletcher.</i>	676	My Mother's Picture, On the Receipt of,	
Men of England..... <i>Campbell.</i>	356	..... <i>Cowper.</i>	15
Men of Old, The..... <i>Houghton.</i>	745	My Only Jo and Dearie, O..... <i>Gall.</i>	203
Mermaid Tavern, Lines on the..... <i>Keats.</i>	522	My Playmate..... <i>Whittier.</i>	82
Merry Pranks of Robin Good-Fellow,		My Psalm..... <i>Whittier.</i>	633
..... <i>Unknown.</i>	812	Myself, Of..... <i>Cowley.</i>	235
Messiah..... <i>Pope.</i>	547	My Ship..... <i>Allen.</i>	787
		"My silks and fine array"..... <i>Blake.</i>	190

	PAGE		PAGE
NABOB, The.....	<i>Blamire</i> . 93	"Oh, talk not to me".....	<i>Byron</i> . 157
Name in the Sand, A.....	<i>Gould</i> . 678	"Oh! the pleasant days of old".....	<i>Brown</i> . 745
Nantucket Skipper, The.....	<i>Fields</i> . 937	"Oh welcome, bat and owlet gray".....	<i>Buillie</i> . 485
Napoleon.....	<i>Lockhart</i> . 269	Oh why should the Spirit of Mortal be	
Napoleon's Midnight Review.....	<i>Von Zeidlitz</i> . 269	Proud?.....	<i>Knox</i> . 647
Naseby.....	<i>Macaulay</i> . 312	Old and Young Courtier, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 692
Nearer Home.....	<i>Cury</i> . 607	Old Arm-Chair, The.....	<i>Cook</i> . 73
"Nearer, my God, to Thee".....	<i>Adams</i> . 584	Old Cavalier, The.....	<i>Doyle</i> . 311
Neckan, The.....	<i>Arnold</i> . 887	Old Clock on the Stairs, The.....	<i>Longfellow</i> . 76
Neglected Call, The.....	<i>Neale</i> . 704	Old Familiar Faces, The.....	<i>Lamb</i> . 77
Neptune, Hymn to.....	<i>Pike</i> . 891	Old Folks at Home.....	<i>Foster</i> . 18
Never Again.....	<i>Stoddard</i> . 762	Old Grimes.....	<i>Greene</i> . 916
New Jerusalem, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 622	Old Letters.....	<i>Locker</i> . 88
New-Year's Day, For.....	<i>Doddridge</i> . 579	Old Man Dreams, The.....	<i>Holmes</i> . 903
Niagara.....	<i>Brainard</i> . 538	Old Man's Comforts, The.....	<i>Southey</i> . 694
Nice Correspondent, A.....	<i>Locker</i> . 202	Old Oaken Bucket, The.....	<i>Woodworth</i> . 74
Night.....	<i>Coleridge</i> . 773	"On a day, alack the day".....	<i>Shakespeare</i> . 141
Night.....	<i>Habington</i> . 773	"O Nanny, wilt thou go with me".....	<i>Percy</i> . 161
Night before Christmas, The.....	<i>Moore</i> . 67	Once upon a Time.....	<i>Southey</i> . 93
Nightingale, On the Departure of the.....	<i>Smith</i> . 484	One by One.....	<i>Procter</i> . 703
Nightingale, The.....	<i>Barnesfield</i> . 484	One Gray Hair, The.....	<i>Landor</i> . 749
Nightingale, To a.....	<i>Keats</i> . 482	"One word is too often profaned".....	<i>Shelley</i> . 148
Nightingale, To a.....	<i>Drummond</i> . 481	On First Looking into Chapman's Homer,	
Nightingale, To the.....	<i>Drummond</i> . 482	<i>Keats</i> . 737	
Nightingale, To the.....	<i>Milton</i> . 482	On his Being Arrived at the Age of Twenty-	
Night Piece, The.....	<i>Herrick</i> . 127	Three.....	<i>Milton</i> . 228
Night, To.....	<i>Shelley</i> . 451	On the Shores of Tennessee.....	<i>Beers</i> . 367
Night, To.....	<i>White</i> . 450	On this Day I Complete my Thirty-Sixth	
Ninety and Nine, The.....	<i>Clephane</i> . 601	Year.....	<i>Byron</i> . 88
No Age Content with his own Estate.....	<i>Surrey</i> . 677	Orphan Boy's Tale, The.....	<i>Opie</i> . 46
Nocturnal Reverie, A.....	<i>Winchelsea</i> . 443	"O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,"	
Nocturnal Sketch, A.....	<i>Hood</i> . 968	<i>Havceis</i> . 604	
Nongtongpaw.....	<i>Dibdin</i> . 957	"O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend".....	<i>Elliott</i> . 559
"Not, Celia, that I juster am".....	<i>Sedley</i> . 127	Outlaw, The.....	<i>Scott</i> . 176
Nothing but Leaves.....	<i>Akerman</i> . 598	"Over hill, Over dale".....	<i>Shakespeare</i> . 798
Nothing to Wear.....	<i>Butler</i> . 920	Over the River.....	<i>Wakefield</i> . 649
Not Ours the Vows.....	<i>Barton</i> . 101	"O Word of God incarnate".....	<i>How</i> . 605
No Trust in Time.....	<i>Drummond</i> . 777		
November.....	<i>Coleridge</i> . 468	PAINTER who Pleased Nobody and Every-	
Now and Afterwards.....	<i>Cruik</i> . 640	body, The.....	<i>Gay</i> . 955
Nun, The.....	<i>Hunt</i> . 171	Pan, To.....	<i>Beaumont &amp; Fletcher</i> . 433
Nut-Brown Maid, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 112	Pan in Wall Street.....	<i>Stedman</i> . 890
Nymph Complaining for the Death of her		Panglory's Wooing Song.....	<i>Fletcher</i> . 98
Fawn, The ..	<i>Marvell</i> . 505	Parable from Liebig, A.....	<i>Kingley</i> . 582
		Paradise.....	<i>Faber</i> . 621
O'CONNOR'S CHILD.....	<i>Campbell</i> . 397	Parody on Pope.....	<i>Smith</i> . 933
Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.....	<i>Jones</i> . 363	Passing Away.....	<i>Pierpont</i> . 648
Ode to Himself.....	<i>Jonson</i> . 227	Passing Under the Rod.....	<i>Dana</i> . 600
Ode to my Little Son.....	<i>Hood</i> . 907	Passions, The.....	<i>Collins</i> . 728
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven".....	<i>Luke</i> . 588	Pastoral, A.....	<i>Breton</i> . 182
"Of, in the stilly night".....	<i>Moore</i> . 77	Pastoral, A.....	<i>Byron</i> . 173
"O God of Bethel, by whose Hand,"		Pastoral Ballad, A.....	<i>Shenstone</i> . 205
<i>Logan &amp; Doddridge</i> . 607		Pastor's Reverie, The.....	<i>Gladden</i> . 92
"O happy soul, that lives on high"....	<i>Watts</i> . 595	Paul Revere's Ride.....	<i>Longfellow</i> . 328
"Oh, breathe not his name".....	<i>Moore</i> . 253	Pauper's Death-Bed, The.....	<i>Southey</i> . 716
"Oh how kindly hast Thou led me".....	<i>Grinfield</i> . 590	Pauper's Drive, The.....	<i>Noel</i> . 717
"Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,"		Pavy, Epitaph on Salathiel.....	<i>Jonson</i> . 234
<i>Byron</i> . 741		Peele Castle, Elegiac Stanzas on.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> . 523



	PAGE		PAGE
Pembroke, Epitaph on Countess of.....	Jonson. 235	Psalm CXLVIII.....	Wither. 571
Per Pacem ad Lucem .....	Procter. 557	Pulley, The.....	Herbert. 682
Petition to Time, A.....	Procter. 749	Pulteney, Miss Charlotte, To.....	Phillips. 35
Pet Lamb, The.....	Wordsworth. 491	QUA CURSUM VENTUS.....	Clough. 742
Philip, my King.....	Craik. 30	Quaker Widow, The.....	Taylor. 22
Phyllida and Corydon.....	Bretton. 145	Queen of Bohemia, To his Mistress, the,	
Philomela .....	Arnold. 476		Wotton. 185
Philosopher's Scales, The.....	Taylor. 685	Question, The.....	Shelley. 500
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.....	Scott. 359	Q. H. F., To .....	Dobson. 931
Picture, A.....	Eastman. 6	Quince.....	Præd. 915
Picture of T. C., in a Prospect of Flowers,			
	Marvell. 242	RAINBOW, The.....	Vaughan. 452
Picture, To my.....	Randolph. 753	Rainbow, The.....	Wordsworth. 453
Pied Piper of Hamelin, The.....	Browning. 855	Rainbow, To the.....	Campbell. 453
Pilgrimage, The.....	Raleigh. 598	Rainy Day, The.....	Longfellow. 773
Pilgrims of the Night, The.....	Faber. 620	Randolph of Roanoke .....	Whittier. 263
Place to Die, The.....	Barry. 700	Rape of the Lock, The.....	Pope. 799
Plain Language from Truthful James.....	Harte. 943	"Rarely, rarely comest thou".....	Shelley. 777
Poems, On his Divine.....	Waller. 718	Raven, The.....	Poe. 853
Poet's Bridal-Day Song, The.....	Cunningham. 18	Rebecca's Hymn.....	Scott. 570
Poet's Epitaph, A.....	Elliott. 698	Recipe for Salad, A.....	Smith. 968
Poet's Song to his Wife, The.....	Procter. 14	Re-cured Lover, The.....	Wyatt. 191
Pompadour, The... ..	Thornbury. 326	Redbreast, To the .....	Bampfylde. 481
Poor Jack.....	DiDin. 512	Red, Red Rose, A.....	Burns. 157
Portrait, The.....	Lytton. 199	Red River Voyageur, The .....	Whittier. 781
Power of Love, The.....	Beaumont & Fletcher. 169	Reflective Retrospect, A.....	Sure. 79
Praise .....	Oster. 621	Relief of Lucknow, The.....	Lowell. 347
Praise of his Love, A.....	Surrey. 154	Renunciation, A.....	Oxford. 190
Praise to God.....	Barbauld. 568	Resignation.....	Barter. 586
Praxiteles and Phryne.....	Story. 782	Resignation.....	Chatterton. 585
Prayer Book, On a.....	Crashaw. 606	Resignation.....	Longfellow. 606
Precise Tailor, Of a.....	Harrington. 899	Retirement.....	Cooper. 602
Present Crisis, The.....	Lowell. 342	Retirement, The.....	Cotton. 499
Priest, The.....	Bretton. 572	Rêve du Midi .....	Cooke. 412
Primrose, The .....	Herrick. 214	Reveille .....	O'Connor. 356
Primrose, To an Early.....	White. 461	Rhine, The.....	Borles. 536
Primroses Filled with Morning Dew.....	Herrick. 461	Rhodora, The.....	Emerson. 464
Prince Henry, To.....	James I. 702	Right must Win, The.....	Faber. 592
Prisoned in Windsor, he Recounteth his		"Rise, my Soul, and stretch thy wings,"	
Pleasure there Passed.....	Surrey. 224		Songrave. 590
Prisoner of Chillon, The.....	Byron. 400	River, The.....	Plumptre. 467
Problem, The .....	Emerson. 683	Robin Adair.....	Keppel. 102
Progress of Poesy, The.....	Gray. 726	Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale.....	Unknown. 392
Prologue Spoken by Garrick.....	Johnson. 774	Robin Redbreast.....	Attingham. 481
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of "Cato,"		Rock me to Sleep .....	Allen. 74
	Pope. 244	Rock of Ages .....	Toptady. 506
Proud Maisie is in the Wood.....	Scott. 894	Rogero's Song in Prison.....	Cunning. 941
Psalm of Life, A.....	Longfellow. 635	Rory O'More.....	Loner. 161
Psalm XXIII., Paraphrase of.....	Addison. 581	Rosabelle .....	Scott. 401
Psalm LXXII.....	Montgomery. 557	Rosader's Sonetto .....	Lodge. 151
Psalm LXXXIV.....	Lyte. 620	Rosalind's Madrigal .....	Lodge. 91
Psalm LXXXVII.....	Newton. 618	Rosaline .....	Lodge. 121
Psalm XC.....	Watts. 569	Rose Aylmer.....	Landon. 76
Psalm XCVIII.....	Watts. 569	Rule, Britannia.....	Thomson. 35
Psalm C.....	Tate & Brady. 565	Ruth .....	Hood. 14
Psalm C.....	Watts & Wesley. 566		
Psalm CXVII.....	Watts. 572	SABBATH EVENING.....	Prentice. 45
Psalm CXXI.....	Watts. 603		

	PAGE		PAGE
Sabbath Morning, The.....	<i>Leyden.</i> 448	Sleep, On.....	<i>Daniel.</i> 774
"Sad is our youth, for it is ever going".....	<i>De Vere.</i> 634	Sleep, On.....	<i>Sidney.</i> 774
Sailor's Consolation.....	<i>Pitt.</i> 898	Sleep, The.....	<i>Browning.</i> 642
Sailor's Wife, The.....	<i>Mackay.</i> 25	Sleeping Babe, The.....	<i>Hinds.</i> 45
Sally in our Alley.....	<i>Curry.</i> 120	Sleeping and Watching.....	<i>Browning.</i> 33
Sands of Dee, The.....	<i>Kingsley.</i> 419	Smack in School, The.....	<i>Palmer.</i> 933
Saturday Afternoon.....	<i>Willis.</i> 77	Society upon the Stanislaw, The.....	<i>Harte.</i> 954
"Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding,"		Soldier's Dream, The.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 83
	<i>Muhlenberg.</i> 560	Solitude, Ode on.....	<i>Pope.</i> 753
School and School-fellows.....	<i>Pruehl.</i> 79	Somerset, Upon the Sudden Restraint of the	
Schoolmistress, The.....	<i>Shenstone.</i> 57	Earl of.....	<i>Wotton.</i> 232
Scorn not the Sonnet.....	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 770	Son-Days ..	<i>Vaughan.</i> 580
Sea, At.....	<i>Trowbridge.</i> 519	Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle,	
Sea, By the Autumn.....	<i>Hayne.</i> 520		<i>Wordsworth.</i> 225
Sea, The.....	<i>Procter.</i> 507	Song of the Camp, The.....	<i>Taylor.</i> 216
Seasons, Hymn of the.....	<i>Thamson.</i> 431	Song of the North, A.....	<i>Doten.</i> 422
Selkirk, Alexander, Verses Supposed to be		Song of the Shirt, The.....	<i>Hood.</i> 711
Written by .....	<i>Comper.</i> 699	Songs of Birds, The ...	<i>Lyly.</i> 484
Seneca Lake, To.....	<i>Percival.</i> 539	"Songs of praise the angels sang,"	
Serenade, A.....	<i>Hood.</i> 907		<i>Montgomery.</i> 608
Shakespeare, Epitaph on.....	<i>Milton.</i> 232	Songs of Seven.....	<i>Ingelow.</i> 19
Shakespeare, Lines on the Portrait of.....	<i>Jonson.</i> 232	Sonnets .....	<i>Shakespeare.</i>
Shakespeare, To the Memory of.....	<i>Jonson.</i> 234		218, 219, 220, 750, 751, 752
"Shall I tell you whom I love?".....	<i>Browne.</i> 123	Sonnets to Stella.....	<i>Sir Philip Sidney.</i> 191, 192
"She dwelt among the untrodden ways,"		Sonnets from the Portuguese.....	<i>E. B. Browning.</i>
	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 49		134, 135, 136
"She is far from the land".....	<i>Moore.</i> 274	Sonnet Written on a Blank Leaf of Dug-	
"She is not fair to outward view".....	<i>Coleridge.</i> 172	dale's Monasticon.....	<i>Warton.</i> 747
"Shepherds all, and maidens fair,"		Sorrows of Werther, The.....	<i>Thackeray.</i> 898
	<i>Beaumont &amp; Fletcher.</i> 499	"Sound the loud timbrel".....	<i>Moore.</i> 570
Shepherd's Resolution, The.....	<i>Wither.</i> 169	Spider and the Fly, The.....	<i>Hocutt.</i> 707
Sheridan's Ride.....	<i>Read.</i> 351	Spring.....	<i>Nash.</i> 435
"She's gone to dwell in Heaven".....	<i>Cunningham.</i> 218	Spring.....	<i>Timrod.</i> 440
"She walks in beauty like the night".....	<i>Byron.</i> 739	Spring Day, The First.....	<i>Toldhunter.</i> 439
"She was a Phantom of delight".....	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 10	Spring, Description of.....	<i>Surrey.</i> 433
Ships at Sea.....	<i>Coffin.</i> 787	Spring, Lines Written in Early.....	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 439
Shortness of Life, The.....	<i>Quarles.</i> 635	Spring, On the.....	<i>Gray.</i> 435
Shout the Glad Tidings.....	<i>Muhlenberg.</i> 553	Spring, To .....	<i>Drummond.</i> 433
Sic Vita .....	<i>King.</i> 718	Squire's Pew, The.....	<i>Taylor.</i> 691
Sidney, Epitaph upon Sir Philip.....	<i>Raleigh.</i> 229	St. Agnes' Eve.....	<i>Tennyson.</i> 566
"Sigh no more, ladies".....	<i>Shakespeare.</i> 187	Stanzas on Woman.....	<i>Goldsmith.</i> 707
Silent Lover, The .....	<i>Raleigh.</i> 182	Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples,	
Siller Crown, The .....	<i>Blamire.</i> 147		<i>Shelley.</i> 262
"Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and		St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes.....	<i>Unknown.</i> 919
part" .....	<i>Drayton.</i> 170	Star of Bethlehem, The.....	<i>White.</i> 597
Sir Marnaduke .....	<i>Colman.</i> 782	Star-Spangled Banner, The.....	<i>Key.</i> 353
Sir Patriok Spens.....	<i>Unknown.</i> 369	St. Cecilia's Day, On.....	<i>Pope.</i> 725
Sister Helen .....	<i>Rossetti.</i> 879	St. Cecilia's Day, Song for.....	<i>Dryden.</i> 724
Sister of Elia, To the.....	<i>Landor.</i> 274	St. David's at Radnor, Old.....	<i>Longfellow.</i> 540
Sixteen .....	<i>Landor.</i> 214	Steadfast Shepherd, The.....	<i>Wither.</i> 153
Skeleton, To a.....	<i>Unknown.</i> 662	"Still to be neat, still to be drest".....	<i>Jonson.</i> 738
Skeleton in Armor, The.....	<i>Longfellow.</i> 868	Stolen Kiss, A.....	<i>Wither.</i> 156
Skinner, Cyriac, To.....	<i>Milton.</i> 236	Storm, The.....	<i>Procter.</i> 515
Skipper Ireson's Ride.....	<i>Whittier.</i> 373	Stormy Petrel, The.....	<i>Procter.</i> 474
Skylark, The.....	<i>Long.</i> 477	St. Patrick was a Gentleman .....	<i>Bennett.</i> 934
Skylark, To a .....	<i>Shelley.</i> 478	Stranger and his Friend, The.....	<i>Montgomery.</i> 561
Skylark, To a.....	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 477	Stranger on the Sill, The.....	<i>Read.</i> 75
Skylark, To a.....	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 477	Stream of Life, The.....	<i>Clough.</i> 684

	PAGE		PAGE
Summer Longings.....	McCarthy. 437	"The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,"	
Summer, On.....	Thurlow. 442		Goldsmith. 783
Summer Shower, After a.....	Norton. 439	They are all Gone.....	Vaughan. 617
Summer Winds, Song of the.....	Darley. 442	"They come! the merry Summer months,"	
Sunday.....	Herbert. 580		Motherwell. 438
Superstition.....	Norris. 179	They're Dear Fish to Me.....	Unknown. 513
Supplication, A.....	Cowley. 121	Thomson, On the Death of.....	Collins. 216
Sweet and Low.....	Tennyson. 31	Those Evening Bells.....	Moore. 762
Sweet-and-Twenty.....	Shakespeare. 163	"Thou art, O God, the life and light".....	Moore. 571
Sweet are the Charms.....	Booth. 154	Thought among the Roses, A.....	Spencer. 465
Sweet Baby, Sleep.....	Wither. 34	"Thought is deeper than all speech".....	Cranch. 780
Sweet Content.....	Dekker. 680	Thoughts in a Garden.....	Marnell. 501
Sweet Innisfallen.....	Moore. 535	Thoughts in a Library.....	Botta. 736
"Sweet is the rose".....	Spenser. 778	"Thou hast Sworn by thy God".....	Cunningham. 157
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan.....	Gay. 119	Three Fishers, The.....	Kingsley. 513
Sympathy.....	Heber. 963	Three Loves.....	Hooper. 156
TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.....	Mitchel. 516	Three Sons, The.....	Moultrie. 50
"Take, oh take those lips away,"		Three Troopers, The.....	Thornbury. 310
	Beaumont & Fletcher. 184	Three Warnings, The.....	Piozzi. 639
Take thy Old Cloak about Thee.....	Unknown. 905	"Three years she grew in sun and shower,"	
Tam O'Shanter.....	Burns. 877		Wordsworth. 49
Teacher's Dream, The.....	Venable. 91	Thrush's Nest, The.....	Clare. 480
Tears of Scotland, The.....	Smollett. 326	"Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess,"	
Tears Wept at the Grave of Sir Albertus Morton.....	Wotton. 230		Gibbons. 582
Tell me How to Woo Thee.....	Graham. 161	"Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,"	
Tempest, Ballad of the.....	Fields. 38		Tennyson. 741
Thanatopsis.....	Bryant. 644	Thy Will be Done.....	Elliott. 586
Thanksgiving Hymn.....	Alford. 578	Thy Will be Done.....	Waring. 587
Thanksgiving to God for his House.....	Herrick. 579	Tiger, The.....	Blake. 498
Theatre, The.....	Smith. 948	Time.....	Scott. 717
"The doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain".....	Spenser. 101	Time.....	Watson. 172
"The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine".....	Wagh. 166	Times Go by Turns.....	Southwell. 776
"The God of Abraham praise".....	Olivers. 603	Tintern Abbey, Lines Composed Near,	
"The harp that once through Tara's halls,"			Wordsworth. 540
	Moore. 362	"'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark".....	Coleridge. 476
"The heath this night must be my bed".....	Scott. 186	Tithonus.....	Tennyson. 785
"The house is dark and dreary".....	Stoddard. 783	To Himself.....	Johnson. 227
"The lark now leaves his watery nest,"		"To live in hell and heaven to behold,"	
	Duvenant. 476		Constable. 212
"The merchant, to secure his treasure".....	Prior. 142	Tom Bowling.....	Dibdin. 659
"The midges dance aboon the burn,"		Tombs in Westminster Abbey, The.....	Beaumont. 522
	Tannahill. 449	Tom Dunstan.....	Buchanan. 791
"There be none of Beauty's daughters,"		Tommy's Dead.....	Dobell. 640
	Byron. 157	"To one who has been long in city pent,"	
"There be those who sow beside".....	Burton. 637		Keats. 503
"There is a dwelling-place above".....	Mant. 619	Too Late.....	Craik. 17
"There is a garden in her face".....	Alison. 185	"Too late, alas! I must confess".....	Rochester. 126
"There is a Happy Land".....	Young. 619	"To sigh, yet feel no pain".....	Moore. 182
"There is a land of pure delight".....	Watts. 619	"To Thy temple I repair".....	Montgomery. 581
"There's not a joy the world can give,"		T. L. H., Six Years Old, To.....	Hunt. 36
	Byron. 676	Touchstone, The.....	Alvingham. 685
"The spacious firmament on high".....	Addison. 565	Toujours Amour.....	Stedman. 163
"The Spirit in our hearts".....	Onderdonk. 593	Traveller, The.....	Goldsmith. 765
"The sun rises bright in France".....	Cunningham. 358	Treason.....	Harrington. 775
		Treasures of the Deep, The.....	Hemans. 517
		Triumph of Charis, The.....	Johnson. 160
		Trooper to his Mare, The.....	Halpin. 497
		Twa Corbies, The.....	Unknown. 416

	PAGE		PAGE
"'Twas when the seas were roaring".....	<i>Gay</i> . 125	Westminster Bridge, Sonnet Composed on,	
Twenty-One.....	<i>Dorr</i> . 44		<i>Wordsworth</i> . 521
Twenty Years Ago.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 78	West Point.....	<i>Strong</i> . 90
Twilight at Sea.....	<i>Welby</i> . 515	West Wind, To the.....	<i>Shelley</i> . 445
Twins, The.....	<i>Leigh</i> . 910	Wet sheet and a flowing sea, A.....	<i>Cunningham</i> . 509
ULYSSES.....	<i>Tennyson</i> . 289	"What ails this heart o' mine".....	<i>Blamire</i> . 199
Unattainable, Ballad of the.....	<i>Lang</i> . 762	"What are these in bright array".....	<i>Montgomery</i> . 618
Under my Window.....	<i>Westwood</i> . 53	What is Prayer?.....	<i>Montgomery</i> . 583
Under the Greenwood Tree.....	<i>Shakespeare</i> . 466	What Mr. Robinson Thinks.....	<i>Lowell</i> . 932
Universal Prayer, The.....	<i>Pope</i> . 565	"When all Thy mercies, O my God".....	<i>Addison</i> . 567
Unwin, Mrs., To.....	<i>Cowper</i> . 247	"When coldness wraps this suffering clay,"	
Up-Hill.....	<i>Rosselli</i> . 598		<i>Byron</i> . 645
Urania.....	<i>Arnold</i> . 216	"When gathering clouds around I view,"	
VAGABONDS, The.....	<i>Troubridge</i> . 712		<i>Grant</i> . 589
Valediction, The.....	<i>Baxter</i> . 612	"When icicles hang by the wall".....	<i>Shakespeare</i> . 447
Vanity of Human Wishes, The.....	<i>Johnson</i> . 669	When Maggie Gangs Away.....	<i>Hogg</i> . 161
Vanity of the World, The.....	<i>Quarles</i> . 674	"When midnight o'er the moonless skies,"	
Venetian Republic, On the Extinction of,			<i>Spencer</i> . 94
	<i>Wordsworth</i> . 347	"When our heads are bowed with woe,"	
Veni Creator.....	<i>Dryden</i> . 563		<i>Milman</i> . 602
Veni Creator Spiritus.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 562	"When stars are in the quiet skies".....	<i>Lytton</i> . 218
Very Mournful Ballad, A.....	<i>Byron</i> . 296	When the Assault was Intended to the City,	
Very Young Lady, To a.....	<i>Sedley</i> . 189		<i>Milton</i> . 314
Vicar, The.....	<i>Præd</i> . 917	"When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's	
Vicar of Bray, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 918	traces".....	<i>Swatburne</i> . 434
Village Blacksmith, The.....	<i>Longfellow</i> . 739	When the Kye comes flame.....	<i>Hogg</i> . 187
Villiers, Lady Mary, Epitaph on the.....	<i>Carew</i> . 276	"When we two parted".....	<i>Byron</i> . 86
Violet, The.....	<i>Story</i> . 462	"Where did you come from?".....	<i>Macdonald</i> . 31
Virgins to make Much of Time, To.....	<i>Herrick</i> . 123	"Where are you Going, my Pretty Maid?"	
Virtue.....	<i>Herbert</i> . 682		<i>Unknown</i> . 902
Virtuoso, A.....	<i>Dobson</i> . 907	"Where lies the land".....	<i>Clough</i> . 520
Vision upon this Conceit of the Faerie		"Where shall the lover rest".....	<i>Scott</i> . 176
Queen, A.....	<i>Raleigh</i> . 737	Which shall it be?.....	<i>Beers</i> . 45
Vita Nuova.....	<i>Plumptre</i> . 281	"Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled".....	<i>Barnefield</i> . 776
Voice and Nothing Else, A.....	<i>London Punch</i> . 898	Whilst Thoe I Seek.....	<i>Williams</i> . 592
Voiceless, The.....	<i>Holmes</i> . 646	Whiskers, The.....	<i>Woodworth</i> . 896
WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.....	<i>Glen</i> . 325	White Rose, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 214
Walking with God.....	<i>Cowper</i> . 584	Who is Sylvia?.....	<i>Shakespeare</i> . 217
Waly, Waly, but Love be Bonny.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 103	Why so Pale?.....	<i>Suckling</i> . 104
Wandering Jew, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 376	"Why thus longing?".....	<i>Sevall</i> . 764
Warren's Address.....	<i>Pierpont</i> . 328	Wife, A.....	<i>Allingham</i> . 12
Watchman, tell us of the Night.....	<i>Bowering</i> . 543	Wife, Lines Written to his.....	<i>Heber</i> . 9
Water-Fowl, To a.....	<i>Bryant</i> . 475	Wife, To my.....	<i>Bayly</i> . 9
We are Brethren a'.....	<i>Nicoll</i> . 795	William and Margaret.....	<i>Millet</i> . 175
We are Seven.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> . 51	Willie Winkie.....	<i>Miller</i> . 41
Weary in Well-Doing.....	<i>Rosselli</i> . 611	Will of God, The.....	<i>Faber</i> . 586
Web of Life, The.....	<i>Moore</i> . 637	Windsor Castle, Sonnet written after seeing,	
Weep no More.....	<i>Beaumont &amp; Fletcher</i> . 784		<i>Warton</i> . 522
Welcome, The.....	<i>Brownie</i> . 125	Winifreda.....	<i>Unknown</i> . 7
Welcome, The.....	<i>Davis</i> . 158	Winsome Wee Thing, The.....	<i>Burns</i> . 9
Wellington, Ode on the Death of the Duke		Wish, A.....	<i>Rogers</i> . 6
of.....	<i>Tennyson</i> . 271	Wishes for the Supposed Mistress.....	<i>Crashaw</i> . 121
Well of St. Keyne, The.....	<i>Southey</i> . 902	With a Guitar, To Jane.....	<i>Shelley</i> . 730
"We sing the praise of Him who died,"		"With broken heart and contrite sigh".....	<i>Elven</i> . 582
	<i>Kelly</i> . 555	Without and Within.....	<i>Lowell</i> . 796
		Without and Within.....	<i>Stoddard</i> . 12
		Woman's Answer, A.....	<i>Procter</i> . 188
		Woman's Inconstancy.....	<i>Ayton</i> . 141

	PAGE		PAGE
Woman's Question, A.....	<i>Procter.</i> 187	Yarrow Visited .....	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 528
Wonderfu' Wean, The.....	<i>Miller.</i> 42	Ye Gentlemen of England.....	<i>Parker.</i> 507
Woodman Spare that Tree !.....	<i>Morris.</i> 75	"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,"	
Wreck of the Hesperus, The.....	<i>Longfellow.</i> 514		<i>Doddridge.</i> 608
Wrestling Jacob.....	<i>Wesley.</i> 591	Ye Mariners of England.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 356
YARN of the "Nancy Bell," The.....	<i>Gilbert.</i> 914	Young Airly.....	<i>Unknown.</i> 324
Yarrow Revisited.. ..	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 529	Youth and Age.....	<i>Coleridge.</i> 94
Yarrow Unvisited.....	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 528	ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.....	<i>Lockhart.</i> 183











'Mid pleasures & palaces though we may roam  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere:

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!  
There's no place like Home!  
There's no place like Home!

John Howard Payne,

# POETRY

OF

## HOME AND THE FIRESIDE.

---

### *HOME, SWEET HOME.*

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may  
    roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like  
    home!

A charm from the sky seems to hallow us  
    there,

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er  
    met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home!  
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in  
    vain;

Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage  
    again!

The birds, singing gayly, that came at my  
    call—

Give me them!—and the peace of mind  
    dearer than all.

Home, sweet, sweet, sweet, home!  
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

---

### *THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.*

THE stately Homes of England!

How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall, ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their greensward bound,  
Through shade and sunny gleam,  
And the swan glides past them with the  
    sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!

Around their hearths by night,  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood's tale is told,  
Or lips move tunefully along  
    Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!

How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath hours!  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
Floats through their woods at morn:  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!

By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
An l round the hamlet fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves,  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!

Long, long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be rear'd  
To guard each hallow'd wall!  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HERMAN.

---

### *MY AIN FIRESIDE.*

I HAF seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,  
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi'  
    braws,  
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've  
    been,  
When the grand shine o' splendor has  
dazzled my een;

But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er  
spied.

As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.  
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
Oh cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside;  
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
Oh, there's naught to compare wi' ane's  
ain fireside.

Ance mair, Gude be thankit, round my ain  
heartsome ingle,  
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially  
mingle;  
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or  
glad,  
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh  
when I'm sad.  
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to  
fear,  
But truth to delight me, and friendship to  
cheer;  
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,  
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fire-  
side. ✓

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
Oh, there's naught to compare wi' ane's  
ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cozy  
hearthstane,  
My heart louns sae light I scarce ken't for  
my ain;  
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o'  
sight,  
Past troubles they seem but as dreams o'  
the night.

I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,  
And mark saft affection glent fond frae  
ilk ee;  
Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o'  
pride,  
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fire-  
side. ✕

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
Oh there's naught to compare wi' ane's  
ain fireside.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

### THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

How blest has my time been, what joys  
have I known,  
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy  
my own!

So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as  
often we stray,  
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:  
How pleasing their sport is! The wanton  
ones see,  
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and  
me.

To try her sweet temper, oftentimes am I seen,  
In revels all day, with the nymphs on the  
green:  
Though painful my absence, my doubts  
she beguiles,  
And meets me at night with complacence  
and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses  
its hue,  
Her wit and good-humor bloom all the  
year through;  
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her  
truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from  
her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to  
ensnare  
And cheat with false vows the too credu-  
lous fair;  
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you  
roam!  
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

EDWARD MOORE.

### THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR CHLOE, while the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
In folly's maze advance,  
Though singularity and pride  
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,  
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,  
Where love our hours employs;  
No noisy neighbor enters here,  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam;

The world hath nothing to bestow—  
From our own selves our bliss must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove hercft,  
When with impatient wing she left  
That safe retreat, the ark;  
Giving her vain excursion o'er,  
The disappointed bird once more  
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;  
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring  
Whence pleasures ever rise;  
We'll form their minds with studious care  
To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
And crown our hoary hairs;  
They'll grow in virtue every day,  
And thus our fondest loves repay,  
And recompense our cures.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,  
While to the world we live unknown,  
Or by the world forgot;  
Monarchs! we envy not your state—  
We look with pity on the great,  
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;  
But then how little do we need,  
For Nature's calls are few!  
In this the art of living lies—  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content  
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
Nor aim beyond our power;  
For, if our stock be very small,  
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,  
Patient when favors are denied,  
And pleased with favors given—

Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,  
This is that incense of the heart  
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,  
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;  
But, when our feast is o'er,  
Grateful from table we'll arise,  
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,  
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;  
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe  
With cautious steps we'll tread;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead;

While conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath—  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much-respected  
friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:  
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and  
praise;

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;  
The native feelings strong, the guileless  
ways;

What Aiken in a cottage would have  
been;

Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier  
there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;  
The short'ning winter-day is near a close:  
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;  
The black'ning trains o' craws to their  
repose:

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,—

This night his weekly toil is at an end,—  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his  
 hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to  
 spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does  
 hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher  
 through

To meet their "dad," wi' flichterin' noise  
 an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's  
 smile,

The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labor and  
 his toil. *λ*

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie  
 rin

A cannie errand to a neibor town:

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman  
 grown,

In youthfu' bloom—love sparkling in her  
 e'e—

Comes hame; perhaps, to show a braw  
 new gown,

Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hard-  
 ship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters  
 meet,

And each for other's welfare kindly  
 spiers:

The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed  
 fleet;

Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful  
 years;

Anticipation forward points the view;

The mother, wi' her needle and her  
 shears,

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the  
 new;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's com-  
 mand,

The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;  
 And mind their labors wi' an cydent hand,  
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or  
 play;

"And oh, be sure to fear the Lord alway,  
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
 They never sought in vain that sought the  
 Lord aright."

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the  
 same,

Tells how a neibor lad came o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convoy her  
 hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;  
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires  
 his name,

While Jenny haflins is afraid to speak:  
 Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae  
 wild, worthless rake.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him  
 ben;

A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's  
 eye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;  
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and  
 kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows  
 wi' joy,

But, blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel  
 behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae  
 grave;

Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected  
 like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found  
 O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond com-  
 pare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this de-  
 clare,—

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleas-  
 ure spare—

One cordial in this melancholy vale,—  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents  
 the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,  
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and  
 truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting  
 youth?

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling,  
 smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their  
 child?

Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their dis-  
 traction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple  
 board,

The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's  
 food;

The sowpe their only hawkie does afford,  
 That, 'yont the hallan snugly chows her  
 cood:

The dame brings forth, in complimentary  
 mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-lain'd keb-  
 buck, fell;

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:  
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell  
 How 'twas a townmond auld, sin' lint was i'  
 the boll.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,  
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion  
 glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care;  
 And "Let us worship God!" he says with  
 solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple  
 guise,

They tune their hearts, by far the no-  
 blest aim:

Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling meas-  
 ures rise,

Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the  
 name;

Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward  
 flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:

Compared with these, Italian trills are  
 tame:

The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures  
 raise;

Nae unison hae they with our Creator's  
 praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How Abram was the friend of God on  
 high;

Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage

With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging  
 ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;

Or other holy seers that tune the sacred  
 lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was  
 shed;

How He, who bore in Heaven the second  
 name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay His  
 head:

How His first followers and servants sped;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a  
 land:

How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-  
 nounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal  
 King

The saint, the father, and the husband  
 prays:

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant  
 wing,"

That thus they all shall meet in future  
 days,

There, ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise

In such society, yet still more dear,  
While circling time moves round in an  
eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's  
pride,

In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide  
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the  
heart!

The Power, incensed, the pageant will  
desert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
May hear, well pleased, the language of  
the soul;

And in His Book of Life the inmates poor  
enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral  
way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest:  
The parent pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to Heaven the warm  
request,

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous  
nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the  
best,

For them and for their little ones provide;  
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine  
preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur  
springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered  
abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
"An honest man's the noblest work of  
God;"

And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous  
load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven  
is sent,

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace, and  
sweet content!

And oh, may Heaven their simple lives  
prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be  
rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-  
loved isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,  
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted  
heart,

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:  
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-  
ward!)

Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert;  
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament  
and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

### A WISHL.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;

A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;

A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

### A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
While his hale old wife, with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away;  
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,  
On her grandfather's knee was catching  
flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,  
 With a tear on his wrinkled face;  
 He thought how often her mother, dead,  
 Had sat in the self-same place.  
 As the tear stole down from his half-shut  
 eye,

"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it  
 makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretch'd out on the  
 floor,

Where the shade after noon used to steal;  
 The busy old wife, by the open door,  
 Was turning the spinning-wheel;  
 And the old brass clock on the manteltree  
 Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,  
 While close to his heaving breast  
 The moisten'd brow and the cheek so fair  
 Of his sweet grandchild were press'd;  
 His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:  
 Fast asleep were they both, that summer  
 day!

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

### MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,  
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,  
 I glory in the sacred ties  
 That made us aye and once were twain.  
 A mutual flame inspires us baith,  
 The tender look, the meltin' kiss;  
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,  
 But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee!  
 I ken thy wish is me to please;  
 Our moments pass sae smooth away  
 That numbers on us look and gaze;  
 Weel pleased they see our happy days,  
 Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;  
 And aye when weary cares arise,  
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest;  
 And if that aught disturb my dear,  
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,  
 And beg her not to drop a tear.  
 Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain!  
 United still her heart and mine;  
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,  
 That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

JOHN LAPRAIK.

### WINIFREDA.

AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,  
 My Winifreda, move your care;  
 Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,  
 Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors  
 With pompous titles grace our blood;  
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,  
 And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
 Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,  
 And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
 How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
 No mighty treasures we possess;  
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season  
 Sufficent for our wishes give;  
 For we will live a life of reason;  
 And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together tread;  
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwell-  
 ing,  
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures  
 While round my knees they fondly  
 clung,  
 To see them look their mother's features.  
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time, transported,  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
 You'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I'll go a-wooing in my boys.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### HERMIONÉ.

WHEREVER I wander, up and about,  
 This is the puzzle I can't make out—  
 Because I care little for books, no doubt:

I have a wife, and she is wise,  
 Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek;  
 Spectacles shadow her pretty eyes,  
 Coteries rustle to hear her speak;



She writes a little—for love, not fame ;  
Has publish'd a book with a dreary name ;  
And yet (God bless her !) is mild and  
meek.

And how I happened to woo and wed  
A wife so pretty and wise withal,  
Is part of the puzzle that fills my head—  
Plagues me at day-time, racks me in bed,  
Haunts me, and makes me appear so  
small.

The only answer that I can see  
Is—I could not have married *Hermioné*  
(That is her fine wise name), but she  
Stoop'd in her wisdom and married *me*.

For I am a fellow of no degree,  
Given to romping and jollity ;  
The Latin they thrash'd into me at school  
The world and its fights have thrash'd  
away :

At figures alone I am no fool,  
And in city circles I say my say.  
But I am a dunce at twenty-nine,  
And the kind of study that I think fine  
Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the  
*Times*,

When I lounge, after work, in my easy-  
chair ;

*Punch* for humor, and *Praed* for rhymes,  
And the butterfly *mots* blown here and  
there

By the idle breath of the social air.  
A little French is my only gift,  
Wherewith at times I can make a shift,  
Guessing at meanings, to flutter over  
A filigree tale in a paper cover.

*Hermioné*, my *Hermioné* !  
What could your wisdom perceive in me ?  
And, *Hermioné*, my *Hermioné* !  
How does it happen at all that we  
Love one another so utterly ?  
Well, I have a bright-eyed boy of two,  
A darling who cries with lung and  
tongue about :  
As fine a fellow, I swear to you,  
As ever poet of sentiment sung about !  
And my lady-wife with the serious eyes  
Brightens and lightens when he is nigh,  
And looks, although she is deep and wise,  
As foolish and happy as he or I !  
And I have the courage just then, you see,  
To kiss the lips of *Hermioné*—

Those learned lips that the learned praise—  
And to clasp her close as in sillier days ;  
To talk and joke in a frolic vein,

To tell her my stories of things and men ;  
And it never strikes me that I'm profane,  
For she laughs and blushes, and kisses  
again ;

And, presto ! fly ! goes her wisdom then !  
For boy claps hands, and is up on her  
breast,

Roaring to see her so bright with mirth ;  
And I know she deems me (oh the jest !)  
The cleverest fellow on all the earth !

And *Hermioné*, my *Hermioné*,  
Nurses her boy and defers to me ;  
Does not seem to see I'm small—  
Even to think me a dunce at all !  
And wherever I wander, up and about,  
Here is the puzzle I can't make out :  
That *Hermioné*, my *Hermioné*,  
In spite of her Greek and philosophy,  
When sporting at night with her boy and me,  
Seems sweeter and wiser, I assever—  
Sweeter and wiser, and far more clever,  
And makes me feel more foolish than ever,  
Through her childish, girlish, joyous grace,  
And the silly pride in her learned face !

That is the puzzle I can't make out—  
Because I care little for books, no doubt ;  
But the puzzle is pleasant, I know not  
why,

For, whenever I think of it, night or  
morn,

I thank my God she is wise, and I  
The happiest fool that was ever born !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

#### JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent ;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw ;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo !

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony a cantie day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither :

Now we maun totter down, John ;  
 And hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

*LINES WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE,  
 WHILE ON A VISIT TO UPPER INDIA.*

If thou wert by my side, my love,  
 How fast would evening fail  
 In green Bengala's palmy grove,  
 Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,  
 My babies at my knee,  
 How gaily would our pinnace glide  
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,  
 When, on our deck reclined,  
 In careless ease my limbs I lay,  
 And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
 My twilight steps I guide ;  
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam  
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
 The lingering noon to cheer,  
 But miss thy kind, approving eye,  
 Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star  
 Beholds me on my knee,  
 I feel, though thou art distant far,  
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,  
 My course be onward still—  
 On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
 O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates  
 Nor mild Malwah detain ;  
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
 By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they  
 say,  
 Across the dark blue sea ;  
 But never were hearts so light and gay  
 As then shall meet in thee!

REGINALD HEBER.

*TO MY WIFE.*

Oh, hadst thou never shared my fate,  
 More dark that fate would prove :  
 My heart were truly desolate  
 Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffer'd for my sake,  
 Whilst this relief I found,  
 Like fearless lips that strive to take  
 The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,  
 Then judge of my regret  
 To think more happy thou hadst been  
 If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee?  
 Ah, no! that smiling cheek  
 Proves more unchanging love for me  
 Than labor'd words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight  
 Of sorrow summons forth ;  
 Though known in days of past delight,  
 We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have profess'd  
 So much in Friendship's name,  
 Yet calmly pause to think how best  
 They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn.—  
 They'd make me loathe mankind ;  
 Far better lessons I may learn  
 From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home  
 I feel they cannot take :  
 We'll pray for happier years to come,  
 For one another's sake.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

*THE WINSOME WEE THING.*

SHE is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a lo'esome wee thing,  
 This dear wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,  
 I never lo'ed a dearer ;  
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,  
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,

She is a lo'esome wee thing,  
This dear wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,  
The warstle and the care o't,  
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,  
And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

### *SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.*

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To hunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A Creature, not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food—  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### *TO MARY.*

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed"—  
So, fourteen years ago, I said.  
Behold another ring!—"For what?—  
To wed thee o'er again?" Why not?  
With that first ring I married youth,  
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;  
Taste long admired, sense long revered,  
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclosed,  
Prove twice the woman I supposed,  
I plead that double merit now  
To justify a double vow.  
Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure,  
With ardor as intense, as pure,  
As when, amidst the rites divine,  
I took thy troth and plighted mine),  
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,  
A token and a pledge, I bring:  
With this I wed, till death us part,  
Thy riper virtues to my heart—  
Those virtues which, before untried,  
The wife has added to the bride;  
Those virtues whose progressive claim  
Endearing wedlock's very name,  
My soul enjoys, my song approves,  
For conscience' sake as well as love's.  
And why? They show me every hour  
Honor's high thought, Affection's power,  
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sen-  
tence,

And teach me all things—but repentance.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

### *THE MARINER'S WIFE.*

AND are ye sure the news is true?  
And are ye sure he's weel?  
Is this a time to think o' wark?  
Ye jauds fling by your wheel!  
Is this a time to think o' wark,  
When Colin's at the door?  
Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay  
And see him come ashore.  
For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a';  
There's little pleasure in the house  
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,  
My bishop's satin gown;  
For I maun tell the bailie's wife  
That Colin's come to town.  
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue;  
It's a' to pleasure my ain gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,  
Put on the muckle pot;  
Gie little Kate her Sunday gown  
And Jock his button coat;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw;  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the bank  
 They've fed this month and mair;  
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weel may fare;  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look braw;  
 For wha can tell how Colin fared  
 When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
 His breath like caller air;  
 His very foot has music in't  
 As he comes up the stair.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet!

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave:  
 Could I but live to mak him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave:  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a';  
 There's little pleasure in the house  
 When our gudeman's awa'.

JEAN ADAM.

### THE EXILE TO HIS WIFE.

COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without  
 thee,  
 Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking  
 about thee;  
 Night-time and day-time, in dreams I be-  
 hold thee;  
 Unwelcome the waking which ceases to  
 fold thee.  
 Come to me, darling, my sorrows to  
 lighten;  
 Come in thy beauty to bless and to  
 brighten;  
 Come in thy womanhood, meekly and  
 lowly,  
 Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,  
 Telling of spring and its joyous renewing,  
 And thoughts of thy love, and its mani-  
 fold treasure,

Are circling my heart with a promise of  
 pleasure.

O Spring of my spirit! O May of my bosom!  
 Shine out on my soul, till it burgeon and  
 blossom;

The waste of my life has a rose-root with-  
 in it,

And thy fondness alone to the sunshine  
 can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the  
 even;

Features lit up by a reflex of heaven;  
 Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our  
 mother,

Where shadow and sunshine are chasing  
 each other;

Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and  
 simple,

Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet  
 dimple;—

Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy  
 seeming

Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!

You have been glad when you knew I was  
 gladden'd;

Dear, are you sad now to hear I am sad-  
 den'd?

Our hearts ever answer in tune and in  
 time, love,

As octave to octave, and rhyme unto  
 rhyme, love:

I cannot weep but your tears will be  
 flowing,

You cannot smile but my cheek will be  
 glowing;

I would not die without you at my side,  
 love;

You will not linger when I shall have  
 died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,  
 Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-  
 morrow;

Strong, swift, and fond as the words which  
 I speak, love,

With a song on your lip and a smile on  
 your cheek, love.

Come, for my heart in your absence is  
weary,—  
Haste, for my spirit is sicken'd and  
dreary,—  
Come to the arms which alone should  
caress thee,  
Come to the heart that is throbbing to  
press thee!

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

### A WIFE.

THE wife sat thoughtfully turning over  
A book inscribed with the school-girl's  
name;  
A tear, one tear, fell hot on the cover  
So quickly closed when her husband  
came.

He came, and he went away, it was  
nothing;

With commonplace upon either side;  
But, just as the sound of the room-door  
shutting,

A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love she had read of in sweet romances,  
Love that could sorrow, but never fail;  
Built her own palace of noble fancies,  
All the wide world like a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter and utterly doleful,  
Spread to this woman her map of life:  
Hour after hour she look'd in her soul,  
full  
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in hands, she knelt on the car-  
pet;

The cloud was loosen'd, the storm-rain  
fell.

Oh life has so much to wither and warp it,  
One poor heart's day what poet could tell?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

### WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

#### I.

THE night is dark, and the winter winds  
Go stabbing about with their icy spears;  
The sharp hail rattles against the panes,  
And melts on my cheeks like tears.

'Tis a terrible night to be out of doors,  
But some of us must be, early and late;

We needn't ask who, for don't we know  
It has all been settled by Fate?

Not woman, but man. Give woman her  
flowers,

Her drosses, her jewels, or what she de-  
mands:

The work of the world must be done by  
man,

Or why has he brawny hands?

As I feel my way in the dark and cold,  
I think of the chambers warm and  
bright—

The nests where these delicate birds of  
ours

Are folding their wings to-night!

Through the luminous windows, above  
and below,

I catch a glimpse of the life they lead:  
Some sew, some sing, others dress for the  
ball,

While others (fair students) read.

There's the little lady who bears my  
name—

She sits at my table now, pouring her  
tea;

Does she think of me as I hurry home,  
Hungry and wet? Not she.

She helps herself to the sugar and cream  
In a thoughtless, dreamy, nonchalant  
way;

Her hands are white as the virgin rose  
That she wore on her wedding-day.

My stubbed fingers are stain'd with ink—  
The badge of the ledger, the mark of  
trade;

But the money I give her is clean enough,  
In spite of the way it is made.

I wear out my life in the counting-room,  
Over day-book and cash-book, Bought  
and Sold;

My brain is dizzy with anxious thought,  
My skin is as sallow as gold.

How does she keep the roses of youth  
Still fresh in her cheeks? My roses are  
flown.

It lies in a nutshell: why do I ask?  
A woman's life is her own.

She gives me a kiss when we part for the day,

Then goes to her music, blithe as a bird;  
She reads it at sight, and the language too,  
Though I know never a word.

She sews—a little; makes collars and sleeves;

Or embroiders me slippers (always too small);

Nets silken purses (for me to fill)—  
Often does nothing at all

But dream in her chamber, holding a flower,

Or reading my letters (she'd better read me)!

Even now, while I am freezing with cold,  
She is cozily sipping her tea.

If I ever reach home I shall laugh aloud  
At the sight of a roaring fire once more;  
She must wait, I think, till I thaw myself,  
For the usual kiss at the door.

I'll have with my dinner a bottle of port,  
To warm up my blood and soothe my mind;

Then a little music, for even I  
Like music—when I have dined.

I'll smoke a pipe in the easy-chair,  
And feel her behind me patting my head;

Or, drawing the little one on my knee,  
Chat till the hour for bed.

## II.

Will he never come? I have watch'd for him

Till the misty panes are roughen'd with sleet;

I can see no more: shall I never hear  
The welcome sound of his feet?

I think of him in the lonesome night,  
Tramping along with a weary tread,  
And wish he were here by the cheery fire,  
Or I were there in his stead.

I sit by the grate, and hark for his step,  
And stare in the fire with a troubled mind;

The glow of the coals is bright in my face,  
But my shadow is dark behind.

I think of woman, and think of man,  
The tie that binds, and the wrongs that part,

And long to utter in burning words  
What I feel to-night in my heart.

No weak complaint of the man I love,  
No praise of myself or my sisterhood;  
But—something that women understand,  
By men never understood.

Their natures jar in a thousand things;  
Little matter, alas! who is right or wrong.

She goes to the wall. "*She is weak!*" they say;

It is that that makes them strong.

But grant us weak (as in truth we are  
In our love for them), they should make us strong;

But do they? Will they? "*WOMAN IS WEAK!*"

Is the burden still of their song.

Wherein am I weaker than Arthur, pray?

He has, as he should, a sturdier frame,  
And he labors early and late for me;

But I—I could do the same.

My hands are willing, my brain is clear,  
The world is wide, and the workers few;  
But the work of the world belongs to man;  
There is nothing for woman to do.

Yes, she has the holy duties of home,  
A husband to love, and children to bear;  
The softer virtues, the social arts—

In short, a life without care.

So our masters say. But what do they know

Of our lives and feelings when they are away?

Our household duties, our petty tasks,  
The nothings that waste the day?

Nay, what do they care? 'Tis enough for them

That their homes are pleasant; they seek their ease:

One takes a wife to flatter his pride;  
Another, to keep his keys.

They say they love us; perhaps they do,  
In a masculine way, as they love their wine;

But the soul of a woman needs something  
more,

Or it suffers at times like mine.

Not that Arthur is ever unkind

In word or deed, for he loves me well;  
But I fear he thinks me weak as the rest—  
(And I may be: who can tell?)

I should die if he changed or loved me less,

For I live at best but a restless life;  
Yet he may, for they say the kindest men  
Grow tired of a sickly wife.

Oh, love me, Arthur, my lord, my life!

If not for my love and my womanly  
fears,

At least for your child. But I hear his  
step—

He must not find me in tears.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

### THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,

Have I been thine?

How many days, my dove,

Hast thou been mine?

Time, like the withèd wind

When 't bends the flowers,

Hath left no mark behind,

To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loath,

On thee he leaves;

Some lines of care round both

Perhaps he weaves;

Some fears,—a soft regret

For joys scarce known;

Sweet looks we half forget;

All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart

I mourn and sing!

Look, where our children start,

Like sudden spring!

With tongues all sweet and low,

Like a pleasant rhyme,

They tell how much I owe

To thee and Time!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(BARRY CORNWALL).

### TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

WRITTEN AT BILOXI.

'Tis Morn:—the sea-breeze seems to bring  
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;  
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,  
Are glittering in the early dew,  
And perfumes rise from every grove,  
As incense to the clouds that move  
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear:  
But I am sad—thou art not here!

'Tis Noon:—a calm, unbroken sleep  
Is on the blue waves of the deep;  
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,  
Is floating over wood and stream;  
And many a broad magnolia flower,  
Within its shadowy woodland bower,  
Is gleaming like a lovely star:  
But I am sad—thou art afar!

'Tis Eve:—on earth the sunset skies  
Are painting their own Eden dyes;  
The stars come down, and trembling glow  
Like blossoms on the waves below,  
And, like an unseen spirit, the breeze  
Seems lingering 'midst these orange trees,  
Breathing its music round the spot:  
But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight:—with a soothing spell,  
The far tones of the ocean swell,  
Soft as a mother's cadence mild,  
Low bending o'er her sleeping child;  
And on each wandering breeze are heard  
The rich notes of the mocking-bird,  
In many a wild and wondrous lay:  
But I am sad—thou art away!

I sink in dreams:—low, sweet, and clear,  
Thy own dear voice is in my ear;  
Around my neck thy tresses twine—  
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine—  
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed—  
Thy head is pillowed on my breast:—  
Oh! I have all my heart holds dear,  
And I am happy—thou art here!

GEORGE DENNISON PRENTICE

## FARE THEE WELL!

FARE thee well! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare *thee well*:  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again!

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show!  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee,—  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not:  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth,—  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"  
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is pressed,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,  
Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou nevermore mayst see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee,—by thee forsaken,  
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done: all words are idle,—  
Words from me are vainer still;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie,  
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die.

—♦—♦—  
LORD BYRON.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY  
MOTHER'S PICTURE.

OH that those lips had language! Life has  
pass'd

With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile  
I see,

The same that oft in childhood solaced me;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears  
away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the Art that can immortalize,—  
The Art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it!) here shines on me still the  
same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected, here!  
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own;  
And while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,—  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou  
wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I  
shed?

Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just  
begun?



Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a  
kiss;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah, that maternal smile!—it answers—  
Yes.

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nursery window,  
drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou  
art gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful  
shore,

The parting words shall pass my lips no  
more!

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my  
concern,

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,  
And disappointed still, was still deceived;  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and  
went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,  
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er  
forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard  
no more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery  
floor;

And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and  
wrapt

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,  
'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we call'd the pastoral house our  
own.

Short-lived possession! But the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness  
there,

Still outlives many a storm, that has ef-  
faced

A thousand other themes less deeply  
traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou mightst know me safe and  
warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and  
glow'd;

All this, and, more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no  
fall,

Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and  
breaks

That humor interposed too often makes;  
All this, still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little no-  
ticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore  
the hours,

When playing with thy vesture's tissued  
flowers,

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I prick'd them into paper with a pin  
(And thou wast happier than myself the  
while,

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head,  
and smile),—

Could those few pleasant days again ap-  
pear,

Might one wish bring them, would I wish  
them here?

I would not trust my heart; the dear de-  
light

Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's  
coast

(The storms all weather'd and the ocean  
cross'd),

Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons  
smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods, that  
show

Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers  
gay;

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd  
 the shore,  
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows  
 roar;"  
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous  
 tide  
 Of life long since has anchor'd by thy  
 side.  
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
 Always from port withheld, always dis-  
 tress'd,—  
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-  
 toss'd,  
 Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and com-  
 pass lost,  
 And day by day some current's thwarting  
 force  
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous  
 course.  
 Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe,  
 and he!  
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
 From loins enthroned and rulers of the  
 earth,  
 But higher far my proud pretensions  
 rise,—  
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.  
 And now, farewell!—Time unrevoked has  
 run  
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is  
 done.  
 By contemplation's help, not sought in  
 vain,  
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er  
 again;  
 To have renew'd the joys that once were  
 mine,  
 Without the sin of violating thine;  
 And, while the wings of fancy still are  
 free,  
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—  
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me  
 left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### TOO LATE.

"Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and treu."

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas,  
 Douglas,  
 In the old likeness that I knew,

I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,  
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,  
 I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—  
 Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,  
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh to call back the days that are not!  
 My eyes were blinded, your words were  
 few;

Do you know the truth now up in heaven,  
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;  
 Not half worthy the like of you;  
 Now all men beside seem to me like  
 shadows—

I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas,  
 Douglas,

Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;  
 As I lay my heart on your dead heart,  
 Douglas,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

### THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here,  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,

All who hold each other dear.  
 Each chair is fill'd; we're all at home!  
 To-night let no cold stranger come.  
 It is not often thus around  
 Our old familiar hearth we're found.  
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;  
 For once be every care forgot;  
 Let gentle Peace assert her power.  
 And kind Affection rule the hour.  
 We're all—all here.

We're not all here!  
 Some are away,—the dead ones dear,  
 Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,  
 And gave the hour to guileless mirth.  
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
 Look'd in, and thinn'd our little band;  
 Some like a night-flash pass'd away,  
 And some sauk lingering day by day;  
 The quiet graveyard,—some lie there.—  
 And cruel Ocean has his share.  
 We're not all here.

We are all here!  
 Even they,—the dead,—though dead, so  
 dear,—  
 Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.  
 How life-like, through the mist of years,  
 Each well-remember'd face appears!  
 We see them, as in times long past;  
 From each to each kind looks are cast;  
 We hear their words, their smiles be-  
 hold;

They're round us, as they were of old.

We are all here.

We are all here,  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,

You that I love with love so dear.  
 This may not long of us be said;  
 Soon must we join the gather'd dead,  
 And by the hearth we now sit round  
 Some other circle will be found.  
 Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,  
 Which yields a life of peace below!  
 So, in the world to follow this,  
 May each repeat in words of bliss,  
 We're all—all here!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

### THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

OH, my love's like the steadfast sun,  
 Or streams that deepen as they run;  
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
 Nor moments between sighs and tears—  
 Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,  
 Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain—  
 Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows  
 To sober joys and soften woes,  
 Can make my heart or fancy flee  
 One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse I see thee sit  
 In maiden bloom and matron wit—  
 Fair, gentle as when first I sued,  
 Ye seem, but of sedater mood;  
 Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee  
 As when, beneath Arbigland tree,  
 We stay'd and woo'd, and thought the  
 moon

Set on the sea an hour too soon;  
 Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,  
 When looks were fond and words were  
 few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet  
 Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet;  
 And time, and care, and birth-time woes  
 Have dimm'd thine eye and touch'd thy rose;  
 To thee, and thoughts of thee belong  
 Whate'er charms me in tale or song;  
 When words descend like dews unsought  
 With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,  
 And Fancy in her heaven flies free—  
 They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old  
 To silver than some give to gold,  
 'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
 How we should deck our humble bower!  
 'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee  
 The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;  
 And sweeter still to choose and twine  
 A garland for that brow of thine—  
 A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,  
 While rivers flow and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,  
 Grave moments of sedater thought—  
 When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
 One gleam of her inconstant light;  
 And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
 Shines like a rainbow through the shower—  
 Oh, then I see, while seated nigh,  
 A mother's heart shine in thine eye;  
 And proud resolve and purpose meek,  
 Speak of thee more than words can speak:  
 I think this wedded wife of mine  
 The best of all things not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'WAY down upon de Swannee Ribber,  
 Far, far away,—  
 Dare's wha my heart is turning ebber,—  
 Dare's wha de old folks stay.  
 All up and down de whole creation  
 Sadly I roam;  
 Still longing for de old plantation,  
 And for de old folks at home.  
 All de world am sad and dreary  
 Eb'rywhere I roam;  
 Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,  
 Far from de old folks at home!

All 'round de little farm I wander'd  
 When I was young;  
 Den many happy days I squander'd,—  
 Many de songs I sung.  
 When I was playing wid my brudder,  
 Happy was I;  
 Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!  
 Dare let me live and die!  
 All de world am sad and dreary  
 Eb'rywhere I roam;  
 Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,  
 Far from de old folks at home!

One little hut among de bushes,—  
 One dat I love,—  
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
 No matter where I rove.  
 When will I see de bees a-humming  
 All round de comb?  
 When will I hear de banjo tumming  
 Down in my good old home?  
 All de world am sad and dreary  
 Eb'rywhere I roam;  
 Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,  
 Far from de old folks at home!

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

### SONGS OF SEVEN.

#### SEVEN TIMES ONE.

##### EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and  
 clover,  
 There's no rain left in heaven:  
 I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
 Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;  
 My birthday lessons are done;  
 The lambs play always, they know no  
 better;  
 They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you  
 sailing  
 And shining so round and low;  
 You were bright! ah bright! but your  
 light is failing,—  
 You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something  
 wrong in heaven  
 That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have you will soon be for-  
 given,  
 And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,  
 You've powder'd your legs with gold!  
 O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,  
 Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,  
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!  
 O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper  
 That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young  
 ones in it;  
 I will not steal them away;  
 I am old! you may trust me, linnet, lin-  
 net,—  
 I am seven times one to-day.

#### SEVEN TIMES TWO.

##### ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out  
 your changes,  
 How many soever they be,  
 And let the brown meadow-lark's note as  
 he ranges  
 Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by  
 swelling  
 No magical sense conveys,  
 And bells have forgotten their old art of  
 telling  
 The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang  
 cheerily,  
 While a boy listen'd alone;  
 Madé his heart yearn again, musing so  
 wearily  
 All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good  
 days are over,  
 And mine, they are yet to be;  
 No listening, no longing shall aught, aught  
 discover:  
 You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green mat-  
 ted heather,  
 Preparing her hoods of snow;

She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny  
weather:

Oh, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would  
go faster,

Nor long summer bide so late;

And I could grow on like the foxglove and  
aster,

For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall  
discover,

While dear hands are laid on my head;

"The child is a woman, the book may  
close over,

For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,  
Not one, as he sits on the tree;

The bells cannot ring it, but long years, oh  
bring it!

Such as I wish it to be.

#### SEVEN TIMES THREE.

##### LOVE.

I LEAN'D out of window, I smelt the  
white clover,

Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not  
the gate;

"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my  
one lover—

Hush nightingale, hush! O sweet night-  
ingale, wait

Till I listen and hear

If a step draweth near,

For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer  
and nearer,

A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the  
tree,

The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes  
clearer:

To what art thou listening, and what  
dost thou see?

Let the star-clusters glow,

Let the sweet waters flow,

And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey  
brims over

From sycamore blossoms, or settle or  
sleep;

You glow-worms, shine out, and the path-  
way discover

To him that comes darkling along the  
rough steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste,

For the time runs to waste,

And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my  
one lover,

I've conn'd thee an answer, it waits thee  
to-night."

By the sycamore pass'd he, and through  
the white clover,

Then all the sweet speech I had fashion'd  
took flight;

But I'll love him more, more

Than e'er wife loved before,

Be the days dark or bright.

#### SEVEN TIMES FOUR.

##### MATERNITY.

HEIGH-HO! daisies and buttercups,

Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!

When the wind wakes how they rock in  
the grasses,

And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender  
and small!

Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's  
own lasses,

Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!

Mother shall thread them a daisy chain,

Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-  
sparrow,

That loved her brown little ones, loved  
them full fain;

Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the  
house be but narrow,"—

Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,

Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and  
they bow;

A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,  
And haply one musing doth stand at her  
prow.

O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little  
daughters,

Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,

Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall—

A sunshiny world full of laughter and  
leisure,  
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow  
and thrall!  
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing  
its measure,  
God that is over us all!

## SEVEN TIMES FIVE.

## WIDOWHOOD.

I SLEEP and rest, my heart makes moan  
Before I am well awake;  
"Let me bleed! oh let me alone,  
Since I must not break!"

For children wake, though fathers sleep  
With a stone at foot and at head;  
O sleepless God, for ever keep,  
Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes, and what to see  
But a world happy and fair?  
I have not wish'd it to mourn with me—  
Comfort is not there.

Oh, what anear but golden brooms,  
And a waste of reedy rills!  
Oh, what afar but the fine glooms  
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlorn;  
How bitter it is to part!  
Oh, to meet thee, my love, once more!  
Oh, my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see;  
Oh, that an echo might wake,  
And waft one note of thy psalm to me  
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,  
And with angel-voices blent;  
Oh, once to feel thy spirit anear,  
I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,  
While an angel entering trod,  
But once—thee sitting to behold  
On the hills of God!

## SEVEN TIMES SIX.

## GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To watch, and then to lose:  
To see my bright ones disappear,  
Drawn up like morning dews;

To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To watch, and then to lose:  
This have I done when God drew near  
Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
And with thy Lord depart  
In tears that he, as soon as shed,  
Will let no longer smart;  
To hear, to heed, to wed,  
This while thou didst I smiled,  
For now it was not God who said,  
"Mother, give ME thy child."

Oh, fond, oh, fool, and blind,  
To God I gave with tears;  
But when a man like grace would find,  
My soul put by her fears.  
Oh, fond, oh, fool, and blind,  
God guards in happier spheres;  
That man will guard where he did bind  
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
Fair lot that maidens choose,  
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,  
Thy face no more she views;  
Thy mother's lot, my dear,  
She doth in naught accuse;  
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To love,—and then to lose.

## SEVEN TIMES SEVEN.

## LONGING FOR HOME.

## A SONG of a boat:—

There was once a boat on a billow:  
Lightly she rock'd to her port remote,  
And the foam was white in her wake like  
snow,  
And her frail mast bow'd when the breeze  
would blow,  
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat  
Went curtseying over the billow,  
I mark'd her course till a dancing mote  
She faded out on the moonlit foam,  
And I stay'd behind in the dear loved home;  
And my thoughts all day were about the  
boat  
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,  
 For it is but short:—  
 My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,  
 In river or port.  
 Long I look'd out for the lad she bore,  
 On the open desolate sea,  
 And I think he sail'd to the heavenly  
 shore,  
 For he came not back to me—  
 Ah me!

A song of a nest:—  
 There was once a nest in a hollow:  
 Down in the mosses and knot-grass press'd,  
 Soft and warm, and full to the brim.  
 Vetches lean'd over it purple and dim,  
 With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,  
 For it is not long:—  
 You shall never light, in a summer quest,  
 The bushes among—  
 Shall never light on a prouder sitter,  
 A fairer nestful, nor ever know  
 A softer sound than their tender twitter,  
 That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,  
 Ah happy, happy I!  
 Right dearly I loved them: but when they  
 were grown  
 They spread out their wings to fly.  
 Oh, one after one they flew away  
 Far up to the heavenly blue,  
 To the better country, the upper day,  
 And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,  
 My empty nest?  
 And what is the shore where I stood to see  
 My boat sail down to the west?  
 Can I call that home where I anchor  
 yet,  
 Though my good man has sail'd?  
 Can I call that home where my nest was  
 set,  
 Now all its hope hath fail'd?  
 Nay, but the port where my sailor went,  
 And the land where my nestlings be,—  
 There is the home where my thoughts  
 are sent,  
 The only home for me—

Ah me!  
 JEAN INGELOW.

### THE QUAKER WIDOW.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah,—  
 come in! 'Tis kind of thee  
 To wait until the Friends were gone, who  
 came to comfort me.  
 The still and quiet company a peace may  
 give, indeed,  
 But blessed is the single heart that comes  
 to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench  
 where Benjamin would sit  
 On the First-day afternoons in spring, and  
 watch the swallows flit;  
 He loved to smell the sprouting box, and  
 hear the pleasant bees  
 Go humming round the lilacs and through  
 the apple trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he  
 cared for flowers; most men  
 Think such things foolishness,—but we  
 were first acquainted then,  
 One spring: the next he spoke his mind;  
 the third I was his wife,  
 And in the spring (it happen'd so) our  
 children enter'd life.

He was but seventy-five: I did not think  
 to lay him yet  
 In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly  
 Meeting first we met.  
 The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis  
 better I should be  
 Pick'd out to bear the heavy cross—alone  
 in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems  
 but one long day,  
 One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was  
 call'd away;  
 And as we bring from Meeting-time a  
 sweet contentment home,  
 So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all  
 the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard  
 it was to know  
 If I had heard the Spirit right, that told  
 me I should go;

For father had a deep concern upon his  
mind that day,  
But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew  
what best to say.

Then she was still: they sat a while: at last  
she spoke again,  
“The Lord incline thee to the right!” and  
“Thou shalt have him, Jane!”  
My father said. I cried. Indeed, ’twas  
not the least of shocks,  
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father  
Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when  
daughter Ruth we lost:  
Her husband’s of the world, and yet I  
could not see her cross’d.  
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns,  
she hears a hireling priest—  
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life’s a  
happy one, at least.

Perhaps she’ll wear a plainer dress when  
she’s as old as I,—  
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I  
felt temptation nigh!  
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too  
simple for my taste:  
I wanted lace around the neck, and a rib-  
bon at the waist.

How strange it seem’d to sit with him  
upon the women’s side!  
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more  
fear than pride,  
Till, “in the presence of the Lord,” he  
said, and then there came  
A holy strength upon my heart, and I  
could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but  
then I show’d no sign;  
With all the meeting looking on, I held  
his hand in mine.  
It seem’d my bashfulness was gone, now I  
was his for life:  
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee,  
too, hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look  
half so green as ours;  
The woods were coming into leaf, the  
meadows full of flowers;

The neighbors met us in the lane, and  
every face was kind,—  
’Tis strange how lively everything comes  
back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wed-  
ding-dinner spread:  
At our own table we were guests, with  
father at the head,  
And Dinah Passmore help’d us both—  
’twas she stood up with me,  
And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and  
now they’re gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord  
disposes best.  
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits  
them for His rest;  
And that He halved our little flock was  
merciful, I see:  
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two  
are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—’twas not  
his call, in truth,  
And I must rent the dear old place, and  
go to daughter Ruth.  
Thee’ll say her ways are not like mine,—  
young people now-a-days  
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the  
good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she  
keeps the simple tongue,  
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when  
she was young;  
And it was brought upon my mind, remem-  
bering her, of late,  
That we on dress and outward things per-  
haps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit  
clothed with grace,  
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have  
a homely face.  
And dress may be of less account: ‘he  
Lord will look within:  
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness  
or sin.

Thee mustn’t be too hard on Ruth: she’s  
anxious I should go,  
And she will do her duty as a daughter  
should, I know.



'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we  
must be resign'd :  
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a  
willing mind.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

---

*MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.*

THE sun shines bright in our old Kentucky  
home ;

'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay ;  
The corn top's ripe and the meadows in  
the bloom,

While the birds make music all the day ;  
The young folks roll on the little cabin  
floor,

All merry, all happy, all bright ;  
By'm by hard times comes a-knockin' at  
the door,-

Then, my old Kentucky home, good-  
night !  
Weep no more, my lady ; O, weep no more  
to-day !

We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky  
home,  
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the  
coon

On the meadow, the hill, and the shore ;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the  
moon

On the bench by the old cabin door ;  
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the  
heart,

With sorrow where all was delight ;  
The time has come, when the darkeys have  
to part,

Then my old Kentucky home, good-  
night !  
Weep no more, my lady ; O, weep no more  
to-day !

We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky  
home,  
For our old Kentucky home far away.

His head must bow, and the back will  
have to bend,

Wherever the darkey may go ;  
Few more days, and the troubles all will  
end,

In the field where the sugar-canecanes grow ;

A few more days to tote the weary load,  
No matter, it will never be light ;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-  
night !

Weep no more, my lady ; O, weep no more  
to-day !

We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky  
home,

For our old Kentucky home far away.  
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

---

*THE HOUSEHOLD WOMAN.*

GRACEFUL may seem the fairy form,  
With youth, and health, and beauty warm,  
Gliding along the airy dance,  
Imparting joy at every glance.

And lovely, too, when o'er the strings  
Her hand of music woman flings,  
While dewy eyes are upward thrown,  
As if from heaven to claim the tone.

And fair is she when mental flowers  
Engage her soul's devoted powers,  
And wreaths, unfading wreaths of mind,  
Around her temples are entwined.

But never, in her varied sphere,  
Is woman to the heart more dear  
Than when her homely task she plies,  
With cheerful duty in her eyes ;  
And, every lowly path well trod,  
Looks meekly upward to her God.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

---

*LEMUEL'S SONG.*

WHO finds a woman good and wise,  
A gem more worth than pearls hath got ;  
Her husband's heart on her relies ;  
To live by spoil he needeth not.  
His comfort all his life is she ;  
No wrong she willingly will do ;  
For wool and flax her searches be,  
And cheerful hands she puts thereto.

The merchant-ship, resembling right,  
Her food she from afar doth fet.  
Ere day she wakes, that give she might  
Her maids their task, her household meat.  
A field she views, and that she buys ;  
Her hand doth plant a vineyard there ;

Her loins with courage up she ties;  
Her arms with vigor strengthened are.

If in her work she profit feel,  
By night her candle goes not out:  
She puts her finger to the wheel,  
Her hand the spindle turns about.  
To such as poor and needy are  
Her hand (yea, both hands) reacheth she.  
The winter none of hers doth fear,  
For double clothed her household be.  
She mantles maketh, wrought by hand,  
And silk and purple clothing gets.  
Among the rulers of the land  
(Known in the gate) her husband sits.  
For sale fine linen weaveth she,  
And girdles to the merchant sends.  
Renown and strength her clothing be,  
And joy her later time attends.  
She speaks discreetly when she talks;  
The law of grace her tongue hath learned;  
She heeds the way her household walks,  
And feedeth not on bread unearned.  
Her children rise, and blest her call;  
Her husband thus applaudeth her,  
"Oh, thou hast far surpassed them all,  
Though many daughters thriving are!"

Deceitful favor quickly wears,  
And beauty suddenly decays;  
But, if the Lord she truly fears,  
That woman well deserveth praise,  
The fruit her handiwork obtains:  
Without repining grant her that,  
And yield her when her labor gains,  
To do her honor in the gate.

GEORGE WITHER.

### THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

#### PART I.

I'VE a letter from thy sire,  
Baby mine, baby mine;  
I can read and never tire,  
Baby mine.  
He is sailing o'er the sea,  
He is coming back to thee,  
He is coming home to me,  
Baby mine.  
He's been parted from us long,  
Baby mine, baby mine;

But if hearts be true and strong,  
Baby mine,  
They shall brave Misfortune's blast,  
And be overpaid at last  
For all pain and sorrow pass'd,  
Baby mine.

Oh, I long to see his face,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
In his old-accustom'd place,  
Baby mine.  
Like the rose of May in bloom,  
Like a star amid the gloom,  
Like the sunshine in the room,  
Baby mine.

Thou wilt see him and rejoice,  
Baby mine, baby mine;  
Thou wilt know him by his voice,  
Baby mine,  
By his love-looks that endear,  
By his laughter ringing clear,  
By his eyes that know not fear,  
Baby mine.

I'm so glad—I cannot sleep,  
Baby mine, baby mine.  
I'm so happy—I could weep,  
Baby mine.  
He is sailing o'er the sea,  
He is coming home to me,  
He is coming back to thee,  
Baby mine.

#### PART II.

O'er the blue ocean gleaming  
She sees a distant ship,  
As small to view  
As the white sea-mew  
Whose wings in the billows dip.  
"Blow, favoring gales, in her answering  
sails,  
Blow steadily and free!  
Rejoicing, strong,  
Singing a song  
Her rigging and her spars among,  
And waft the vessel in pride along  
That bears my love to me."  
Nearer, still nearer driving,  
The white sails grow and swell;  
Clear to her eyes  
The pennant flies,  
And the flag she knows so well.

'Blow, favoring gales, in her answering  
sails.

Waft him, O gentle sea!

And still, O heart,

Thy fluttering start!

Why throb and beat as thou wouldst  
part,

When all so happy and bless'd thou  
art?

He comes again to thee!"

The swift ship drops her anchor,

A boat puts off for shore;

Against its prow

The ripples flow

To the music of the oar.

"And art thou here, mine own, my dear,  
Safe from the perilous sea?

Safe, safe at home,

No more to-roam!

Blow, tempests, blow; my love has  
come!

And sprinkle the clouds with your  
dashing foam!

He shall part no more from me."

CHARLES MACKAY.

### MOTHER AND POET.

DEAD! One of them shot by the sea in  
the East,

And one of them shot in the West by  
the sea.

Dead! both my boys! When you sit at  
the feast

And are wanting a great song for Italy  
free,

Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,

And good at my art, for a woman, men  
said;

But *this* woman,—*this*, who is agonized  
here,—

The east sea and the west sea rhyme on  
in her head

For ever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh,  
vain!

What art *is* she good at, but hurting her  
breast

With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile  
at the pain?

Ah, boys, how you hurt! You were  
strong as you pressed,  
And I proud by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her  
knees

Both darlings! to feel all their arms  
round her throat,

Cling, strangle a little! to sew by de  
grees

And 'broider the long clothes and neat  
little coat;

To dream and to dote.

To teach them.—It stings there! *I* made  
them, indeed,

Speak plain the word *country*. *I* taught  
them, no doubt,

That a country's a thing men should die  
for at need.

*I* prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed,—oh, my  
beautiful eyes!—

*I* exulted; nay, let them go forth at the  
wheels

Of the guns, and denied not. But, then,  
the surprise

When one sits quite alone! Then one  
weeps, then one kneels!

God, how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters  
mailed

With my kisses,—of camp-life and glory,  
and how

They both loved me; and, soon coming  
home to be spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from  
my brow

With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was  
free!"

And some one came out of the cheers in  
the street,

With a face pale as stone, to say something  
to me.

My Guido was dead! *I* fell down at his  
feet,

While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief  
looked sublime  
As the ransom of Italy. One boy re-  
mained  
To be leant on and walked with, recalling  
the time  
When the first grew immortal, while both  
of us strained  
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more  
strong,  
Writ now but in one hand, "I was not to  
faint,—  
One loved me for two—would be with me  
ere long:  
And *viva l'Italia!*—he died for, our  
saint,  
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add, "he was safe, and  
aware  
Of a presence that turned off the balls,—  
was imprest,  
It was Guido himself, who knew what I  
could bear,  
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispos-  
sessed,  
To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-  
line  
Swept smoothly the next news from Gae-  
ta:—*Shot;*  
*Tell his mother.* Ah, ah, "his," "their"  
mother,—not "mine,"  
No voice says, "*My mother,*" again to  
me. What!  
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy  
with Heaven,  
They drop earth's affections, conceive  
not of woe?  
I think not. Themselves were too lately  
forgiven  
Through that love and sorrow which rec-  
onciled so  
The Above and Below.

(O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst  
through the dark

To the face of Thy mother! consider, I  
pray,  
How we common mothers stand desolate,  
mark,  
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with  
eyes turned away,  
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature.  
We all  
Have been patriots, yet each house must  
always keep one.  
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a  
wall;  
And, when Italy's made, for what end is  
it done  
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what  
then?  
When the fair wicked queen sits no more  
at her sport  
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out  
of men?  
When the guns of Cavalli, with final re-  
tort,  
Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new  
jubilee,  
When your flag takes all heaven for its  
white, green and red,  
When *you* have your country from moun-  
tain to sea,  
When King Victor has Italy's crown on  
his head  
(And *I* have my Dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring  
your bells low,  
And burn your lights faintly! *My* coun-  
try is *there*,  
Above the star pricked by the last peak of  
snow:  
My Italy's *THERE*, with my brave civic  
Pair,  
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children  
in strength,  
And bite back the cry of their pain in  
self-scorn;

But the birth-pangs of nations will wring  
us at length  
Into wail such as this—and we sit on for-  
lorn  
When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the  
East,  
And one of them shot in the West by the  
sea.  
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the  
feast  
You want a great song for your Italy  
free,  
Let none look at *me*!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

—♦—  
*THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.*

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,  
They fill'd one home with glee;—  
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
*He* was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

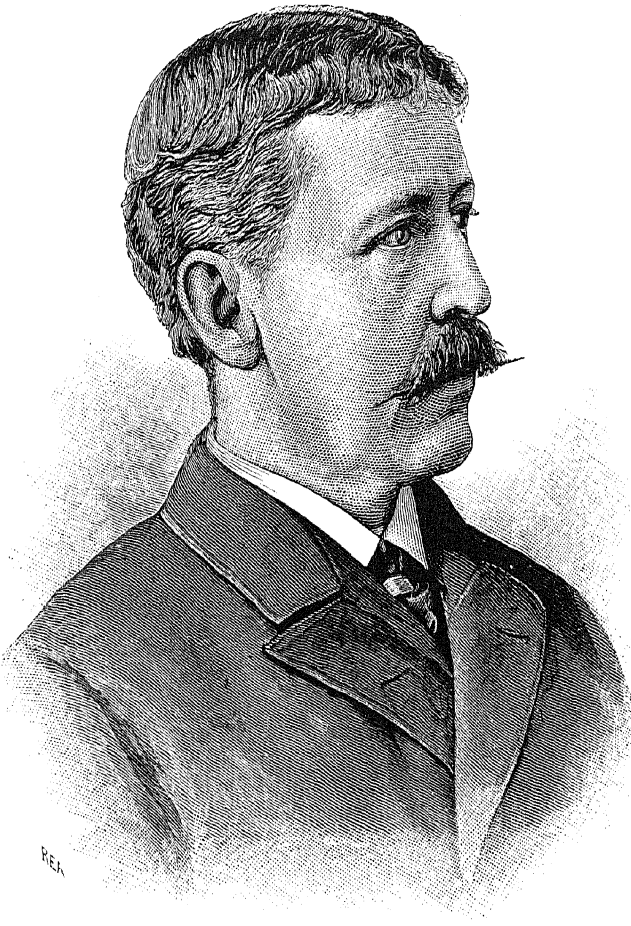
One sleeps where southern vines are drest  
Above the noble slain:  
He wrapt his colors round his breast  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;  
She faded midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd  
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall.  
And cheer'd with song the hearth! —  
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,  
And naught beyond, O earth!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.



We thought her lovely when she came,  
But she was holy, saintly now...  
Around her pale angelic brow  
We saw a slender ring of plume!  
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



# POETRY

OF

## INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

---

### *BABY MAY.*

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches ;  
Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches  
Poppies paleness ; round large eyes  
Ever great with new surprise ;  
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness ;  
Minutes just as brimm'd with sadness ;  
Happy smiles and wailing cries,  
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,  
Lights and shadows, swifter born  
Than on windswept autumn corn ;  
Ever some new tiny notion,  
Making every limb all motion,  
Catchings up of legs and arms,  
Throwings back and small alarms,  
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,  
Twining feet whose each toe works,  
Kickings up and straining risings,  
Mother's ever-new surprisings ;  
Hands all wants, and looks all wonder  
At all things the heavens under ;  
Tiny scorns of smiled reproving  
That have more of love than lovings ;  
Mischiefs done with such a winning  
Archness that we prize such sinning ;  
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,  
Graspings small at all that passes ;  
Pullings off of all that's able  
To be caught from tray or table ;  
Silences—small meditations  
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations—  
Breaking into wisest speeches  
In a tongue that nothing teaches,  
All the thoughts of whose possessing  
Must be woo'd to light by guessing ;  
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings  
That we'd ever have such dreamings,  
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,

And we'd always have thee waking ;  
Wealth for which we know no measure.  
Pleasure high above all pleasure,  
Gladness brimming over gladness,  
Joy in care—delight in sadness,  
Loveliness beyond completeness,  
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,  
Beauty all that beauty may be,  
That's May Bennett ; that's my baby.

W. C. BENNETT.

---

### *MY BIRD.*

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,  
A birdling sought my Indian nest,  
And folded, oh, so lovingly,  
Her tiny wings upon my breast.  
From morn till evening's purple tinge,  
In winsome helplessness she lies ;  
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,  
Shut softly on her starry eyes.  
There's not in Ind a lovelier bird ;  
Broad earth owns not a happier nest ;  
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,  
Whose waters never more shall rest !  
This beautiful, mysterious thing,  
This seeming visitant from heaven,  
This bird with the immortal wing,  
To me, to me, thy hand has given.  
The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,  
The blood its crimson hue from mine ;  
This life, which I have dared invoke,  
Henceforth is parallel with thine.  
A silent awe is in my room—  
I tremble with delicious fear ;  
The future, with its light and gloom,  
Time and Eternity is here.



Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;  
Hear, O my God, one earnest prayer!  
Room for my bird in Paradise;  
And give her angel plumage there!

EMILY CHUBBOCK JUDSON.

### PHILIP MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my king!  
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies  
Of babyhood's royal dignities:  
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,  
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;  
I am thine Esther to command  
Till thou shalt find a queen-hand-  
maiden,  
Philip, my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,  
Philip, my king!  
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,  
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,  
Thou dost enter, love-crown'd, and there  
Sittest, love-glorified!—Rule kindly,  
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;  
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,  
Philip, my king!

Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,  
Philip, my king!  
The spirit that there lies sleeping now  
May rise like a giant, and make men bow  
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers.  
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and  
fairer

Let me behold thee in future years!  
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
Philip, my king—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,  
Philip, my king!

Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way  
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;  
Rebels within thee and foes without  
Will snatch at thy crown. But march  
on, glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,  
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God vic-  
torious,

"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

### BABY BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell  
How came the dainty Baby Bell  
Into this world of ours?  
The gates of heaven were left ajar:  
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
Wandering out of Paradise,  
She saw this planet, like a star,  
Hung in the glistening depths of  
even,—  
Its bridges, running to and fro,  
O'er which the white-wing'd angels go,  
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.  
She touch'd a bridge of flowers,—those  
feet,  
So light they did not bend the bells  
Of the celestial asphodels,  
They fell like dew upon the flowers:  
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!  
And thus came dainty Baby Bell  
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.  
The swallows built beneath the eaves;  
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves  
The robins went the livelong day;  
The lily swung its noiseless bell;  
And o'er the porch the trembling vine  
Seem'd bursting with its veins of wine.  
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!  
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds  
And opening spring-tide flowers,  
When the dainty Baby Bell  
Came to this world of ours!

Oh, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,  
How fair she grew from day to day!  
What woman-nature fill'd her eyes,  
What poetry within them lay!  
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,  
So full of meaning, pure and bright  
As if she yet stood in the light  
Of those oped gates of Paradise.  
And so we loved her more and more:  
Ah, never in our hearts before  
Was love so lovely born:  
We felt we had a link between  
This real world and that unseen—  
The land beyond the morn;  
And for the love of those dear eyes,  
For love of her whom God led forth,  
(The mother's being ceased on earth  
When Baby came from Paradise),—

For love of Him who smote our lives,  
 And woke the chords of joy and pain,  
 We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent  
     down  
 Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white  
 And red with blossoms when she came,  
 Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;  
 The cluster'd apples burnt like flame,  
 The soft-cheek'd peaches blush'd and fell,  
 The ivory chestnut burst its shell,  
 The grapes hung purpling in the grange;  
 And time wrought just as rich a change  
     In little Baby Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,  
 And in her features we could trace,  
 In soften'd curves, her mother's face.  
 Her angel-nature ripen'd too:  
 We thought her lovely when she came,  
 But she was holy, saintly now:—  
 Around her pale angelic brow  
 We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal  
     That held the portals of her speech;  
 And oft she said a few strange words  
     Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.  
 She never was a child to us,  
 We never held her being's key;  
 We could not teach her holy things:  
     She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,  
 We saw its shadow ere it fell,—  
 The knowledge that our God had sent  
 His messenger for Baby Bell.  
 We shudder'd with unlanguage'd pain,  
 And all our hopes were changed to fears,  
 And all our thoughts ran into tears  
     Like sunshine into rain.  
 We cried aloud in our belief,  
 "Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!  
 Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,  
 And perfect grow through grief."  
 Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;  
 Her heart was folded deep in ours.  
     Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,  
 The messenger from unseen lands:  
 And what did dainty Baby Bell?  
 She only cross'd her little hands,

She only look'd more meek and fair!  
 We parted back her silken hair,  
 We wove the roses round her brow,—  
 White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—  
 Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!  
 And thus went dainty Baby Bell  
     Out of this world of ours!

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

### WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?  
 Out of the everywhere into here.  
 Where did get your eyes so blue?  
 Out of the sky as I came through.  
 What makes the light in them sparkle and  
     spin?  
 Some of the starry spikes left in.  
 Where did you get that little tear?  
 I found it waiting when I got here.  
 What makes your forehead so smooth and  
     high?  
 A soft hand stroked it as I went by.  
 What makes your cheek like a warm  
     white rose?  
 I saw something better than any one  
     knows.  
 Whence that three-corner'd smile of bliss?  
 Three angels gave me at once a kiss.  
 Where did you get this pearly ear?  
 God spoke, and it came out to hear.  
 Where did you get those arms and hands?  
 Love made itself into hooks and bands.  
 Feet, whence did you come, you darling  
     things?  
 From the same box as the cherubs' wings.  
 How did they all come just to be you?  
 God thought of me, and so I grew.  
 But how did you come to us, you dear?  
 God thought of you, and so I am here.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

### "SWEET AND LOW."

SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
 Wind of the western sea,  
 Low, low, breathe and blow,  
 Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me,  
While my little one, while my pretty one,  
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon ;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon ;  
Father will come to his babe in the  
nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west  
Under the silver moon :  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,  
sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

---

### LULLABY.

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,  
Smiles awake you when you rise.  
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby :  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you ;  
You are cure, and care must keep you.  
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby :  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

THOMAS DEKKER.

---

### LADY ANNE BETHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe, lye stil and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe :  
If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad,  
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.  
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
Thy father breides me great annoy.  
Balow, my babe, ly still and sleipe,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Whan he began to court my luve,  
And with his sugred wordes to muve,  
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire  
To me that time did not appeire :  
But now I see, most cruell hee  
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.  
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while,  
And when thou wakest, sweetly smile :

But smile not, as thy father did,  
To cozen maids : nay, God forbid !  
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire  
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.  
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

I cannae chuse, but ever will  
Be luvng to thy father stil :  
Whair-cir he gae, whair-cir he ryde,  
My luve with him doth stil abyde :  
In weil or wae, whair-cir he gae,  
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.  
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

But doe not, doe not, pretty mine,  
To faynings fals thine hart incline ;  
Be loyal to thy luvver trew,  
And nevir change her for a new :  
If gude or faire, of hir have care,  
For women's bannng's wondrous sair.  
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,  
Thy winsome smiles naun eise my pain ;  
My babe and I'll together live,  
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve :  
My babe and I right saft will ly,  
And quite forgett man's cruelty.  
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou fulsest youth,  
That evir kist a woman's mouth !  
I wish all maides be warn'd by mee  
Nevir to trust man's curtesy ;  
For if we doe bot chance to bow,  
They'll use us than they care not how.  
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

---

### 'RADLE SONG.

[From the German.]

SLEEP, baby, sleep !  
Thy father's watching the sheep,  
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,  
And down drops a little dream for thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep !  
Sleep, baby, sleep !  
The large stars are the sheep,

The little stars are the lambs, I guess,  
The bright moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

And cry not like a sheep.

Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,  
And bite this naughty child of mine.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy Saviour loves His sheep;

He is the Lamb of God on high

Who for our sakes came down to die.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Away to tend the sheep,

Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,

And do not harm my sleeping child!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

#### THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping;

Its mother was weeping;

For her husband was far on the wild raging  
sea;

And the tempest was swelling

Round the fisherman's dwelling;

And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come  
back to me!"

Her beads while she number'd,

The baby still slumber'd,

And smiled in her face as she bended her  
knee:

"Oh, blest be that warning,

My child, thy sleep adorning,

For I know that the angels are whispering  
with thee!

"And while they are keeping

Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!

And say thou wouldst rather

They'd watch o'er thy father!

For I know that the angels are whispering  
to thee."

The dawn of the morning

Saw Dermot returning,

3

And the wife wept with joy her babe's  
father to see;

And closely caressing

Her child with a blessing,

Said, "I knew that the angels were whis-  
pering with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

#### THE CHILD AND THE WATCHER.

SLEEP on, baby on the floor,

Tired of all thy playing—

Sleep with smile the sweeter for

That you dropped away in;

On your curls, fair roundness stand

Golden lights serenely;

One cheek, push'd out by the hand,

Folds the dimple inly—

Little head and little foot

Heavy laid for pleasure;

Underneath the lids half-shut

Plants the shining azure;

Open-soul'd in noonday sun,

So, you lie and slumber;

Nothing evil having done,

Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,

Shall I sigh to view you?

Or sigh further to foretell

All that may undo you?

Nay, keep smiling, little child,

Ere the fate appeareth!

I smile too; for patience mild

Pleasure's token weareth.

Nay, keep sleeping before loss;

I shall sleep, though losing!

As by cradle, so by cross,

Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain.

Child at childish leisure,

I am all as tired of pain

As you are of pleasure.

Very soon, too, by His grace,

Gently wrapt around me,

I shall show as calm a face,

I shall sleep as soundly—

Differing in this, that you

Clasp your playthings sleeping.

While my hand must drop the few

Given to my keeping—

Differing in this, that I,

Sleeping, must be colder,

And, in waking presently,  
Brighter to beholder—  
Differing in this, beside  
(Sleeper, have you heard me?  
Do you move and open wide  
Your great eyes toward me?),  
That while I you draw withal  
From this slumber solely,  
Me, from mine, an angel shall,  
Trumpet-tongued and holy!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### SWEET BABY, SLEEP.

SWEET baby, sleep! what ails my dear?

What ails my darling, thus to cry?  
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,  
To hear me sing thy lullaby.  
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;  
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?  
What thing to thee can mischief do?  
Thy God is now thy Father dear,  
His holy Spouse thy mother too.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,  
A sacred bathing thou hast had;  
And though thy birth unclean hath been,  
A blameless babe thou now art made.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,  
For thee great blessings ripening be;  
Thine eldest brother is a King,  
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;  
For whosoever thee offends  
By thy Protector threaten'd are,  
And God and angels are thy friends.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,  
In little babes He took delight;  
Such innocents as thou, my dear,  
Are ever precious in His sight.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;  
And strength in weakness then was laid  
Upon His virgin mother's knee,  
That power to thee might be convey'd.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need  
He friends and helpers doth prepare,  
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,  
For of thy weal they tender are.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,  
Had not so much for outward ease;  
By Him such dressings were not worn,  
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,  
Where oxen lay and asses fed:  
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
An easy cradle or a bed.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain  
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for  
thee;  
And by His torments and His pain  
Thy rest and ease secured be.  
My baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more to perfect this,  
A promise and an earnest got  
Of gaining everlasting bliss,  
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not:  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

GEORGE WITHER.

### CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH, my dear! Lie still and slumber!  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heavenly blessings without number,  
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide;  
All without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven He descended,  
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When His birthplace was a stable  
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features,—  
Spotless fair, divinely bright!  
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?  
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger  
Cursed sinners could afford,  
To receive the heavenly stranger?  
Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,  
Though my song might sound too hard:  
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,  
And her arm shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,  
How the Jews abused their King,  
How they served the Lord of glory,  
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
Where they sought Him, there they found  
Him,  
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;  
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!  
When He wept, His mother's blessing  
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in a manger,  
Where the horned oxen fed:—  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger:  
There's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy days,  
Then go dwell for ever near Him:  
See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses!  
Hoping what I most desire,  
Not a mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire!

ISAAC WATTS.

### TO A CHILD

#### EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

LOVE thy mother, little one!  
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—  
Hereafter she may have a son  
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.  
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,  
And mirror back her love for thee,—  
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs  
To meet them when they cannot see.  
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow  
With love that they have often told,—  
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,  
And kiss them till thine own are cold.  
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!  
Although it be not silver-gray—  
Too early Death, led on by Care,  
May snatch save one dear lock away.  
Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,  
That Heaven may long the stroke defer—  
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn  
When thou wilt ask to die with her.  
Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD.

### TO CHARLOTTE PULTENEY.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,  
Fondling of a happy pair,  
Every morn and every night  
Their solicitous delight;  
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,  
Pleasing, without skill to please;  
Little gossip, blithe and hale,  
Tattling many a broken tale;

Singing many a tuneless song,  
 Lavish of a heedless tongue ;  
 Simple maiden, void of art,  
 Babbling out the very heart,  
 Yet abandon'd to thy will,  
 Yet imagining no ill,  
 Yet too innocent to blush ;  
 Like the linnet in the bush  
 To the mother-linnet's note  
 Moduling her slender throat,  
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,  
 Wanton in the change of toys ;  
 Like the linnet green in May  
 Flitting to each bloomy spray ;  
 Wearied then and glad of rest,  
 Like the linnet in the nest ;—  
 This thy present happy lot  
 This, in time will be forgot :  
 Other pleasures, other cares,  
 Ever-busy Time prepares ;  
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see  
 This picture, once, resembled thee.

AMBEROSE PHILIPS.

### TO T. L. H.

SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,  
 My little, patient boy ;  
 And balmy rest about thee  
 Smooths off the day's annoy.  
 I sit me down, and think  
 Of all thy winning ways ;  
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,  
 That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,  
 Thy thanks to all that aid,  
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,  
 Of fancied faults afraid ;  
 The little trembling hand  
 That wipes thy quiet tears :  
 These, these are things that may demand  
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,  
 I will not think of now ;  
 And calmly, midst my dear ones,  
 Have wasted with dry brow ;

But when thy fingers press  
 And pat my stooping head,  
 I cannot bear the gentleness—  
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,  
 When life and hope were new ;  
 Kind playmate of thy brother,  
 Thy sister, father too ;  
 My light, where'er I go ;  
 My bird, when prison-bound ;  
 My hand-in-hand companion—No,  
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—  
 "His voice"—"his face"—is gone,  
 To feel impatient-hearted,  
 Yet feel we must bear on—  
 Ah, I could not endure  
 To whisper of such woe,  
 Unless I felt this sleep ensure  
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping !  
 This silence too the while—  
 Its very hush and creeping  
 Seem whispering us a smile ;  
 Something divine and dim  
 Seems going by one's ear,  
 Like parting wings of cherubim,  
 Who say, "We've finished here."

LEIGH HUNNA

### CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.  
 No fondest father's fondest care  
 Can fashion so the infant heart  
 As those creative beams that dart,  
 With all their hopes and fears, upon  
 The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see  
 A father near him on his knee,  
 Who wishes all the while to trace  
 The mother in his future face ;  
 But 'tis to her alone uprise  
 His wakening arms ; to her those eyes  
 Open with joy and not surprise.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking  
 in the ase,  
 Glowering in the fire with his wee round  
 face;  
 Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he  
 there?  
 Ha! the young dreamer's bigging castles  
 in the air.  
 His wee chubby face and his touzie curly  
 pow,  
 Are laughing and nodding to the dancing  
 lowe;  
 He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his  
 sunny hair,  
 Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in  
 the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the  
 moon!  
 He sees little sogers pu'ing them a' down!  
 Worlds whombling up and down, bleezing  
 wi' a flare,  
 See how he loup! as they glimmer 'a the  
 air.  
 For a' sue sage he looks, what can the auld  
 ken?  
 He's thinking upon naething, like mony  
 mighty men,  
 A wee thing maks us think, a sma' thing  
 maks us stare,  
 There are mair folk than him bigging  
 castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak him  
 cauld:  
 His chin upon his buffy hand will soon  
 mak him auld;  
 His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray that  
 daddy Care  
 Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in  
 the air.  
 He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at  
 the light!  
 But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up  
 by night;  
 Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a  
 glare,  
 Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, wi'  
 castles in the air.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

## THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

MY mother bore me in the southern wild,  
 And I am black, but, oh, my soul is  
 white!  
 White as an angel is the English child,  
 But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree;  
 And, sitting down before the heat of  
 day,  
 She took me on her lap and kissèd me,  
 And, pointing to the East, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun: there God does  
 live,  
 And gives his light, and gives his heat  
 away,  
 And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men,  
 receive  
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-  
 day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,  
 That we may learn to bear the beams  
 of love;  
 And these black bodies and this sunburnt  
 face  
 Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For, when our souls have learn'd the heat  
 to bear,  
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear  
 His voice  
 Saying: 'Come from the grove, my love  
 and care,  
 And round my golden tent like lambs  
 rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me,  
 And thus I say to little English boy.  
 When I from black, and he from white  
 cloud free,  
 And round the tent of God like lambs  
 we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can  
 bear  
 To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;  
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver  
 hair,  
 And be like him, and he will then love  
 me.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



*BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.*

WE were crowded in the cabin,  
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—  
It was midnight on the waters,  
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in Winter  
To be shattered in the blast,  
And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—  
For the stoutest held his breath,  
While the hungry sea was roaring,  
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy in his prayers,  
"We are lost!" the captain shouted  
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand:  
"Isn't God upon the ocean  
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer,  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

*LITTLE BELL.*

He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

ANCIENT MARINER.

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood  
spray:

"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,  
What's your name?" quoth he—

"What's your name? Oh stop and straight  
unfold,

Pretty maid with showery curls of gold,"—  
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—  
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks—

"Bonny bird," quoth she,  
"Sing me your best song before I go."

"Here's the very finest song I know,  
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard  
Half so gay a song from any bird—

Full of quips and wiles,  
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,  
All for love of that sweet face below,  
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour  
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
And shine forth in happy overflow  
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the  
glade,

Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,  
And from out the tree  
Swung and leaped, and frolicked, void of  
fear,—

While bold blackbird piped that all might  
hear—

"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—

"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return—  
Bring me nuts," quoth she.

Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—  
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes—  
And adown the tree,

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,  
In the little lap dropped one by one—

Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!  
"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—  
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,

Come and share with me!"

Down came squirrel eager for his fare—  
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;

Little Bell gave each his honest share—  
Ah the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain  
Piped and frisked from bough to bough  
again,

'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
And shine out in happy overflow  
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day  
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to  
pray—

Very calm and clear  
 Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,  
 In blue heaven, an angel shape serene  
 Paused a while to hear—  
 "What good child is this," the angel said,  
 "That with happy heart, beside her bed  
 Prays so lovingly?"  
 Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,  
 Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,  
 "Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel  
 fair  
 Murmured, "God doth bless with angels'  
 care;  
 Child, thy bed shall be  
 Folded safe from harm—Love, deep and  
 kind,  
 Shall watch around and leave good gifts  
 behind,  
 Little Bell, for thee!"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

#### THE RECONCILIATION.

As thro' the land at eve we went,  
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,  
 We fell out, my wife and I,  
 We fell out—I know not why—  
 And kiss'd again with tears.  
 And blessings on the falling-out  
 That all the more endears,  
 When we fall out with those we love  
 And kiss again with tears!  
 For when we came where lies the child  
 We lost in other years,  
 There above the little grave,  
 Oh there above the little grave,  
 We kiss'd again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### GOLDEN-TRESSÈD ADELAIDE.

##### A SONG FOR A CHILD.

SING, I pray, a little song,  
 Mother dear!  
 Neither sad nor very long:  
 It is for a little maid,  
 Golden-tressèd Adelaide!  
 Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,  
 Mother dear!

Let it be a merry strain,  
 Mother dear!  
 Shunning c'en the thought of pain:  
 For our gentle child will weep  
 If the theme be dark and deep;  
 And we will not draw a single, single tear  
 Mother dear!

Childhood should be all divine,  
 Mother dear!  
 And like an endless summer shine;  
 Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,  
 Bright as Agnes' azure eyes:  
 Therefore bid thy song be merry:—dos  
 thou hear,  
 Mother dear?

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

#### CASA WAPPY.

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home  
 Our fond, dear boy—  
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,  
 Where life is joy?  
 Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,  
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;  
 Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,  
 Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,  
 As closed thine eye;  
 Tears of our anguish may not tell  
 When thou didst die;  
 Words may not paint our grief for thee;  
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea  
 Of our unfathom'd agony!  
 Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,  
 To bless us given;  
 Beauty embodied to our sight—  
 A type of heaven!  
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art  
 Even less thine own self, than a part  
 Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,  
 Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—  
 'Twas cloudless joy;  
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
 Beloved boy!  
 This morn beheld thee blythe and gay;  
 That found thee prostrate in decay;  
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,  
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
 Earth's undefiled,  
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
 Our dear, sweet child!  
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;  
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see  
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
 Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,  
 Thou meet'st my sight;  
 There dost thou glide before me still—  
 A form of light!  
 I feel thy breath upon my cheek—  
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—  
 Till oh! my heart is like to break,  
 Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,  
 With glance of stealth;  
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow  
 In buoyant health;  
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light—  
 Thy dimpled cheek carnation'd bright—  
 Thy clasping arms so round and white—  
 Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,  
 Thy bat—thy bow—  
 Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball;  
 But where art thou?  
 A corner holds thine empty chair;  
 Thy playthings, idly scatter'd there,  
 But speak to us of our despair,  
 Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—  
 To glad—to grieve—  
 Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird  
 On summer's eve;  
 In outward beauty undecay'd,  
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,  
 And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,  
 Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank  
 night  
 The chamber fills;  
 We pine for thee, when morn's first light  
 Reddens the hills;  
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,  
 All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea—  
 Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee,  
 Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may  
 gleam  
 Of casual mirth,  
 It doth not own, whate'er may seem,  
 An inward birth;  
 We miss thy small step on the stair;—  
 We miss thee at thine evening prayer;  
 All day we miss thee—everywhere—  
 Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,  
 In life's spring-bloom,  
 Down to the appointed house below—  
 The silent tomb.  
 But now the green leaves of the tree,  
 The cuckoo and "the busy bee,"  
 Return, but with them bring not thee,  
 Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be—while flowers  
 Revive again—  
 Man's doom, in death that we and ours  
 For aye remain?  
 Oh can it be, that, o'er the grave,  
 The grass renew'd should yearly wave,  
 Yet God forget our child to save?  
 Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so  
 Thus man could die,  
 Life were a mockery—thought were woe—  
 And truth a lie;  
 Heaven were a coinage of the brain—  
 Religion frenzy—virtue vain—  
 And all our hopes to meet again,  
 Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear lost child!  
 With beam of love,  
 A star, death's uncongenial wild  
 Smiling above!  
 Soon, soon thy little feet have trod  
 The skyward path, the scrapp's road,  
 That led thee back from man to God,  
 Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,  
 Fond, fairest boy,  
 That heaven is God's, and thou art there,  
 With him in joy;  
 There past are death and all its woes;  
 There beauty's stream for ever flows;  
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows,  
 Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—  
Pride of my heart!

It cannot be that long we dwell  
Thus torn apart.

Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;  
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,  
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,  
Casa Wappy!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

### WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,  
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht gown,  
Girlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,  
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now  
ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?  
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin'  
hen,

The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna  
gie a cheep;  
But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa'  
asleep.

Anything but sleep, ye rogue!—glowerin'  
like the moon,  
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,  
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin'  
like a cock,  
Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin'  
sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!  
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera  
eel,  
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravollin' a' her  
thrums:

Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!  
Weary is the mither that has a storie wean,  
A wee stumple stoussie, that canna rin his  
lane,  
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll  
close an ee;  
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength  
anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

### THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny tae,  
Nae stockin' on her feet;  
Her supple ankles white as snaw,  
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,  
Her double, dimplit chin,  
Her puckered lips and balmy mou'  
With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,  
Twa gentle, liquid things;  
Her face is like an angel's face:  
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luve,  
A giftee God gied us:  
We maun na luve the gift owre weel;  
'Twad be na blessin' thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,  
An' see Him in the given;  
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,  
Our babie straight frae heaven.

J. E. RANKIN.

### THE DUMB CHILD.

SHE is my only girl:

I ask'd for her as some most precious thing,  
For all unfinish'd was love's jewell'd ring  
Till set with this soft pearl:

The shade that time brought forth I could  
not see;

How pure, how perfect, seem'd the gift to  
me!

Oh, many a soft old tune  
I used to sing unto that deaden'd ear,  
And suffer'd not the lightest footstep near,  
Lest she might wake too soon,  
And hush'd her brothers' laughter while  
she lay—

Ah, needless care! I might have let them  
play!

'Twas long ere I believed  
That this one daughter might not speak to  
me:

Waited and watch'd. God knows how  
patiently!

How willingly deceived!  
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of  
Faith,  
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh if she could but hear  
For one short hour, till I her tongue might  
teach

To call me mother, in the broken speech  
That thrills the mother's ear!  
Alas! those seal'd lips never may be stirr'd  
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries  
 To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,  
 Beside her brothers, at their evening  
 prayer;  
 Or lift those earnest eyes  
 To watch our lips, as though our words  
 she knew,—  
 Then move her own, as she were speaking  
 too.

I've watch'd her looking up  
 To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,  
 With such a depth of meaning in her eye,  
 That I could almost hope  
 The struggling soul *would* burst its bind-  
 ing cords,  
 And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth  
 in words.

The song of bird and bee,  
 The chorus of the breezes, streams, and  
 groves,  
 All the grand music to which Nature  
 moves,  
 Are wasted melody  
 To her; the world of sound a nameless  
 void,  
 While even Silence hath its charms de-  
 stroy'd.

Her face is very fair:  
 Her blue eye beautiful: of finest mould  
 The soft, white brow, o'er which in waves  
 of gold  
 Ripples her shining hair.  
 Alas! this lovely temple closed must be;  
 For He who made it keeps the master-  
 key.

Wills He the mind within  
 Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept  
 free,  
 E'en that His still small voice and step  
 might be  
 Heard at its inner shrine,  
 Through that deep hush of soul, with  
 clearer thrill?  
 Then should I grieve? O murmuring  
 heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense  
 Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play.  
 She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,  
 Whose voiceless eloquence

Touches all hearts, though I had once the  
 fear  
 That even her *father* would not care for  
 her.

Thank God it is not so!  
 And when his sons are playing merrily,  
 She comes and leans her head upon his  
 knee.  
 Oh, at such times I know,  
 By his full eye and tones subdued and  
 mild,  
 How his heart yearns over his *silent* child.

Not of *all* gifts bereft,  
 Even now. How could I say she did not  
 speak?  
 What real language lights her eye and  
 cheek,  
 And renders thanks to Him who left  
 Unto her soul yet open, avenues  
 For joy to enter, and for love to use!

And God in love doth give  
 To her defect a beauty of its own:  
 And we a deeper tenderness have known,  
 Through that for which we grieve.  
 Yet shall the seal be melted from her  
 ear,  
 Yes, and *my* voice shall fill it—but not  
 here!

When that new sense is given,  
 What rapture will its first experience be,  
 That never woke to meaner melody  
 Than the rich songs of Heaven—  
 To hear the full-toned anthem swelling  
 round,  
 While angels teach the ecstasies of  
 sound!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE WONDERFUL WEAN.

OUR wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er  
 I saw;  
 It would tak me a lang simmer day to  
 tell a'  
 His pranks, frae the mornin' till night  
 shuts his ee,  
 When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father  
 and me;

For in his quite turns siccan questions  
he'll spier!

How the moon can stick up in the sky  
that's sae clear?

What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae  
comes the rain?

He's a perfe' divirt—he's a wonderfu'  
wean!

Or wha was the first bodie's father? and  
wha

Made the vera first snaw-shooer that ever  
did fa'?

And wha made the first bird that sang on  
a tree?

And the water that sooms a' the ships in  
the sea?

But after I've told him as weel as I ken,  
Again he begins wi' his wha and his  
when;

And he looks aye sae wistfu' the whiles I  
explain:

He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-  
farrant wean.

And folk wha hae skill o' the lumps on the  
head

Hint there's mae ways than toilin' o' win-  
nin' ane's bread;

How he'll be a rich man, and hae men to  
work for him,

Wi' a kyte like a baillie's, shug-shuggin'  
afore him;

Wi' a face like the moon—sober, sonsy, and  
douce—

And a back, for its breadth, like the side  
o' a house.

"Tweel! I'm unco ta'en up wi't—they mak  
a' sae plain.

He's just a town's talk; he's a by-ord'nar  
wean!

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,  
To see him put on father's waistcoat and  
hat;

Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far  
owre his knees

The tap-loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi'  
ease;

Then he march'd through the house, he  
march'd but, he march'd ben,

Like owre mony mae o' our great little  
men,

That I leuch clean outright, for I cou'dna  
contain:

He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like  
wean!

But 'mid a' his daffin sic kindness he shows,  
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to  
the rose;

And the unclouded hinny-beam aye in  
his ee

Maks him every day dearer and dearer  
to me.

Though Fortune be saucy, and dorty, and  
dour,

And gloom through her fingers like hills  
through a shooer,

When bodies hae gat a bit bit bairn o'  
their ain,

How he cheers up their hearts!—he's a  
wonderfu' wean!

WILLIAM MILLER.

#### CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

'TWAS on a holy Thursday, their innocent  
faces clean,

The children walking two and two, in red  
and blue and green;

Gray-headed beadles walked before, with  
wands as white as snow,

Till into the high dome of Paul's they like  
Thames' waters flow,

Oh, what a multitude they seemed, these  
flowers of London town,

Seated in companies they sit, with radiance  
all their own;

The hum of multitudes was there, but mul-  
titudes of lambs,

Thousands of little boys and girls, raising  
their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to  
heaven the voice of song,

Or like harmonious thunderings the seats  
of heaven among:

Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guard-  
ians of the poor.

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel  
from your door.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## TWENTY-ONE.

GROWN to man's stature! O my little child!

My bird that sought the skies so long ago!

My fair, sweet blossom, pure and undefiled,

How have the years flown since we laid thee low!

What have they been to thee? If thou wert here,

Standing beside thy brothers, tall and fair,

With bearded lip, and dark eyes shining clear,

And glints of summer sunshine in thy hair,

I should look up into thy face and say,  
Wavering, perhaps, between a tear and smile,

"O my sweet son, thou art a man to-day!"

And thou wouldst stoop to kiss my lips the while.

But—up in heaven—how is it with thee, dear?

Art thou a man—to man's full stature grown?

Dost thou count time, as we do, year by year?

And what of all earth's changes hast thou known?

Thou hadst not learn'd to love me. Didst thou take

Any small germ of love to heaven with thee,

That thou hast watch'd and nurtured for my sake,

Waiting till I its perfect flower may see?

What is it to have lived in heaven always?  
To have no memory of pain or sin?

Ne'er to have known in all the calm, bright days

The jar and fret of earth's discordant din?

Thy brothers—they are mortal—they must tread

Oftimes in rough, hard ways, with bleeding feet;

Must fight with dragons, must bewail their dead,  
And fierce Apollyon face to face must meet.

I, who would give my very life for theirs—  
I cannot save them from earth's pain or loss;

I cannot shield them from its griefs or cares;

Each human heart must bear alone its cross!

Was God, then, kinder unto thee than them,

O thou whose little life was but a span?

Ah, think it not! In all his diadem  
No star shines brighter than the kingly man,

Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,  
Who grandly conquers or as grandly dies,  
And the white banner of his manhood bears

Through all the years uplifted to the skies!

What lofty pæans shall the victor greet!  
What crown resplendent for his brow be fit!

O child, if earthly life be bitter-sweet,  
Hast thou not something missed in missing it?

JULIA CAROLINE DORR.

## A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

THEY say that God lives very high.  
But if you look above the pines  
You cannot see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines,  
You never see Him in the gold,  
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold  
Of heaven and earth across His face,  
Like secrets kept for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace  
Slides down by thrills through all things made,  
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid  
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,  
Half waking me at night, and said,  
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear  
guesser?"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### THE SLEEPING BABE.

TIRE baby wept;  
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,  
And soothed its griefs, and stilled its vain  
alarms,  
And baby slept.

Again it weeps,  
And God doth take it from the mother's  
arms,  
From present pain and future unknown  
harms,  
And baby sleeps.

SAMUEL HINDS.

### WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?"  
I look'd at John—John look'd at me  
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet  
As well as though my locks were jet);  
And when I found that I must speak,  
My voice seem'd strangely low and weak:  
"Tell me again what Robert said."  
And then I, listening, bent my head.  
"This is his letter: 'I will give  
A house and land while you shall live,  
If, in return, from out your seven,  
One child to me for aye is given.'"  
I look'd at John's old garments worn,  
I thought of all that John had borne  
Of poverty and work and care,  
Which I, though willing, could not share;  
I thought of seven mouths to feed,  
Of seven little children's need,  
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,  
Dear John and I survey'd our band.  
First to the cradle lightly stepp'd,  
Where the new nameless baby slept.  
"Shall it be Baby?" whispered John.  
I took his hand, and hurried on  
To Lily's crib. Her sleeping grasp  
Held her old doll within its clasp;  
Her dark curls lay like gold alight,  
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.

Softly her father stoop'd to lay  
His rough hand down in loving way,  
When dream or whisper made her stir,  
Then huskily said John, "Not her, not her!"  
We stopp'd beside the trundle-bed,  
And one long ray of lamplight shed  
Athwart the boyish faces there,  
In sleep so pitiful and fair;  
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek  
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,  
"He's but a baby, too," said I,  
And kiss'd him as we hurried by.  
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face  
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.  
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"  
We whisper'd, while our eyes were dim.  
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,  
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—  
Could he be spared? Nay; He who gave  
Bids us befriend him to his grave;  
Only a mother's heart can be  
Patient enough for such as he;  
"And so," said John, "I would not dare  
To send him from her bedside prayer."  
Then stole we softly up above  
And knelt by Mary, child of love.  
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"  
I said to John. Quite silently  
He lifted up a curl astray  
Across her cheek in wilful way,  
And shook his head: "Nay, love; not thee,"  
The while my heart beat audibly.  
Only one more, our eldest lad,  
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—  
So like his father. "No, John, no—  
I cannot, will not, let him go."  
And so we wrote, in courteous way,  
We could not give one child away;  
And afterward toil lighter seem'd,  
Thinking of that of which we dream'd,  
Happy in truth that not one face  
We miss'd from its accustom'd place;  
Thankful to work for all the seven,  
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower.  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.



I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,  
Yes, for ever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their  
hame  
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,  
Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebod  
carin' ?  
'T is the puir doited loonie,—the mitherless  
bairn !

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lunc  
bed;  
Nane covers his cauld back or haps his  
bare head;  
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the  
airn,  
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless  
bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover  
there  
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark  
hair;  
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an'  
stern,  
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless  
bairn !

You sister that sang o'er his saftly-rock'd  
bed  
Now rests in the mools where her mammie  
is laid;  
The father toils sair their wee bannock to  
earn,  
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless  
bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his  
birth,  
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on  
earth;  
Recording in heaven the blessings they  
earn  
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless  
bairn !

Oh, speak him na harshly,—he trembles the  
while,  
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your  
smile;  
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless  
shall learn  
That God deals the blow for the mitherless  
bairn !

WILLIAM THOM.

### THE ORPHAN BOYS' TALE.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,  
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;  
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake,—  
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale;  
Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
And my brave father's hope and joy;

But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,  
When news of Nelson's victory came,  
Along the crowded streets to fly,  
To see the lighted windows flame!  
To force me home my mother sought,—  
She could not bear to hear my joy;  
For with my father's life 'twas bought,—  
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud;  
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;  
"Rejoice! REJOICE!" still cried the crowd,—  
My mother answer'd with her tears!  
"Oh why do tears steal down your cheek,"  
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"  
She kiss'd me; and in accents weak,  
She call'd me her poor orphan boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I said;  
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,  
And her eyes closed! I shriek'd for aid,  
But ah! her eyes were closed in death.  
My hardships since I will not tell;  
But now, no more a parent's joy,  
Ah, lady, I have learn'd *too* well  
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—  
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;  
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,—  
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.  
Lady, you weep; what is't you say?  
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?  
Look down, dear parents! look and see  
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

AMELIA OPIE.

### IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying

The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled;  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered;—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her,—because they love him.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### TO A CHILD OF QUALITY.

FIVE YEARS OLD, MDCCIV., THE AUTHOR  
THEN FORTY.

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous  
band,  
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,  
Were summoned by her high command,  
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,  
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read  
Should dart their kindling fires, and look  
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,  
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,  
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,  
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms beds  
With all the tender things I swear,  
Whilst all the house my passion reads  
In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame;  
For, though the strictest prudes should  
know it,  
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,  
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear  
The lines some younger rival sends,  
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,  
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,  
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)  
That I shall be past making love  
When she begins to comprehend it.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

### A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give  
you;

No lark could pipe to skies so dull and  
gray;

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave  
you

For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be  
clever;

Do noble things, not dream them, all  
day long;

And so make life, death, and that vast for-  
ever

One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

### MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead:

His fair sunshiny head

Is ever bounding round my study-chair;

Yet, when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,  
And through the open door  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;  
I'm stepping toward the hall  
To give the boy a call;  
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;  
A satchell'd lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and color'd  
hair:  
And, as he's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin-lid;  
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;  
My hand that marble felt;  
O'er it in prayer I knelt;  
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not  
there!

I cannot make him dead!  
When passing by the bed,  
So long watch'd over with parental care,  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek it inquiringly,  
Before the thought comes that—he is not  
there!

When, at the cool, gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To Him who gave my boy,  
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not  
there!

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,  
Whate'er I may be saying,  
I am, in spirit, praying  
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not  
there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?  
The form I used to see  
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear;

The grave, that now doth press  
Upon that cast-off dress,  
Is but his wardrobe lock'd;—*he* is not  
there!

He lives! In all the past  
He lives; nor, to the last,  
Of seeing him again will I despair;  
In dreams I see him now;  
And, on his angel brow,  
I see it written, "*Thou shalt see me there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!  
Father, thy chastening rod  
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
That, in the spirit-land,  
Meeting at thy right hand,  
'Twill be our heaven to find that—*he* is  
*there!*

JOHN PIERPONT.

—♦—  
*LUCY.*

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye;  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—♦—  
*THREE YEARS SHE GREW.*

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown;  
This child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse, and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,  
That wild with glee across the lawn

Or up the mountain springs;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her; for her the willow bend:  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place,  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake; the work was done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—♦—  
*THE MORNING-GLORY.*

WE wreathed about our darling's head  
The morning-glory bright;  
Her little face looked out beneath,  
So full of life and light,  
So lit as with a sunrise,  
That we could only say,  
"She is the morning-glory true,  
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time  
We called her by their name,  
And very fitting did it seem;  
For sure as morning came,  
Behind her cradle-bars she smiled  
To catch the first faint ray,  
As from the trellis smiles the flower  
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear  
Their airy cups of blue

As turned her sweet eyes to the light,  
 Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;  
 And not so close their tendrils fine  
 Round their supports are thrown  
 As those dear arms whose outstretched  
 plea

Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,  
 Even as comes the flower,  
 The last and perfect added gift  
 To crown Love's morning hour;  
 And how in her was imaged forth  
 The love we could not say,  
 As on the little dewdrops round  
 Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,  
 That she must wither up  
 Almost before a day was flown,  
 Like the morning-glory's cup;  
 We never thought to see her droop  
 Her fair and noble head,  
 Till she lay stretched before our eyes,  
 Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming  
 Will soon be coming round;  
 We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves  
 Upspringing from the ground;  
 The tender things the winter killed  
 Renew again their birth,  
 But the glory of our morning  
 Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes  
 Stretch over thy green plain!  
 Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,  
 Her spirit to sustain;  
 But up in groves of Paradise  
 Full surely we shall see  
 Our morning-glory beautiful  
 Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

### THE BABE.

NAKED on parent's knees, a new-born  
 child,  
 Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee  
 smiled:  
 So live, that, sinking to thy last long sleep,  
 Thou then may'st smile while all around  
 thee weep.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

### THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five  
 years old,  
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness and  
 mind of gentle mould.  
 They tell me that unusual grace in all his  
 ways appears,  
 That my child is grave and wise of heart  
 beyond his childish years.  
 I cannot say how this may be; I know his  
 face is fair—  
 And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet  
 and serious air;  
 I know his heart is kind and fond, I know  
 he loveth me,  
 But loveth yet his mother more with grate-  
 ful fervency.  
 But that which others most admire is the  
 thought which fills his mind—  
 The food for grave, inquiring speech he  
 everywhere doth find.  
 Strange questions doth he ask of me when  
 we together walk;  
 He scarcely thinks as children think, or  
 talks as children talk;  
 Nor cares he much for childish sports,  
 dotes not on bat or ball,  
 But looks on manhood's ways and works,  
 and aptly mimics all.  
 His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes  
 perplexed  
 With thoughts about this world of ours,  
 and thoughts about the next.  
 He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she  
 teacheth him to pray;  
 And strange and sweet and solemn then  
 are the words which he will say.  
 Oh, should my gentle child be spared to  
 manhood's years, like me,  
 A holier and a wiser man I trust that he  
 will be;  
 And when I look into his eyes and stroke  
 his thoughtful brow,  
 I dare not think what I should feel were I  
 to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child  
 of three;  
 I'll not declare how bright and fair his  
 little features be,  
 How silver sweet those tones of his when  
 he prattles on my knee;

I do not think his light-blue eye is, like  
 his brother's, keen,  
 Nor his brow so full of childish thought  
 as his hath ever been;  
 But his little heart's a fountain pure of  
 kind and tender feeling,  
 And his every look's a gleam of light, rich  
 depths of love revealing.  
 When he walks with me, the country folk,  
 who pass us in the street,  
 Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he  
 looks so mild and sweet.  
 A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with  
 cheerful tone,  
 Will sing his little song of love when left  
 to sport alone.  
 His presence is like sunshine sent to glad-  
 den home and hearth,  
 To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten  
 all our mirth.  
 Should he grow up to riper years, God  
 grant his heart may prove  
 As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now  
 for earthly love;  
 And if, beside his grave, the tears our  
 aching eyes must dim,  
 God comfort us for all the love which we  
 shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I  
 cannot tell,  
 For they reckon not by years and months  
 where he is gone to dwell.  
 To us, for fourteen anxious months, his  
 infant smiles were given,  
 And then he bade farewell to earth, and  
 went to live in heaven.  
 I cannot tell what form is his, what looks  
 he weareth now,  
 Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his  
 shining seraph brow.  
 The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the  
 bliss which he doth feel,  
 Are number'd with the secret things which  
 God will not reveal.  
 But I know (for God hath told me this)  
 that he is now at rest,  
 Where other blessed infants be—on their  
 Saviour's loving breast.  
 I know his spirit feels no more this weary  
 load of flesh,  
 But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams  
 of joy for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath  
 their glittering wings,  
 And soothe him with a song that breathes  
 of heaven's divinest things.  
 I know that we shall meet our babe (his  
 mother dear and I)  
 Where God for aye shall wipe away all  
 tears from every eye.  
 Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his  
 bliss can never cease;  
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but  
 his is certain peace.  
 It may be that the tempter's wiles their  
 souls from bliss may sever;  
 But, if our own poor faith fail not, he  
 must be ours for ever.  
 When we think of what our darling is,  
 and what we still must be—  
 When we muse on that world's perfect  
 bliss and this world's misery—  
 When we groan beneath this load of sin,  
 and feel this grief and pain—  
 Oh, we'd rather lose our other two than  
 have him here again!

JOHN MOULTRIE.

WE ARE SEVEN.

—A SIMPLE child,  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
 What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;  
 She was eight years old, she said;  
 Her hair was thick with many a curl  
 That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
 And she was wildly clad:  
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair—  
 Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
 How many may you be?"  
 "How many? Seven in all," she said,  
 And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
 She answer'd, "Seven are we;  
 And two of us at Conway dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
 My sister and my brother;

And in the churchyard cottage I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply:  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be  
seen,"

The little maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's  
door,  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;  
And when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we play'd,  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with  
snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in Heaven?"  
The little maiden did reply,  
"Oh, master, we are seven!"

"But they are dead—those two are dead,  
Their spirits are in Heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away, for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, where the winds are singing  
In the happy summer-time,  
Where the raptured air is ringing  
With Earth's music heavenward springing.  
Forest chirp, and village chime;  
Is there, of the sounds that float  
Minglingly, a single note  
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,  
As the laughter of a child?

Listen; and be now delighted.  
Morn hath touch'd her golden strings,  
Earth and sky their vows have plighted  
Life and light are reunited,  
Amid countless carollings;  
Yet, delicious as they are,  
There's a sound that's sweeter far—  
One that makes the heart rejoice  
More than all,—the human voice!

Organ, finer, deeper, clearer,  
Though it be a stranger's tone;  
Than the winds or waters dearer,  
More enchanting to the hearer,  
For it answereth his own.  
But of all its witching words,  
Sweeter than the songs of birds,  
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild  
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touch'd towers,  
Haunted strains from rivulets,  
Hum of bees among the flowers,  
Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—  
These ere long the ear forgets;  
But in mine there is a sound  
Ringing on the whole year round;  
Heart-deep laughter that I heard,  
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,  
Fondlier form'd to catch the strain—  
Ear of one whose love is surer;  
Hers, the mother, the endurer  
Of the deepest share of pain;

Hers the deepest bliss, to treasure  
Memories of that cry of pleasure;  
Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,  
Echoes of that infant laughter.

Yes, a mother's large affection  
Hears with a mysterious sense;  
Breathings that evade detection,  
Whisper faint, and fine inflection,  
Thrill in her with power intense.  
Childhood's honey'd tones untaught  
Hearth she, in loving thought!  
Tones that never thence depart,  
For she listens—with her heart!

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

### THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

Down the dimpled green-sward dancing,  
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy—  
Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,  
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,  
How they glimmer, how they quiver!  
Sparkling one another after,  
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,  
Flush'd with Joy's ethereal spirit,  
Make your mocks and sly grimaces  
At Love's self, and do not fear it.

GEORGE DARLEY.

### UNDER MY WINDOW.

UNDER my window, under my window,  
All in the Midsummer weather,  
Three little girls with fluttering curls  
Flit to and fro together:—  
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
And Maud with her mantle of silver green,  
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
Leaning stealthily over,  
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,  
Of each glad-hearted rover.  
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;  
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and  
posies,  
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,  
In the blue Midsummer weather,  
Stealing slow, on a hush'd tip-toe,  
I catch them all together:—

Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,  
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
And off through the orchard closes;  
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,  
They scamper and drop their posies;  
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,  
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,  
And I give her all my roses.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

### BOYHOOD.

AH! then how sweetly closed those crowded  
days!

The minutes parting one by one like rays,  
That fade upon a summer's eve.  
But oh! what charm, or magic numbers  
Can give me back the gentle slumbers  
Those weary, happy days did leave?  
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,  
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss:  
Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this—  
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

### THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOL.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,  
These wordes, which I shall write;  
A doleful story you shall heare,  
In time brought forth to light:  
A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolke dwelt of late,  
Who did in honor far surmount  
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,  
No helpe his life could save;  
His wife by him as sicke did lye,  
And both possest one grave.  
No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kinde;  
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,  
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three yeares olde;  
The other a girl more young than he,  
And fram'd in beautyes moulde.  
The father left his little son,  
As plainye doth appeare,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred poundes a yeare.



And to his little daughter Jane  
 Five hundred poundes in gold,  
 To be paid downe on marriage-day,  
 Which might not be controll'd;  
 But if the children chance to dye  
 Ere they to age should come,  
 Their uncle should possesse their wealth,  
 For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,  
 Look to my children deare;  
 Be good unto my boy and girl,  
 No friends else have they here:  
 To God and you I recommend  
 My children deare this daye;  
 But little while be sure we have  
 Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,  
 And uncle all in one;  
 God knowes what will become of them  
 When I am dead and gone.  
 With that bespake their mother deare,  
 Oh brother kinde, quoth shee,  
 You are the man must bring our babes  
 To wealth or miserie:

And if you keep them carefully,  
 Then God will you reward;  
 But if you otherwise should deal,  
 God will your deedes regard.  
 With lippes as cold as any stone,  
 They kist their children small:  
 God bless you both, my children deare;  
 With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake  
 To this sicke couple there:  
 The keeping of your little ones,  
 Sweet sister, do not feare:  
 God never prosper me nor mine,  
 Nor aught else that I have,  
 If I do wrong your children deare,  
 When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,  
 The children home he takes,  
 And brings them straite unto his house,  
 Where much of them he makes.  
 He had not kept these pretty babes  
 A twelvemonth and a daye,  
 But, for their wealth, he did devise  
 To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,  
 Which were of furious mood,  
 That they should take these children young,  
 And slaye them in a wood.  
 He told his wife an artful tale,  
 He would the children send  
 To be brought up in faire London,  
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,  
 Rejoycing at that tide,  
 Rejoycing with a merry minde,  
 They should on cock-horse ride.  
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
 As they rode on the waye,  
 To those that should their butchers be,  
 And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,  
 Made Murder's heart relent:  
 And they that undertooke the deed  
 Full sore did now repent.  
 Yet one of them more hard of heart,  
 Did vowe to do his charge,  
 Because the wretch, that hired him,  
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,  
 So here they fall to strife;  
 With one another they did fight,  
 About the childrens life:  
 And he that was of mildest mood,  
 Did slaye the other there,  
 Within an unfrequented wood;  
 The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,  
 Teares standing in their eye,  
 And bad them straitwaye follow him,  
 And look they did not crye;  
 And two long miles he ledd them on,  
 While they for food complaine:  
 Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread  
 When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
 Went wandering up and downe,  
 But never more could see the man  
 Approaching from the towne:  
 Their pretty lippes, with black-berries,  
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,  
 And, when they sawe the darksome night,  
 They sat them downe and cry'd.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,  
 Till death did end their grief;  
 In one another's arms they dyed,  
 As wanting due relief.  
 No burial "this" pretty "pair"  
 Of any man receives,  
 Till Robin-red-breast piously  
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God  
 Upon their uncle fell;  
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,  
 His conscience felt an hell.  
 His barns were fir'd, his goods consumed,  
 His lands were barren made;  
 His cattle dyed within the field,  
 And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal  
 Two of his sons did dye;  
 And to conclude, himself was brought  
 To want and misery:  
 He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land  
 Ere seven years came about.  
 And now at length this wicked act  
 Did by this means come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand  
 These children for to kill,  
 Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,  
 Such was God's blessed will:  
 Who did confess the very truth,  
 As here hath been display'd:  
 Their uncle having dyed in gaol,  
 Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,  
 And overseers eke  
 Of children that be fatherless,  
 And infants mild and meek;  
 Take you example by this thing,  
 And yield to each his right,  
 Lest God, with such like misery,  
 Your wicked minds requite.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A LITTLE child, beneath a tree,  
 Sat and chanted cheerily  
 A little song, a pleasant song,  
 Which was—she sang it all day long—  
 "When the wind blows the blossoms fall;  
 But a good God reigns over all."

There pass'd a lady by the way,  
 Moaning in the face of day:  
 There were tears upon her cheek,  
 Grief in her heart too great to speak;  
 Her husband died but yester-morn,  
 And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopp'd and listen'd to the child  
 That look'd to heaven, and, singing,  
 smiled;  
 And saw not, for her own despair,  
 Another lady, young and fair,  
 Who also passing, stopp'd to hear  
 The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before  
 Had lost the little babe she bore;  
 And grief was heavy at her soul  
 As that sweet memory o'er her stole,  
 And show'd how bright had been the past,  
 The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree  
 Listening, soothed and placidly,  
 A youth came by, whose sunken eyes  
 Spoke of a load of miseries;  
 And he, arrested like the twain,  
 Stopp'd to listen to the strain.

Death had bow'd the youthful head  
 Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed:  
 Her marriage robes were fitted on,  
 Her fair young face with blushes shone.  
 When the destroyer smote her low,  
 And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listen'd to the song,  
 Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,  
 Which that child, the livelong day,  
 Chanted to itself in play:  
 "When the wind blows the blossoms fall  
 But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;  
 The mother's grief, though unreprieved,  
 Soften'd, as her trembling tongue  
 Repeated what the infant sung;  
 And the sad lover, with a start,  
 Conn'd it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,  
 And not a seraph sitting there—  
 Was seen no more, the sorrowing three  
 Went on their way resignedly,

The song still ringing in their ears—  
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.  
But in the midst of deepest woe  
The strain recurr'd, when sorrow grew,  
To warn them, and console them too:  
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;  
But a good God reigns over all."

CHARLES MACKAY.

—♦—  
*LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE.*

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray;  
And, when I cross'd the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,—  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green,  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will nevermore be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night;  
You to the town must go,  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do;  
'Tis scarcely afternoon;  
The minster clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,  
And snapp'd a fagot-band;  
He plied his work; and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:  
She wander'd up and down,  
And many a hill did Lucy climb,  
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide,

But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood  
That overlook'd the moor,  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,  
"In heaven we all shall meet:"  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless, from the steep hill's edge  
They track'd the foot-marks small,  
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,  
And by the long stone wall,

And then an open field they cross'd:  
The marks were still the same;  
They track'd them on, nor ever lost,  
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank  
Those foot-marks one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank,  
And further there were none.

Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

—♦—  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*THE WIDOW AND CHILD.*

HOME they brought her warrior dead:  
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Called him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face;  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
 Set his child upon her knee—  
 Like summer tempest came her tears—  
 "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

—♦—  
*THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.*

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
 To think how modest worth neglected  
 lies;  
 While partial fame doth with her blasts  
 adorn  
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp  
 disguise;  
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous em-  
 prize:  
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try  
 To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;  
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy,  
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,  
 Embower'd in trees, and hardly known  
 to fame,  
 There dwells in lowly shed, and mean at-  
 tire,  
 A matron old, whom we schoolmistress  
 name;  
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to  
 tame;  
 They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Awed by the pow'r of this relentless  
 dame;  
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are  
 sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
 Which learning near her little dome did  
 stow;  
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
 Tho' now so wide its waving branches  
 flow;  
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe;  
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that  
 blew,  
 But their limbs shudder'd and their pulse  
 beat low;  
 And as they look'd they found their horror  
 grew,  
 And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the  
 view.

So have I seen (who has not, may con-  
 ceive)

A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;  
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;  
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they  
 look aghast:

Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy  
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!  
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,  
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss  
 destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so  
 green,  
 On which the tribe their gambols do  
 display;  
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,  
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size  
 should stray,  
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!  
 The noises intermix'd, which thence re-  
 sound,

Do learning's little tenement betray:  
 Where sits the dame, disguised in look  
 profound,  
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her  
 wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does  
 yield;

Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,  
 As is the harebell that adorns the  
 field:

And in her hand, for sceptre, she does  
 wield

Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear  
 entwined,

With dark distrust, and sad repentance  
 fill'd;

And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction  
 join'd,

And fury uncontroll'd and chastisement  
 unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet  
 portray'd,

The childish faces of old Eol's train;  
 Libs, Notus, Auster; these in frowns ar-  
 ray'd,

How then would fare our earth, or sky,  
 or main,

Were the stern god to give his slaves  
the rein?  
And were not she rebellious breasts to  
quell,  
And were not she her statutes to main-  
tain,  
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the  
cell,  
Where comely peace of mind and decent  
order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders  
thrown;

A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;  
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;  
'Twas her own country bred the flock so  
fair;

'Twas her own labor did the fleece pre-  
pare;

And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged  
around,

Through pious awe, did term it passing  
rare;

For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest  
wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,  
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;  
Goody, good woman, gossip, n' aunt, for-  
sooth,

Or dame, the sole additions she did  
hear;

Yet these she challenged, these she held  
right dear:

Ne would esteem him act as mought be-  
hove,

Who should not honor'd eld with these  
revere;

For never title yet so mean could prove,  
But there was eke a mind which did that  
title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,  
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
Into her school, begirt with chickens,  
came;

Such favor did her past deportment  
claim;

And, if neglect had lavish'd on the  
ground

Fragment of bread, she would collect  
the same,

For well she knew, and quaintly could ex-  
pound,

What sin it were to waste the smallest  
crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each  
could speak

That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry  
dew,

Where no vain flow'r disclosed a gaudy  
streak;

But herbs for use and physic, not a few,  
Of gray renown, within those borders  
grew:

The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful  
hue,

The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;  
And more I fain would sing, disdaining  
here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues  
around;

And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,  
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reap-  
er's wound,

And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie  
found,

And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,  
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,  
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle  
rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom  
crown'd

The daintiest garden of the proudest  
peer,

Ere, driven from its envied site, it found  
A sacred shelter for its branches here;  
Where, edged with gold, its glitt'ring  
skirts appear.

Oh, wassel days! oh, customs meet and  
well!

Ere this was banish'd from his lofty  
sphere:

Simplicity then sought this humble cell,  
Nor ever would she more with thane and  
lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent  
eve,

Hymn'd such psalms as Sternhold forth  
did mete;

If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did  
cleave,

But in her garden found a summer-  
seat:

Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat

How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,

While taunting foemen did a song en-  
treat,

All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string,  
Uphung their useless lyres; small heart  
had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous  
lore,

And pass'd much time in truly virtuous  
deed,

And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore  
The times when truth by popish rage  
did bleed,

And tortuous death was true devotion's  
meed,

And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,  
That nould on wooden image placed her  
creed,

And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did  
burn;

Ah! dearest Lord, forfend thilk days should  
e'er return!

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,  
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld de-  
faced,

In which, when he receives his diadem,  
Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is  
placed,

The matron sate; and some with rank  
she graced

(The source of children's and of cour-  
tiers' pride),

Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there  
pass'd,

And warn'd them not the fretful to de-  
ride,

But love each other dear, whatever them  
betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry:  
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to  
raise;

Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
And some entice with pittance small of  
praise;

And other some with baneful sprig she  
'frays:

Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth  
hold,

While with quaint arts the giddy crowd  
she sways

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks be-  
hold,

'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene  
unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!

Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;

Their books of stature small they take in  
hand,

Which with pellucid horn secur'd are;

To save from fingers wet the letters fair:

The work so gay, that on their back is seen,  
St. George's high achievements does de-  
clare;

On which thilk wight that hasy-gazing been,  
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight,  
I ween!

Ah, luckless he, and born beneath the  
beam

Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!

As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,  
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears  
indite.

For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late  
delight!

And down they drop; appears his dainty  
skin,

Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

Oh, ruthful scene! when from a nook ob-  
scure

His little sister doth his peril see:

All playful as she sate, she grows demure;  
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;

She meditates a pray'r to set him free;

Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny  
(If gentle pardon could with dames  
agree)

To her sad grief that swells in either eye,  
And wrings her so that all for pity she  
could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;  
 And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,  
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,  
 To stay hard justice in its mid career.  
 On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!  
 (Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)

She sees no kind domestic visage near,  
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;  
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?  
 Or what device his loud laments explain?  
 The form uncouth of his disguised face?  
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?  
 The plenteous shower that does his cheek disdain?

When he in abject-wise implores the dame,  
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;  
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,  
 And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe aghast, with sore dismay,  
 Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care:

By turns, astonished, ev'ry twig survey,  
 And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;  
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;

Till fear has taught them a performance meet,  
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair;

Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,  
 And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,  
 And in beseeimy order sitten there;

All but the wight of bum y-gallèd; he  
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair  
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair);  
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare  
 His grievous wrongs; his dame's unjust behest,  
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,  
 His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r

Which low to earth its drooping head declines,  
 All smear'd and sullied by a vernal show'r.

Oh, the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!  
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,  
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:

Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall claim,  
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,  
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;

Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,  
 But to the wind all merriment resigns;  
 And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;

And many a sullen look askance is sent,  
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;  
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,

The more doth he, perverse, her 'havior past resent.

Ah, me! how much I fear lest pride it be!

But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,

Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see

Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:

Ah, better far than all the muses' lyres,  
 All coward arts, is valor's gen'rous heat;  
 The firm fixt breast which fit and right  
 requires,  
 Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly  
 great  
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry  
 false deceit.

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits  
 appear!

Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to  
 show

A little bench of heedless bishops here!

And there a chancellor in embryo,  
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er  
 shall die!

Though now he crawl along the ground  
 so low,

Nor weeting how the muse should soar on  
 high,

Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper  
 kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who censuring the  
 design,

Low lays the house which that of cards  
 doth build,

Shall Dennis be! if rigid fates incline,  
 And many an epic to his rageshall yield;

And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;  
 And, sour'd by age, profound he shall  
 appear,

As he who now with 'sdainful fury  
 thrill'd,

Surveys mine work; and levels many a  
 sneer,

And furls his wrinkly front, and cries,  
 "What stuff is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,  
 And liberty unbars her prison-door;

And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd  
 o'er

With boist'rous revel-rout and wild  
 uproar;

A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
 Heav'n shield their short-lived pastimes  
 I implore

For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,  
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than  
 the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive  
 trade,

And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest  
 flow'rs;

For when my bones in grass-green sods  
 are laid;

For never may ye taste more careless  
 hours

In knightly castles, or in ladies' bow'rs.

Oh, vain to seek delight in earthly thing!

But most in courts where proud ambi-  
 tion tow'rs;

Deluded wight, who weens fair peace can  
 spring

Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of  
 king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!

These rudely carol most incondite lay;

Those sauntering on the green, with jocund  
 leer

Salute the stranger passing on his way;

Some builden fragile tenements of clay;

Some to the standing lake their courses  
 bend,

With pebbles smooth at duck and drake  
 to play;

Thilk to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,

In pastry kings and queens th' allotted  
 mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different  
 store,

Each season's stores in order rang'd  
 been;

Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,

Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight,  
 are seen;

And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or  
 green;

And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,

Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween.

Oh, may no wight e'er penniless come  
 there,

Lest smit with ardent love he pine with  
 hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,

With thread so white in tempting posies  
 tied,

Scattering like blooming maid their glances  
 round,

With pamper'd look draw little eyes  
 aside;



And must be bought, though penury  
betide.  
The plum all azure, and the nut all  
brown,  
And here each season do those cakes  
abide,  
Whose honor'd names th' inventive city  
own,  
Rend'ring through Britain's isle Salopia's  
praises known.  
Admired Salopia! that with venial pride  
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient  
wave,  
Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,  
Her daughters lovely and her striplings  
brave:  
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn  
his grave,  
Whose art did first these dulcet cates dis-  
play!  
A motive fair to learning's imps he  
gave,  
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region  
stray;  
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on  
their way.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

### THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismiss'd,  
The little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good-night and be kiss'd:  
Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in their tender embrace!  
Oh the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
Of my childhood, too lovely to last:  
Of joy that my heart will remember  
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,  
Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
A partner of sorrow and sin;  
When the glory of God was about me,  
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,  
And the fountains of feeling will flow,  
When I think of the paths steep and stony,  
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;

Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er  
them,

Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;  
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy  
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;  
They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
His glory still gleams in their eyes.

Those truants from home and from  
heaven,

They have made me more manly and  
mild,

And I know now how Jesus could liken  
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,  
All radiant, as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun:  
I would pray God to guard them from evil,  
But my prayer would bound back to  
myself;

Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,  
I have banish'd the rule and the rod:  
I have taught them the goodness of know-  
ledge,

They have taught me the goodness of  
God;

My heart is the dungeon of darkness,  
Where I shut them for breaking a  
rule;

My frown is sufficient correction;  
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To traverse its threshold no more;

Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones  
That meet me each morn at the door!  
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the  
kisses,

And the gush of their innocent glee,  
The group on the green, and the flowers  
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,  
Their song in the school and the street;  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
And the tread of their delicate feet.

When the lessons of life are all ended,  
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"

May the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good-night, and be kiss'd!

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

### THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my  
brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads against  
their mothers,

And *that* cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the  
meadows,

The young birds are chirping in the  
nest,

The young fawns are playing with the  
shadows,

The young flowers are blowing toward  
the west—

But the young, young children, O my  
brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the  
others,

In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in  
their sorrow

Why their tears are falling so?

The old man may weep for his to-morrow

Which is lost in Long Ago;

The old tree is leafless in the forest,

The old year is ending in the frost,

The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,

The old hope is hardest to be lost:

But the young, young children, O my  
brothers,

Do you ask them why they stand

Weeping sore before the bosoms of their  
mothers,

In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken  
faces,

And their looks are sad to see,

For the man's hoary anguish draws and  
presses

Down the cheeks of infancy;

"Your old earth," they say, "is very  
dreary,

Our young feet," they say, "are very  
weak;

Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:

Ask the aged why they weep, and not the  
children,

For the outside earth is cold,

And we young ones stand without, in our  
bewildering,

And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen  
That we die before our time:

Little Alice died last year, her grave is  
shapen

Like a snowball, in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her:

Was no room for any work in the close  
clay!

From the sleep wherein she lieth none will  
wake her,

Crying, 'Get up little Alice! it is day.'

If you listen by that grave, in sun and  
shower,

With your ear down, little Alice never  
cries;

Could we see her face, be sure we should  
not know her,

For the smile has time for growing in  
her eyes:

And merry go her moments, hush'd and  
still'd in

The shroud by the kirk-chime.

It is good when it happens," say the  
children,

"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking  
Death in life, as best to have:

They are binding up their hearts away  
from breaking,

With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from  
the city,

Sing out, children, as the little thrushes  
do;

Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cow-  
slips pretty,

Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let  
them through!

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of  
the meadows

Like our weeds a-near the mine?

Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-  
shadows,

From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap;

If we cared for any meadows, it were  
merely

To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,

We fall upon our faces, trying to go;

And, underneath our heavy eyelids droop-  
ing,

The reddest flower would look as pale as  
snow.

For all day we drag our burden tiring

Through the coal-dark, underground;

Or all day we drive the wheels of iron

In the factories, round and round.

"For all day the wheels are droning, turn-  
ing;

Their wind comes in our faces,

Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses  
burning,

And the walls turn in their places:

Turns the sky in the high window blank  
and reeling,

Turns the long light that drops adown  
the wall,

Turn the black flies that crawl along the  
ceiling,

All are turning, all the day, and we with  
all.

And all day the iron wheels are droning,

And sometimes we could pray,

'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad  
moaning)

'Stop! be silent for to-day!'

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other  
breathing

For a moment, mouth to mouth!

Let them touch each other's hands, in a  
fresh wreathing

Of their tender human youth!

Let them feel that this cold metallic mo-  
tion

Is not all the life God fashions or re-  
veals;

Let them prove their living souls against  
the notion

That they live in you, or under you, O  
wheels!

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,

Grinding life down from its mark;

And the children's souls, which God is  
calling sunward,

Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my  
brothers,

To look up to Him and pray;

So the blessed One who blesseth all the  
others,

Will bless them another day.

They answer, "Who is God, that He should  
hear us,

While the rushing of the iron wheels is  
stirr'd?

When we sob aloud, the human creatures  
near us

Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a  
word.

And we hear not (for the wheels in their  
resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door:

Is it likely God, with angels singing round  
Him,

Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we re-  
member,

And at midnight's hour of harm,

'Our Father,' looking upward in the cham-  
ber,

We say softly for a charm.

We know no other words except 'Our  
Father,'

And we think that, in some pause of  
angels' song,

God may pluck them with the silence  
sweet to gather,

And hold both within His right hand  
which is strong.

'Our Father!' If He heard us He would  
surely

(For they call Him good and mild)

Answer, smiling down the steep world very  
purely,

'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But no!" say the children, weeping  
faster,

"He is speechless as a stone :  
And they tell us of His image is the master,  
Who commands us to work on.

Go to!" say the children,—“up in heaven,  
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all  
we find.

Do not mock us ; grief has made us un-  
believing :

We look up for God, but tears have  
made us blind.”

Do you hear the children weeping and  
disproving,

O my brothers, what ye preach ?

For God's possible is taught by His world's  
loving,

And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you !

They are weary ere they run ;

They have never seen the sunshine, nor the  
glory

Which is brighter than the sun.

They know the grief of man, without its  
wisdom ;

They sink in man's despair, without its  
calm ;

Are slaves, without the liberty in Christ-  
dom,

Are martyrs, by the pang without the  
palm :

Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly  
The harvest of its memories cannot  
reap,—

Are orphans of the earthly love and heav-  
enly.

Let them weep ! let them weep !

They look up with their pale and sunken  
faces,

And their look is dread to see,

For they 'mind you of their angels in high  
places,

With eyes turned on Deity.

“How long,” they say, “how long, O cruel  
nation,

Will you stand, to move the world, on a  
child's heart,—

Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpi-  
tation,

And tread onward to your throne amid  
the mart ?

Our blood splashes upward, O gold-  
heaper,

And your purple shows your path !

But the child's sob in the silence curses  
deeper

Than the strong man in his wrath.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

(AT INVERSNYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !

Twice seven consenting years have shed

Their utmost bounty on thy head :

And, these gray Rocks ; this household  
Lawn ;

These Trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;

This fall of water, that doth make

A murmur near the silent Lake ;

This little Bay, a quiet Road

That holds in shelter thy Abode ;

In truth, together do ye seem

Like something fashion'd in a dream :

Such Forms as from their covert peep

When earthly cares are laid asleep !

Yet, dream and vision as thou art,

I bless thee with a human heart :

God shield thee to thy latest years !

I neither know thee nor thy peers ;

And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray

For thee when I am far away :

For never saw I mien or face,

In which more plainly I could trace

Benignity and home-bred sense

Ripening in perfect innocence.

Here scatter'd like a random seed,

Remote from men, thou dost not need

The embarrass'd look of shy distress,

And maidenly shamefacedness :

Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear

The freedom of a Mountaineer :

A face with gladness overspread !

Soft smiles by human kindness bred !

And seemliness complete, that sways

Thy courtesies, about thee plays :

With no restraint, but such as springs

From quick and eager visitings

Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach

Of thy few words of English speech :

A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life!  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee who art so beautiful?  
Oh happy pleasure! here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell;  
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,  
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!  
But I could frame a wish for thee  
More like a grave reality:  
Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea: and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighborhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see!  
Thy elder Brother I would be,  
Thy Father, anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place.  
Joy have I had; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:  
Then, why should I be loth to stir?  
I feel this place was made for her;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;  
For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold,  
As I do now, the Cabin small,  
The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall;  
And thee, the Spirit of them all!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreath'd in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance.  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares!  
Care and age come unawares.

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumber'd  
Birds and blossoms many-number'd:—  
Age, that bough with snows encumber'd.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

*THE BLIND BOY.*

OH, say what is that thing call'd Light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy?  
What are the blessings of the sight,  
Oh, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make  
Whene'er I sleep or play;  
And could I ever keep awake  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My cheer of mind destroy;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER.

*HOW'S MY BOY?*

"Ho, sailor of the sea!  
How's my boy—my boy?"  
"What's your boy's name, good wife,  
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—  
He that went to sea—  
What care I for the ship, sailor?  
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,  
And not know my John?  
I might as well have ask'd some lands-  
man  
Yonder down in the town.  
There's not an ass in all the parish  
But knows my John

"How's my boy—my boy?  
And unless you let me know,  
I'll swear you are no sailor,  
Blue jacket or no,  
Brass buttons or no, sailor,  
Anchor and crown or no!  
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'—"  
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,  
About my own boy John?  
If I was loud as I am proud  
I'd sing him over the town!  
Why should I speak low, sailor?"  
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?  
What care I for the ship, sailor,  
I was never aboard her?  
Be she afloat or be she aground,  
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound  
Her owners can afford her!  
I say, how's my John?"  
"Every man on board went down,  
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?  
What care I for the men, sailor?  
I'm not their mother—  
How's my boy—my boy?  
Tell me of him and no other!  
How's my boy—my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL.

*THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.*

'Twas the night before Christmas, when  
all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney  
with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be  
there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their  
beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced  
through their heads;  
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my  
cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long win-  
ter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the  
matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the  
sash.  
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen  
snow,  
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below ;

When what to my wondering eyes should  
 appear,  
 But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny  
 reindeer,  
 With a little old driver, so lively and  
 quick,  
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they  
 came,  
 And he whistled, and shouted, and call'd  
 them by name:  
 "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer!  
 Vixen!  
 On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and  
 Blitzen!—  
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the  
 wall!  
 Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurri-  
 cane fly,  
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount  
 to the sky,  
 So, up to the house-top the coursers they  
 flew,  
 With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nich-  
 olas too.  
 And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
 The prancing and pawing of each little  
 hoof.  
 As I drew in my head, and was turning  
 around,  
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with  
 a bound.  
 He was dress'd all in fur from his head to  
 his foot,  
 And his clothes were all tarnish'd with  
 ashes and soot;  
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
 And he look'd like a peddler just opening  
 his pack.  
 His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples  
 how merry!  
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a  
 cherry,  
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a  
 bow,  
 And the beard on his chin was as white as  
 the snow.  
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his  
 teeth,  
 And the smoke, it encircled his head like  
 a wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round  
 belly  
 That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl  
 full of jelly.  
 He was chubby and plump—a right jolly  
 old elf—  
 And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite  
 of myself.  
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to  
 dread.  
 He spake not a word, but went straight to  
 his work,  
 And filled all the stockings; then turn'd  
 with a jerk,  
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave  
 a whistle,  
 And away they all flew like the down of a  
 thistle;  
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out  
 of sight,  
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a  
 good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

#### INTRODUCTION TO "SONGS OF INNOCENCE."

PIPING down the valleys wild,  
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
 On a cloud I saw a child,  
 And he laughing said to me:  
 "Pipe a song about a lamb!"  
 So I piped with merry cheer.  
 "Piper, pipe that song again;"  
 So I piped; he wept to hear.  
 "Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;  
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"  
 So I sang the same again,  
 While he wept with joy to hear.  
 "Piper, sit thee down and write  
 In a book, that all may read."  
 So he vanish'd from my sight;  
 And I pluck'd a hollow reed,  
 And I made a rural pen,  
 And I stain'd the water clear,  
 And I wrote my happy songs  
 Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

*THE MAY QUEEN.*

You must wake and call me early, call me  
early, mother dear ;  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all  
the glad New-year ;  
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the  
maddest, merriest day ;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say,  
but none so bright as mine ;  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate  
and Caroline :  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the  
land, they say,  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I  
shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud, when the day  
begins to break :  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and  
buds and garlands gay,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye  
should I see,  
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath  
the hazel tree ?  
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I  
gave him yesterday—  
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I  
was all in white,  
And I ran by him without speaking, like  
a flash of light.  
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not  
what they say,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that  
can never be :

They say his heart is breaking, mother—  
what is that to me ?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any  
summer day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to  
the green,  
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me  
made the queen ;  
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill  
come from far away,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has  
wov'n its wavy bowers,  
And by the meadow-trenches blow the  
faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like  
fire in swamps and hollows gray,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother.  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother,  
upon the meadow grass,  
And the happy stars above them seem to  
brighten as they pass ;  
There will not be a drop of rain the whole  
of the livelong day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and  
green and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over  
all the hill,  
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill  
merrily glance and play,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call  
me early, mother dear,  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all  
the glad New-year :  
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the mad-  
dest, merriest day,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

*NEW-YEAR'S EVE.*

If you're waking call me early, call me  
early, mother dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad  
New-year.

It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,  
Then you may lay me low if the mould and  
think no more of me.



To night I saw the sun set: he set and left  
behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and  
all my peace of mind;  
And the New-year's coming up, mother,  
but I shall never see  
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf  
upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we  
had a merry day;  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they  
made me Queen of May;  
And we danced about the may-pole and in  
the hazel copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the  
tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the  
frost is on the pane:  
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come  
again:  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun  
come out on high:  
I long to see a flower so before the day I  
die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy  
tall elm tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow  
lea,  
And the swallow 'ill come back again with  
summer o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the  
mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that  
grave of mine,  
In the early early morning the summer  
sun 'ill shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm  
upon the hill,  
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and  
all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother,  
beneath the waning light  
You'll never see me more in the long gray  
fields at night;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer  
airs blow cool  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and  
the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath  
the hawthorn shade,  
And you'll come sometimes and see me  
where I am lowly laid.  
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear  
you when you pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long  
and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll  
forgive me now;  
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive  
me ere I go;  
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your  
grief be wild,  
You should not fret for me, mother, you  
have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out  
my resting-place;  
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look  
upon your face;  
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken  
what you say,  
And be often, often with you when you  
think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said  
good-night for evermore,  
And you see me carried out from the  
threshold of the door;  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave  
be growing green:  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I  
have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the gran-  
ary floor:  
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall  
never garden more:  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the  
rose-bush that I set  
About the parlor-window, and the box of  
mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before  
the day is born.  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at  
morn;  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad  
New-year,  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early,  
mother dear.

## CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet  
alive I am ;

And in the fields all round I hear the  
bleating of the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning  
of the year !

To die before the snow-drop came, and now  
the violet's here.

Oh, sweet is the new violet, that comes be-  
neath the skies,

And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to  
me that cannot rise,

And sweet is all the land about, and all  
the flowers that blow,

And sweeter far is death than life to me  
that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave  
the blessed sun,

And now it seems as hard to stay ; and yet,  
His will be done !

But still I think it can't be long before I  
find release ;

And that good man, the clergyman, has  
told me words of peace.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice and on his  
silver hair,

And blessings on his whole life long, until  
he meet me there !

Oh, blessings on his kindly heart and on his  
silver head !

A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt  
beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd  
me all the sin.

Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's  
One will let me in ;

Nor would I now be well, mother, again,  
if that could be,

For my desire is but to pass to Him that  
died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the  
death-watch beat,

There came a sweeter token when the night  
and morning meet ;

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put  
your hand in mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell  
the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard  
the angels call ;

It was when the moon was setting, and the  
dark was over all ;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind  
began to roll,

And in the wild March-morning I heard  
them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you  
and Effie dear ;

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no  
longer here ;

With all my strength I pray'd for both,  
and so I felt resign'd,

And up the valley came a swell of music  
on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd  
in my bed,

And then did something speak to me—I  
know not what was said,

For great delight and shuddering took  
hold of all my mind,

And up the valley came again the music  
on the wind.

But you were sleeping, and I said, "It's  
not for them, it's mine ;"

And if it comes three times, I thought, I  
take it for a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside  
the window-bars,

Then seem'd to go right up to heaven and  
die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust  
it is. I know

The blessed music went that way my soul  
will have to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go  
to-day,

But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I  
am pass'd away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell  
him not to fret ;

There's many a worthier than I would  
make him happy yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might  
have been his wife,

But all these things have ceased to be, with  
my desire of life.

Oh, look! the sun begins to rise, the heav-  
 ens are in a glow;  
 He shines upon a hundred fields, and all  
 of them I know.  
 And there I move no longer now, and  
 there his light may shine—  
 Wild flowers in the valley for other hands  
 than mine.

Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me, that  
 ere this day is done  
 The voice, that now is speaking, may be  
 beyond the sun,  
 For ever and for ever with those just souls  
 and true;  
 And what is life that we should moan?  
 why make we such ado?  
 For ever and for ever, all in a blessed  
 home,  
 And there to wait a little while till you  
 and Effie come,  
 To lie within the light of God, as I lie  
 upon your breast,  
 And the wicked cease from troubling, and  
 the weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,  
 Sewing as long as her eyes could see;  
 Then smoothed her work and folded it  
 right,  
 And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-  
 night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her  
 head,  
 Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed,  
 She said, as she watched their curious  
 flight,  
 "Little black things, good-night, good-  
 night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,  
 The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the  
 road;  
 All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,  
 "Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"  
 Though she saw him there like a ball of  
 light;  
 For she knew he had God's time to keep  
 All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;  
 The violets curtsied, and went to bed;  
 And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
 And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,  
 She knew nothing more till again it was  
 day;  
 And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
 "Good-morning, good-morning! our work  
 is begun."

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (Lord Houghton).



The lillies blossom in the fovea  
The bird builds in the tree,  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea,  
The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
A sweeter memory blow  
And there in spring the viceries sing  
The song of long ago,

John Greenleaf Whittier



# POEMS

OF

## MEMORY AND RETROSPECTION.

---

### *I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.*

I REMEMBER, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn :  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,  
The roses, red and white ;  
The violets and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light !  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to swing ;  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing :  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,  
The fir trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky :  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

### *THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.*

I LOVE it, I love it ; and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize :  
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd  
it with sighs.  
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my  
heart ;  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
Would ye learn the spell ?—a mother sat  
there ;  
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near  
The hallow'd seat with listening ear ;  
And gentle words that mother would give  
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.  
She told me shame would never betide,  
With truth for my creed and God for my  
guide ;  
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim, and her locks  
were gray :  
And I almost worshipp'd her when she  
smiled,  
And turn'd from her Bible, to bless her  
child.

Years roll'd on : but the last one sped—  
My idol was shatter'd ; my earth-star fled :  
I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now  
With quivering breath and throbbing  
brow :

'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there  
she died:

And Memory flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding drops start down my  
cheek;

But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

### ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in  
your flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night!  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my  
hair;

Over my slumbers your loving watch  
keep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to  
sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the  
years!

I am so weary of toil and of tears,—  
Toil without recompense, tears all in  
vain,—

Take them, and give me my childhood  
again!

I have grown weary of dust and decay,—  
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to  
sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother! O mother! my heart calls for you!  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossom'd, and faded our faces between,  
Yet with strong yearning and passionate  
pain

Long I to-night for your presence again.  
Come from the silence so long and so  
deep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to  
sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has shone;  
No other worship abides and endures,—  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:

None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-weary  
brain.

Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids  
creep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to  
sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted  
with gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old;  
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;  
For with its sunny-edged shadows once  
more

Haply will throng the sweet visions of  
yore;

Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to  
sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been  
long

Since I last listen'd your lullaby song:  
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been only a  
dream.

Clasp'd to your heart in a loving embrace.  
With your light lashes just sweeping my  
face,

Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to  
sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

### THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of  
my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them  
to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled  
wild wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy  
knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill  
which stood by it,

The bridge and the rock where the cat-  
aract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh  
it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung  
in the well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in  
the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a  
treasure ;

For often, at noon, when return'd from  
the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite  
pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that Nature can  
yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that  
were glowing !

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom  
it fell ;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-  
flowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from  
the well :

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,

The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the  
well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to  
receive it,

As poised on the curb it inclined to my  
lips !

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me  
to leave it,

Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupi-  
ter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved  
situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's planta-  
tion,

And sighs for the bucket which hangs  
in the well :

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,

The moss-cover'd bucket, which hangs in  
the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

### WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough!

In youth it shelter'd me,

And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot ;  
There, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea—  
And would'st thou hew it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;  
Oh, spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,  
I sought its grateful shade ;  
In all their gushing joy  
Here, too, my sisters play'd.  
My mother kiss'd me here ;  
My father press'd my hand—  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend !  
Here shall the wild bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree ! the storm still brave !  
And, woodman, leave the spot ;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

### THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BETWEEN the broad fields of wheat and  
corn

Is the lowly home where I was born ;  
The peach tree leans against the wall,  
And the woodbine wanders over all ;  
There is the shaded doorway still,  
But a stranger's foot has cross'd the sill.

There is the barn, and, as of yore,  
I can smell the hay from the open door,  
And see the busy swallows throng,  
And hear the pewee's mournful song ;  
But the stranger comes — oh, painful  
proof!—

His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees  
Where my childhood knew long hours of  
ease.



And watch'd the shadowy moments run  
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun :  
The swing from the bough still sweeps the  
air,

But the stranger's children are swinging  
there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,  
With its bulrush brook where the hazels  
grow ;

'Twas there I found the calamus root,  
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,  
And heard the robin lave his wing :—  
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O ye who daily cross the sill,  
Step lightly, for I love it still ;  
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,  
Then think what countless harvest sheaves  
Have pass'd within that scented door  
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees ;  
And when your children crowd your knees,  
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,  
As if old memories stirr'd their heart :  
To youthful sport still leave the swing,  
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashion'd country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw :  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—

"Forever—never !  
Never—forever !"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—

"Forever—never !  
Never—forever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,

Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—  
"Forever—never !  
Never—forever !"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood.  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
"Forever—never !  
Never—forever !"

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality ;  
His great fires up the chimney roar'd ;  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—  
"Forever—never !  
Never—forever !"

There groups of merry children play'd,  
There youths and maidens dreaming  
stray'd ;  
O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
"Forever—never !  
Never—forever !"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding-  
night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that follow'd the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
"Forever—never !  
Never—forever !"

All are scatter'd now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask with throbs of pain,  
"Ah ! when shall they all meet again,  
As in the days long since gone by?"  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
"Forever—never !  
Never—forever !"

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,

And death, and time shall disappear,—  
 Forever there, but never here!  
 The horologe of Eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly,—  
     "Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful  
 school-days;  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom  
 cronies;  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women:  
 Closed are her doors on me; I must not  
 see her;  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no  
 man;  
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar  
 faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of  
 my childhood;  
 Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a  
 brother,  
 Why wert not thou born in my father's  
 dwelling?  
 So might we talk of the old familiar  
 faces—

How some they have died, and some they  
 have left me,  
 And some are taken from me; all are de-  
 parted,—  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

### OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me;  
 The smiles, the tears,  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken;  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken!  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends, so link'd together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather;  
 I feel like one,  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed!  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

### SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,  
 Of wild and careless play,  
 And persuade myself that I am not old,  
 And my locks are not yet gray;  
 For it stirs the blood in an old man's  
 heart,  
 And makes his pulses fly,  
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
 And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walk'd the world for fourscore  
 years;  
 And they say that I am old,  
 That my heart is ripe for the reaper,  
 Death,  
 And my years are wellnigh told.

It is very true ; it is very true ;  
 I'm old, and I "bide my time ;"  
 But my heart will leap at a scene like  
 this,  
 And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on ; I am with you there,  
 In the midst of your merry ring ;  
 I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
 And the rush of the breathless swing.  
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
 And I whoop the smother'd call,  
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,  
 And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall  
 come,  
 And I shall be glad to go ;  
 For the world at best is a weary place,  
 And my pulse is getting low ;  
 But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail  
 In treading its gloomy way ;  
 And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,  
 To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

### — — — TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wander'd to the village, Tom, I've sat  
 beneath the tree,  
 Upon the school-house play-ground, which  
 shelter'd you and me ;  
 But none were there to greet me, Tom, and  
 few were left to know,  
 That play'd with us upon the grass some  
 twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom—barefooted  
 boys at play,  
 Were sporting just as we did then, with  
 spirits just as gay ;  
 But the "master" sleeps upon the hill,  
 which, coated o'er with snow,  
 Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty  
 years ago.

The old school-house is alter'd some, the  
 benches are replaced  
 By new ones, very like the same our pen-  
 knives had defaced ;  
 But the same old bricks are in the wall,  
 the bell swings to and fro,  
 It's music, just the same, dear Tom, 'twas  
 twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game,  
 beneath the same old tree—  
 I do forget the name just now ; you've  
 play'd the same with me

On that same spot ; 'twas play'd with knives,  
 by throwing so and so,  
 The loser had a task to do, there, just  
 twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still, the willows  
 on its side  
 Are larger than they were, Tom, the  
 stream appears less wide ;  
 But the grapevine swing is ruin'd now  
 where once we play'd the beau,  
 And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"  
 —just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,  
 close by the spreading beech,  
 Is very low—'twas once so high that we  
 could almost reach ;  
 And kneeling down to get a drink, dear  
 Tom, I even started so !  
 To see how much that I am changed since  
 twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know  
 I cut your name,  
 Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,  
 and you did mine the same—  
 Some heartless wretch had peel'd the bark,  
 'twas dying sure but slow,  
 Just as the one whose name was cut, died  
 twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears  
 came in my eyes,  
 I thought of her I loved so well—those  
 early broken ties—  
 I visited the old churchyard, and took  
 some flowers to strew  
 Upon the graves of those we loved, some  
 twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some  
 sleep beneath the sea,  
 But few are left of our old class, except-  
 ing you and me,  
 And when our time is come, Tom, and we  
 are call'd to go,  
 I hope they'll lay us where we play'd, just  
 twenty years ago.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

## SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

"Floreat Etona."

TWELVE years ago I made a mock  
Of filthy trades and traffics:  
I wonder'd what they meant by stock;  
I wrote delightful sapphics;  
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,  
I supp'd with Fates and Furies;  
Twelve years ago I was a boy,  
A happy boy at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought  
Of faded ruins and pleasures  
Those whisper'd syllables have brought  
From Memory's hoarded treasures!  
The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,  
The glories and disgraces,  
The voices of dear friends, the looks  
Of old familiar faces!

Kind Mater smiles again to me,  
As bright as when we parted;  
I seem again the frank, the free,  
Stout-limb'd and simple-hearted!  
Pursuing every idle dream,  
And shunning every warning:  
With no hard work but Bovney stream,  
No chill except Long Morning:

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball  
That rattled like a rocket;  
Now hearing Wentworth's "Fourteen all!"  
And striking for the pocket;  
Now feasting on a cheese and fitch,—  
Now drinking from the pewter;  
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,  
Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends? I am alone;  
No playmate shares my beaker:  
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,  
And some—before the Speaker;  
And some compose a tragedy,  
And some compose a rondo;  
And some draw sword for Liberty,  
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes  
Without the fear of sessions;  
Charles Medlar loath'd false quantities,  
As much as false professions;  
Now Mill keeps order in the land,  
A magistrate pedantic;

And Medlar's feet repose unscann'd  
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,  
Does Dr. Martext's duty;  
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,  
Is married to a beauty;  
And Darrel studies, week by week,  
His Mant, and not his Manton;  
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,  
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now;—  
The world's cold chains have bound me;  
And darker shades are on my brow,  
And sadder scenes around me:  
In Parliament I fill my seat,  
With many other noodles;  
And lay my head in Jermyn street,  
And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life  
Have set my temples aching,  
When visions haunt me of a wife,  
When duns await my waking,  
When Lady Jane is in a pet,  
Or Hoby in a hurry,  
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,  
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry,—

For hours and hours I think and talk  
Of each remember'd hobby;  
I long to lounge in Poets' Walk,  
To shiver in the lobby;  
I wish that I could run away  
From House, and Court, and Levee,  
Where bearded men appear to-day  
Just Eton boys, grown heavy,—

That I could bask in childhood's sun,  
And dance o'er childhood's roses,  
And find huge wealth in one pound one,  
Vast wit in broken noses,  
And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,  
And call the milkmaids Houris,—  
That I could be a boy again,—  
A happy boy,—at Drury's.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

## A REFLECTIVE RETROSPECT.

'Tis twenty years, and something more,  
Since, all athirst for useful knowledge,

I took some draughts of classic lore,  
 Drawn very mild, at —rd College;  
 Yet I remember all that one  
 Could wish to hold in recollection;  
 The boys, the joys, the noise, the fun;  
 But not a single Conic Section.

I recollect those harsh affairs,  
 The morning bells, that gave us panics;  
 I recollect the formal prayers,  
 That seemed like lessons in Mechanics;  
 I recollect the drowsy way  
 In which the students listen'd to them,  
 As clearly, in my wig, to-day,  
 As when a boy I slumber'd through  
 them.

I recollect the tutors all  
 As freshly now, if I may say so,  
 As any chapter I recall,  
 In Homer or Ovidius Naso.  
 I recollect extremely well  
 "Old Hugh," the mildest of fanatics;  
 I well remember Matthew Bell,  
 But very faintly Mathematics.

I recollect the prizes paid  
 For lessons fathom'd to the bottom;  
 (Alas that pencil-marks should fade!)  
 I recollect the chaps who got 'em,—  
 The light equestrians who soar'd  
 O'er every passage reckon'd stony;  
 And took the chalks,—but never scored  
 A single honor to the pony!

Ah me! what changes Time has wrought,  
 And how predictions have miscarried!  
 A few have reach'd the goal they sought,  
 And some are dead, and some are mar-  
 ried!

And some in city journals war;  
 And some as politicians bicker;  
 And some are pleading at the bar—  
 For jury-verdicts, or for liquor!

And some on Trade and Commerce wait;  
 And some in school with dunces battle;  
 And some the gospel propagate;  
 And some the choicest breeds of cattle;  
 And some are living at their ease;  
 And some were wreck'd in "the revul-  
 sion;"  
 Some serve the State for handsome fees,  
 And one, I hear, upon compulsion!

LAMONT, who, in his college days,  
 Thought e'en a cross a moral scandal,  
 Has left his Puritanic ways,  
 And worships now with bell and candle;  
 And MANN, who mourn'd the negro's  
 fate,  
 And held the slave as most unlucky,  
 Now holds him, at the market rate,  
 On a plantation in Kentucky!

TOM KNOX—who swore in such a tone  
 It fairly might be doubted whether  
 It was really himself alone,  
 Or *Knox* and Erebus together—  
 Has grown a very alter'd man,  
 And, changing oaths for mild entreaty,  
 Now recommends the Christian plan  
 To savages in Otaheite!

Alas for young ambition's vow!  
 How envious Fate may overthrow it!—  
 Poor HARVEY is in Congress now,  
 Who struggled long to be a poet;  
 SMITH carves (quite well) memorial  
 stones,  
 Who tried in vain to make the law go;  
 HALL deals in hides; and "Pious Jones"  
 Is dealing faro in Chicago!

And, sadder still, the brilliant HAYS,  
 Once honest, manly, and ambitious,  
 Has taken latterly to ways  
 Extremely profligate and vicious;  
 By slow degrees—I can't tell how—  
 He's reach'd at last the very groundsel,  
 And in New York he figures now,  
 A member of the Common Council!

JOHN G. SAXE.

### THE BOYS.

HAS there any old fellow got mix'd with  
 the boys?  
 If there has, take him out, without mak-  
 ing a noise.  
 Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Cata-  
 logue's spite!  
 Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!  
 We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says  
 we are more?  
 He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him  
 the door!

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white*,  
if we please;  
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's  
nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the  
mistake!  
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a  
flake!  
We want some new garlands for those we  
have shed,—  
And these are white roses in place of the  
red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may  
have been told,  
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:  
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we  
call "Judge";—  
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all  
fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on  
the right;  
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you  
to-night?  
That's our "Member of Congress," we say  
when we chaff;  
There's the "Reverend" What's his name?  
—don't make me laugh!

That boy with the grave mathematical  
look  
Made believe he had written a wonderful  
book,  
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was  
*true*!  
So they chose him right in,—a good joke  
it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-  
decker brain,  
That could harness a team with a logical  
chain;  
When he spoke for our manhood in syl-  
labled fire,  
We call'd him "The Justice," but now  
he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent  
pith,—  
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him  
Smith;

But he shouted a song for the brave and  
the free,—  
Just read on his medal, "My country,"  
"of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think  
he's all fun;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he  
has done;  
The children laugh loud as they troop to  
his call,  
And the poor man that knows him laughs  
loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with  
tongue or with pen;  
And I sometimes have ask'd, Shall we ever  
be men?  
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing.  
and gay,  
Till the last dear companion drops smil-  
ing away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and  
its gray!  
The stars of its winter, the dews of its  
'May!  
And when we have done with our life-last-  
ing toys,  
Dear Father, take care of thy children.  
THE BOYS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

### AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne?  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!  
And surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,  
And pou'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt  
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paid'd in the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!  
And gie's a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

ROBERT BURNS.

### MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
Their song was soft and low;  
The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
The-orchard birds sang clear;  
The sweetest and the saddest day  
It seem'd of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
My playmate left her home,  
And took with her the laughing spring,  
The music and the bloom.

She kiss'd the lips of kith and kin,  
She laid her hand in mine:  
What more could ask the bashful boy  
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:  
The constant years told o'er  
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,  
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round  
Of uneventful years;  
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year  
Her summer roses blow;  
The dusky children of the sun  
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewell'd hands  
She smooths her silken gown,—  
No more the homespun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make sweet  
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
The bird builds in the tree,  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems,—  
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:  
Does she remember mine?  
And what to her is now the boy  
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build  
For other eyes than ours,—  
That other hands with nuts are fill'd,  
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!  
Our mossy seat is green,  
Its fringing violets blossom yet,  
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
A sweeter memory blow;  
And there in spring the veeries sing  
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea,—  
The moaning of the sea of change  
Between myself and thee!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

*I HAE NAEBOODY NOW.*

I HAE naebody now, I hae naebody now,  
 To meet me upon the green,  
 Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,  
 An' joy in her deep blue e'en;  
 Wi' the raptured kiss, an' the happy smile,  
 An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,  
 An' the wee bit tale o' news the while  
 That had happen'd when I was away.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now,  
 To clasp to my bosom at even,  
 O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,  
 An' pray for a blessing from Heaven;  
 An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face,  
 In the morning that met my eye,  
 Where are they now? where are they now?  
 In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens, there's naebody kens,  
 An' oh, may they never prove,  
 That sharpest degree o' agony  
 For the child o' their earthly love.  
 To see a flower, in its vernal hour,  
 By slow degrees decay,  
 Then calmly aneath the hand o' death,  
 Breathe its sweet soul away!

Oh, dinna break, my poor auld heart,  
 Nor at thy loss repine,  
 For the unseen hand that threw the dart  
 Was sent frae her Father and thine.  
 Yet I maun mourn, an' I will mourn,  
 Even till my latest day,  
 For though my darling can never return,  
 I shall follow thee soon away.

JAMES HOGG.

*THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.*

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud  
 had lower'd,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in  
 the sky,  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground  
 overpower'd,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to  
 die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of  
 straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded  
 the slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dream'd it  
 again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful  
 array,

Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:  
 'Twas Autumn, and sunshine arose on the  
 way

To the home of my fathers, that wel-  
 comed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom  
 was young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating  
 aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-  
 reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly  
 I swore

From my home and my weeping friends  
 never to part;  
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times  
 o'er,  
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness  
 of heart.

"Stay, stay with us; rest,—thou art weary  
 and worn!"

And fain was their war-broken soldier  
 to stay,

But sorrow return'd with the dawning of  
 morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted  
 away.

THOMAS CAMPELL.

*BINGEN ON THE RHINE.*

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in  
 Algiers,

There was lack of woman's nursing, there  
 was dearth of woman's tears,

But a comrade stood beside him, while his  
 life-blood ebb'd away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear  
 what he might say.

The dying soldier falter'd as he took that  
 comrade's hand,

And he said, "I never more shall see my  
 own, my native land;

Take a message and a token to some dis-  
 tant friends of mine,

For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on  
 the Rhine.



"Tell my brothers and companions, when  
they meet and crowd around  
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant  
vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely, and  
when the day was done  
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale be-  
neath the setting sun.

And 'midst the dead and dying were some  
grown old in wars,  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts,  
the last of many scars;  
But some were young, and suddenly beheld  
life's morn decline,  
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bin-  
gen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall  
comfort her old age,  
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought  
his home a cage,  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a  
child  
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of  
struggles fierce and wild;  
And when he died, and left us to divide  
his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would, but  
kept my father's sword,  
And with boyish love I hung it where the  
bright light used to shine  
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bin-  
gen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and  
sob with drooping head,  
When the troops are marching home again  
with glad and gallant tread,  
But to look upon them proudly, with a  
calm and steadfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier too, and not  
afraid to die.  
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her  
in my name  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or  
shame,  
And to hang the old sword in its place  
(my father's sword and mine),  
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bin-  
gen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister: in the  
happy days gone by,  
You'd have known her by the merriment  
that sparkled in her eye;  
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for  
idle scorning,  
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes  
sometimes heaviest mourning;

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere  
the moon be risen  
My body will be out of pain—my soul be  
out of prison),  
I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the  
yellow sunlight shine  
On the vineclad hills of Bingen—fair  
Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I  
heard, or seemed to hear,  
The German songs we used to sing, in  
chorus sweet and clear,  
And down the pleasant river, and up the  
slanting hill,  
The echoing chorus sounded through the  
evening calm and still;  
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we  
pass'd with friendly talk  
Down many a path beloved of yore, and  
well-remember'd walk,  
And her little hand lay lightly, confid-  
ingly in mine;  
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved  
Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser—his  
grasp was childish weak—  
His eyes put on a dying look—he sigh'd  
and ceased to speak;  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark  
of life had fled—  
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign  
land was dead!  
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and  
calmly she look'd down  
On the red sand of the battle-field, with  
bloody corpses strown;  
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her  
pale light seem'd to shine,  
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bin-  
gen on the Rhine.

CAROLINE NORTON.

*THE CHESS-BOARD.*

My little love, do you remember,  
 Ere we were grown so sadly wise,  
 Those evenings in the bleak December,  
 Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,  
 When you and I play'd chess together,  
 Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah, still I see your soft white hand  
 Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.

Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand :  
 The double Castles guard the wings :  
 The Bishop, bent on distant things,  
 Moves sidling through the fight.

Our fingers touch ; our glances meet,  
 And falter ; falls your golden hair  
 Against my cheek ; your bosom sweet  
 Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen  
 Rides slow her soldiery all between,  
 And checks me unaware.

Ah me ! the little battle's done,  
 Dispersed is all its chivalry ;  
 Full many a move since then have we  
 Mid Life's perplexing checkers made,  
 And many a game with Fortune play'd,—  
 What is it we have won ?

This, this at least—if this alone ;—  
 That never, never, never more,  
 As in those old still nights of yore  
 (Ere we were grown so sadly wise),  
 Can you and I shut out the skies,  
 Shut out the world, and wintry weather,  
 And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,  
 Play chess, as then we play'd, together !

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

*THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.*

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what  
 they mean,  
 Tears from the depth of some divine de-  
 spair  
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
 In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
 And thinking of the days that are no  
 more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a  
 sail,  
 That brings our friends up from the un-  
 der-world,  
 Sad as the last which reddens over one  
 That sinks with all we love below the verge ;  
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer  
 dawns  
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering  
 square ;  
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no  
 more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy  
 feign'd  
 On lips that are for others : deep as love,  
 Deep as first love, and wild with all re-  
 gret ;  
 Oh, death in life ! the days that are no  
 more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU  
WELCOME THE HOUR.*

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome  
 the hour  
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in  
 your bower,  
 Then think of the friend who once wel-  
 comed it too.  
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with  
 you.  
 His griefs may return—not a hope may re-  
 main  
 Of the few that have brighten'd his path-  
 way of pain—  
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that  
 threw  
 Its enchantment around him while linger-  
 ing with you !  
 And still on that evening, when pleasure  
 fills up  
 To the highest top-sparkle each heart and  
 each cup,  
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or  
 bright,  
 My soul, happy friends ! shall be with you  
 that night—  
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and  
 your wiles,  
 And return to me beaming all o'er with  
 your smiles ;

Too blest if it tells me that, mid the gay  
cheer,  
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish  
he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of  
joy,

Bright dreams of the past, which she can-  
not destroy!

Which come in the night-time of sorrow  
and care,

And bring back the features that joy used  
to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memo-  
ries fill'd!

Like the vase in which roses have once  
been distill'd;

You may break, you may ruin the vase if  
you will.

But the scent of the roses will hang round  
it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted

In silence and tears,

Half broken-hearted,

To sever for years,

Pale grew thy cheek and cold,

Colder thy kiss;

Truly that hour foretold

Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning

Sunk chill on my brow—

It felt like the warning

Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,

And light is thy fame;

I hear thy name spoken,

And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,

A knell to mine ear;

A shudder comes o'er me—

Why wert thou so dear?

They know not I knew thee,

Who knew thee too well:—

Long, long shall I rue thee,

Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—

In silence I grieve,

That thy heart could forget,

Thy spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee

After long years,

How should I greet thee?—

With silence and tears.

LORD BYRON.

#### LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,

Where we sat side by side

On a bright May mornin' long ago,

When first you were my bride;

The corn was springin' fresh and green,

And the lark sang loud and high;

And the red was on your lip, Mary,

And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;

The day is bright as then;

The lark's loud song is in my ear,

And the corn is green again;

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,

And your breath, warm on my cheek;

And I still keep list'nin' for the words

You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,

And the little church stands near—

The church where we were wed, Mary;

I see the spire from here.

But the graveyard lies between, Mary,

And my step might break your rest—

For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,

With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,

For the poor make no new friends;

But, oh! they love the better still

The few our Father sends!

And you were all I had, Mary—

My blessin' and my pride:

There's nothing left to care for now,

Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,

That still kept hoping on,

When the trust in God had left my soul,

And my arm's young strength was  
gone;

There was comfort ever on your lip,

And the kind look on your brow—

I bless you, Mary, for that same,

Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile  
 When your heart was fit to break—  
 When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,  
 And you hid it for my sake;  
 I bless you for the pleasant word,  
 When your heart was sad and sore—  
 Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
 Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
 My Mary—kind and true!  
 But I'll not forget you, darling,  
 In the land I'm goin' to;  
 They say there's bread and work for all,  
 And the sun shines always there—  
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods  
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
 And my heart will travel back again  
 To the place where Mary lies!  
 And I'll think I see the little stile  
 Where we sat side by side,  
 And the springin' corn, and the bright  
 May morn,  
 When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

### THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin  
 That never has known the barber's  
 shear,  
 All your wish is woman to win,  
 This is the way that boys begin,—  
 Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,  
 Billing and cooing is all your cheer;  
 Sighing and singing of midnight strains,  
 Under Bonnybell's window-panes,—  
 Wait till you come to Forty Year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,  
 Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—  
 Then you know a boy is an ass,  
 Then you know the worth of a lass,  
 Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,  
 All good fellows whose beards are grey,  
 Did not the fairest of the fair  
 Common grow and wearisome ere  
 Ever a month was pass'd away?

The reddest lips that ever have kiss'd,  
 The brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
 May pray and whisper, and we not list,  
 Or look away, and never be miss'd,  
 Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier!  
 How I loved her twenty years syne!  
 Marian's married, but I sit here  
 Alone and merry at Forty Year,  
 Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHÉRICAL, MALABAR.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!  
 What vanity has brought thee here?  
 How can I love to see thee shine  
 So bright, whom I have bought so  
 dear?—

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,  
 For twilight converse, arm in arm;  
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear  
 When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chérical's dark wandering streams,  
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,  
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams  
 Of Teviot, loved while still a child,  
 Of castled rocks stupendous piled  
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,  
 Where loves of youth and friendship  
 smiled,  
 Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory  
 fade!—  
 The perish'd bliss of youth's first  
 prime,

That once so bright on fancy play'd,  
 Revives no more in after time.  
 Far from my sacred natal clime,  
 I haste to an untimely grave;  
 The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime  
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light  
 Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.  
 A gentle vision comes by night  
 My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;  
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,  
 That once were guiding stars to mine:

Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!  
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,  
I left a heart that loved me true!  
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,  
To roam in climes unkind and new.  
The cold wind of the stranger blew  
Chill on my wither'd heart: the grave  
Dark and untimely met my view,—  
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock  
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,  
Now that his frame the lightning shock  
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?  
From love, from friendship, country, torn,  
To memory's fond regrets the prey;  
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!  
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

JOHN LEYDEN.

### BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold, gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
Oh, well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To the haven under the hill;  
But oh, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it has ceased to move:  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—  
Such thoughts would shake my soul, nor  
*now*,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake)  
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*  
The land of honorable death  
Is here:—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.

LORD BYRON.

### OLD LETTERS.

OLD LETTERS! wipe away the tear  
For vows and hopes so vainly worded?  
A pilgrim finds his journal here  
Since first his youthful loins were girded.

Yes, here are wails from Clapham Grove,  
How could philosophy expect us  
To live with Dr. Wise, and love  
Rice-pudding and the Greek Delectus?

Explain why childhood's path is sown  
With moral and scholastic tin-tacks;

Ere sin original was known,  
 Did Adam groan beneath the syntax?  
 How strange to parley with the dead!  
*Keep ye your green*, wan leaves? How  
 many  
 From Friendship's tree untimely shed!  
 And here is one as sad as any;  
 A ghastly bill! "I disapprove,"  
 And yet She helped me to defray it—  
 What tokens of a mother's love!  
 Oh, bitter thought! I can't repay it.  
 And here's the offer that I wrote  
 In '33 to Lucy Diver;  
 And here John Wylie's begging note,—  
 He never paid me back a stiver.  
 And here my feud with Major Spike,  
 Our bet about the French Invasion;  
 I must confess I acted like  
 A donkey upon that occasion.  
 Here's news from Paternoster Row!  
 How mad I was when first I learn'd it:  
 They would not take my book, and now  
 I'd give a trifle to have burnt it.

And here a pile of notes, at last,  
 With "love," and "dove," and "sever,"  
 "never:"

Though hope, though passion may be past,  
 Their perfume is as sweet as ever.

A human heart should beat for two,  
 Despite the scoffs of single scorers;  
 And all the hearths I ever knew  
 Had got a pair of chimney corners.

See here a double violet—  
 Two locks of hair—a deal of scandal;  
 I'll burn what only brings regret—  
 Go, Betty, fetch a lighted candle.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

### THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,  
 For which no rhyme our language yields,  
 Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—  
 The New Street of the Little Fields.  
 And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,  
 But still in comfortable case;  
 The which in youth I oft attended,  
 To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—  
 A sort of soup or broth, or brew,  
 Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,  
 That Greenwich never could outdo;  
 Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,  
 Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:  
 All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern,  
 In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis;  
 And true philosophers, methinks,  
 Who love all sorts of natural beauties,  
 Should love good victuals and good  
 drinks.  
 And Cordelier or Benedictine  
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,  
 Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,  
 Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?  
 Yes, here the lamp is, as before;  
 The smiling red-cheek'd écaillère is  
 Still opening oysters at the door.  
 Is TERRÉ still alive and able?  
 I recollect his droll grimace:  
 He'd come and smile before your table  
 And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.  
 "How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"  
 The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—  
 "Monsieur is dead this many a day."  
 "It is the lot of saint and sinner,  
 So honest TERRÉ's run his race."  
 "What will Monsieur require for din-  
 ner?"  
 "Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's an-  
 swer;  
 "Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"  
 "Tell me a good one."—"That I can, sir:  
 The Chambertin with yellow seal."  
 "So TERRÉ's gone," I say, and sink in  
 My old accustom'd corner-place;  
 "He's done with feasting and with drink-  
 ing,  
 With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustom'd corner here is,  
 The table still is in the nook;  
 Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is  
 This well-known chair since last I  
 took.

When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,  
 I'd scarce a beard upon my face,  
 And now, a grizzled, grim old foggy,  
 I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty  
 Of early days here met to dine?  
 Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—  
 I'll pledge them in the good old wine.  
 The kind old voices and old faces  
 My memory can quick retrace;  
 Around the board they take their places,  
 And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage;  
 There's laughing TOM is laughing yet;  
 There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage;

There's poor old FRED in the Gazette;  
 On JAMES's head the grass is growing:  
 Good Lord! the world has wagg'd apace  
 Since here we set the Claret flowing,  
 And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!  
 I mind me of a time that's gone,  
 When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
 In this same place—but not alone.  
 A fair young form was nestled near me,  
 A dear, dear face look'd fondly up,  
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.

—There's no one now to share my cup.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 I drink it as the Fates ordain it.

Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:  
 Fill up the lonely glass and drain it  
 In memory of dear old times.  
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;  
 And sit you down and say your grace  
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.

—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!  
 WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### WEST POINT.

'Twas Commencement eve, and the ball-room belle  
 In her dazzling beauty was mine that night,

As the music dreamily rose and fell,  
 And the waltzers whirled in a blaze of light:

I can see them now in the moonbeam's glance

Across the street on a billowy floor,  
 That rises and falls with the merry dance,  
 To a music that flows in my heart once more.

A long half hour in the twilight leaves  
 Of the shrubbery: she, with coquettish face,

And dainty arms in their flowing sleeves,  
 A dream of satins and love and lace.  
 In the splendor there of her queenly smile,  
 Through her two bright eyes I could see the glow

Of cathedral windows, as up the aisle  
 We marched to a music's ebb and flow.

All in a dream of Commencement eve!  
 I remember I awkwardly buttoned a glove

On the dainty arm in its flowing sleeve,  
 With a broken sentence of hope and love.

But the diamonds that flashed in her wavy hair,

And the beauty that shone in her faultless face,  
 Are all I recall as I struggled there,  
 A poor brown fly in a web of lace.

Yet a laughing, coquettish face I see,  
 As the moonlight falls on the pavement gray,

I can hear her laugh in the melody  
 Of the waltz's music across the way.  
 And I kept the glove so dainty and small,  
 That I stole as she sipped her lemonade,  
 Till I packed it away I think with all  
 Of those traps I lost in our Northern raid.

But I never can list to that waltz divine,  
 With its golden measure of joy and pain,

But it brings like the flavor of some old wine  
 To my heart the warmth of the past again.

A short flirtation—that's all, you know,  
 Some faded flowers, a silken tress,

The letters I burned up years ago,  
When I heard from her last in the Wil-  
derness.

I suppose, could she see I am maimed and  
old,

She would soften the scorn that was  
changed to hate,

When I chose the bars of the gray and  
gold,

And followed the South to its bitter fate.  
But here's to the lads of the Northern blue,

And here's to the boys of the Southern  
gray,

And I would that the Northern star but  
knew

How the Southern cross is borne to-day.  
L. C. STRONG.

#### THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

THE weary teacher sat alone  
While twilight gathered on ;  
And not a sound was heard around,  
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,  
Unnerved and pale was he ;  
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke  
In sad soliloquy :

"Another round, another round  
Of labor thrown away,—  
Another chain of toil and pain  
Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail is constant zeal,  
Love's sacrifice is loss,  
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn,  
Each evening, into dross.

"I squander on a barren field,  
My strength, my life, my all ;  
The seeds I sow will never grow,  
They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands  
His aching brow he prest ;  
And o'er his frame, ere long there came  
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,  
But started back aghast,—  
The room by strange and sudden change  
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a Senate hall, and one  
Addressed a listening throng ;  
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,  
Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wildered teacher thought he knew  
The speaker's voice and look,  
"And for his name," said he, "the same  
Is in my record-book."

The stately Senate hall dissolved,  
A church rose in its place,  
Wherein there stood a man of God,  
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,  
And though his hair was gray,  
The teacher's thought was strangely  
wrought,  
"I whipped that boy to-day."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon ;  
What saw the teacher then ?  
In classic gloom of alcoved room,  
An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad !" the teacher said,  
Filled with a new surprise—  
"Shall I behold *his* name enrolled  
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home  
The teacher now descried ;  
A mother's face illumed the place  
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle ! a miracle !  
This matron, well I know,  
Was but a wild and careless child  
Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children speaks  
Of duty's golden rule,  
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,  
My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again, and lo,  
The school-house rude and old,  
Upon the wall did darkness fall,  
The evening air was cold.

"A dream !" the sleeper, waking, said,  
Then paced along the floor,  
And, whistling slow and soft and low,  
He locked the school-house door.



And, walking home, his heart was full  
Of peace and trust and love and praise;  
And singing slow and soft and low,  
He murmured, "After many days,"

W. H. VENABLE.

### THE PASTOR'S REVERIE.

THE pastor sits in his easy-chair,  
With the Bible upon his knee,  
From gold to purple the clouds in the west  
Are changing momentarily;  
The shadows lie in the valley below,  
And hide in the curtains' fold;  
And the page grows dim whereon he reads,  
"I remember the days of old."

"Not clear nor dark," as the Scripture  
saith,

The pastor's memories are;  
No day that is gone was shadowless,  
No night was without its star;  
But mingled bitter and sweet hath been

The portion of his cup:  
"The hand that in love hath smitten," he  
saith,

"In love hath bound us up."

Fleet flies his thought over many a field  
Of stubble and snow and bloom,  
And now it trips through a festival,  
And now it halts at a tomb;  
Young faces smile in his reverie  
Of those that are young no more,  
And voices are heard that only come  
With the winds from a far-off shore.

He thinks of the day when first, with fear  
And faltering lips, he stood  
To speak in the sacred place the Word  
To the waiting multitude;  
He walks again to the house of God  
With the voice of joy and praise,  
With many whose feet long time have  
pressed

Heaven's safe and blessed ways.

He enters again the homes of toil,  
And joins in the homely chat;  
He stands in the shop of the artisan;  
He sits, where the Master sat,  
At the poor man's fire and the rich man's  
feast.

But who to-day are the poor,

And who are the rich? Ask Him who  
keeps

The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and grove resound  
With the merry children's din;  
He hears their shout at the Christmas tide,  
When Santa Claus stalks in.  
Once more he lists while the camp-fire  
roars

On the distant mountain-side,  
Or, proving apostleship, plies the brook  
Where the fierce young troutlings hide.

And now he beholds the wedding-train  
To the altar slowly move,  
And the solemn words are said that seal  
The sacrament of love.

Anon at the font he meets once more  
The tremulous youthful pair,  
With a white-robed cherub crowing re-  
sponse  
To the consecrating prayer.

By the couch of pain he kneels again;  
Again, the thin hand lies  
Cold in his palm, while the last far look  
Steals into the steadfast eyes;  
And now the burden of hearts that break  
Lies heavy upon his own—  
The widow's woe and the orphan's cry  
And the desolate mother's moan.

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad,  
Are the days that are no more,  
So mournful sweet are the sounds that  
float

With the winds from a far-off shore.  
For the pastor has learned what meaneth  
the word

That is given him to keep,—  
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
And weep with them that weep."

It is not in vain that he has trod  
This lonely and toilsome way.  
It is not in vain that he has wrought  
In the vineyard all the day;  
For the soul that gives is the soul that  
lives,  
And bearing another's load  
Doth lighten your own, and shorten the  
way  
And brighten the homeward road.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

## THE NABOB.

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,  
 Had trod on thirty years,  
 I sought again my native land  
 Wi' mony hopes and fears.  
 Wha kens gin the dear friends I left  
 May still continue mine?  
 Or gin I e'er again shall taste  
 The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile  
 My heart beat a' the way;  
 Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak  
 O' some dear former day;  
 Those days that follow'd me afar,  
 Those happy days o' mine,  
 Whilk made me think the present joys  
 A' naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye  
 Where minstrels used to blaw;  
 Nae friend stepp'd forth wi' open hand,  
 Nae weel-kenn'd face I saw;  
 Till Donald totter'd to the door,  
 Wham I left in his prime,  
 And grat to see the lad return  
 He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,  
 As if to find them there,  
 I knew where ilk ane used to sit,  
 And hang o'er mony a chair;  
 Till soft remembrance threw a veil  
 Across these e'en o' mine,  
 I closed the door, and sobb'd aloud,  
 To think on auld langsyne.

Some pensy chiels, a new-sprung race,  
 Wad next their welcome pay,  
 Wha shudder'd at my Gothic wa's  
 And wish'd my groves away.  
 "Cut, cut," they cried, "those aged elms;  
 Lay low yon mournfu' pine."  
 Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,  
 Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waeft' thoughts,  
 They took me to the town;  
 But sair on ilka weel-kenn'd face  
 I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.  
 At balls they pointed to a nymph  
 Wham a' declared divine;  
 But sure her mother's blushing cheeks  
 Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound  
 To find that magic art,  
 Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays  
 Has thrill'd through a' my heart.  
 The song had mony an artfu' turn;  
 My ear confess'd 'twas fine;  
 But miss'd the simple melody  
 I listen'd to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,  
 Forgi'e an auld man's spleen,  
 Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still  
 mourns  
 The days he ance has seen.  
 When time has pass'd and seasons fled,  
 Your hearts will feel like mine;  
 And aye the sang will maist delight  
 That minds ye o' langsyne!

SUSANNA BLAIRE.

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

I MIND me of a pleasant time,  
 A season long ago;  
 The pleasantest I've ever known,  
 Or ever now shall know.  
 Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills  
 So merrily did chime;  
 The year was in its sweet spring-tide,  
 And I was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,  
 From every bending spray;  
 I've never pluck'd such primroses,  
 Set thick on bank and brae;  
 I've never smelt such violets  
 As all that pleasant time  
 I found by every hawthorn root—  
 When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,  
 Was gorgeous then and gay  
 With golden gorse—bright blossoming—  
 As none blooms nowadays.  
 The blackbird sings but seldom now  
 Up there in the old lime,  
 Where hours and hours he used to sing—  
 When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then  
 To pierce one through and through;  
 More softly fell the silent shower,  
 More balmily the dew.

The morning mist and evening haze—  
 Unlike this cold gray rime—  
 Seem'd woven warm of golden air  
 When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—  
 Were finely flavor'd then;  
 And nuts—such reddening clusters ripe  
 I ne'er shall pull again;  
 Nor strawberries blushing bright—as rich  
 As fruits of sunniest clime;  
 How all is alter'd for the worse  
 Since I was in my prime!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

### FORGET ME NOT.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades  
 New friends, new hopes, new joys to find,  
 Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,  
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.  
 Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,  
 Must never be my happy lot,  
 But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,  
 Forget me not, forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress  
 Too painful to thy feelings be,  
 Heed not the wish I now express,  
 Nor ever deign to think on me;  
 But, oh, if grief thy steps attend,  
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,  
 And thou require a soothing friend;  
 Forget me not, forget me not!

AMELIA OPTE.

### YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—  
 Both were mine! Life went a-maying  
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
 When I was young!  
 When I was young?—Ah, woful When!  
 Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!  
 This breathing house not built with hands,  
 This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands  
 How lightly then it flash'd along:  
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!

Naught cared this body for wind or weather  
 When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
 Oh the joys, that came down shower-like,  
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
 Ere I was old!

Ere I was old?—Ah, woful Ere,  
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet  
 'Tis known that thou and I were one,  
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
 It cannot be, that thou art gone!  
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—  
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!  
 What strange disguise hast now put on  
 To make believe that thou art gone?  
 I see these locks in silvery slips,  
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size:  
 But springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!  
 Life is but Thought: so think I will  
 That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
 But the tears of mournful eve!  
 Where no hope is, life's a warning  
 That only serves to make us grieve,  
 When we are old:  
 —That only serves to make us grieve  
 With oft and tedious taking-leave,  
 Like some poor nigh-related guest  
 That may not rudely be dismiss'd,  
 Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,  
 And tells the jest without the smile.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### STANZAS.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies  
 Her pall of transient death has spread,  
 When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,  
 And naught is wakeful but the dead;

No bloodless shape my way pursues,  
 No sheeted ghost my couch annoys;  
 Visions more sad my fancy views,  
 Visions of long-departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,  
 That linger'd long, and latest died;

Ambition all dissolved to air,  
 With phantom honors by his side.  
 What empty shadows glimmer nigh?  
 They once were Friendship, Truth, and  
 Love!  
 Oh, die to thought, to memory die,  
 Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee;  
 But while fame elates thee,  
 Oh still remember me!  
 When the praise thou meetest  
 To thine ear is sweetest,  
 Oh then remember me!  
 Other arms may press thee,  
 Dearer friends caress thee,  
 All the joys that bless thee  
 Sweeter far may be;  
 But when friends are nearest,  
 And when joys are dearest,  
 Oh then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest  
 By the star thou lovest,  
 Oh then remember me!  
 Think, when home returning,  
 Bright we've seen it burning,  
 Oh thus remember me!  
 Oft as summer closes,  
 When thine eye reposes  
 On its lingering roses,  
 Once so loved by thee,  
 Think of her who wove them,  
 Her who made thee love them—  
 Oh then remember me!

When around thee dying  
 Autumn leaves are lying,  
 Oh then remember me!  
 And at night when gazing  
 On the gay hearth blazing,  
 Oh still remember me!  
 Then should music, stealing  
 All the soul of feeling,  
 To thy heart appealing,  
 Draw one tear from thee;  
 Then let memory bring thee  
 Strains I used to sing thee—  
 Oh then remember me!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now  
 Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er  
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on  
 the winds  
 The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis  
 the knell  
 Of the departed year. No funeral train  
 Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and  
 wood,  
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams  
 rest  
 Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is  
 stirr'd  
 As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud  
 That floats so still and placidly through  
 heaven,  
 The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—  
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's  
 solemn form,  
 And Winter with its aged locks,—and  
 breathe,  
 In mournful cadences that come abroad  
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching  
 wail,  
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,  
 Gone from the Earth for ever.

'Tis a time  
 For memory and for tears. Within the  
 deep,  
 Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,  
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of  
 Time  
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its  
 cold  
 And solemn finger to the beautiful  
 And holy visions that have pass'd away,  
 And left no shadow of their loveliness  
 On the dead waste of life. That spectre  
 lifts  
 The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,  
 And, bending mournfully above the pale,  
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters  
 dead flowers  
 O'er what has pass'd to nothingness.

The year  
 Has gone, and with it many a glorious  
 throng  
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each  
 brow,

Its shadow in each heart. In its swift  
course

It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,—  
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand  
Upon the strong man,—and the haughty  
form

Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.  
It trod the hall of revelry, where throng'd  
The bright and joyous,—and the tearful  
wail

Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song  
And reckless shout resounded.

It pass'd o'er  
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear,  
and shield,  
Flash'd in the light of mid-day,—and the  
strength

Of serried hosts is shiver'd, and the grass,  
(Green from the soil of carnage, waves  
above

The crush'd and mouldering skeleton. It  
came,

And faded like a wreath of mist at eve ;  
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,  
It heralded its millions to their home  
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time !  
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe !—  
what power

Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
His iron heart to pity ? On, still on,  
He presses, and for ever. The proud bird,  
The condor of the Andes, that can soar  
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or  
brave

The fury of the northern hurricane,  
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's  
home,

Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and  
sinks down

To rest upon his mountain-crag,—but Time  
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,  
And night's deep darkness has no chain to  
bind

His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep  
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the  
breast

Of dreaming sorrow,—cities rise and sink  
Like bubbles on the water,—fiery isles  
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go  
back

To their mysterious caverns,—mountains  
rear

To heaven their bald and blacken'd cliffs,  
and bow

Their tall heads to the plain,—new empires  
rise,

Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,  
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,  
Startling the nations,—and the very stars,  
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,  
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,  
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their  
train,

Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass  
away

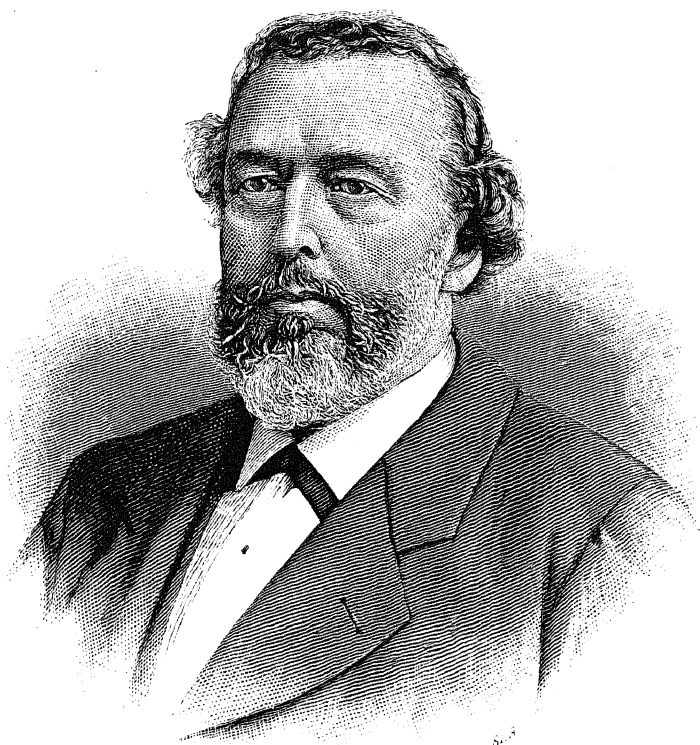
To darkle in the trackless void,—yet  
Time,

Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce  
career,

Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not  
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his  
path

To sit and muse, like other conquerors,  
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.



Bedouin Song.

From the Desert I come to thee,  
On a stallion shod with fire,  
And the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.  
Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry:  
I love thee, I love but thee,  
With a love that never shall die.

Oct. 29, 1853. Bayard Taylor



# POEMS OF LOVE.

---

## *LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.*

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle—  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdain'd its brother:  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

---

## *LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.*

OVER the mountains  
And over the waves;  
Under the fountains  
And under the graves;  
Under floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey;  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the glow-worm to lye;  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly;  
Where the midge dares not venture,  
Lest herself fast she lay;  
If love come he will enter,  
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him  
A child for his mirth;

Or you may deem him  
A coward from his flight:  
But if she whom love doth honor  
Be conceal'd from the day,  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him  
By having him confined;  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind;  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that you may,  
Blind love, if so ye call him,  
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist;  
Or you may inveigle  
The phoenix of the East;  
The lioness, ye may move her  
To give o'er her prey;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover,  
He will find out his way.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

---

## *AH, HOW SWEET IT IS TO LOVE!*

AH, how sweet it is to love!  
Ah, how gay is young desire!  
And what pleasing pains we prove  
When we first approach love's fire!  
Pains of love be sweeter far  
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown  
Do but gently heave the heart;  
E'en the tears they shed alone,  
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.  
Lovers, when they lose their breath,  
Bleed away in easy death.



Love and time with reverence use—  
 Treat them like a parting friend,  
 Nor the golden gifts refuse  
 Which in youth sincere they send ;  
 For each year their price is more,  
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides, full and high,  
 Swells in every youthful vein ;  
 But each tide does less supply,  
 Till they quite shrink in again ;  
 If a flow in age appear,  
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.

---

*LOVE IS A SICKNESS.*

Love is a sickness full of woes,  
 All remedies refusing ;  
 A plant that with most cutting grows,  
 Most barren with best using :  
 Why so ?  
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;  
 If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,  
 Hey, ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,  
 A tempest everlasting ;  
 And Jove hath made it of a kind  
 Not well, nor full, nor fasting :  
 Why so ?  
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;  
 If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,  
 Hey, ho !

SAMUEL DANIEL.

---

*PANGLORY'S WOOING SONG.*

Love is the blossom where there blows  
 Everything that lives or grows :  
 Love doth make the heavens to move,  
 And the sun doth burn in love ;  
 Love the strong and weak doth yoke,  
 And makes the ivy climb the oak,  
 Under whose shadows lions wild,  
 Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild.  
 Love no med'cine can appease ;  
 He burns the fishes in the seas ;  
 Not all the skill his wounds can stanch ;  
 Not all the sea his fire can quench.  
 Love did make the bloody spear  
 Once a leafy coat to wear,

While in his leaves there shrouded lay  
 Sweet birds, for love that sing and play ;  
 And of all love's joyful flame  
 I the bud and blossom am.  
 Only bend thy knee to me—  
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See ! see the flowers that below  
 Now freshly as the morning blow,  
 And of all, the virgin rose,  
 That as bright Aurora shows—  
 How they all unleaved die,  
 Losing their virginity ;  
 Like unto a summer shade,  
 But now born, and now they fade :  
 Everything doth pass away ;  
 There is danger in delay.  
 Come, come, gather then the rose ;  
 Gather it, or it you lose.  
 All the sand of Tagus' shore  
 In my bosom casts its ore ;  
 All the valleys' swimming corn  
 To my house is yearly borne ;  
 Every grape of every vine  
 Is gladly bruised to make me wine ;  
 While ten thousand kings, as proud  
 To carry up my train, have bow'd ;  
 And a world of ladies send me,  
 In my chambers to attend me ;  
 All the stars in heaven that shine,  
 And ten thousand more, are mine.  
 Only bend thy knee to me—  
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

GILES FLETCHER.

---

*ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.*

Love in my bosom, like a bee,  
 Doth suck his sweet ;  
 Now with his wings he plays with me,  
 Now with his feet.  
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
 His bed amidst my tender breast ;  
 My kisses are his daily feast,  
 And yet he robs me of my rest :  
 Ah, wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he  
 With pretty flight,  
 And makes his pillow of my knee  
 The livelong night.

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string :  
 He music plays if so I sing ;  
 He lends me every lovely thing,  
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :  
 Whist, wanton, still ye :

Else I with roses every day  
 Will whip you hence,  
 And bind you, when you long to play,  
 For your offence ;  
 I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,  
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,  
 I'll count your power not worth a pin :  
 Alas ! what hereby shall I win,  
 If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
 With many a rod ?  
 He will repay me with annoy,  
 Because a god.  
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
 And let thy bower my bosom be ;  
 Lurk in mine eyes,—I like of thee,  
 O Cupid ! so thou pity me,  
 Spare not, but play thee.

THOMAS LODGE.

#### LOVE STILL HATH SOMETHING OF THE SEA.

LOVE still hath something of the sea,  
 From whence his mother rose ;  
 No time his slaves from love can free,  
 Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,  
 And in rough weather toss'd ;  
 They wither under cold delays,  
 Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port ;  
 Then straight into the main  
 Some angry wind, in cruel sport,  
 The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,  
 Which if they chance to 'scape,  
 Rivals and falsehood soon appear  
 In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,  
 And are so long withstood ;  
 So slowly they receive the sum,  
 It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain ;  
 And to defer a bliss,  
 Believe me, gentle Hermoine,  
 No less inhuman is.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears  
 Perhaps would not remove ;  
 And if I gazed a thousand years,  
 I could no deeper love.

'Tis fitter much for you to guess  
 Than for me to explain,  
 But grant, oh ! grant that happiness  
 Which only does remain.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

#### LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE.

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,  
 And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,  
 Yet should the thoughts of me your humble  
 swain

Ascend to heaven, in honor of my Love.  
 Were I as high as heaven above the plain,  
 And you, my Love, as humble and as low  
 As are the deepest bottoms of the main,  
 Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love  
 should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the  
 skies,

My love should shine on you like to the sun,  
 And look upon you with ten thousand eyes  
 Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world  
 were done.

Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,  
 Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly  
 love you.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

#### CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe playd  
 At cardes for kisses ; Cupid payd :  
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
 His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows ;  
 Loses them too ; then down he throws  
 The coral of his lippe, the rose  
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how).  
 With these, the crystal of his browe,  
 And then the dimple of his chinne ;  
 All these did my Campaspe winne.  
 At last he set her both his eyes,  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of mee?

JOHN LYLY.

— — —  
*LOVE.*

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
Live o'er again that happy hour,  
When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,  
Had blended with the lights of eve;  
And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,  
The statue of the armed knight;  
She stood and listen'd to my lay,  
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own  
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!  
She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
For well she knew, I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand;  
And that for ten long years he woo'd  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love,  
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright;  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,  
He leap'd amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death  
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;  
And how she tended him in vain—  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest-leaves  
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;  
The music, and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blush'd with love, and virgin-shame;  
And like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,  
As conscious of my look she stepp'd—  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
 She press'd me with a meek embrace;  
 And bending back her head, look'd up,  
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,  
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
 That I might rather feel than see,  
 The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,  
 And told her love with virgin pride.  
 And so I won my Genevieve,  
 My bright and beauteous Bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### NOT OURS THE VOWS.

NOT ours the vows of such as plight  
 Their troth in sunny weather,  
 While leaves are green and skies are bright,  
 To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread  
 The thorny path of sorrow,  
 With clouds above, and cause to dread  
 Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,  
 Have drawn our spirits nearer,  
 And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,  
 Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,  
 With mirth and joy may perish;  
 That to which darker hours gave birth  
 Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,  
 And through death's shadowy portal,  
 Made by adversity sublime,  
 By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

### SONNET.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is  
 vain,

That fondly fear to lose your liberty;  
 When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,  
 And make him bound that bondage erst  
 did fly.

Sweet be the bands, the which true love  
 doth tie

Without constraint, or dread of any ill:

The gentle bird feels no captivity  
 Within her cage; but sings and feeds her  
 fill;

There pride dare not approach, nor discord  
 spill

The league 'twixt them that loyal love  
 hath bound;

But simple truth, and mutual good-will,  
 Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each  
 other's wound;

There faith doth fearless dwell in brazen  
 tower,

And spotless pleasure builds her sacred  
 bower.

EDMUND SPENSER.

### ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and  
 hours

That must be counted ere I see thy face?  
 How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
 Between this time and that sweet time  
 of grace?

Still I in slumber steep each weary sense—  
 Weary with longing? Shall I flee away  
 Into past days, and with some fond pre-  
 tence

Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
 Of casting from me God's great gift of  
 time?

Shall I, these mists of memory locked  
 within,

Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I contrive  
 To bring the hour that brings thee back  
 more near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live  
 Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold  
 Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
 In worthy deeds, each moment that is told  
 While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try  
 All heavenward flights, all high and holy  
 strains;

For thy dear sake I will walk patiently  
 Through these long hours, nor call their  
 minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
A noble task-time; and will therein strive  
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
More good than I have won since yet I  
live.

So may this doomed time build up in me  
A thousand graces, which shall thus be  
thine;

So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
And thy dear thought an influence  
divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

### HOW MANY TIMES.

How many times do I love thee, dear?  
Tell me how many thoughts there be  
In the atmosphere

Of a new-fallen year,  
Whose white and sable hours appear  
The latest flake of Eternity;  
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love thee, again?  
Tell me how many beads there are  
In a silver chain

Of the evening rain,  
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,  
And threading the eye of a yellow star;  
So how many times do I love, again.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

### FAIR INES.

Oh, saw ye not fair Ines?  
She's gone into the West,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest:  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh turn again, fair Ines,  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivall'd bright;  
And blessed will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier,  
Who rode so gayly by thy side,  
And whisper'd thee so near!

Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines!  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before;  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore;  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines!  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng;  
But some were sad and felt no mirth,  
But only music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell,  
To her you've loved so long!

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before;  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore!  
The smile that blest one lover's heart  
Has broken many more!

THOMAS HOOD.

### ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT'S this dull town to me?  
Robin's not near,—

He whom I wished to see,  
Wished for to hear!  
Where's all the joy and mirth  
Made life a heaven on earth?  
Oh, they're all fled with thee,  
Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?  
Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine?

Robin was there!

What, when the play was o'er,  
What made my heart so sore?

Oh, it was parting with  
Robin Adair!

But now thou'rt far from me,  
Robin Adair;

But now I never see  
 Robin Adair;  
 Yet he I loved so well  
 Still in my heart shall dwell:  
 Oh, I can ne'er forget  
 Robin Adair!

Welcome on shore again,  
 Robin Adair!  
 Welcome once more again,  
 Robin Adair!

I feel thy trembling hand;  
 Tears in thy eyelids stand,  
 To greet thy native land,  
 Robin Adair.

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,  
 Robin Adair;  
 Still I prayed for thee, love,  
 Robin Adair.

When thou wert far at sea,  
 Many made love to me;  
 But still I thought on thee,  
 Robin Adair.

Come to my heart again,  
 Robin Adair;  
 Never to part again,  
 Robin Adair!  
 And if thou still art true,  
 I will be constant too,  
 And will wed none but you,  
 Robin Adair.

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL.

*WALY, WALY; BUT LOVE BE BONNY.*

Oh waly waly up the bank,  
 And waly waly down the brae,  
 And waly waly yon burn side,  
 Where I and my love were wont to gae.  
 I leant my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree!  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

Oh waly waly gin love be bonny,  
 A little time while it is new;  
 But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades awa' like morning dew.  
 Oh wherefore shuld I busk my head?  
 Or wherefore shuld I kame my hair?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,  
 The sheets sall ne'er be fyl'd by me:  
 Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.  
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree!  
 O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?  
 For of my life I am wearie.

Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaws inclemencie;  
 'Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,  
 But my loves heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgowe town,  
 We were a comely sight to see,  
 My love was cled in black velvet,  
 And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kisst,  
 That love had been sae ill to win;  
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,  
 And pinn'd it with a siller pin.  
 And, oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurses knee,  
 And I my sell were dead and gane!  
 For a maid again Ise never be.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

*LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.*

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low,  
 And the stars are shining bright;  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Has led me—who knows how?—  
 To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
 On the dark, the silent stream—  
 The champak odors fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
 The nightingale's complaint,  
 It dies upon her heart,  
 As I must on thine,  
 Beloved as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!  
 I die, I faint, I fail!  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale.

My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
 My heart beats loud and fast,  
 Oh! press it close to thine again,  
 Where it will break at last.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### WHY SO PALE?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prethee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prethee, why so mute?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do't?  
 Prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame: this will not move,  
 This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her,  
 The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

### LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP.

A ROMANCE OF THE AGE.

*A poet writes to his friend. PLACE—A room in Wycombe Hall. TIME—Late in the evening.*

DEAR my friend and fellow-student, I  
 would lean my spirit o'er you!

Down the purple of this chamber tears  
 should scarcely run at will.

I am humbled who was humble. Friend,  
 I bow my head before you:

You should lead me to my peasants, but  
 their faces are too still.

There's a lady, an earl's daughter—she is  
 proud and she is noble,

And she treads the crimson carpet, and  
 she breathes the perfumed air,

And a kingly blood sends glances up, her  
 princely eye to trouble,

And the shadow of a monarch's crown is  
 soften'd in her hair.

She has halls among the woodlands, she  
 has castles by the breakers,  
 She has farms and she has manors, she  
 can threaten and command,

And the palpitating engines snort in steam  
 across her acres,  
 As they mark upon the blasted heaven  
 the measure of the land.

There are none of England's daughters  
 who can show a prouder presence;

Upon princely suitors, praying, she has  
 look'd in her disdain,

She was sprung of English nobles, I was  
 born of English peasants;

What was *I* that I should love her, save  
 for competence to pain?

I was only a poor poet, made for singing  
 at her casement,

As the finches or the thrushes, while she  
 thought of other things.

Oh, she walk'd so high above me, she ap-  
 pear'd to my abasement,

In her lovely silken murmur, like an  
 angel clad in wings!

Many vassals bow before her as her car-  
 riage sweeps their door-ways;

She has blest their little children, as a  
 priest or queen were she:

Far too tender, or too cruel far, her smile  
 upon the poor was,

For I thought it was the same smile  
 which she used to smile on *me*.

She has voters in the commons, she has  
 lovers in the palace,

And of all the fair court-ladies, few have  
 jewels half as fine;

Oft the prince has named her beauty 'twixt  
 the red wine and the chalice:

Oh, and what was *I* to love her? my be-  
 loved, my Geraldine!

Yet I could not choose but love her: I was  
 born to poet-uses,

To love all things set above me, all of  
 good and all of fair.

Nymphs of mountain, not of valley, we  
 are wont to call the Muses;

And in nympholeptic climbing, poets  
 pass from mount to star.

And because I was a poet, and because the  
 public praised me,

With a critical deduction for the modern  
 writer's fault,

I could sit at rich men's tables—though  
the courtesies that raised me,  
Still suggested clear between us the pale  
spectrum of the salt.

And they praised me in her presence;—  
“Will your book appear this summer?”

Then returning to each other—“Yes,  
our plans are for the moors.”

Then with whisper dropp'd behind me—  
“There he is! the latest comer.

Oh, she only likes his verses! what is  
over, she endures.

“Quite low-born, self-educated! somewhat  
gifted though by Nature,  
And we make a point of asking him—  
of being very kind.

You may speak, he does not hear you!  
and besides he writes no satire—

All these serpents kept by charmers leave  
the natural sting behind.”

I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I stood  
up there among them,

Till as frost intense will burn you, the  
cold scorning scorch'd my brow;

When a sudden silver speaking, gravely  
cadenced, overruling them,

And a sudden silken stirring touch'd  
my inner nature through.

I look'd upward and beheld her. With a  
calm and regnant spirit,  
Slowly round she swept her eyelids, and  
said clear before them all—

“Have you such superfluous honor, sir,  
that, able to confer it,

You will come down, Mister Bertram, as  
my guest to Wycombe Hall?”

Here she paused; she had been paler at  
the first word of her speaking,

But because a silence follow'd it, blush'd  
somewhat, as for shame,

Then, as scorning her own feeling, resumed  
calmly—“I am seeking

More distinction than these gentlemen  
think worthy of my claim.

“Ne'ertheless, you see, I seek it—not be-  
cause I am a woman”

(Here her smile sprang like a fountain,  
and, so, overflow'd her mouth),

“But because my woods in Sussex have  
some purple shades at gloaming  
Which are worthy of a king in state, or  
poet in his youth.

“I invite you, Mister Bertram, to no scene  
for worldly speeches—

Sir, I scarce should dare—but only  
where God ask'd the thrushes first:

And if *you* will sing beside them, in the  
covert of my beeches,

I will thank you for the woodlands, . . .  
for the human world, at worst.”

Then she smiled around right childly, then  
she gazed around right queenly,

And I bow'd—I could not answer; al-  
ternated light and gloom—

While as one who quells the lions, with a  
steady eye serenely,

She, with level fronting eyelids, pass'd  
out stately from the room.

Oh, the blessed woods of Sussex, I can hear  
them still around me,

With their leafy tide of greenery still  
rippling up the wind.

Oh, the curs'd woods of Sussex! where the  
hunter's arrow found me,

When a fair face and a tender voice had  
made me mad and blind!

In that ancient hall of Wycombe throng'd  
the numerous guests invited,

And the lovely London ladies trod the  
floors with gliding feet;

And their voices low with fashion, not with  
feeling, softly freighted

All the air about the windows with elas-  
tic laughter sweet.

For at eve the open windows flung their  
light out on the terrace

Which the floating orbs of curtains did  
with gradual shadow sweep,

While the swans upon the river, fed at  
morning by the heiress,

Trembled downward through their snowy  
wings at music in their sleep.

And there evermore was music, both of  
instrument and singing,

Till the finches of the shrubberies grew  
restless in the dark;



But the cedars stood up motionless, each  
 in a moonlight ringing,  
 And the deer, half in the glimmer,  
 strew'd the hollows of the park.

And though sometimes she would bind me  
 with her silver-corded speeches  
 To commix my words and laughter with  
 the converse and the jest,  
 Oft I sate apart, and, gazing on the river  
 through the beeches,  
 Heard, as pure the swans swam down it,  
 her pure voice o'erfloat the rest.

In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof  
 of steed, and laugh of rider,  
 Spread out cheery from the courtyard  
 till we lost them in the hills,  
 While herself and other ladies, and her  
 suitors left beside her,  
 Went a-wandering up the gardens  
 through the laurels and abeles.

Thus, her foot upon the new-mown grass,  
 bareheaded, with the flowing  
 Of the virginal white vesture gather'd  
 closely to her throat,  
 And the golden ringlets in her neck just  
 quicken'd by her going,  
 And appearing to breathe sun for air,  
 and doubting if to float,—

With a bunch of dewy maple, which her  
 right hand held above her,  
 And which trembled a green shadow in  
 betwixt her and the skies,  
 As she turn'd her face in going, thus, she  
 drew me on to love her,  
 And to worship the divineness of the  
 smile hid in her eyes.

For her eyes alone smile constantly; her  
 lips have serious sweetness,  
 And her front is calm, the dimple rarely  
 ripples on the cheek;  
 But her deep-blue eyes smile constantly,  
 as if they in discreetness  
 Kept the secret of a happy dream she  
 did not care to speak.

Thus she drew me the first morning, out  
 across into the garden,  
 And I walk'd among her noble friends,  
 and could not keep behind.

Spake she unto all and unto me—"Be-  
 hold, I am the warden  
 Of the song-birds in these lindens,  
 which are cages to their mind.

"But within this swarded circle into which  
 the lime-walk brings us,  
 Whence the beeches, rounded greenly,  
 stand away in reverent fear,  
 I will let no music enter, saving what the  
 fountain sings us  
 Which the lilies round the basin may  
 seem pure enough to hear.

"The live air that waves the lilies waves  
 the slender jet of water  
 Like a holy thought sent feebly up from  
 soul of fasting saint:  
 Whereby lies a marble Silence, sleeping  
 (Lough the sculptor wrought her),  
 So asleep she is forgetting to say Hush;  
 —a fancy quaint.

"Mark how heavy white her eyelids! not  
 a dream between them lingers;  
 And the left hand's index droppeth from  
 the lips upon the cheek:  
 While the right hand—with the symbol-  
 rose held slack within the fingers—  
 Has fallen backward in the basin—yet  
 this Silence will not speak!

"That the essential meaning growing may  
 exceed the special symbol,  
 Is the thought as I conceive it: it ap-  
 plies more high and low.  
 Our true noblemen will often through  
 right nobleness grow humble,  
 And assert an inward honor by denying  
 outward show."

"Nay, your Silence," said I, "truly, holds  
 her symbol-rose but slackly,  
 Yet *she holds it*, or would scarcely be a  
 Silence to our ken:  
 And your nobles wear their ermine on the  
 outside, or walk blackly  
 In the presence of the social law as mere  
 ignoble men.

"Let the poets dream such dreaming!  
 madam, in these British islands  
 'Tis the substance that wanes ever, 'tis  
 the symbol that exceeds.

Soon we shall have naught but symbol, and,  
for statues like this Silence,  
Shall accept the rose's image—in another  
case, the weed's."

"Not so quickly," she retorted—"I confess, where'er you go, you  
Find for things, names—shows for actions, and pure gold for honor clear:  
But when all is run to symbol in the Social,  
I will throw you  
The world's book which now reads drily,  
and sit down with Silence here."

Half in playfulness she spoke, I thought,  
and half in indignation;  
Friends who listen'd laugh'd her words off, while her lovers deem'd her fair:  
A fair woman, flush'd with feeling, in her noble-lighted station  
Near the statue's white reposing—and both bathed in sunny air!

With the trees round, not so distant but you heard their vernal murmur,  
And beheld in light and shadow the leaves in and outward move,  
And the little fountain leaping toward the sun-heart to be warmer,  
Then recoiling in a tremble from the too much light above.

'Tis a picture for remembrance. And thus, morning after morning,  
Did I follow as she drew me by the spirit to her feet.

Why, her greyhound followed also! dogs—we both were dogs for scorning—  
To be sent back when she pleased it and her path lay through the wheat.

And thus, morning after morning, spite of vows and spite of sorrow,  
Did I follow at her drawing, while the week-days pass'd along,  
Just to feed the swans this noontide, or to see the fawns to-morrow,  
Or to teach the hillside echo some sweet Tuscan in a song.

Ay, for sometimes on the hillside, while we sate down in the gowans,  
With the forest green behind us and its shadow cast before,

And the river running under, and across it from the rowans  
A brown partridge whirring near us till we felt the air it bore—

There, obedient to her praying, did I read aloud the poems  
Made to Tuscan flutes, or instruments more various of our own;  
Read the pastoral parts of Spenser, or the subtle interflowings  
Found in Petrarch's sonnets—here's the book, the leaf is folded down!

Or at times a modern volume, Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,  
Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie—  
Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which, if cut deep down the middle,  
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a vein'd humanity.

Or at times I read there, hoarsely, some new poem of my making:  
Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to their worth,  
For the echo in you breaks upon the words which you are speaking,  
And the chariot wheels jar in the gate through which you drive them forth.

After, when we were grown tired of books, the silence round us flinging  
A slow arm of sweet compression, felt with beatings at the breast,  
She would break out on a sudden in a gush of woodland singing,  
Like a child's emotion in a god—a naiad tired of rest.

Oh, to see or hear her singing! scarce I know which is divinest,  
For her looks sing too—she modulates her gestures on the tune,  
And her mouth stirs with the song, like song; and when the notes are finest,  
'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal light and seem to swell them on.

Then we talk'd—oh, how we talk'd! her voice, so cadenced in the talking,  
Made another singing—of the soul! a music without bars:

While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where we were walking,  
Brought interposition worthy-sweet—as skies about the stars.

And she spake such good thoughts natural,  
as if she always thought them;  
She had sympathies so rapid, open, free  
as bird on branch,  
Just as ready to fly east as west, whichever  
way besought them,  
In the birchen-wood a chirrup, or a  
cock-crow in the grange.

In her utmost lightness there is truth—  
and often she speaks lightly,  
Has a grace in being gay which even  
mournful souls approve,  
For the root of some grave earnest thought  
is understruck so rightly  
As to justify the foliage and the waving  
flowers above.

And she talk'd on—we talk'd, rather!—  
upon all things, substance, shadow,  
Of the sheep that browsed the grasses,  
of the reapers in the corn,  
Of the little children from the schools,  
seen winding through the meadow,  
Of the poor rich world beyond them,  
still kept poorer by its scorn.

So, of men, and so, of letters—books are  
men of higher stature,  
And the only men that speak aloud for  
future times to hear;  
So, of mankind in the abstract, which  
grows slowly into nature,  
Yet will lift the cry of “progress,” as it  
trode from sphere to sphere.

And her custom was to praise me when I  
said—“The Age culls simples,  
With a broad clown's back turn'd broadly  
to the glory of the stars.  
We are gods by our own reck'ning, and  
may well shut up the temples,  
And wield on, amid the incense-steam,  
the thunder of our cars.

“For we throw out acclamations of self-  
thanking, self-admiring,  
With, at every mile run faster,—‘O the  
wondrous, wondrous age!’

Little thinking if we work our SOULS as  
nobly as our iron,  
Or if angels will commend us at the goal  
of pilgrimage.

“Why, what is this patient entrance into  
nature's deep resources  
But the child's most gradual learning to  
walk upright without bane?  
When we drive out, from the cloud of  
steam, majestic white horses,  
Are we greater than the first men who  
led black ones by the mane?

“If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we  
struck the stars in rising,  
If we wrapp'd the globe intensely with  
one hot electric breath,  
’Twere but power within our tether, no new  
spirit-power comprising,  
And in life we were not greater men, nor  
bolder men in death.”

She was patient with my talking; and I  
loved her, loved her, certes,  
As I loved all heavenly objects, with up-  
lifted eyes and hands;  
As I loved pure inspirations, loved the  
graces, loved the virtues,  
In a Love content with writing his own  
name on desert sands.

Or at least I thought so, purely; thought  
no idiot Hope was raising  
Any crown to crown Love's silence,  
silent love that sate alone:  
Out, alas! the stag is like me, he that  
tries to go on grazing  
With the great deep gun-wound in his  
neck, then reels with sudden moan.

It was thus I reel'd. I told you that her  
hand had many suitors;  
But she smiles them down imperially, as  
Venus did the waves,  
And with such a gracious coldness that  
they cannot press their futures  
On the present of her courtesy, which  
yieldingly enslaves.

And this morning as I sat alone within  
the inner chamber  
With the great saloon beyond it, lost in  
pleasant thought serene,

For I had been reading Camöens, that  
poem, you remember,  
Which his lady's eyes are praised in as  
the sweetest ever seen.

And the book lay open, and my thought  
flew from it, taking from it  
A vibration and impulsion to an end be-  
yond its own,

As the branch of a green osier, when a  
child would overcome it,  
Springs up freely from his claspings and  
goes swinging in the sun.

As I mused I heard a murmur; it grew  
deep as it grew longer,  
Speakers using earnest language—"Lady  
Geraldine, you *would*!"

And I heard a voice that pleaded, ever on  
in accents stronger,  
As a sense of reason gave it power to  
make its rhetoric good.

Well I knew that voice; it was an earl's,  
of soul that match'd his station,  
Soul completed into lordship, might and  
right read on his brow;

Very finely courteous; far too proud to  
doubt his domination  
Of the common people, he atones for  
grandeur by a bow.

High straight forehead, nose of eagle, cold  
blue eyes of less expression  
Than resistance, coldly casting off the  
looks of other men,  
As steel, arrows; unelastic lips which seem  
to taste possession,  
And be cautious lest the common air  
should injure or distract.

For the rest, accomplish'd, upright—ay,  
and standing by his order  
With a bearing not ungraceful; fond of  
art and letters too;

Just a good man made a proud man—as  
the sandy rocks that border  
A wild coast, by circumstances, in a  
regnant ebb and flow.

Thus, I knew that voice, I heard it, and I  
could not help the hearkening:  
In the room I stood up blindly, and my  
burning heart within

Seem'd to seethe and fuse my senses till  
they ran on all sides darkening,  
And scorch'd, weigh'd like melted metal  
round my feet that stood therein.

And that voice, I heard it pleading, for  
love's sake, for wealth, position,  
For the sake of liberal uses and great  
actions to be done—

And she interrupted gently, "Nay, my  
lord, the old tradition  
Of your Normans, by some worthier hand  
than mine is, should be won."

"Ah, that white hand!" he said quickly—  
and in his he either drew it  
Or attempted—for with gravity and in-  
stance she replied,

"Nay indeed, my lord, this talk is vain,  
and we had best eschew it  
And pass on, like friends, to other points  
less easy to decide."

What he said again, I know not: it is  
likely that his trouble  
Work'd his pride up to the surface, for  
she answer'd in slow scorn,

"And your lordship judges rightly. Whom  
I marry, shall be noble,  
Ay, and wealthy. I shall never blush to  
think how he was born."

There, I madden'd! her words stung me.  
Life swept through me into fever.  
And my soul sprang up astonish'd,  
sprang full-statured in an hour.

Know you what it is when anguish, with  
apocalyptic NEVER,  
To a Pythian height dilates you, and  
despair sublimates to power?

From my brain the soul-wings budded,  
waved a flame about my body,  
Whence conventions coil'd to ashes. I  
felt self-drawn out, as man,

From amalgamate false natures, and I saw  
the skies grow ruddy  
With the deepening feet of angels, and I  
knew what spirits can.

I was mad, inspired—say either! (anguish  
worketh inspiration)  
Was a man or beast—perhaps so, for the  
tiger roars when spear'd;

And I walk'd on, step by step along the  
level of my passion—

O my soul! and pass'd the doorway to  
her face, and never fear'd.

*He* had left her, peradventure, when my  
footstep proved my coming,

But for *her*—she half arose, then sate,  
grew scarlet and grew pale.

Oh, she trembled! 'tis so always with a  
worldly man or woman

In the presence of true spirits; what else  
*can* they do but quail?

Oh, she flutter'd like a tame bird, in  
among its forest brothers

Far too strong for it; then drooping,  
bow'd her face upon her hands;

And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal  
truths of her and others;

*I*, she planted in the desert, swathed her,  
windlike, with my sands.

I pluck'd up her social fictions, bloody-  
rooted though leaf-verdant,

Trod them down with words of shaming,  
all the purple and the gold,

All the "landed stakes" and lordships,  
all that spirits pure and ardent

Are cast out of love and honor because  
chancing not to hold.

"For myself I do not argue," said I,  
"though I love you, madam,

But for better souls that nearer to the  
height of yours have trod.

And this age shows, to my thinking, still  
more infidels to Adam

Than directly, by profession, simple infi-  
dels to God.

"Yet, O God," I said, "O grave," I said,  
"O mother's heart and bosom,

With whom first and last are equal, saint  
and corpse and little child,

We are fools to your deductions in these  
figments of heart-closing,

We are traitors to your causes in these  
sympathies defiled.

"Learn more reverence, madam; not for  
rank or wealth—that needs no learn-  
ing;

*That* comes quickly, quick as sin does;  
ay, and culminates to sin;

But for Adam's seed, MAN! Trust me, 'tis  
a clay above your scorning,  
With God's image stamp'd upon it, and  
God's kindling breath within.

"What right have you, madam, gazing in  
your palace mirror daily,

Getting so by heart your beauty, which  
all others must adore,

While you draw the golden ringlets down  
your fingers, to vow gaily

You will wed no man that's only good to  
God, and nothing more?

"Why, what right have you, made fair by  
that same God, the sweetest woman

Of all women he has fashion'd, with  
your lovely spirit-face,

Which would seem too near to vanish if  
its smile were not so human,

And your voice of holy sweetness, turn-  
ing common words to grace,

"What right *can* you have, God's other  
works to scorn, despise, revile them

In the gross, as mere men, broadly—not  
as *noble* men, forsooth—

As mere Pariahs of the outer world, forbid-  
den to assail them

In the hope of living, dying, near that  
sweetness of your mouth?

"Have you any answer, madam? If my  
spirit were less earthly,

If its instrument were gifted with a  
better silver string,

I would kneel down where I stand, and  
say, 'Behold me! I am worthy

Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am  
worthy as a king.'

"As it is—your ermined pride, I swear,  
shall feel this stain upon her,

That *I*, poor, weak, tost with passion,  
scorn'd by me and you again,

Love you, madam, dare to love you, to  
my grief and your dishonor,

To my endless desolation and your im-  
potent disdain!"

More mad words like these—mere mad-  
ness! friend, I need not write them  
fuller,

For I hear my hot soul dropping on the  
lines in showers of tears.

Oh, a woman! friend, a woman! why, a  
 beast had scarce been duller  
 Than roar bestial loud complaints  
 against the shining of the spheres.

But at last there came a pause. I stood  
 all vibrating with thunder  
 Which my soul had used. The silence  
 drew her face up like a call.  
 Could you guess what word she utter'd?  
 She look'd up, as if in wonder,  
 With tears beaded on her lashes, and  
 said, "Bertram!"—it was all.

If she had cursed me—and she might  
 have—or if even with queenly bear-  
 ing  
 Which at need is used by women, she  
 had risen up and said,  
 "Sir, you are my guest, and therefore I  
 have given you a full hearing;  
 Now, beseech you, choose a name exact-  
 ing somewhat less, instead!"

I had borne it: but that "Bertram"—why,  
 it lies there on the paper  
 A mere word, without her accent; and  
 you cannot judge the weight  
 Of the calm which crush'd my passion:  
 I seem'd drowning in a vapor,  
 And her gentleness destroy'd me whom  
 her scorn made desolate.

So, struck backward and exhausted by  
 that inward flow of passion  
 Which had rush'd on, sparing nothing,  
 into forms of abstract truth,  
 By a logic agonizing through unseemly  
 demonstration,  
 And by youth's own anguish turning  
 grimly gray the hairs of youth,

By the sense accursed and instant, that if  
 even I spake wisely  
 I spake basely, using truth, if what I  
 spake indeed was true,  
 To avenge wrong on a woman—*her*, who  
 sate there weighing nicely  
 A poor manhood's worth, found guilty of  
 such deeds as I could do!—

By such wrong and woe exhausted—what I  
 suffer'd and occasion'd,—  
 As a wild horse through a city runs with  
 lightning in his eyes,

And then dashing at a church's cold and  
 passive wall, impassion'd,  
 Strikes the death into his burning brain,  
 and blindly drops and dies—

So I fell, struck down before her—do you  
 blame me, friend, for weakness?  
 'Twas my strength of passion slew me!  
 —fell before her like a stone;  
 Fast the dreadful world roll'd from me  
 on its roaring wheels of blackness:  
 When the light came, I was lying in this  
 chamber and alone.

Oh, of course, she charged her lacqueys to  
 bear out the sickly burden,  
 And to cast it from her scornful sight,  
 but not *beyond* the gate;  
 She is too kind to be cruel, and too haughty  
 not to pardon  
 Such a man as I; 'twere something to be  
 level to her hate.

But for me—you now are conscious why,  
 my friend, I write this letter,  
 How my life is read all backward, and  
 the charm of life undone.  
 I shall leave her house at dawn; I would  
 to-night, if I were better—  
 And I charge my soul to hold my body  
 strengthen'd for the sun.

When the sun hath dyed the oriel, I depart  
 with no last gazes,  
 No weak moanings (one word only, left  
 in writing for her hands),  
 Out of reach of all derision, and some un-  
 availing praises,  
 To make front against this anguish in  
 the far and foreign lands.

Blame me not. I would not squander life  
 in grief—I am abstemious.  
 I but nurse my spirit's falcon that its  
 wing may soar again.  
 There's no room for tears of weakness in  
 the blind eyes of a Phemius:  
 Into work the poet kneads them, and he  
 does not die *till then*.

#### CONCLUSION.

Bertram finish'd the last pages, while  
 along the silence ever  
 Still in hot and heavy splashes fell the  
 tears on every leaf.

Having ended, he leans backward in his  
chair, with lips that quiver  
From the deep unspoken, ay, and deep  
unwritten thoughts of grief.

Soh! how still the lady standeth! 'tis a  
dream—a dream of mercies!

'Twixt the purple lattice-curtains how  
she standeth still and pale!

'Tis a vision, sure, of mercies, sent to soften  
his self-curses,  
Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er the  
tossing of his wail.

"Eyes," he said, "now throbbing through  
me! are ye eyes that did undo me?  
Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in  
Parian statue-stone!

Underneath that calm white forehead, are  
ye ever burning torrid  
O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart  
and life undone?"

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the  
air the purple curtain  
Swelleth in and swelleth out around her  
motionless pale brows,  
While the gliding of the river sends a  
rippling noise for ever  
Through the open casement whiten'd by  
the moonlight's slant repose.

Said he: "Vision of a lady! stand there  
silent, stand there steady!

Now I see it plainly, plainly, now I can-  
not hope or doubt—

There, the brows of mild repression—there,  
the lips of silent passion,

Curved like an archer's bow to send the  
bitter arrows out."

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence  
she kept smiling,

And approach'd him slowly, slowly, in a  
gliding measured pace;

With her two white hands extended as if  
praying one offended,

And a look of supplication gazing earnest  
in his face.

Said he: "Wake me by no gesture—sound  
of breath, or stir of vesture!

Let the blessed apparition melt not yet  
to its divine!

No approaching—hush, no breathing! or  
my heart must swoon to death in  
The too utter life thou bringest, O thou  
dream of Geraldine!"

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence  
she kept smiling,

But the tears ran over lightly from her  
eyes and tenderly:—

"Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me? Is  
no woman far above me  
Found more worthy of thy poet-heart  
than such a one as I?"

Said he: "I would dream so ever, like the  
flowing of that river,  
Flowing ever in a shadow greenly onward  
to the sea!

So, thou vision of all sweetness, princely  
to a full completeness,

Would my heart and life flow onward,  
deathward, through this dream of  
THEE!"

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence  
she kept smiling,

While the silver tears ran faster down  
the blushing of her cheeks;

Then with both her hands enfolding both  
of his, she softly told him,

"Bertram, if I say I love thee, . . . 'tis  
the vision only speaks."

Softened, quickened to adore her, on his  
knee he fell before her,

And she whisper'd low in triumph, "It  
shall be as I have sworn.

Very rich he is in virtues, very noble—  
noble, certes;

And I shall not blush in knowing that  
men call him lowly-born."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among

On women do complayne;

Affyrmynge this, how that it is

A labour spent in wayne,

To love them wele; for never a dele

They love a man agayne:

For late a man do what he can,

Theyr favour to attayne,

Yet, yf a newe do them persue,  
 Theyr first true lover than  
 Laboureth for nought: for from her thought  
 He is a banysh'd man.

I say nat nay, but that all day  
 It is bothe writ and sayd  
 That womans faith is, as who sayth,  
 All utterly decayd;  
 But, neverthelesse ryght good wytnesse  
 In this case might be layd,  
 That they love true, and continuë:  
 Recorde the Not-browne Mayde:  
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,  
 To her to make his mone,  
 Wolde nat depart; for in her hart  
 She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus  
 What was all the manere  
 Betwayne them two: we wyll also  
 Tell all the payne, and fere,  
 That she was in. Now I begyn  
 So that ye me ansuere;  
 Wherefore, all ye that present be  
 I pray you, gyve an ere:  
 "I am the knyght; I come by nyght,  
 As secret as I can;  
 Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,  
 I am a banysh'd man."

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfill  
 In this wyll nat refuse;  
 Trustying to shewe, in wordes fewe,  
 That men have an yll use  
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame,  
 And causelesse them accuse;  
 Therefore to you I answer now,  
 All women to excuse,—  
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?  
 I pray you, tell anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do  
 Whereof grete harme shall growe;  
 My destiny is for to dy  
 A shamefull deth, I trowe;  
 Or elles to fle: the one must be.  
 None other way I knowe,

But to withdrawe as an outlawe,  
 And take me to my bowe.  
 Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true!  
 None other rede I can;  
 For I must to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,  
 That changeth as the mone!  
 My somers day in lusty may  
 Is derked before the none.  
 I here you say farewell: Nay, nay,  
 We depart nat so sone.  
 Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?  
 Alas! what have ye done?  
 All my welfare to sorrowe and care  
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,  
 And somewhat you dystayne;  
 But, afterwarde, your paynes harde  
 Within a day or twayne  
 Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take  
 Comfort to you agayne.  
 Why sholde ye ought? for, to make  
 thought,  
 Your labour were in vayne.  
 And thus I do; and pray you to  
 As hartely, as I can;  
 For I must to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Now, syth that ye have shew'd to me  
 The secret of your mynde,  
 I shall be playne to you agayne,  
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde.  
 Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,  
 I wolle not leve behynde:  
 Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd  
 Was to her love unkynde:  
 Make you redy, for so am I,  
 Although it were anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede  
 What men wyll thynke, and say:



Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,  
 That ye be gone away,  
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,  
 In grene wode you to play ;  
 And that ye myght from your delyght  
 No lenger make delay.  
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me  
 Be called an yll womàn,  
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go  
 Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,  
 That I sholde be to blame,  
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large  
 In hurtyng of my name :  
 For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love  
 It is devoid of shame ;  
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse,  
 To part with you, the same :  
 And sure all tho, that do not so,  
 True lovers are they none ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe,  
 It is no maydens lawe,  
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out  
 To wode with an outlawe :  
 For ye must there in your hand bere  
 A bowe, redy to drawe ;  
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,  
 Ever in drede and awe ;  
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe :  
 Yet had I lever than,  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,  
 It is no maidens lore :  
 But love may make me for your sake,  
 As I have sayd before  
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote  
 To gete us mete in store ;  
 For so that I your company  
 May have, I aske no more :  
 From which to part, it maketh my hart  
 As colde as ony stone ;  
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe,  
 That men hym take and bynde ;  
 Without pytè, hanged to be,  
 And waver with the wynde,  
 If I had nede, (as God forbede !)  
 What rescous coude ye fynde ?  
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe  
 For fere wolde drawe behynde :  
 And no mervayle ; for lytell avayle  
 Were in your counceyle than :  
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Right wele know ye, that woman be  
 But feble for to fyght ;  
 No womanhede it is indede  
 To be bolde as a knyght :  
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were  
 With enemyes day or nyght,  
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande  
 To greve them as I myght,  
 And you to save ; as women have  
 From deth 'men' many one :  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede  
 That ye coude nat sustayne  
 The thornie wayes, the deep vallèies,  
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,  
 The colde, the hete : for dry, or wete,  
 We must lodge on the playne ;  
 And, us above, none other rofe  
 But a brake bush, or twayne :  
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ;  
 And ye wolde gladly than  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Syth I have here bene partynère  
 With you of joy and blysse,  
 I must also part of your wo  
 Endure, as reson is :  
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre  
 And, shortely, it is this :  
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,  
 I could not fare amysse.

Without more speche, I you beseche  
That we were sone agone:  
For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,  
Whan ye have lust to dyne,  
There shall no mete be for you gete,  
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.  
No schetës clene, to lye betwene,  
Made of threde and twyne;  
None other house, but leves and bowes,  
To cover your hed and myne.  
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète  
Sholde make you pale and wan;  
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Amonge the wild dere, such an archère,  
As men say that ye be,  
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,  
Where is so grete plentè:  
And water clere of the ryvère  
Shall be full swete to me;  
With which in hele I shall ryght wele  
Endure, as ye shall see;  
And, or we go, a bedde or two  
I can provyde anone;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,  
Yf ye wyll go with me:  
As cut your here up by your ere,  
Your kyrtel by the kne;  
With bowe in hande, for to withstande  
Your enemyes yf nede be;  
And this same nyght before day-light,  
To wode-warde wyll I fle.  
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,  
Do it shortely as ye can;  
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you  
Than longeth to womanhede;  
To shote my here, a bowe to bere,  
To shote in tyme of nede.

O my swete mother, before all other  
For you I have most drede:  
But nowe, adue! I must ensue,  
Where fortune doth me lede.  
All this make ye: Now let us fle:  
The day cometh fast upon;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,  
And I shall tell ye why,—  
Your appetyght is to be lyght  
Of love, I wele espy:  
For, lyke as ye have sayd to me,  
In lyke wyse hardely  
Ye wolde answe're whosoever it were,  
In way of company.  
It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;  
And so is a woman.  
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,  
Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede  
Such wordes to say by me;  
For oft ye pray'd, and longe assay'd,  
Or I you loved, pardè;  
And though that I of auncestry  
A barons daughter be,  
Yet have you proved howe I you loved  
A squyer of lowe degrè;  
And ever shall, whatso befall;  
To dy therfore anone;  
For in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde!  
It were a cursèd dede;  
To be felawe with an outlawe!  
Almighty God forbede!  
Yet beter were, the pore squyère  
Alone to forest yede,  
Than ye sholde say another day,  
That, by my cursèd dede,  
Ye were betray'd: Wherfore, good mayd,  
The best rede that I can,  
Is, that I to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall  
 Of this thyng you upbrayd:  
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,  
 Then have ye me betrayd.  
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;  
 For, yf ye, as ye sayd,  
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde  
 Your love the Not-browne Mayd,  
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy  
 Sone after ye be gone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;  
 For in the forest nowe  
 I have purvay'd me of a mayd,  
 Whom I love more than you:  
 Another fayrere, than ever ye were,  
 I dare it wele arowe;  
 And of ye bothe eche sholde be wrothe  
 With other, as I trowe:  
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;  
 So wyll I, yf I can;  
 Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,  
 Alone, a banysh'd man.

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode  
 Ye had a paramour,  
 All this may nought remove my thought,  
 But that I will be your:  
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde,  
 And courteys every hour;  
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll  
 Commaunde me to my power:  
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,  
 'Of them I wolde be one;'  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove  
 That ye be kynde, and true:  
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,  
 The best that ever I knewe.  
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,  
 The case is chaunged newe;  
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,  
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe.

Be nat dismay'd; whatsoever I sayd  
 To you, whan I began.  
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,  
 I am no banysh'd man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me,  
 Than to be made a quene,  
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure;  
 But it is often sene,  
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they.  
 speke  
 The wordes on the splene.  
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,  
 And stele from me, I wene:  
 Than were the case worse than it was,  
 And I more wo-begone:  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.,

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;  
 I will nat dysparage  
 You (God forfend!), syth ye descend  
 Of so grete a lynage.  
 Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,  
 Which is myne herytage,  
 I wyll you brynge, and with a ryng  
 By way of maryage  
 I wyll you take, and lady make,  
 As shortely as I can:  
 Thus have you won an erlys son  
 And not a banysh'd man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye se, that women be  
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable;  
 Late never man reprove them than,  
 Or call them variable;  
 But, rather, pray God that we may  
 To them be comfortable.  
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he lov  
 eth,  
 Yf they be charytable.  
 For syth men wolde that women sholde  
 Be meke to them each one,  
 Moche more ought they to God obey,  
 And serve but Hym alone.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

*THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.*

It was a friar of orders gray  
Walkt forth to tell his beades ;  
And he met with a lady faire  
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,  
I pray thee tell to me,  
If ever at yon holy shrine  
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love  
For many another one ?  
O, by his cockle hat, and staff,  
And by his sandal shoone.

But chiefly by his face and mien,  
That were so fair to view ;  
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,  
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone !  
Lady, he's dead and gone !  
And at his head a green grass turfe,  
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long  
He languisht and he dyed,  
Lamenting of a ladyes love,  
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him barefaced on his bier  
Six proper youths and tall,  
And many a tear bedew'd his grave  
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !  
And art thou dead and gone !  
And didst thou dye for love of me !  
Break, cruel heart of stone !

O weep not, lady, weep not soe :  
Some ghostly comfort seek :  
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,  
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,  
My sorrows now reprove ;  
For I have lost the sweetest youth  
That e'er wan ladyes love.

And nowe, alas ! for thy sad losse,  
I'll evermore weep and sigh :  
For thee I only wisht to live,  
For thee I wish to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrowe is in vaine :  
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,  
Why, then, should sorrow last ?  
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,  
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not soe, thou holy friar ;  
I pray thee say not soe :  
For since my true-love dyed for mee,  
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again ?  
Will he ne'er come again ?  
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave.  
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose ;  
The comeliest youth was he !  
But he is dead and laid in his grave :  
Alas, and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever :  
One foot on sea and one on land,  
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
And left thee sad and heavy ;  
For young men ever were fickle found,  
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not soe, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not soe ;  
My love he had the truest heart :  
O he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,  
And didst thou dye for mee ?  
Then farewell home, for ever-more  
A pilgrim I will bee.

But first upon my true-loves grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,  
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady : rest a while  
Beneath this cloyster wall :  
See through the hawthorn blows the cold  
wind,  
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;  
 O stay me not, I pray ;  
 No drizzly rain that falls on me,  
 Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
 And dry those pearly tears :  
 For see beneath this gown of gray  
 Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forced by grief and hopeless love,  
 These holy weeds I sought :  
 And here amid these lonely walls  
 To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace  
 Is not yet pass'd away,  
 Might I still hope to win thy love,  
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy  
 Once more unto my heart ;  
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
 We never more will part.

THOMAS PERCY.

---

*SONNET.*

TO THE MOON.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st  
 the skies !  
 How silently, and with how wan a face !  
 What ! may it be, that e'en in heav'nly  
 place  
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted  
 eyes  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's  
 case ;  
 I read it in thy looks ; thy languish'd  
 grace  
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.  
 Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell  
 me,  
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of  
 wit ?  
 Are beauties there as proud as here they  
 be ?  
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
 Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth  
 possess ?  
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

*JEANIE MORRISON.*

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,  
 Through mony a weary way ;  
 But never, never can forget  
 The luvie o' life's young day !  
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en  
 May weel be black gin Yule ;  
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
 Where first fond luvie grows cule.

Oh dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 The thochts o' bygone years  
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,  
 And blind my een wi' tears :  
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
 And sair and sick I pine,  
 As memory idly summons up  
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ithier weel,  
 'Twas then we twa did part ;  
 Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at scule,  
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart !  
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
 To leir ilk ithier lear ;  
 And tones and looks and smiles were shed  
 Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,  
 When sitting on that bink,  
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,  
 What our wee heads could think.  
 When baith bent down ower ae braid page  
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,  
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,  
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,  
 Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin,' said  
 We cleek'd thegither hame ?  
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays  
 (The scule then skail't at noon),  
 When we ran off to speel the braes,—  
 The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about—  
 My heart flows like a sea,  
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back  
 O' scule-time and o' thee.  
 Oh mornin' life ! oh mornin' luvie !  
 Oh lichtsome days and lang,  
 When hinny'd hopes around our hearts  
 Like simmer blossoms sprang !

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left  
 The deavin' dinsome toun,  
 To wander by the green burnside,  
 And hear its waters croon?  
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,  
 The flowers burst round our feet,  
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood  
 The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,  
 The burn sang to the trees—  
 And we, with Nature's heart in tune,  
 Concerted harmonies:  
 And on the knowe abune the burn  
 For hours thegither sat  
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 Tears tinkled doun your cheek  
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane  
 Had ony power to speak!  
 That was a time, a blessed time,  
 When hearts were fresh and young,  
 When freely gush'd all feelings forth,  
 Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
 Gin I hae been to thee  
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
 As ye hae been to me?  
 Oh, tell me gin their music fills  
 Thine ear as it does mine?  
 Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,  
 I've borne a weary lot;  
 But in my wanderings, far or near,  
 Ye never were forgot.  
 The fount that first burst frae this heart  
 Still travels on its way;  
 And channels deeper, as it rins,  
 The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 Since we were sinder'd young  
 I've never seen your face, nor heard  
 The music o' your tongue;  
 But I could hug all wretchedness,  
 And happy could I dee,  
 Did I but ken your heart still dream'd  
 O' bygone days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

*SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO  
 BLACK-EYED SUSAN.*

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-eyed Susan came aboard :—  
 "Oh! where shall I my true-love find?  
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true  
 If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard  
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:  
 The cord slides swiftly through his glow-  
 ing hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he  
 stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
 And drops at once into her nest.  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lip those kisses  
 sweet.

"O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,  
 My vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear;  
 We only part to meet again.  
 Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart  
 shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to  
 thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant  
 mind:  
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
 In every port a mistress find:  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee  
 so,  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
 Thy skin is ivory, so white:  
 Thus every beauteous object that I view  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely  
 Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
 William shall to his dear return.  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me  
 fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from  
 Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word ;  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;  
 No longer must she stay aboard ;  
 They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head.  
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land :  
 "Adieu !" she cries ; and waved her lily  
 hand.

JOHN GAY.

### HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumble !  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry ;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As, underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary !

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender ;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves asunder ;  
 But, oh, fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipp'd my flower sae early !  
 Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !  
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwalt on me sae kindly !  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly ;  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary !

ROBERT BURNS.

### SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,  
 There's none like pretty Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.  
 There is no lady in the land  
 Is half so sweet as Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
 And through the streets does cry 'em :  
 Her mother she sells laces long  
 To such as please to buy 'em :  
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
 So sweet a girl as Sally !  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,  
 I love her so sincerely ;  
 My master comes like any Turk,  
 And bangs me most severely—  
 But let him bang his bellyful,  
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week  
 I dearly love but one day—  
 And that's the day that comes betwixt  
 A Saturday and Monday ;  
 For then I'm drest all in my best  
 To walk abroad with Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
 And often am I blamed  
 Because I leave him in the lurch .  
 As soon as text is named ;  
 I leave the church in sermon-time  
 And slink away to Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
 Oh then I shall have money ;  
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,  
 I'll give it to my honey :  
 I would it were ten thousand pound,  
 I'd give it all to Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all  
 Make game of me and Sally,  
 And, but for her, I'd better be  
 A slave and row a galley,  
 But when my seven long years are out,  
 Oh then I'll marry Sally,—  
 Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
 But not in our alley.

HENRY CAREY.

—♦—  
*A SUPPLICATION.*

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!  
 And tell thy silent master's humble  
 tale  
 In sounds that may prevail;  
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:  
 Though so exalted she  
 And I so lowly be,  
 Tell her, such different notes make all thy  
 harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake:  
 And, though the moving hand approach  
 not near,  
 Themselves with awful fear  
 A kind of numerous trembling make.  
 Now all thy forces try;  
 Now all thy charms apply;  
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of  
 her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure  
 Is useless here, since thou art only  
 found  
 To cure, but not to wound,  
 And she to wound, but not to cure.  
 Too weak too wilt thou prove  
 My passion to remove;  
 Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment  
 to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!  
 For thou canst never tell my humble  
 tale  
 In sounds that will prevail,  
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;  
 All thy vain mirth lay by,  
 Bid thy strings silent lie,  
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy  
 master die.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

*WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED  
 MISTRESS.*

WHOE'ER she be,  
 That not impossible She  
 That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,  
 Lock'd up from mortal eye  
 In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth  
 Of studied Fate stand forth,  
 And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine  
 Idea take a shrine  
 Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

—Meet you her, my Wishes,  
 Bespeak her to my blisses,  
 And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty  
 That owes not all its duty  
 To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie:

Something more than  
 Taffata or tissue can,  
 Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face that's best  
 By its own beauty drest,  
 And can alone command the rest:

A face made up  
 Out of no other shop  
 Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

Sydneian showers  
 Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
 Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight  
 Can make day's forehead bright  
 Or give down to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours,  
 Open suns, shady bowers;  
 'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Days, that need borrow  
 No part of their good morrow  
 From a fore-spent night of sorrow:



Days, that in spite  
Of darkness, by the light  
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that dares send  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it comes, say, "Welcome,  
friend."

I wish her store  
Of worth may leave her poor  
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

—Now, if Time knows  
That Her, whose radiant brows  
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her that dares be  
What these lines wish to see:  
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here  
Lo! I unclothe and clear  
My wishes' cloudy character.

Such worth as this is  
Shall fix my flying wishes,  
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,  
My fancies, fly before ye;  
Be ye my fictions:—but her story.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

### LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love  
the best!

If fifty girls were around you, I'd hardly see  
the rest;

Be what it may the time of day, the place  
be where it will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom  
before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flow-  
ing on a rock,

How clear they are, how dark they are!  
and they give me many a shock;

Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted  
with a shower,

Could ne'er express the charming lip that  
has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her  
eyebrows lifted up,

Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth  
like a china cup;

Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty  
and so fine—

It's rolling down upon her neck, and gath-  
er'd in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night ex-  
ceeded all before—

No pretty girl for miles around was missing  
from the floor;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh! but  
she was gay;

She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took  
my heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps  
were so complete,

The music nearly kill'd itself, to listen to  
her feet;

The fiddler mourn'd his blindness, he  
heard her so much praised;

But bless'd himself he wasn't deaf when  
once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what  
you sung;

Your smile is always in my heart, your  
name beside my tongue.

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd  
count on both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or  
little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower of womankind, in  
country or in town;

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast  
down.

If some great lord should come this way  
and see your beauty bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but  
right.

Oh, might we live together in lofty palace  
hall

Where joyful music rises, and where scar-  
let curtains fall!

Oh, might we live together in a cottage  
mean and small,

With sods of grass the only roof, and mud  
the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my  
distress—

It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll  
never wish it less;

The proudest place would fit your face, and  
I am poor and low,

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever  
you may go!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

### SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE?

SHALL I tell you whom I love?

Hearken then a while to me;

And if such a woman move

As I now shall versify,

Be assured 'tis she, or none,

That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right

As she scorns the help of art.

In as many virtues dight

As e'er yet embraced a heart.

So much good so truly tried,

Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire

To make known how much she hath;

And her anger flames no higher

Than may fitly sweeten wrath.

Full of pity as may be,

Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,

And her virtues grace her birth;

Lovely as all excellence,

Modest in her most of mirth.

Likelihood enough to prove

Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know

Such a one as I have sung;

Be she brown, or fair, or so

That she be but somehow young;

Be assured 'tis she, or none,

That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

### TO VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,

Old Time is still a-flying,

And this same flower that smiles to-day,

To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,

The higher he's a-getting

The sooner will his race be run,

And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,

When youth and blood are warmer,

But being spent, the worse, and worst

Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,

And while ye may, go marry;

For having lost but once your prime,

You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere

Where all imperial glory shines,

Of selfsame color is her hair,

Whether unfolded, or in twines;

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,

Resembling heaven by every wink;

The gods do fear whenas they glow,

And I do tremble when I think.

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud

That beautifies Aurora's face,

Or like the silver crimson shroud

That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace;

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her lips are like two budded roses

Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,

Within which bounds she balm encloses

Apt to entice a deity;

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower

Where Love himself imprison'd lies,

To watch for glances every hour

From her divine and sacred eyes:

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her paps are centres of delight,

Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,

Where Nature moulds the dew of light

To feed perfection with the same;

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,

With marble white, with sapphire blue,

Her body every way is fed,  
 Yet soft in touch and sweet in view ;  
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !  
 Nature herself her shape admires ;  
 The gods are wounded in her sight,  
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires  
 And at her eyes his brand doth light ;  
 Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, nymphs, though I be-  
 moan  
 The absence of fair Rosaline,  
 Since for a fair there's fairer none,  
 Nor for her virtues so divine ;  
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline ;  
 Heigh ho, my heart ! would God that she  
 were mine !

THOMAS LODGE.

---

*TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.*

WHEN Love, with unconfinèd wings,  
 Hovers within my gates,  
 And my divine Althea brings  
 To whisper at my grates ;  
 When I lye tangled in her haire ;  
 And fetter'd with her eye,  
 The birds that wanton in the aire  
 Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
 With no allaying Thames,  
 Our careless heads with roses crown'd,  
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;  
 When thirsty grieve in wine we steepe,  
 When healths and draughts goe free,  
 Fishes, that tittle in the deepe,  
 Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confinèd I  
 With shriller note shall sing  
 The mercye, sweetness, majesty,  
 And glories of my king ;  
 When I shall voyce aloud how good  
 He is, how great should be,  
 Th' enlarged windes, that curl the flood,  
 Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,  
 Nor iron barres a cage,  
 Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take  
 That for an hermitage :  
 If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soule am free,

Angels alone, that soare above,  
 Enjoy such libertie.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

---

*LINES ON ISABELLA MARKHAM.*

WHENCE comes my love ? O heart, dis-  
 close ;

It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,  
 From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,  
 From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze :  
 Whence comes my woe ? as freely own ;  
 Ah me ! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,  
 The lips befitting words most kind,  
 The eye does tempt to love's desire,  
 And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire ;  
 Yet all so fair but speak my moan,  
 Sith naught doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak  
 Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing  
 cheek—

Yet not a heart to save my pain ?  
 O Venus, take thy gifts again !  
 Make not so fair to cause our moan,  
 Or make a heart that's like our own.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

---

*SONG.*

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you ;  
 Seem to fly it, it will pursue :  
 So court a mistress, she denies you ;  
 Let her alone, she will court you.  
 Say, are not women truly, then,  
 Styled but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even shades are longest ;  
 At noon they are or short or none ;  
 So men at weakest they are strongest,  
 But grant us perfect, they're not known.  
 Say, are not women truly, then,  
 Styled but the shadows of us men ?

BEN JONSON.

---

*TO LUCASTA,*

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
 That from the nunnerie  
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,  
 To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase—  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith imbrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, should adore ;  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

—♦—  
*TO LUCASTA.*

If to be absent were to be  
Away from thee :  
Or that, when I am gone,  
You or I were alone ;  
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave  
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing  
wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale  
To swell my sail,  
Or pay a tear to 'suage  
The foaming blue-god's rage ;  
For, whether he will let me pass  
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,  
Our faith and troth,  
Like separated souls,  
All time and space controls :  
Above the highest sphere we meet,  
Unseen, unknown ; and greet as angels  
greet.

So, then, we do anticipate  
Our after-fate,  
And are alive i' th' skies,  
If thus our lips and eyes  
Can speak like spirits unconfined  
In heaven—their earthly bodies left be-  
hind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

—♦—  
*THE WELCOME.*

WELCOME, welcome, do I sing,  
Far more welcome than the spring ;  
He that parteth from you never,  
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love that to the voice is near,  
Breaking from your ivory pale,

Need not walk abroad to hear  
The delightful nightingale.  
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,  
Far more welcome than the spring ;  
He that parteth from you never,  
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that still looks on your eyes,  
Though the winter have begun  
To benumb our arteries,  
Shall not want the summer's sun.  
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,  
Far more welcome than the spring ;  
He that parteth from you never,  
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that still may see your cheeks,  
Where all rareness still reposes,  
Is a fool if e'er he seeks  
Other lilies, other roses.  
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,  
Far more welcome than the spring ;  
He that parteth from you never,  
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,  
And perceives your breath in kissing,  
All the odors of the fields  
Never, never shall be missing.  
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,  
Far more welcome than the spring ;  
He that parteth from you never,  
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that question would anew  
What fair Eden was of old,  
Let him rightly study you,  
And a brief of that behold.  
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,  
Far more welcome than the spring ;  
He that parteth from you never,  
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

WILLIAM BROWNE

—♦—  
*'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE  
ROARING.*

'T WAS when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind ;  
A damsel lay deploring,  
All on a rock reclined,  
Wide o'er the roaring billows  
She cast a wistful look ;

Her head was crown'd with willows,  
That tremble o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,  
And nine long, tedious days,  
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
Why didst thou trust the seas?  
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,  
And let my lover rest:  
Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
To that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of pleasure,  
Sees tempests in despair;  
But what's the loss of treasure  
To losing of my dear?  
Should you some coast be laid on  
Where gold and diamonds grow,  
You'd find a richer maiden,  
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature  
Has nothing made in vain;  
Why then beneath the water  
Should hideous rocks remain?  
No eyes the rocks discover,  
That lurk beneath the deep,  
To wreck the wandering lover,  
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,  
Thus wail'd she for her dear;  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each billow with a tear;  
When, o'er the white wave stooping,  
His floating corpse she spied;  
Then like a lily drooping,  
She bow'd her head and died.

JOHN GAY.

### JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blow  
I dearly like the West,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best;  
There wild woods grow, and rivers ~~now~~,  
And mony a hill between,  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair,  
I hear her in the tune fu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air;

There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green,  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings  
But 'minds me o' my Jean.

Oh blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft  
Among the leafy trees;  
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,  
Bring hame the laden bees;  
And bring the lassie back to me  
That's aye sae neat and clean;  
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes  
Hae pass'd atween us twa!  
How fain to meet, how wae to part  
That day she gaed awa!  
The Powers aboon can only ken,  
To whom the heart is seen,  
That nane can be sae dear to me  
As my sweet lovely Jean!

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

I DUG, beneath the cypress shade,  
What well might seem an elfin's grave;  
And every pledge in earth I laid,  
That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath;  
I placed one mossy stone above;  
And twined the rose's fading wreath  
Around the sepulchre of love.

Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead,  
Ere yet the evening sun was set:  
But years shall see the cypress spread,  
Immutable as my regret.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

### SONG.

Too late, alas! I must confess,  
You need not arts to move me;  
Such charms by nature you possess,  
'Twere madness not to love ye.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,  
And give my tongue the glory  
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes  
Betray a tender story.

JOHN WILMOT (Earl of Rochester).

## SONG.

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes,  
 United, cast too fierce a light,  
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies;  
 Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy;  
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;  
 Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,  
 That runs his link full in your face.

CHARLES SACKVILLE (Earl of Dorset).

## SONG.

NOT, Celia, that I juster am  
 Or better than the rest;  
 For I would change each hour, like them,  
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee  
 By every thought I have;  
 Thy face I only care to see,  
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored  
 In thy dear self I find,—  
 For the whole sex can but afford  
 The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,  
 And still make love anew?  
 When change itself can give no more,  
 'Tis easy to be true.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

## THE NIGHT PIECE.

TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,  
 The shooting-stars attend thee;  
 And the elves also,  
 Whose little eyes glow  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-wispe mislight thee,  
 Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;  
 But on thy way,  
 Not making stay,  
 Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the darke thee cumber;  
 What though the moon does slumber?

The stars of the night  
 Will lend thee their light,  
 Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
 Thus, thus to come unto me;  
 And when I shall meet  
 Thy silvery feet,  
 My soule I'll pour into thee!

ROBERT HERRICK.

## A DITTY.

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have  
 his,  
 By just exchange one to the other given:  
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
 There never was a better bargain driven:  
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have  
 his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,  
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses  
 guides:

He loves my heart, for once it was his own,  
 I cherish his because in me it bides:  
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have  
 his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

## THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

ST. AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!  
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
 The hare limp'd trembling through the  
 frozen grass,  
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold:  
 Numb were the beadsman's fingers while  
 he told

His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
 Like pious incense from a censer old,  
 Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a  
 death,  
 Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his  
 prayer he saith.

II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;  
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his  
 knees,  
 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,  
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:

The sculptured dead, on each side seem  
to freeze,  
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:  
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb  
oratories,  
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails  
To think how they may ache in icy hoods  
and mails.

## III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,  
And scarce three steps, ere Music's gold-  
en tongue  
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;  
But no—already had his death-bell rung;  
The joys of all his life were said and sung:  
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;  
Another way he went, and soon among  
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,  
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake  
to grieve.

## IV.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude  
soft;  
And so it chanced, for many a door was  
wide,  
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to  
chide;  
The level chambers, ready with their  
pride,  
Were glowing to receive a thousand  
guests;  
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,  
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice  
rests,  
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-  
wise on their breasts.

## V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,  
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily  
The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with  
triumphs gay  
Of old romance. These let us wish away,  
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there  
Whose heart had brooded, all that win-  
try day,  
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,  
As she had heard old dames full many  
times declare.

## VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
Young virgins might have visions of  
delight,  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,  
If ceremonies due they did aright;  
As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine their beauties, lily  
white;  
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that  
they desire.

## VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Made-  
line;  
The music, yearning like a god in pain,  
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes di-  
vine,  
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping  
train  
Pass by—she heeded not at all; in vain  
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
And back retired; not cool'd by high  
disdain,  
But she saw not; her heart was other-  
where;  
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest  
of the year.

## VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless  
eyes,  
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick  
and short;  
The hallow'd hour was near at hand; she  
sighs  
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd re-  
sort  
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;  
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate and scorn,  
Hoodwink'd with fairy fancy; all amorn,  
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,  
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow  
morn.

## IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,  
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the  
moors,  
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on  
fire  
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,

Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he,  
and implores  
All saints to give him sight of Made-  
line,  
But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
That he might gaze and worship all un-  
seen;  
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in  
sooth such things have been.

## X.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper  
tell:  
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords  
Will storm his heart, Love's feverous  
citadel:  
For him, those chambers held barbarian  
hordes,  
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
Whose very dogs would execrations howl  
Against his lineage: not one breast  
affords  
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,  
Save one old beldame, weak in body and  
in soul.

## XI.

Ah, happy chance! the agèd creature came,  
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,  
To where he stood, hid from the torch's  
flame,  
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond  
The sound of merriment and chorus  
bland:  
He startled her; but soon she knew his  
face,  
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied  
hand,  
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from  
this place;  
They are all here to-night, the whole  
bloodthirsty race!

## XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish  
Hildebrand;  
He had a fever late, and in the fit  
He cursed thee and thine, both house and  
land:  
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not  
a whit  
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me!  
flit!

Flit like a ghost away!"—"Ah, gossip dear,  
We're safe enough; here in this arm-  
chair sit,  
And tell me how"—"Good saints, not here,  
not here;  
Follow me, child, or else these stones will  
be thy bier."

## XIII.

He follow'd through a lowly archèd way,  
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty  
plume;  
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"  
He found him in a little moonlight room,  
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.  
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,  
"Oh tell me, Angela, by the holy loom  
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,  
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving  
piously."

## XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—  
Yet men will murder upon holy days:  
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,  
To venture so. It fills me with amaze  
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!  
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer  
plays  
This very night: good angels her deceive!  
But let me laugh a while, I've mickle time  
to grieve."

## XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,  
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone  
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-  
book,  
As spectacled she sits in chimney-nook.  
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she  
told  
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could  
brook  
Tears, at the thought of those enchant-  
ments cold,  
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

## XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown  
rose  
Flushing his brow, and in his pained  
heart



Made purple riot: then doth he propose  
A stratagem, that makes the beldame  
start:

"A cruel man and impious thou art!  
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and  
dream

Alone with her good angels, far apart  
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I  
deem

Thou canst not surely be the same that  
thou didst seem."

## XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I  
swear!"

Quoth Porphyro. "Oh, may I ne'er find  
grace

When my weak voice shall whisper its last  
prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,

Or look with ruffian passion in her face:

Good Angela, believe me by these tears;

Or I will, even in a moment's space,

Awake with horrid shout my foemen's ears,  
And beard them, though they be more  
fang'd than wolves and bears."

## XVIII.

"Ah, why wilt thou affright a feeble  
soul?

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-  
yard thing,

Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight  
toll;

Whose prayers for thee, each morn and  
evening,

Were never miss'd." Thus plaining doth  
she bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;

So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,

That Angela gives promise she will do

Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or  
woe.

## XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,  
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there  
hide

Him in a closet, of such privacy

That he might see her beauty unespied,

And win perhaps that night a peerless  
bride,

While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,  
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-  
eyed.

Never on such a night have lovers met,  
Since Merlin paid his demon all the mon-  
strous debt.

## XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the  
dame;

"All cates and dainties shall be stored  
there

Quickly on this feast-night; by the tam-  
bour-frame

Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to  
spare,

For I am slow and feeble, and scarce  
dare

On such a catering trust my dizzy head.

Wait here, my child, with patience kneel  
in prayer

The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady  
wed,

Or may I never leave my grave among the  
dead."

## XXI.

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.

The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;

The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear  
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast

From fright of dim espial. Safe at  
last,

Through many a dusky gallery, they gain

The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd  
and chaste;

Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.

His poor guide hurried back with agues  
in her brain.

## XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,

Old Angela was feeling for the stair,

When Madeline, St. Agnes' charm'd  
maid,

Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:

With silver taper's light, and pious  
care,

She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led

To a safe level matting. Now prepare,

Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;

She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove  
fray'd and fled.

## XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;  
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine,  
 died :  
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin  
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide :  
 No utter'd syllable, or, woe betide !  
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,  
 Paining with eloquence her balmy  
 side ;  
 As though a tongueless nightingale should  
 swell  
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in  
 her dell.

## XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there  
 was,  
 All garlanded with carven imageries  
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-  
 grass,  
 And diamonded with panes of quaint  
 device,  
 Innumerable of stains and splendid  
 dyes,  
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd  
 wings ;  
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand her-  
 aldries,  
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazon-  
 ings,  
 A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood  
 of queens and kings.

## XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry  
 moon,  
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair  
 breast,  
 As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and  
 boon ;  
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together  
 prest,  
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint :  
 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly  
 drest,  
 Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew  
 faint :  
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from  
 mortal taint.

## XXVI.

Anon his heart revives : her vespers done,  
 Of all its wreath'd pearls her hair she  
 frees ;  
 Unclasps her warm'd jewels one by one ;  
 Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees  
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her  
 knees :  
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
 Pensive a while she dreams awake, and  
 sees,  
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm  
 is fled.

## XXVII.

Soon trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she  
 lay,  
 Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep op-  
 press'd  
 Her sooth'd limbs, and soul fatigued  
 away ;  
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-  
 day ;  
 Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain ;  
 Clasp'd like a missal where swart Pay-  
 nims pray ;  
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from  
 rain,  
 As though a rose should shut, and be a  
 bud again.

## XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,  
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,  
 And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced  
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness ;  
 Which when he heard, that minute did  
 he bless,  
 And breathed himself : then from the closet  
 crept,  
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,  
 And over the hush'd carpet, silent stopt,  
 And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo !  
 —how fast she slept.

## XXIX.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded  
 moon  
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set

A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon  
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—  
 Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet!  
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,  
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,  
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—  
 The hall-door shuts again, and all the  
 noise is gone.

## XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,  
 In blanchèd linen, smooth, and laven-  
 der'd;  
 While he from forth the closet brought a  
 heap  
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and  
 gourd;  
 With jellies soother than the creamy  
 curd,  
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;  
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd  
 From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,  
 From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Leb-  
 anon.

## XXXI.

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing  
 hand  
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
 Of wreathèd silver. Sumptuous they stand  
 In the retired quiet of the night,  
 Filling the chilly room with perfume  
 light.—  
 "And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!  
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;  
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,  
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul  
 doth ache."

## XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm  
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her  
 dream  
 By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight  
 charm  
 Impossible to melt as icèd stream:  
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight  
 gleam;  
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;  
 It seem'd he never, never could redeem  
 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;  
 So mused a while, entoil'd in woofed  
 phantasies.

## XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—  
 Tumultuous,—and, in chords that ten-  
 derest be,  
 He play'd an ancient ditty, long since  
 mute,  
 In Provence called "La belle dame sans  
 mercy:"  
 Close to her ear touching the melody;—  
 Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft  
 moan:  
 He ceased—she panted quick—and sud-  
 denly  
 Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:  
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-  
 sculptured stone.

## XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:  
 There was a painful change, that nigh  
 expell'd  
 The blisses of her dream so pure and  
 deep.  
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
 And moan forth witless words with many  
 a sigh;  
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would  
 keep;  
 Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous  
 eye,  
 Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so  
 dreamingly.

## XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now  
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine  
 ear,  
 Made tunable with every sweetest vow;  
 And those sad eyes were spiritual and  
 clear:  
 How changed thou art! how pallid, chill  
 and drear!  
 Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
 Those looks immortal, those complain-  
 ings dear!  
 Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,  
 For if thou diest, my love, I know not  
 where to go."

## XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far  
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,

Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star  
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep  
repose:

Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—

Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind  
blows

Like love's alarum pattering the sharp  
sleet

Against the window-panes; St. Agnes'  
moon hath set.

## XXXVII.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown  
sleet:

"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"

'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and  
beat:

"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!  
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and  
pine.—

Cruel! what traitor could thee hither  
bring?

I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,  
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—  
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, un-  
pruned wing."

## XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely  
bride!

Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?  
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and  
vermeil-dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my  
rest

After so many hours of toil and quest,  
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.

Though I have found, I will not rob thy  
nest,

Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st  
well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

## XXXIX.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery  
land,

Of haggard seeming, but a boon in-  
deed:

Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—

The bloated wassailers will never heed.

Let us away, my love, with happy speed;  
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—  
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy  
mead.

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
For o'er the southern moors I have a home  
for thee."

## XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
For there were sleeping dragons all  
around,

At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready  
spears—

Down the wide stairs a darkling way  
they found,

In all the house was heard no human  
sound.

A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by  
each door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk,  
and hound,

Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;  
And the long carpets rose along the gusty  
floor.

## XLI.

They glide like phantoms into the wide hall!  
Like phantoms to the iron porch they  
glide,

Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,

With a huge empty flagon by his side:

The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook  
his hide,

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:

By one and one the bolts full easy slide:  
The chains lie silent on the footworn  
stones;

The key turns, and the door upon its  
hinges groans.

## XLII.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago

These lovers fled away into the storm.

That night the baron dreamt of many a  
woe,

And all his warrior-guests, with shade  
and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-  
worm,

Were long benightmared. Angela the old

Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face  
deform;

The beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
For aye unsought-for slept among his  
ashes cold.

JOHN KEATS.

—  
*JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.*

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride;  
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,  
Sae comely to be seen;"—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale;  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And lord of Langley-dale;  
His step is first in peaceful ha',  
His sword in battle keen;"—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you, the foremost o' them a',  
Shall ride our forest queen;"—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,  
The tapers glimmer'd fair,  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight are there.  
They sought her baith by bower and ha',  
The lady was not seen!—  
She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

—  
*SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.*

If thou must love me, let it be for naught  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
"I love her for her smile, her look, her  
way  
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes  
brought

- A sense of pleasant ease on such a  
day—"

For these things in themselves, beloved,  
may  
Be changed, or change for thee,—and  
love, so wrought,  
May be unwrought so. Neither love me  
for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks  
dry,—  
A creature might forget to weep, who  
bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love  
thereby!  
But love me for love's sake, that ever-  
more  
Thou mayst love on, through love's  
eternity.

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away  
To a man, dearest, except this to thee,  
Which now upon my fingers thought-  
fully  
I ring out to the full brown length, and  
say,  
"Take it." My day of youth went yester-  
day:  
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's  
glee,  
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree,  
As girls do, any more: it only may  
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark  
of tears,  
Taught drooping from the head that  
hangs aside  
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the  
funeral shears  
Would take this first, but love is justi-  
fied,—  
Take it thou,—finding pure, from all those  
years,  
The kiss my mother left here when she  
died.

—  
SAY over again, and yet once over again,  
That thou dost love me. Though the  
word repeated  
Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou  
dost treat it.  
Remember, never to the hill or plain,

Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,  
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed.

Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted  
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain

Cry, "Speak once more—thou lovest!"  
Who can fear

Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—

Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?

Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll

The silver iterance!—only minding, dear,  
To love me also in silence with thy soul.

My letters! all dead paper, . . . mute and white!

And yet they seem alive and quivering  
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string

And let them drop down on my knee to-night.

This said, . . . he wish'd to have me in his sight

Once, as a friend: this fix'd a day in spring

To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing,

Yet I wept for it! this, . . . the paper's light, . . .

Said, *Dear, I love thee*; and I sank and quail'd

As if God's future thunder'd on my past.

This said, *I am thine*,—and so its ink has paled

With lying at my heart that beat too fast.

And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill avail'd,

If what this said, I dared repeat at last!

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange  
And be all to me? Shall I never miss  
Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss

That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,

When I look up, to drop on a new range  
Of walls and floors—another home than this?

Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is

Fill'd by dead eyes too tender to know change?

That's hardest. If to conquer love has tried,  
To conquer grief tries more, as all things prove;

For grief indeed is love and grief beside.

Alas, I have grieved so, I am hard to love.

Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,

And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

FIRST time he kiss'd me, he but only kiss'd  
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;

And ever since, it grew more clean and white,

Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "Oh, list,"

When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst

I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,

Than that first kiss. The second pass'd in height

The first, and sought the forehead, and half miss'd,

Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond need!

That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,

With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.

The third upon my lips was folded down  
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,

I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own!"

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's  
 ost quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
 ove thee freely, as men strive for right;  
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
 ove thee with the passion put to use  
 In my old griefs, and with my child-  
 hood's faith.  
 love thee with a love I seem'd to lose  
 With my lost saints. I love thee with  
 the breath,  
 niles, tears, of all my life; and, if God  
 choose,  
 I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### LOCHINVAR.

H, young Lochinvar is come out of the  
 West,—  
 hrough all the wide Border his steed was  
 the best,  
 nd save his good broadsword he weapons  
 had none,—  
 e rode all unarm'd and he rode all  
 alone.  
 o faithful in love, and so dauntless in  
 war,  
 here never was knight like the young  
 Lochinvar.  
 e stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd  
 not for stone,  
 e swam the Eske river where ford there  
 was none,  
 ut ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 he bride had consented, the gallant came  
 late;  
 or a laggard in love and a dastard in  
 war  
 /as to wed the fair Ellen of brave Loch-  
 invar.

o boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,  
 fong bridesmen and kinsmen and broth-  
 ers and all.  
 hen spoke the bride's father, his hand on  
 his sword  
 For the poor craven bridegroom said  
 never a word),  
 Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye  
 in war,  
 r to dance at our bridal, young Lord  
 Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter,—my suit  
 you denied;  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like  
 its tide;  
 And now am I come, with this lost love of  
 mine  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of  
 wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more love-  
 ly, by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young  
 Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight  
 took it up,  
 He quaff'd off the wine and he threw  
 down the cup.  
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd  
 up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her  
 eye.  
 He took her soft hand ere her mother  
 could bar:  
 "Now tread we a measure," said young  
 Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her  
 face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did  
 grace,  
 While her mother did fret, and her father  
 did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his  
 bonnet and plume,  
 And the bridemaids whisper'd, "'Twere  
 better by far  
 To have match'd our fair cousin with  
 young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in  
 her ear,  
 When they reach'd the hall-door, and the  
 charger stood near;  
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he  
 swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he  
 sprung!  
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank,  
 bush, and scaur;  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow."  
 quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the  
Netherby clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they  
rode and they ran;  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie  
Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did  
they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in  
war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young  
Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

—♦—  
*AULD ROBIN GRAY.*

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when  
the kye's come hame,  
When a' the weary warld to rest are  
gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae  
my ee,  
Unkenn'd by my gudeman, wha sleeps  
sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought  
me for his bride;  
But saving ae crown-piece, he had naething  
beside;  
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie  
gaed to sea;  
And the crown and the pound,—they  
were baith for me!

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and  
a day,  
When my father brake his arm, and the  
cow was stown away;  
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at  
sea—  
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting  
me.

My father cou'dna wark, my mother  
cou'dna spin;  
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I  
cou'dna win;  
Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and,  
wi' tears in his ee,  
Said, "Jeanie, oh! for their sakes, will ye  
no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie  
back;  
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was  
a wrack:  
His ship was a wrack—Why didna Jamie  
dee?  
Or, why am I spared to cry, Wae is me!  
My father urged me sair—my mother didna  
speak,  
But she lookèd in my face till my heart  
was like to break;  
They gied him my hand—my heart was in  
the sea—  
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to  
me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only  
four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at  
my door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I cou'dna  
think it he,  
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to  
marry thee!"

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say  
of a';  
I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang  
awa'—  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to  
dee;  
For, though my heart is broken, I'm but  
young, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to  
spin;  
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be  
a sin;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD

—♦—  
*TO MARY IN HEAVEN.*

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?



Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening,  
green,  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twined amorous round the raptured  
scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,  
The birds sang love on every spray,  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care!  
Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!  
Where is thy blissful place of rest?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

#### THE LADY'S YES.

"YES," I answer'd you last night;  
"No," this morning, sir, I say:  
Colors seen by candle-light  
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols play'd their best,  
Lamps above and laughs below,  
*Love me* sounded like a jest,  
Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

Call me false or call me free,  
Vow, whatever light may shine,—  
No man on your face shall see  
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both;  
Time to dance is not to woo;  
Wooing light makes fickle troth,  
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith  
Nobly, as the thing is high,  
Bravely, as for life and death,  
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
Point her to the starry skies;  
Guard her, by your truthful words  
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,  
Ever true, as wives of yore;  
And her *yes*, once said to you,  
SHALL be Yes for evermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,  
And clouds are highest up in air,  
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:  
Lovers long betroth'd were they:  
They two will wed the morrow morn:  
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,  
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;  
He loves me for my own true worth,  
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
Said, "Who was this that went from  
thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,  
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse.  
"That all comes round so just and fair:  
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my  
nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so  
wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,  
"I speak the truth: you are my child."

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast;  
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!  
I buried her like my own sweet child,  
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
O mother," she said, "if this be true,  
To keep the best man under the sun  
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret for your life,  
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,  
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,  
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.  
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,  
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret all ye can."  
She said, "Not so: but I will know  
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,  
"The man will cleave unto his right."  
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,  
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother, dear!  
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."  
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,  
"So strange it seems to me!"

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,  
My mother dear, if this be so,  
And lay your hand upon my head,  
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,  
She was no longer Lady Clare:  
She went by dale, and she went by down,  
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had  
brought  
Leapt up from where she lay,  
Dropp'd her head in the maiden's hand,  
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stepp'd Lord Ronald from his tower:  
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!  
Why come you dress'd like a village maid,  
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come dress'd like a village maid,  
I am but as my fortunes are:  
I am a beggar born," she said,  
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
"For I am yours in word and in deed.  
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!  
Her heart within her did not fail:  
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:  
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:  
"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the next in blood—"

"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,  
We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

LOVE not me for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye or face,  
Nor for any outward part,  
No, nor for my constant heart,—  
For those may fail, or turn to ill,  
So thou and I shall sever:  
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,  
And love me still, but know not why—  
So hast thou the same reason still  
To doat upon me ever!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

It is not beauty I demand,  
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,  
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,  
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair:

Tell me not of your starry eyes,  
Your lips that seem on roses fed,  
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,  
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed:—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks  
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,  
A breath that softer music speaks  
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

These are but gauds : nay what are lips ?  
Coral beneath the ocean stream,  
Whose brink when your adventurer slips  
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft  
That wave hot youth to fields of blood ?  
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,  
Do Greece or Ilium any good ?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn ;  
Poison can breath, that erst perfumed ;  
There's many a white hand holds an urn  
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed

For crystal brows there's naught within ;  
They are but empty cells for pride ;  
He who the siren's hair would win  
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,  
A tender heart, a loyal mind  
Which with temptation I would trust,  
Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I  
Could pour my secret heart of woes,  
Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly  
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter ! whose love  
So indefeasible might be  
That, when my spirit wonn'd above,  
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

THOMAS CAREW.

### MILK-MAID'S SONG.

#### THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,  
Or woods and steepy mountains yield ;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed our flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And then a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle .

A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for my meat,  
As precious as the gods do eat,  
Shall, on an ivory table, be  
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight, each May morning.  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

### MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

#### THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;  
Then Philomel becometh dumb,  
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields.  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten :  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,  
Of better meat than's fit for men?  
These are but vain: that's only good  
Which God hath bless'd, and sent for  
food.

But could youth last and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

—♦—  
*ON A DAY, ALACK THE DAY!*

On a day, alack the day!  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind  
All unseen 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alack, my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack, for youth unmet;  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Do not call it sin in me  
That I am forsworn for thee:  
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiop were,  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—  
*WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.*

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more,  
Thine be the grief as is the blame;  
Thou art not what thou wast before,  
What reason I should be the same?  
He that can love unloved again,  
Hath better store of love than brain:  
God send me love my debts to pay,  
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,  
If thou hadst still continued mine;  
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,  
I might perchance have yet been thine.

But thou thy freedom did recall,  
That if thou might elsewhere inthrall;  
And then how could I but disdain  
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,  
And changed the object of thy will,  
It had been lethargy in me,  
Not constancy, to love thee still.  
Yea, it had been a sin to go  
And prostitute affection so,  
Since we are taught no prayers to say  
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,  
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;  
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,  
To see him gain what I have lost;  
The height of my disdain shall be,  
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;  
To love thee still, but go no more  
A begging to a beggar's door.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

—♦—  
*THE MAID'S LAMENT.*

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is  
gone,  
I feel I am alone.  
I checkt him while he spoke; yet could  
he speak,  
Alas! I would not check.  
For reasons not to love him once I  
sought,  
And wearied all my thought  
To vex myself and him: I now would give  
My love, could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and when he  
found  
'Twas vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of death!  
I waste for him my breath  
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns  
And this lone bosom burns  
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
And waking me to weep  
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for  
years  
Wept he as bitter tears!  
"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer  
"These may she never share!"  
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
Than daisies in the mould,

Where children spell athwart the church-  
yard gate

His name and life's brief date.

Pray for him, gentle souls, who'er ye be,  
And oh, pray, too, for me!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

### AN ODE.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,

Conveys it in a borrow'd name:

Euphelia serves to grace my measure

But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre

Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;

When Chloe noted her desire,

That I should sing, that I should play,

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;

But with my numbers mix my sighs;

And while I sing Euphelia's praise,

I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd, Euphelia frown'd:

I sung, and gazed: I play'd and trembled:

And Venus to the Loves around

Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

### CONSTANCY.

OUT upon it, I have loved

Three whole days together;

And am like to love three more

If it prove fine weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,

Ere he shall discover

In the whole wide world again

Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise

Is due at all to me;

Love with me had made no stays

Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,

And that very face,

There had been at least ere this,

A dozen in her place.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

### A FRAGMENT.

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play;

Love walks the pleasant mazes of her  
hair;

Love does on both her lips for ever stray,  
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses  
there:

In all her outward parts Love's always seen;  
But oh! he never went within.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

### TO A DEAD WOMAN.

NOT a kiss in life; but one kiss at life's  
end,

I have set on the face of Death in trust  
for thee,

Through long years, keep it fresh on thy  
lips, O friend!

At the gate of silence, give it back to me.

HENRY C. BUNNER.

### LOVE IN THE VALLEY.

UNDER yonder beech-tree standing on the  
green sward,

Couch'd with her arms behind her little  
head,

Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her  
bosom,

Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.

Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath  
her,

Press her dreaming lips as her waist I  
folded slow,

Waking on the instant she could not but  
embrace me—

Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the  
swallow;

Swift as the swallow when, athwart the  
western flood,

Circleting the surface, he meets his mir-  
ror'd winglets—

Is that dear one in her maiden bud.

Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the  
pine tops;

Gentle—ah! that she were jealous—as the  
dove!

Full of all the wildness of the woodland  
creatures,

Happy in herself is the maiden that I love!

What can have taught her distrust of all I  
tell her?

Can she truly doubt me when looking on  
my brows?

Nature never teaches distrust of tender  
love-tales—

What can have taught her distrust of all  
my vows?

No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy eve-  
tide,

Whispering together beneath the listening  
moon,

I pray'd till her cheek flush'd, implored  
till she falter'd—

Flutter'd to my bosom—ah! to fly away so  
soon!

When her mother tends her before the  
laughing mirror,

Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,  
Often she thinks—Were this wild thing  
wedded,

I should have more love, and much less  
care.

When her mother tends her before the  
bashful mirror,

Loosening her laces, combing down her  
curls,

Often she thinks—Were this wild thing  
wedded,

I should lose but one for so many boys and  
girls.

Clamoring roses peep into her chamber;  
Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet,  
sweet;

White-neck'd swallows, twittering of sum-  
mer,

Fill her with balm and nested peace from  
head to feet.

Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying  
lonely,

When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on  
the leaves?

Will the autumn garners see her still un-  
gather'd,

When the fickle swallows forsake the weep-  
ing eaves?

Comes a sudden question—should a strange  
hand pluck her!

Oh, what an anguish smites me at the  
thought!

Should some idle lordling bribe her mind  
with jewels!—

Can such beauty ever thus be bought?

Sometimes the huntsmen, prancing down  
the valley,

Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly  
mirth;

They see, as I see, mine is the fairest!

Would she were older and could read my  
worth!

Are there not sweet maidens, if she still  
deny me?

Show the bridal heavens but one bright  
star?

Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,  
Clattering one note like a brown eve-jar?

So I rhyme and reason till she darts before  
me—

Through the milky meadows from flower to  
flower she flies,

Sunning her sweet palms to shade her  
dazzled eyelids

From the golden love that looks too eager  
in her eyes.

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair  
face gazes

Out on the weather through the window-  
panes,

Beauteous she looks! like a white water-  
lily

Bursting out of bud on the rippled river  
plains.

When from bed she rises, clothed from  
neck to ankle

In her long night-gown, sweet as boughs of  
May,

Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden lily,  
Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

Happy, happy time, when the gray star  
twinkles

Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew;  
When the cold-cheek'd dawn grows ruddy

up the twilight,

And the gold sun wakes and weds her in  
the blue.

Then when my darling tempts the early  
breezes,

She the only star that dies not with the  
dark!

Powerless to speak all the ardor of my  
passion,

I catch her little hand as we listen to the  
lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their  
sweethearts?

Season after season tell a fruitless tale?

Will not the virgin listen to their voices?

Take the honey'd meaning, wear the bridal  
veil?

Fears she frosts of winter, fears she the  
bare branches?

Waits she the garlands of spring for her  
dower?

Is she a nightingale that will not be nested  
Till the April woodland has built her bridal  
bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds  
and beauties!

With thy crescent brows and thy flowery,  
showery glee;

With thy budding leafage and fresh green  
pastures;

And may thy lustrous crescent grow a hon-  
ey-moon for me!

Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the  
violet!

Come, weeping loveliness in all thy blue  
delight!

Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish  
longer!

Bring her to my arms on the first May night.  
GEORGE MEREDITH.

#### DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

On blythe Yule night when we were fou,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't:

Maggie coost her head fu' high,

Look'd asklent and unco' skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleert an' blin',

Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Slighted love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie dee?

She may gae to—France for me!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings;

And oh, her een, they spak sic things.

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan couldna be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;

Now they're crouse and canty baith,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,  
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush  
Deeply ripen'd ;—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,  
Which were blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veil'd a light,  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim;  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

*PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.*

IN the merrie moneth of Maye,  
In a morne by break of daye,  
With a troope of damselles playing  
Forth. "I yode" forsooth a-maying:

When anon by a wood side,  
Where as Maye was in his pride,  
I espied all alone  
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, god wot;  
He wold love, and she wold not.  
She sayde, never man was trewe;  
He sayes, none was false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe:  
She sayes, love should have no wronge.  
Corydon wold kisse her then:  
She sayes, maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.  
When she made the shepperde call  
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,  
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with manie a prettie othe,  
Yea and nay, and faith and trothe;  
Suche as seelie shepperdes use  
When they will not love abuse;

Love, that had bene long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweete concluded;  
And Phillida with garlands gaye  
Was made the lady of the Maye.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

*MAID OF ATHENS.*

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge,  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste;  
By that zone-encircled waist;

By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.—  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul:  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

LORD BYRON.

*ADELGITHA.*

THE Ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,  
And sad, pale *Adelgitha* came,  
When forth a valiant champion bounded,  
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, deliver'd from her danger;  
But when he knelt to claim her glove—  
"Seek not," she cried, "O gallant  
stranger,  
For hapless *Adelgitha's* love.

"For he is in a foreign far land  
Whose arm should now have set me  
free;  
And I must wear the willow garland  
For him that's dead, or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"—  
He raised his visor,—at the sight  
She fell into his arms and fainted;  
It was indeed her own true knight.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*BONNIE LESLEY.*

OH saw ye bonnie Lesley  
As she gaed o'er the border?  
She's gane, like Alexander,  
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her for ever;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And never made anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley—  
Thy subjects we, before thee;  
Thou art divine, fair Lesley—  
The hearts o' men adore thee.



The deil he could na scaith thee,  
Or aught that wad belang thee;  
He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;  
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;  
Thou'rt like themsel' sae lovely,  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley!  
Return to Caledonie!  
That we may brag we hae a lass  
There's nane again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

OH never talk again to me  
Of northern climes and British ladies;  
It has not been your lot to see,  
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.  
Although her eye be not of blue,  
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,  
How far its own expressive hue  
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole  
The fire that through those silken lashes  
In darkest glances seems to roll,  
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;  
And as along her bosom steal  
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,  
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,  
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,  
And frigid even in possession;  
And if their charms be fair to view,  
Their lips are slow at Love's confession:  
But born beneath a brighter sun,  
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,  
And who—when fondly, fairly won,—  
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,  
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,  
And if she love, or if she hate,  
Alike she knows not to dissemble.  
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—  
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;  
And, though it will not bend to gold,  
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love  
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,  
For every thought is bent to prove  
Her passion in the hour of trial.  
When thronging foemen menace Spain,  
She dares the deed and shares the  
danger;  
And should her lover press the plain,  
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,  
She mingles in the gay Bolero,  
Or sings to her attuned guitar  
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,  
Or counts her beads with fairy hand  
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,  
Or joins devotion's choral band,  
To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper.

In each her charms the heart must move  
Of all who venture to behold her;  
Then let not maids less fair reprove  
Because her bosom is not colder:  
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam,  
Where many a soft and melting maid is,  
But none abroad, and few at home,  
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

LORD BYRON.

### I LOVE MY LOVE.

WHAT is the meaning of the song  
That rings so clear and loud,  
Thou nightingale amid the copse,  
Thou lark above the cloud?  
What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,  
Up in the walnut tree?  
"I love my Love, because I know  
My Love loves me."

What is the meaning of thy thought,  
O maiden fair and young?  
There is such pleasure in thine eyes,  
Such music on thy tongue;  
There is such glory on thy face,  
What can the meaning be?  
"I love my Love, because I know  
My Love loves me."

Oh happy words! at Beauty's feet  
We sing them ere our prime,  
And when the early summers pass,  
And Care comes on with Time,

Still be it ours, in Care's despite,  
To join the chorus free:  
"I love my Love, because I know  
My Love loves me."

CHARLES MACKAY.

—◆—  
*COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.*

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken  
deer,  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy  
home is still here;  
Here still is the smile that no cloud can  
o'ercast,  
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the  
last.

Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the  
same  
Through joy and through torment, through  
glory and shame?  
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that  
heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou  
art.

Thou hast call'd me thy angel in moments  
of bliss,  
And thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of  
this,  
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy  
steps to pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee,—or per-  
ish there too!

THOMAS MOORE.

—◆—  
*THE SILLER CROWN.*

"AND ye sall walk in silk attire,  
And siller hae to spare,  
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,  
Nor think o' Donald mair."

Oh wha wad buy a silken gown  
Wi' a puir broken heart?  
Or what's to me a siller crown  
Gin frae my love I part?

The mind, whose meanest wish is pure,  
Far dearest is to me,  
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,  
I'll lay me down an' dee.

For I hae vow'd a virgin's vow  
My lover's fate to share,

An' he has gi'en to me his heart,  
And what can man do mair?

His mind and manners won my heart:  
He gratefu' took the gift;  
And did I wish to seek it back,  
It wad be waur than theft.

The langest life can ne'er repay  
The love he bears to me,  
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,  
I'll lay me down an' dee.

SUSANNA BLAIR.

—◆—  
*MARY MORISON.*

O MARY, at thy window be!  
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!  
Those smiles and glances let me see  
That make the miser's treasure poor:  
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen' when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,—  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
Though this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faut is loving thee?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown;  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS

—◆—  
*THE MINSTREL'S SONG.*

OH, sing unto my roundelay!  
Oh, drop the briny tear with me!  
Dance no more at holiday;  
Like a running river be.  
My love is dead,  
Gone to his death bed,  
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,  
 White his neck as the summer snow,  
 Ruddy his face as the morning light;  
 Cold he lies in the grave below.  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his death bed,  
 All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;  
 Quick in dance as thought can be;  
 Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;  
 Oh, he lies by the willow tree!  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his death bed,  
 All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing  
 In the brier'd dell below;  
 Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing  
 To the nightmares as they go.  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his death bed,  
 All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;  
 Whiter is my true-love's shroud,  
 Whiter than the morning sky.  
 Whiter than the evening cloud.  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his deathbed,  
 All under the willow tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave  
 Shall the barren flowers be laid,  
 Nor one holy saint to save  
 All the coldness of a maid.  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his death bed,  
 All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers  
 Round his holy corse to grieve;  
 Ouphante fairy, light your fires;  
 Here my body still shall be.  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his death bed,  
 All under the willow tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,  
 Drain my heart's blood all away;  
 Life and all its good I scorn,  
 Dance by night, or feast by day.  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his death bed,  
 All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crown'd with reyes,  
 Bear me to your lethal tide.  
 I die! I come! my true love waits.  
 Thus the damsel spake, and died.  
 THOMAS CHATTERTON

—♦—  
*ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN  
 PROFANED.*

ONE word is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it,  
 One feeling too falsely disdain'd  
 For thee to disdain it.  
 One hope is too like despair  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And pity from thee more dear  
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love:  
 But wilt thou accept not  
 The worship the heart lifts above  
 And the heavens reject not;  
 The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
 From the sphere of our sorrow?  
 PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

—♦—  
*TO HIS FORSAKEN MISTRESS.*

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
 And I might have gone near to love thee  
 Had I not found the lightest prayer  
 That lips could speak, had power to  
 move thee:  
 But I can let thee now alone,  
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find  
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,  
 Thy favors are but like the wind,  
 That kisses everything it meets;  
 And since thou canst with more than one  
 Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands  
 Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly  
 smells!  
 But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder  
 hands,  
 No more her sweetness with her dwells,  
 But scent and beauty both are gone,  
 And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,  
 When thou hast handled been a while,—  
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside:  
 And I will sigh, while some will smile,  
 To see thy love for more than one  
 Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

—♦—  
*LOCKSLEY HALL.*

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as  
 yet 'tis early morn:  
 Leave me here, and when you want me,  
 sound upon the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old,  
 the curlews call,  
 Dreary gleams about the moorland flying  
 over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall that in the distance over-  
 looks the sandy tracts,  
 And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into  
 cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement,  
 ere I went to rest,  
 Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly  
 to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising  
 thro' the mellow shade,  
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in  
 a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourish-  
 ing a youth sublime  
 With the fairy tales of science, and the  
 long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a  
 fruitful land reposed;  
 When I clung to all the present for the  
 promise that it 'closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human  
 eye could see;  
 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the  
 wonder that would be.—

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon  
 the robin's breast;  
 In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets  
 himself another crest:

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on  
 the burnish'd dove;  
 In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly  
 turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than  
 should be for one so young,  
 And her eyes on all my motions with a  
 mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and  
 speak the truth to me,  
 Trust me, cousin, all the current of my  
 being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a  
 color and a light,  
 As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the  
 northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a  
 sudden storm of sighs—  
 All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark  
 of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing  
 they should do me wrong!"  
 Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?"  
 weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd  
 it in his glowing hands;  
 Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself  
 in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote  
 on all the chords with might:  
 Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,  
 pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we  
 hear the cosses ring,  
 And her whisper throng'd my pulses with  
 the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we  
 watch the stately ships,  
 And our spirits rush'd together at the  
 touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my  
 Amy, mine no more!  
 O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the  
 barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than  
all songs have sung,  
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to  
a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having  
known me—to decline  
On a range of lower feelings and a nar-  
rower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his  
level day by day,  
What is fine within thee growing coarse to  
sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art  
mated with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature will have  
weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall  
have spent its novel force,  
Something better than his dog, a little  
dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think  
not they are glazed with wine.  
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take  
his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain  
is overwrought;  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch  
him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things  
to understand—  
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I  
slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from  
the heart's disgrace,  
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in  
a last embrace.

'Curséd be the social wants that sin against  
the strength of youth!  
Curséd be the social lies that warp us from  
the living truth!

Curséd be the sickly forms that err from  
honest Nature's rule!  
Curséd be the gold that gilds the straiten'd  
forelead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—  
Hadst thou less unworthy proved—  
Would to God—for I had loved thee more  
than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that  
which bears but bitter fruit?  
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my  
heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such  
length of years should come  
As the many winter'd crow that leads the  
clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the rec-  
ords of the mind?  
Can I part her from herself, and love her,  
as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did  
she speak and move:  
Such a one do I remember, whom to look  
at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her  
for the love she bore?  
No—she never loved me truly: love is love  
for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this  
is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem-  
bering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest  
thy heart be put to proof,  
In the dead unhappy night, and when the  
rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou  
art staring at the wall,  
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and  
the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, point-  
ing to his drunken sleep,  
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the  
tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whis-  
per'd by the phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in the  
ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.	Can I but re-live in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.	Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!
Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.	Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.	When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;
Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.	Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.	Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,
Oh, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.	And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.	Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;
Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,	And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.	Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:
"They were dangerous guides the feelings —she herself was not exempt—	Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
Truly, she herself had suffer'd"—Perish in thy self-contempt!	That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do;
Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! where- fore should I care?	For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.	Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
What is that which I should turn to, light- ing upon days like these?	Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argo- sies of magic sails,
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.	Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.	Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?	From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,	Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound.	With the standards of the peoples plung- ing thro' the thunderstorm;
But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,	Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.	In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe, And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.	Woman is the lesser man, and all thy pas- sions, match'd with mine, Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—
So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me, left me dry, Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;	Here at least, where Nature sickens, noth- ing. Ah, for some retreat Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;
Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint; Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creep- ing on from point to point;	Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd;— I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.
Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher, Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.	Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away, On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.
Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increas- ing purpose runs, And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.	Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies, Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.
What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys, Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?	Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag, Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore, And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.	Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree— Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.
Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast, Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.	There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind, In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.
Hark! my merry comrades call me, sound- ing on the bugle-horn, They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn;	There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing-space, I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.
Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string? I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.	Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run, Catch the wild-goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;
Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain,— Nature made them blinder motions bound- ed in a shallower brain;	Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks, Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I  
*know* my words are wild,  
 But I count the gray barbarian lower than  
 the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant  
 of our glorious gains,  
 Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a  
 beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me  
 were sun or clime?  
 I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost  
 files of time—

I that rather held it better men should  
 perish one by one,  
 Than that earth should stand at gaze like  
 Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. For-  
 ward, forward let us range,  
 Let the great world spin for ever down the  
 ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep  
 into the younger day:  
 Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle  
 of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not), help  
 me as when life begun:  
 Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the  
 lightnings, weigh the Sun.

O'h, I see the crescent promise of my spirit  
 hath not set.  
 Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all  
 my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell  
 to Locksley Hall!  
 Now for me the woods may wither, now  
 for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blacken-  
 ing over heath andholt,  
 Cramming all the blast before it, in its  
 breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or  
 hail, or fire or snow;  
 For the mighty wind arises, roaring sea-  
 ward, and I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE STEADFAST SHEPHERD.

HENCE away, thou Syren; leave me.  
 Fish! unclasp those wanton arms;  
 Sugred words shall ne'er deceive me—  
 Though thou prove a thousand charms.  
 Fie, fie, forbear; no common snare  
 Can ever my affection chain:  
 Your painted baits, and poor deceits,  
 Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be;  
 Neither shall a snowy breast,  
 Wanton eye, or lip of ruby,  
 Ever rob me of my rest.  
 Go, go, display your beauty's ray  
 To some o'er-soon enamor'd swain:  
 Those common wiles, of sighs and smiles,  
 Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd my duty;  
 Turn away your tempting eyes;  
 Show not me a naked beauty;  
 Those impostures I despise:  
 My spirit loathes where gaudy clothes  
 And feign'd oaths may love obtain:  
 I love her so whose look swears *no*,  
 That all your labors will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,  
 Which on every breast are worn,  
 That may pluck the spotless roses  
 From their never-touch'd thorn?  
 I can go rest on her sweet breast  
 That is the pride of Cynthia's train;  
 Then hold your tongues; your mermaid  
 songs  
 Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies  
 Where each peasant mates with him  
 Shall I haunt the throng'd valleys,  
 While there's noble hills to climb?  
 No, no, though clowns are scared with  
 frowns,  
 I know the best can but disdain:  
 And those I'll prove: so shall your love  
 Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

Yet I would not deign embraces  
 With the fairest queens that be,  
 If another shared those graces  
 Which they had bestow'd on me.  
 I'll grant that one my love, where none  
 Shall come to rob me of my gain:  
 The fickle heart makes tears and art,  
 And all, bestow'd on me in vain.



I do scorn to vow a duty,  
Where each lustful lad may woo;  
Give me her whose sunlike beauty  
Buzzards dare not soar unto:  
She, she it is affords that bliss,  
For which I would refuse no pain;  
But such as you, fond fools, adieu,  
You seek to captive me in vain.

She, that's proud in the beginning,  
And disdains each looker-on,  
If a coy one in the winning,  
Proves a true one, being won.  
Whate'er betide, she'll ne'er divide  
The favor she to one doth deign;  
But your fond love will fickle prove,  
And all, that trust in you, are vain.

Therefore know, when I enjoy one,  
And for love employ my breath,  
She I court shall be a coy one  
Though I win her with my breath.  
A favor there few aim at dare;  
And if, perhaps, some lover plain,  
She is not won, nor I undone  
By placing of my love in vain.

Leave me, then, thou Syren, leave me;  
Take away these charmed arms;  
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,  
I am proof 'gainst women's charms:  
You labor may to lead astray  
The heart, that constant must remain;  
And I the while will sit and smile  
To see you spend your time in vain.

GEORGE WITHER.

#### FAREWELL TO NANCY.

AE fond kiss and then we sever!  
AE farewell, and then for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—  
Naething could resist my Nancy:  
But to see her was to love her,  
Love but her and love for ever.  
Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before  
That spent your boasts and brags in  
vain;

My lady's beauty passeth more  
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,  
Than doth the sun the candlelight,  
Or brightest day the darkest night;

And thereto hath a troth as just  
As had Penelope the fair;  
For what she saith ye may it trust,  
As it by writing sealèd were;—  
And virtues hath she many mo'  
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,  
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,  
When she had lost the perfect mould,  
The like to whom she could not paint.  
With wringing hands, how did she cry!  
And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore, with raging mind,  
Her kingdom only set apart,  
There was no loss by law of kind  
That could have gone so near her heart;  
And this was chiefly all her pain—  
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise  
To be the chiefest work she wrought,  
In faith, methink, some better ways  
On your behalf might well be sought,  
Than to compare, as ye have done,  
To match the candle with the sun.

HENRY HOWARD (Earl of Surrey).

#### SWEET ARE THE CHARMS.

SWEET are the charms of her I love:  
More fragrant than the damask rose,  
Soft as the down of turtle dove,  
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,  
Refreshing as descending rains  
To sunburnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,  
 Or as the dial to the sun ;  
 Constant as gliding waters roll,  
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon—  
 From every other charmer free,  
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,  
 The dam the tender kid pursues ;  
 Sweet Philomel in shady bowers

Of verdant spring her note renews :  
 All follow what they most admire,  
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,  
 And vary as the seasons rise,  
 As winter to the spring gives place,  
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies :  
 No change on love the seasons bring,—  
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring Time with stealing pace,  
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;  
 And marble towers and gates of brass  
 In his rude march he levels low ;  
 But Time, destroying far and wide,  
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,  
 The gentle godhead can remove,  
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,  
 To mingle with the blest above,  
 Where, known to all his kindred train,  
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair, the Soul,  
 Twin born, from heaven together came ;  
 Love will the universe control  
 When dying seasons lose their name ;  
 Divine abodes shall own his power,  
 When Time and Death shall be no more.  
 BARTON BOOTH.

---

*GENEVIEVE.*

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve ;  
 In beauty's light you glide along ;  
 Your eye is like the star of eve,  
 And sweet your voice as seraph's song.  
 Yet not your heavenly beauty gives  
 This heart with passion soft to glow ;  
 Within your soul a voice there lives,  
 It bids you hear the tale of woe.

When sinking low the sufferer wan  
 Beholds no hand outstretch'd to save ;  
 Fair as the bosom of the swan  
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,  
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,  
 And *therefore* love I you, sweet Genevieve.  
 SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

---

*THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.*

It is the miller's daughter,  
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
 That I would be the jewel  
 That trembles in her ear ;  
 For hid in ringlets day and night,  
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle  
 About her dainty dainty waist,  
 And her heart would beat against me,  
 In sorrow and in rest ;  
 And I should know if it beat right,  
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,  
 And all day long to fall and rise  
 Upon her balmy bosom,  
 With her laughter or her sighs,  
 And I would lie so light, so light,  
 I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.  
 ALFRED TENNYSON.

---

*LESBIA.*

WHEN Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,  
 With eyes so bright and with that awful air,  
 I thought my heart would durst so high as-  
 pire,  
 As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.  
 But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,  
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke ;  
 Like balm the trickling nonsense healed  
 my wound,  
 And what her eyes enthralled, her tongue  
 unbound.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

---

*AMORET.*

FAIR Amoret is gone astray,  
 Pursue and seek her, every lover ;  
 I'll tell the signs by which you may  
 The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,  
Both studied, though both seem neglected;

Careless she is with artful care,  
Affecting to be unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,  
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;

For she'd persuade they wound by chance,  
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates  
For that which in herself she prizes;  
And, while she laughs at them, forgets  
She is the thing which she despises.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

#### ROSADER'S SONETTO.

TURN I my looks unto the skies,  
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;  
If so I look upon the ground,  
Love then in every flower is found;  
Search I the shade to flee my pain,  
Love meets me in the shades again;  
Want I to walk in secret grove,  
E'en there I meet with sacred love;  
If so I bathe me in the spring,  
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;  
If so I meditate alone,  
He will be partner of my moan;  
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,  
And where I am there will he be;  
When as I talk of Rosalind,  
The god from coyness waxeth kind,  
And seems in self-same frame to fly,  
Because he loves as well as I.  
Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue,  
For why, than love I am more true:  
He, if he speed, will quickly fly,  
But in thy love I live and die.

THOMAS LODGE.

#### KISSES.

My love and I for kisses play'd;  
She would keep stakes—I was content;  
But when I won, she would be paid;  
This made me ask her what she meant.  
“Pray, since I see,” quoth she, “your  
wrangling vein,  
Take your own kisses; give memine again.”

WILLIAM STRODE.

#### A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those  
eyes

Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts  
in awe;

And free access unto that sweet lip lies,  
From whence I long the rosy breath to  
draw.

Methinks no wrong it were, if I should  
steal

From those melting rubies, one poor  
kiss;

None sees the theft that would the theft  
reveal,

Nor rob I her of aught what she can  
miss:

Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,  
There would be little sign I would do  
so;

Why, then, should I this robbery delay?  
Oh, she may wake, and therewith angry  
grow!

Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,  
And twenty hundred thousand more for  
loan.

GEORGE WITHER.

#### THREE LOVES.

THERE were three maidens who loved a  
king;

They sat together beside the sea;  
One cried, “I love him, and I would die  
If but for one day he might love me!”

The second whispered, “And I would die  
To gladden his life, or make him great.”

The third spake not, but gazed afar  
With dreamy eyes that were sad as Fate.

The king he loved the first for a day,  
The second his life with fond love blest;  
And yet the woman who never spoke  
Was the one of the three who loved him  
best.

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

#### SONG.

My dear mistress has a heart  
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,  
When with love's resistless art,  
And her eyes, she did enslave me.

But her constancy's so weak,  
 She's so wild and apt to wander,  
 That my jealous heart would break  
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,  
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:  
 She can dress her eyes in love,  
 And her lips can warm with kisses.  
 Angels listen when she speaks,  
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;  
 But my jealous heart would break,  
 Should we live one day asunder.

JOHN WILMOT (Earl of Rochester).

### A RED, RED ROSE.

My love is like a red, red rose  
 That's newly sprung in June;  
 My love is like the melody  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.  
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
 So deep in love am I,  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry;

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.  
 And fare thee well, my only Love!  
 And fare thee well a while,  
 And I will come again, my Love,  
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

### STANZAS.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in  
 story;  
 The days of our youth are the days of our  
 glory,  
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and  
 twenty  
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so  
 plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the  
 brow that is wrinkled?  
 'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew be-  
 sprinkled;

Then away with all such from the head  
 that is hoary,—  
 What care I for the wreaths that can only  
 give glory?

O Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy  
 praises,  
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sound-  
 ing phrases  
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one  
 discover  
 She thought that I was not unworthy to  
 love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I  
 found thee;  
 Her glance was the best of the rays that  
 surround thee;  
 When it sparkled o'er aught that was  
 bright in my story,  
 I knew it was love, and I felt it was  
 glory.

LORD BYRON.

### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
 With a magic like thee,  
 And like music on the waters  
 Is thy sweet voice to me;  
 When, as if its sound were causing  
 The charmed ocean's pausing,  
 The waves lie still and gleaming,  
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving  
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,  
 Whose breast is gently heaving  
 As an infant's asleep;  
 So the spirit bows before thee  
 To listen and adore thee,  
 With a full but soft emotion,  
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON.

### THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,  
 By that pretty white hand o' thine,  
 And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,  
 That thou wad ay be mine;  
 And I have sworn by my God, my Jeanie,  
 And by that kind heart o' thine,

By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,  
That thou shalt ay be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic  
bands,

An' the heart that wad part sic love;  
But there's nae hand can loose the band,  
Save the finger o' God above.

Though the wee wee cot maun be my  
bield,

An' my claithing e'er sae mean,  
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luve,  
Heaven's arnaffu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me  
Fu' safter than the down;

An' Love wad winnow owre us his kind  
kind wings,

An' sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'.

Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve,

Come here, an' kneel wi' me,

The morning is fu' o' the presence o'  
God,

An' I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o'  
new flowers,

The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie,  
Our gudeman leans owre his kail-yard  
dyke,

An' a blythe auld body is he.

The Book maun be ta'en when the carl  
comes hame,

Wi' the holie psalmodie,

An' thou maun speak o' me to thy God,

An' I will speak o' thee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### THE WELCOME.

#### I.

COME in the evening, or come in the  
morning;

Come when you're looked for, or come  
without warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before  
you,

And the oftener you come here the more  
I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were  
plighted;

Red is my cheek that they told me was  
blighted;

The green of the trees looks far greener  
than ever,  
And the linnets are singing, "True  
lovers don't sever!"

#### II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you  
choose them!

Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on  
my bosom;

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to  
inspire you;

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't  
tire you.

Oh, your step's like the rain to the  
summer-vex'd farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without  
armor;

I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars  
rise above me,

Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence  
to love me.

#### III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff  
and the eyrie;

We'll tread round the rath on the track of  
the fairy;

We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to  
the river,

Till you ask of your darling what gift you  
can give her.

Oh, she'll whisper you,—“Love, as un-  
changeably beaming,

And trust, when in secret, most tunelessly  
streaming;

Till the starlight of heaven above us  
shall quiver,

As our souls flow in one down eternity's  
river.”

#### IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the  
morning;

Come when you're look'd for, or come  
without warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before  
you,

And the oftener you come here the more  
I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were  
plighted;

Red is my cheek that they told me was  
blighted;

The green of the trees looks far greener  
than ever,  
And the linnets are singing, "True  
lovers don't sever!"

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

— ♦ —  
*THE HERMIT.*

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way  
To where yon taper cheers the vale  
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
With fainting steps and slow;  
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,  
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,  
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;  
For yonder faithless phantom flies  
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want  
My door is open still;  
And though my portion is but scant,  
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share  
Whate'er my cell bestows;  
My rushy couch and frugal fare,  
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by that power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them;

"But from the mountain's grassy side  
A guiltless feast I bring;  
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,  
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego;  
All earth-born cares are wrong;  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
His gentle accents fell;  
The modest stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
The lonely mansion lay;

A refuge to the neighboring poor,  
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
Required a master's care:  
The wicket, opening with a latch,  
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire  
To take their evening rest,  
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,  
And gaily prest and smiled;  
And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,  
Its tricks the kitten tries;  
The cricket chirrups on the hearth;  
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
To soothe the stranger's woe;  
For grief was heavy at his heart,  
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,  
With answering care oppress:  
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,  
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,  
Reluctant dost thou rove?  
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings  
Are trifling, and decay;  
And those who prize the paltry things,  
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep;  
A shade that follows wealth or fame.  
And leaves the wretch to weep?"

"And love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest;  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,  
And spurn the sex," he said;  
But, while he spoke, a rising blush  
His lovelorn guest betray'd.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,  
Swift mantling to the view ;  
Like colors o'er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
Alternate spread alarms :  
The lovely stranger stands confest,  
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,  
A wretch forlorn," she cried ;  
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude  
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to stray ;  
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he ;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,  
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,  
Unnumber'd suitors came ;  
Who praised me for imputed charms,  
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove :  
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,  
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,  
No wealth nor power had he ;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale  
He caroll'd lays of love,  
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,  
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,  
The dews of heaven refined,  
Could naught of purity display  
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine ;  
Their charms were his, but, woe to me !  
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain ;  
And while his passion touch'd my heart  
I triumph'd in his pain :

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride ;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault.  
And well my life shall pay ;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
I'll lay me down and die ;  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven !" the hermit cried,  
And clasp'd her to his breast ;  
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,—  
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,  
My charmer, turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And every care resign ;  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life—my all that's mine ?

"No, never from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true ;  
The sigh that rends thy constant heart  
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love !  
Wherein my lady rideth !  
Each that draws is a swan, or a dove—  
And well the car Love guideth.  
As she goes, all hearts do duty  
Unto her beauty ;  
And, enamor'd, do wish, so they might  
But enjoy such a sight,  
That they still were to run by her side  
Through swords, through seas, whither  
she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes! they do light  
 All that Love's world compriseth;  
 Do but look on her hair! it is bright  
 As Love's star when it riseth!  
 Do but mark—her forehead's smoother  
 Than words that soothe her!  
 And from her arch'd brows such a grace  
 Sheds itself through the face,  
 As alone there triumphs to the life,  
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements'  
 strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,  
 Before rude hands have touch'd it?  
 Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,  
 Before the soil hath smutch'd it?  
 Have you felt the wool of the beaver?  
 Or swan's down ever?  
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?  
 Or the nard i' the fire?  
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
 Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is she!  
 BEN JONSON.

#### TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

If doughty deeds my lady please,  
 Right soon I'll mount my steed;  
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat  
 That bears frae me the meed.  
 I'll wear thy colors in my cap,  
 Thy picture at my heart;  
 And he that bends not to thine eye  
 Shall rue it to his smart!  
 Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;  
 Oh tell me how to woo thee!  
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,  
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye  
 I'll dight me in array;  
 I'll tend thy chamber door all night,  
 And squire thee all the day.  
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,  
 These sounds I'll strive to catch;  
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,  
 That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,  
 I never broke a vow;  
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,  
 I never loved but you.  
 For you alone I ride the ring,  
 For you I wear the blue;

For you alone I strive to sing,  
 Oh tell me how to woo!  
 Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;  
 Oh tell me how to woo thee,  
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,  
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

#### O NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

O NANNY, wilt thou go with me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,—  
 The lowly cot and russet gown?  
 No longer drest in silken sheen,  
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,—  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,  
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
 Oh, can that soft and gentle mien  
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,  
 Through perils keen with me to go;  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of woe?  
 Say, should disease or pain befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath,  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay  
 Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THOMAS PERCY.

#### WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

OH, what will a' the lads do  
 When Maggy gangs away?  
 Oh, what will a' the lads do  
 When Maggy gangs away?



There's no a heart in a' the glen  
That disna dread the day:  
Oh, what will a' the lads do  
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't,  
A waefu' wight is he;  
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,  
An' laid him down to dee;  
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,  
An' learnin' fast to pray:  
And oh, what will the lads do  
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw  
Has drunk her health in wine;  
The priest has said—in confidence—  
The lassie was divine,  
And that is mair in maiden's praise  
Than ony priest should say:  
But oh, what will the lads do  
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen  
That day will quaver high;  
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,  
The laverock frae the sky;  
The fairies frae their beds o' dew  
Will rise an' join the lay:  
An' hey! what a day 'twill be  
When Maggy gangs away!

JAMES HOGG.

*BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE EN-  
DEARING YOUNG CHARMS.*

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young  
charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in  
my arms,  
Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this mo-  
ment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of  
my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine  
own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,

That the fervor and faith of a soul can be  
known,  
To which time will but make thee more  
dear;  
No, the heart that has truly loved never  
forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when  
he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when  
he rose.

THOMAS MOORE.

*SONNET: TO AURORA.*

O, IF thou knew'st how thou thyself dost  
harm,  
And dost prejudge thy bliss, and spoil my  
rest;  
Then thou wouldst melt the ice out of thy  
breast  
And thy relenting heart 'would kindly  
warm.  
O, if thy pride did not our joys control,  
What world of loving wonders should'st  
thou see!  
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,  
Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul;  
Then all my thoughts should in thy visage  
shine,  
And if that aught mischanced thou should  
not moan  
Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone;  
No, I would have my share in what were  
thine:  
And whilst we thus should make our sor-  
rows one,  
This happy harmony would make them  
none.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER (Earl of Stirling).

*GO, PRETTY BIRDS.*

YE little birds that sit and sing  
Amidst the shady valleys,  
And see how Phillis sweetly walks  
Within her garden-alleys,—  
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;  
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower:  
Ah me! methinks I see her frown!  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills,  
 As you by me are bidden,  
 To her is only known my love,  
 Which from the world is hidden,—  
 Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;  
 See that your notes strain not too low,  
 For still, methinks, I see her frown.  
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,  
 And sing I am her lover;  
 Strain loud and sweet, that every note  
 With sweet content may move her;  
 And she that hath the sweetest voice,  
 Tell her I will not change my choice;  
 Yet still, methinks, I see her frown.  
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh fly! make haste! see, see, she falls  
 Into a pretty slumber;  
 Sing round about her rosy bed,  
 That, waking, she may wonder;  
 Say to her 'tis her lover true  
 That sendeth love to you, to you;  
 And when you hear her kind reply  
 Return with pleasant warblings.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

### TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin,  
 At what age does Love begin?  
 Your blue eyes have scarcely seen  
 Summers three, my fairy queen,  
 But a miracle of sweets,  
 Soft approaches, sly retreats,  
 Show the little archer there,  
 Hidden in your pretty hair;  
 When didst learn a heart to win?  
 Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

'Oh!' the rosy lips reply,  
 "I can't tell you if I try.  
 'Tis so long I can't remember:  
 Ask some younger lass than I!"

Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face,  
 Do your heart and head keep pace?  
 When does hoary Love expire,  
 When do frosts put out the fire?  
 Can its embers burn below  
 All that chill December snow?  
 Care you still soft hands to press,  
 Bonny heads to smooth and bless?

When does Love give up the chase?  
 Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,  
 "Youth may pass, and strength may die;  
 But of Love I can't foretoken:  
 Ask some older sage than I!"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEPMAN.

### SWEET-AND-TWENTY.

O, MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?  
 Oh, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
 That can sing both high and low:  
 Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;  
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
 Present mirth hath present laughter;  
 What's to come is still unsure:  
 In delay there lies no plenty;  
 Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-Twenty,  
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-  
 lomond,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er  
 the scene,  
 While lanely I stray in the calm simmer  
 gloamin',  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flow'r o'  
 Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin'  
 blossom,  
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o'  
 green;  
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this  
 bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the Flow'r o'  
 Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's  
 bonnie,—  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its  
 ain;  
 And far be the villain, divested of feel-  
 ing,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet  
 Flow'r o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to  
the e'ening!—

Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calder-  
wood glen :

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and  
winning,

Is charming young Jessie, the Flow'r o'  
Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my  
Jessie!

The sports o' the city seem'd foolish  
and vain :

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear  
lassie

Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the Flow'r  
o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest  
grandeur,

Amidst its profusion I'd languish in  
pain,

And reckon as naething the height o' its  
splendor,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flow'r o'  
Dumblane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

#### MARY OF CASTLE CARY.

"SAW ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain  
thing,

Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?  
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the  
gloaming,

Sought she the burnie where flowers  
the haw tree?

Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is  
milk-white,

Dark is the blue of her saft-rolling ee;  
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than  
roses—

Where could my wee thing wander frae  
me?"

"I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your  
ain thing,

Nor saw I your true love down by yon  
lea;

But I met my bonny thing late in the  
gloaming,

Down by the burnie where flowers the  
haw tree :

Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it  
was milk-white,

Dark was the blue of her saft-rolling ee;  
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than  
roses—

Sweet were the kisses that she gave to  
me."

"It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my  
ain thing,

It was nae my true love ye met by the  
tree;

Proud is her leal heart, and modest her  
nature;

She never loved only till ance she lo'ed  
me.

Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle  
Cary;

Aft has she sat when a bairn on my  
knee:

Fair as your face is, were't fifty times  
fairer,

Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses  
to thee."

"It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle  
Cary;

It was then your true love I met by the  
tree;

Proud as her heart is, and modest her  
nature,

Sweet were the kisses that she gave to  
me."

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his  
cheek grew,

Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling  
ee;

"Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts  
and your scorning,

Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye  
lie."

"Away wi' beguiling!" cried the youth,  
smiling—

Off went the bonnet, the lint-white  
locks flee,

The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom  
shawing,

Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark-  
rolling ee.

"Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,  
Is it my true love here that I see?"

"O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;  
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie,  
frae thee."

HECTOR MACNEILL.

RORY O'MORE.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen  
bawn;  
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as  
the dawn;  
He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to  
please,  
And he thought the best way to do that  
was to tease.  
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen  
would cry,  
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye—  
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth,  
what I'm about;  
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my  
cloak inside out."  
"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is  
the way  
You've thrated my heart for this many a  
day;  
And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to  
be sure?  
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory  
O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't  
think of the like,  
For I half gave a promise to soothing  
Mike;  
The ground that I walk on *he* loves, I'll be  
bound."  
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love *you*  
than the ground."  
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me  
go;  
Sure I dhrame every night that I'm hating  
you so."  
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm de-  
lighted to hear,  
For dhrames always go by contraries, my  
dear.  
So, jewel, keep dhramin' that same till  
you die,  
And bright mornin' will give dirty night  
the black lie;

And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to  
be sure?  
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory  
O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've  
teased me enough;  
Sure I've thrash'd, for your sake, Dinny  
Grimes and Jim Duff;  
And I've made myself, dhrinkin' your  
health, quite a *baste*,  
So I think, after that, *I may talk to the  
priest*."  
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round  
her neck,  
So soft and so white, without freckle or  
speck;  
And he look'd in her eyes, that were  
beaming with light,  
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you  
think he was right?  
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me  
no more,  
That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd  
me before."  
"Then here goes another," says he, "to  
make sure,  
For there's luck in odd numbers," says  
Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,  
'Twas on a market-day;  
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat  
Upon a truss of hay;  
But when that hay was blooming grass,  
And deck'd with flowers of spring,  
No flower was there that could compare  
With the blooming girl I sing.  
As she sat in the low-back'd car,  
The man at the turnpike bar  
Never ask'd for the toll,  
But just rubb'd his owld poll,  
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

In battle's wild commotion,  
The proud and mighty Mars  
With hostile scythes demands his tithes  
Of death—in warlike cars;  
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,  
Has darts in her bright eye

That knock men down in the market-town,  
As right and left they fly;  
While she sits in her low-back'd car,  
Than battle more dangerous far,—

For the doctor's art  
Cannot cure the heart  
That is hit from that low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,  
Has strings of ducks and geese,  
But the scores of hearts she slaughters  
By far outnumber these;  
While she among her poultry sits,  
Just like a turtle-dove,  
Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
Of the blooming god of love;  
While she sits in her low-back'd car,  
The lovers come near and far,  
And envy the chicken  
That Peggy is pickin',  
As she sits in her low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,  
With Peggy by my side,  
Than a coach and four, and gold *galore*,  
And a lady for my bride;  
For the lady would sit forinst me,  
On a cushion made with taste,  
While Peggy would sit beside me,  
With my arm around her waist,  
While we drove in the low-back'd car  
To be married by Father Maher;  
Oh, my heart would beat high  
At her glance and her sigh,  
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

SAMUEL LOVER.

### JESSY.

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;  
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond  
lovers meet,  
And soft as their parting tear, Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,  
Altho' even hope is denied,  
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing  
Than aught in the world beside, Jessy.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,  
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms,  
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
For then I am lock'd in thine arms, Jessy.

I guess by the dear angel smile,  
I guess by thy love-rolling ee;  
But why urge the tender confession  
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessy?

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;  
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond  
lovers meet,  
And soft as their parting tear, Jessy.

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

THE dule's i' this bonnet o' mine:  
My ribbins'll never be reet;  
Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine,  
For Jamie'll be comin' to-neet;  
He met me i' th' lone t' other day  
(Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),  
An' he begg'd that aw'd wed him i' May,  
Bi th' mass, if he'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his,  
Good Lord, heaw they trembled be-  
tween!  
An' aw durstn't look up in his face,  
Becose on him seein' my e'en.  
My cheek went as red as a rose;  
There's never a mortal con tell  
Heaw happy aw felt,—for, thae knows,  
One couldn't ha' ax'd him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung:  
To let it eawt wouldn't be rect,  
For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung,  
So aw tow'd him aw'd tell him to-neet.  
But, Mally, thae knows very weel,  
Though it isn't a thing one should own,  
Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',  
Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've tow'd thae my mind;  
What would to do iv it wur thee?  
"Aw'd tak him just while he's inclined,  
An' a farrantly bargain he'll be;  
For Jamie's as greedly a lad  
As ever stept eawt into th' sun.  
Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed;  
An' mak th' best o' th' job when it's  
done!"

Eh, dear! but it's time to be gwon:  
Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait;

Aw connot for shame be too soon,  
 An' aw wouldn't for th' wuld be too  
 late.

Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel;  
 Dost think 'at my bonnet 'll do?  
 "Be off, lass,—thae looks very weel;  
 He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo!"  
 EDWIN WAUGH.

### WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds,  
 That whistle through the glen,  
 I'll tell ye of a secret  
 That courtiers dinna ken;  
 What is the greatest bliss  
 That the tongue o' man can name?  
 'Tis to woo a bonny lassie  
 When the kye comes hame,  
 When the kye comes hame,  
 When the kye comes hame,  
 'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,  
 When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,  
 Nor canopy of state,  
 'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
 Nor arbor of the great—  
 'Tis beneath the spreading birk,  
 In the glen without the name,  
 Wi' a bonny bonny lassie,  
 When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,  
 For the mate he lo'es to see,  
 And on the topmost bough  
 Oh, a happy bird is he!  
 Where he pours his melting ditty,  
 And love is a' the theme,  
 And he'll woo his bonny lassie,  
 When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,  
 And the daisy turns a pea,  
 And the bonny lucken gowan  
 Has fauldit up her ee,  
 Then the laverock, frae the blue lift,  
 Drops down and thinks nae shame  
 To woo his bonny lassie  
 When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,  
 That lingers on the hill,

His ewes are in the fauld,  
 An' his lambs are lying still,  
 Yet he downa gang to bed,  
 For his heart is in a flame,  
 To meet his bonny lassie  
 When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart  
 Rises high in the breast,  
 An' the little wee bit starn  
 Rises red in the cast,  
 Oh, there's a joy sae dear  
 That the heart can hardly frame,  
 Wi' a bonny bonny lassie,  
 When the kye comes hame.

Then since all Nature joins  
 In this love without alloy,  
 Oh, wha wad prove a traitor  
 To Nature's dearest joy?  
 Or wha wad choose a crown,  
 Wi' its perils and its fame,  
 And miss his bonny lassie,  
 When the kye comes hame?

JAMES HOGG.

### MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glow'd the wealth  
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
 The mockbird echo'd from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,  
 White from its hillslope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
 And a nameless longing fill'd her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
 For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,  
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
 Of the apple trees to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that  
 flow'd  
 Through the meadow across the road.

She stoop'd where the cool spring bubbled  
up,  
And fill'd for him her small tin cup,

And blush'd as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tatter'd gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge; "a sweeter  
draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaff'd."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming  
bees;

Then talk'd of the haying, and wonder'd  
whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul  
weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listen'd, while a pleased surprise  
Look'd from her long-lash'd hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller look'd and sigh'd: "Ah me!  
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each  
day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the  
poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge look'd back as he climb'd the  
hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her a harvester of hay."

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and  
cold,  
And his mother vain of her rank and gold

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he humm'd in court an old love  
tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow  
He watch'd a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Look'd out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He long'd for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnish'd room  
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms

And the proud man sigh'd, with a seer  
pain,

"Ah, that I were free again!—

"Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her  
hay."

She wedded a man unlearn'd and poor,  
And many children play'd round her  
door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot

And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretch'd away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turn'd,  
The tallow candle an astral burn'd,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have  
been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!  
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### THE POWER OF LOVE.

HEAR ye, ladies that despise  
What the mighty Love has done;  
Fear examples and be wise:

Fair Calisto was a nun:  
Leda, sailing on a stream,  
To deceive the hopes of man,  
Love accounting but a dream,  
Doted on a silver swan;  
Danaë in a brazen tower,  
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,  
What the mighty Love can do;  
Fear the fierceness of the boy;  
The chaste moon he makes to woo;  
Vesta, kindling holy fires,  
Circled round about with spies,  
Never dreaming loose desires,  
Doting at the altar dies;

Ilion, in a short hour, higher  
He can build, and once more fire.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

### THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDER'D by the brookside,  
I wander'd by the mill;  
I could not hear the brook flow,  
The noisy wheel was still:  
There was no burr of grasshopper,  
No chirp of any bird;  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,  
I watch'd the long, long shade,  
And as it grew still longer  
I did not feel afraid;  
For I listen'd for a footfall,  
I listen'd for a word:  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,—  
The night came on alone,—  
The little stars sat one by one,  
Each on his golden throne;  
The evening air pass'd by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirr'd;  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,  
When something stood behind;  
A hand was on my shoulder,  
I knew its touch was kind;  
It drew me nearer, nearer—  
We did not speak one word;  
But the beating of our own hearts  
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES  
(LORD HOUGHTON).

### THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day  
Or the flowery meads of May,  
If she be not so to me  
What care I how fair she be?



Shall my foolish heart be pined  
 'Cause I see a woman kind ;  
 Or a well-disposèd nature  
 Joinèd to a lovely feature ?  
 Be she meeker, kinder than  
 Turtle-dove or pelican,  
     If she be not so to me  
     What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
 Me to perish for her love ?  
 Or her merit's value known  
 Make me quite forget my own ?  
 Be she with that goodness blest,  
 Which may gain her name of Best ;  
     If she be not such to me,  
     What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortunes seem too high,  
 Shall I play the fool and die ?  
 Those that bear a noble mind  
 Where they want of riches find,  
 Think what with them they would do  
 That without them dare to woo ;  
     And unless that mind I see,  
     What care I how great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
 I will ne'er the more despair ;  
 If she love me, this believe,  
 I will die ere she shall grieve ;  
 If she slight me when I woo,  
 I can scorn and bid her go ;  
     For if she be not for me,  
     What care I for whom she be ?

GEORGE WITHER.

### SONNET.

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss  
 and part,—

Nay, I have done, you get no more of  
 me,  
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my  
 heart,

That thus so clearly I myself can free ;  
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
 And, when we meet at any time again,  
 Be it not seen in either of our brows,  
 That we one jot of former love retain.

Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest  
 breath,

When, his pulse failing, Passion speech-  
 less lies,

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of  
 death,

And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
 Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given  
 him over,

From death to life thou mightst him yet  
 recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

### SONG.

DAY, in melting purple dying,  
 Blossoms all around me sighing,  
 Fragrance, from the lilies straying,  
 Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,  
     Ye but waken my distress :  
     I am sick of loneliness.

Thou to whom I love to hearken,  
 Come, ere night around me darken ;  
 Though thy softness but deceive me,  
 Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee ;  
     Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent !  
     Let me think it innocent !

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure :  
 All I ask is friendship's pleasure :  
 Let the shining ore lie darkling,  
 Bring no gem in lustre sparkling ;  
     Gifts and gold are naught to me .  
     I would only look on thee !

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,  
 Ecstasy but in revealing ;  
 Paint to thee the deep sensation,  
 Rapture in participation,  
     Yet but torture, if compest  
     In a lone unfriended breast.

Absent still? Ah! come and bless me!  
 Let these eyes again caress thee ;  
 Once, in caution, I could fly thee :  
 Now, I nothing could deny thee :  
     In a look if death there be,  
     Come and I will gaze on thee !

MARIA BROOKS.

### THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and bracs o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary fu' o' care !

Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :  
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine;  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!  
 And my fause luvver staw my rose,  
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

---

*FLORENCE VANE.*

I LOVED thee long and dearly,  
 Florence Vane;  
 My life's bright dream and early  
 Hath come again;  
 I renew in my fond vision  
 My heart's dear pain,  
 My hopes and thy derision,  
 Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,  
 The ruin old,  
 Where thou didst hark my story,  
 At even told,  
 That spot, the hucs elysian  
 Of sky and plain  
 I treasure in my vision,  
 Florence Vane!

Thou wast lovelier than the roses  
 In their prime;  
 Thy voice excell'd the closes  
 Of sweetest rhyme;  
 Thy heart was as a river  
 Without a main,  
 Would I had loved thee never,  
 Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!  
 Thy glorious clay  
 Lieth the green sod under;  
 Alas the day!

And it boots not to remember  
 Thy disdain,  
 To quicken love's pale ember,  
 Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley  
 By young graves weep,  
 The daisies love to dally  
 Where maidens sleep.  
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,  
 Never wane  
 Where thine earthly part is lying,  
 Florence Vane.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

---

*I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.*

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,  
 Since I cannot have thine,  
 For if from yours you will not part,  
 Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;  
 To find it were in vain;  
 For thou'st a thief in either eye  
 Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
 And yet not lodge together?  
 O Love! where is thy sympathy,  
 If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,  
 I cannot find it out;  
 For when I think I'm best resolved,  
 I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,  
 I will no longer pine;  
 For I'll believe I have her heart,  
 As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

---

*THE NUN.*

If you become a nun, dear,  
 A friar I will be;  
 In any cell you run, dear,  
 Pray look behind for me.  
 The roses all turn pale, too;  
 The doves all take the veil, too;  
 The blind will see the show:

What! you become a nun, my dear?  
I'll not believe it, no!

If you become a nun, dear,  
The bishop Love will be;  
The Cupids every one, dear,  
Will chant, "We trust in thee!"  
The incense will go sighing,  
The candles fall a-dying,  
The water turn to wine:

What! you go take the vows, my dear?  
You may—but they'll be mine.

LEIGH HUNT.

*SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD  
VIEW.*

SHE is not fair to outward view  
As many maidens be;  
Her loveliness I never knew  
Until she smiled on me.  
Oh then I saw her eye was bright,  
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,  
To mine they ne'er reply,  
And yet I cease not to behold  
The love-light in her eye:  
Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

*SONNET.*

TIME wasteth years, and months, and  
hours;  
Time doth consume fame, honor, wit,  
and strength;  
Time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest  
flowers;  
Time wears out Youth and Beauty's  
looks at length;  
Time doth convey to ground both foe  
and friend,  
And each thing else but Love, which  
hath no end.  
Time maketh every tree to die and rot;  
Time turneth oft our pleasure into  
pain;  
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be for-  
got;  
Time clears the sky which first hung full  
of rain;

Time makes an end of all humane  
desire,

But only this which sets my heart on  
fire.

Time turneth into naught each princely  
state;

Time brings a flood from new-resolved  
snow;

Time calms the sea where tempest was of  
late;

Time eats whate'er the moon can see  
below:

And yet no time prevails in my be-  
hoof,

Nor any time can make me cease to  
love!

THOMAS WATSON.

*THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.*

LONE upon a mountain, the pine trees  
wailing round him,

Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth  
is laid;

Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has  
bound him,

Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and  
fair, is undecay'd.

When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath  
been crying,

Night after night, and the cry has been  
in vain;

Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for  
replying,

But the tones of the beloved one were  
never heard again.

When will he awaken?

Asked the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has look'd upon his  
sleeping;

Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourn'd  
for him as dead;

By day the gather'd clouds have had him  
in their keeping,

And at night the solemn shadows round  
his rest are shed.

When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful love's  
imploping ;

Long has hope been watching with soft  
eyes fix'd above ;

When will the fates, the life of life restor-  
ing,

Own themselves vanquish'd by much-  
enduring love ?

When will he awaken ?

Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watch'd  
untiring,

Lighted up with visions from yonder ra-  
diant sky,

Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,  
Softened by the woman's meek and lov-  
ing sigh.

When will he awaken ?

He has been dreaming of old heroic  
stories,

And the poet's passionate world has  
enter'd in his soul ;

He has grown conscious of life's ancestral  
glories,

When sages and when kings first upheld  
the mind's control.

When will he awaken ?

Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight ! the present  
hour is fated !

It is Endymion's planet that rises on the  
air,

How long, how tenderly his goddess-love  
has waited,

Waited with a love too mighty for  
despair !

Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of sing-  
ing,

Tones that seem the lute's from the  
breathing flowers depart ;

Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latinos  
but is bringing

Music that is murmur'd from nature's  
inmost heart.

Soon he will awaken

To his and midnight's queen !

Lovely is the green earth,—she knows the  
hour is holy ;

Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal  
joy ;

Light like their own is dawning sweet and  
slowly

O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of  
that yet dreaming boy.

Soon he will awaken !

Red as the red rose toward the morning  
turning,

Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's  
near his own ;

While the dark eyes open, bright, intense,  
and burning

With a life more glorious than, ere they  
closed, was known.

Yes, he has awaken'd

For the midnight's happy queen !

What is this old history, but a lesson  
given,

How true love still conquers by the  
deep strength of truth—

How all the impulses, whose native home  
is heaven,

Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith,  
and youth ?

'Tis for such they waken !

When every worldly thought is utterly for-  
saken,

Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's  
gifted few ;

Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep  
awaken

To a being more intense, more spiritual,  
and true.

So doth the soul awaken,

Like that youth to night's fair queen !

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON MACLEAN.

#### A PASTORAL.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,  
When Phœbe went with me wherever I  
went ;

Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my  
breast ;

Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was  
blest.

But now she is gone, and has left me behind,  
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!  
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,  
 I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she.

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,  
 To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,  
 I was so good-humor'd, so cheerful and gay,  
 My heart was as light as a feather all day.  
 But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,  
 So strangely uneasy as never was known.  
 My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,  
 And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,  
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;  
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe were there,  
 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear,  
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,  
 And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide.  
 Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain?  
 Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,  
 And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,  
 How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,  
 When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime?  
 But now in their frolics when by me they pass,  
 I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass:  
 Be still, then I cry; for it makes me quite mad,  
 To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleasèd to see  
 Come wagging his tail at my fair one and me:

And Phœbe was pleasèd too, and to my dog said,  
 "Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.

But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look

Cry, Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook.

And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray

Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen!

How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!

What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,

The corn-fields and hedges, and everything made!

But now she has left me, though all are still there,

They none of them now so delightful appear:  
 'Twas naught but the magic, I find, of her eyes,

Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,

The lark, linnet, throstle and nightingale too;

Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,

And chirp! went the grasshopper under our feet.

But now she is absent, though still they sing on,

The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:

Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,

Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?  
 And where is the violet's beautiful blue?

Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?

That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?

Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you  
dress'd  
And made yourselves fine for—a place in  
her breast;  
You put on your colors to pleasure her  
eye,  
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom  
to die.

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phœbe  
return!  
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes  
I burn!  
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would  
tread,  
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould  
melt down the lead.  
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my  
dear,  
And rest so much longer for't when she is  
here.  
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,  
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou  
canst say.

Will no pitying power that hears me com-  
plain,  
Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain?  
To be cured thou must, Colin, thy passion  
remove;  
But what swain is so silly to live without  
love?  
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,  
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly for-  
lorn.  
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with  
despair!  
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with  
your fair.

JOHN BYRON.

---

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet;  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud;  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown:  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consumed her early prime;  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—  
She died before her time.

"Awake," she cried, "thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid,  
Thy love refused to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour,  
When injured ghosts complain;  
When yawning graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath!  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?  
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale?  
And why did I, young witless maid!  
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,  
Those lips no longer red;  
Dark are my eyes now closed in death,  
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;  
This winding-sheet I wear:  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;  
A long and last adieu!  
Come see, false man, how low she lies,  
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled  
With beams of rosy red;  
Pale William quaked in every limb,  
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place,  
Where Margaret's body lay;  
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,  
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore;  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spake never more.

DAVID MALLET.

#### WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

WHERE shall the lover rest  
Whom the Fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast  
Parted for ever?  
Where, through groves deep and high  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die  
Under the willow.  
Eleu loro  
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day  
Cool streams are laving,  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce are boughs waving;  
There thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted for ever,  
Never again to wake  
Never, oh never!  
Eleu loro  
Never, oh never!

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her?  
In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,

Where mingles war's rattle  
With groans of the dying;  
Eleu loro  
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
O'er the false-hearted;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap  
Ere life be parted:  
Shame and dishonor sit  
By his grave ever;  
Blessing shall hallow it  
Never, oh never!  
Eleu loro  
Never, oh never!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### THE OUTLAW.

OH, Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen.  
And as I rode by Dalton Hall  
Beneath the turrets high,  
A Maiden on the castle-wall  
Was singing merrily:  
"Oh Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we  
That dwell by dale and down.  
And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed  
As blithe as Queen of May."  
Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

"I read you by your bugle-horn  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a Ranger sworn  
To keep the king's greenwood."  
"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light;

His blast is heard at merry morn,  
 And mine at dead of night."  
 Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are gay;  
 I would I were with Edmund there  
 To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon  
 So gallantly you come,  
 I read you for a bold Dragoon,  
 That lists the tuck of drum."  
 "I list no more the tuck of drum,  
 No more the trumpet hear;  
 But when the beetle sounds his hum  
 My comrades take the spear.  
 And oh! though Brignall banks be fair  
 And Greta woods be gay,  
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
 Would reign my Queen of May.

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
 A nameless death I'll die!  
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead  
 Were better mate than I!  
 And when I'm with my comrades met  
 Beneath the greenwood bough,  
 What once we were we all forget,  
 Nor think what we are now."  
 Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer queen.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### BEDOUIN SONG.

From the desert I come to thee,  
 On a stallion shod with fire;  
 And the winds are left behind  
 In the speed of my desire.  
 Under thy window I stand,  
 And the midnight hears my cry:  
 I love thee, I love but thee,  
 With a love that shall not die  
 Till the sun grows cold,  
 And the stars are old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment  
 Book unfold!

Look from thy window, and see  
 My passion and my pain;  
 I lie on the sands below,

Let the night-winds touch thy brow  
 With the heat of my burning sigh,  
 And melt thee to hear the vow  
 Of a love that shall not die  
 Till the sun grows cold,  
 And the stars are old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment  
 Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,  
 By the fever in my breast,  
 To hear from thy lattice breathed  
 The word that shall give me rest.  
 Open the door of thy heart,  
 And open thy chamber door,  
 And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
 The love that shall fade no more  
 Till the sun grows cold,  
 And the stars are old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment  
 Book unfold!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

### COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud,  
 For the black bat, night, has flown!  
 Come into the garden, Maud,  
 I am here at the gate alone;  
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
 And the planet of Love is on high,  
 Beginning to faint in the light that she  
 loves,  
 On a bed of daffodil sky,—  
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
 The flute, violin, bassoon;  
 All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
 To the dancers dancing in tune,—  
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one  
 With whom she has heart to be gay.  
 When will the dancers leave her alone?  
 She is weary of dance and play."  
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,



Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those  
For one that will never be thine?  
But mine, but mine," so I swore to the rose,  
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my  
blood,  
As the music clash'd in the hall;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to  
the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so  
sweet

That whenever a March wind sighs,  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet,  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;  
But the rose was awake all night for your  
sake,

Knowing your promise to me;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with  
curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my fate!  
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is  
near;"

And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"  
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would startle and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE CALL.

AWAKE thee, my lady-love,  
Wake thee and rise;  
The sun through the bower peeps  
Into thine eyes.

Behold how the early lark  
Springs from the corn;  
Hark, hark! how the flower-bird  
Winds her wee horn.

The swallow's glad shriek is heard  
All through the air,  
The stock-dove is murmuring  
Loud as she dare.

Apollo's wing'd bugleman  
Cannot contain,  
But peals his loud trumpet-call  
Once and again.

Then wake thee, my lady-love,  
Bird of my bower,  
The sweetest and sleepest  
Bird at this hour.

GEORGE DARLEY.

### DIRGE.

IF thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love, and all its smart,—  
Then sleep, dear, sleep!  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,  
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love, and all its smart—  
Then die, dear, die!

'Tis deeper, sweeter,  
 Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming  
 With folded eye;  
 And then alone, amid the beaming  
 Of Love's stars, thou'lt meet her  
 In eastern sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDORS.

—♦—  
*DIAPHENIA.*

DIAPHENIA like the daffodowndilly,  
 White as the sun, fair as the lily,  
 Heigh ho, how I do love thee!  
 I do love thee as my lambs  
 Are beloved of their dams;  
 How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me.

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,  
 That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,  
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee!  
 I do love thee as each flower  
 Loves the sun's life-giving power;  
 For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessèd  
 When all the praises are expressèd,  
 Dear joy, how I do love thee!  
 As the birds do love the spring,  
 Or the bees their careful king:  
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!  
 HENRY CONSTABLE.

—♦—  
*CASTARA.*

LIKE the violet, which alone  
 Prospers in some happy shade,  
 My Castara lives unknown,  
 To no ruder eye betray'd;  
 For she's to herself untrue  
 Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts  
 Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace.  
 Her high birth no pride imparts,  
 For she blushes in her place.  
 Folly boasts a glorious blood,—  
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet  
 What a wanton courtship meant;  
 Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,  
 In her silence eloquent.

Of herself survey she takes,  
 But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will  
 Her grave parents' wise commands;  
 And so innocent, that ill  
 She nor acts, nor understands.  
 Women's feet run still astray  
 If to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,  
 Where oft virtue splits her mast;  
 And retiredness thinks the port,  
 Where her fame may anchor cast.  
 Virtue safely cannot sit  
 Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best  
 Where sin waits not on delight;  
 Without mask, or ball, or feast,  
 Sweetly spends a winter's night.  
 O'er that darkness whence is thrust  
 Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,  
 While wild passions captive lie;  
 And each article of time,  
 Her pure thoughts to heaven fly;  
 All her vows religious be,  
 And she vows her love to me.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

—♦—  
*SUPERSTITION.*

I CARE not though it be  
 By the preciser sort thought popery;  
 We poets can a license show  
 For everything we do:  
 Hear, then, my little saint, I'll pray to  
 thee.

If now thy happy mind  
 Amid its various joys can leisure find  
 To attend to anything so low  
 As what I say or do,  
 Regard, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

Let not the bless'd above  
 Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither  
 rove;  
 Fain would I thy sweet image see,  
 And sit and talk with thee;  
 Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah! what delight 'twould be  
Wouldst thou sometimes by stealth converse  
with me!

How should I thine sweet commune prize,  
And other joys despise!

Come, then; I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain

Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in  
pain;

Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know

Of thy escape below:

Before thou'rt miss'd thou shouldst return  
again.

Sure, heaven must needs thy love

As well as other qualities improve;

Come, then, and recreate my sight

With rays of thy pure light:

'Twill cheer my eyes more than the lamps  
above.

But if Fate's so severe

As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere

(And by thy absence I shall know

Whether thy state be so),

Live happy, but be mindful of me there.

JOHN NORRIS.

### LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,

And the day but one;

Yet the light of the bright world dies,

With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,

And the heart but one;

Yet the light of a whole life dies,

When love is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

### DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,

Or a coral lip admires,

Or from star-like eyes doth seek

Fuel to maintain his fires,—

As old Time makes these decay,

So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,

Gentle thoughts and calm desires,

Hearts with equal love combined,

Kindle never-dying fires.

Where these are not, I despise

Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win

My resolved heart to return;

I have search'd thy soul within,

And find naught but pride and scorn;

I have learn'd thy arts, and now

Can disdain as much as thou.

Some power, in my revenge, convey

That love to her I cast away.

THOMAS CAREW.

### AUX ITALIENS.

AT Paris it was, at the opera there;—

And she look'd like a queen in a book  
that night,

With the wreath of pearl in her raven  
hair,

And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,

The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;

And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,

The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;

And who was not thrill'd in the stran-  
gest way,

As we heard him sing, while the gun  
burn'd low,

"*Non ti scordar di me*"?

The emperor there, in his box of state,

Look'd grave, as if he had just then  
seen

The red flag wave from the city gate,

Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye:

You'd have said that her fancy had gone  
back again,

For one moment, under the old blue sky,

To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat

Together, my bride betroth'd and I;

My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,

And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;

Like a queen she lean'd on her full  
white arm,

With that regal, indolent air she had,

So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then  
Of her former lord, good soul that he  
was,  
Who died the richest and roundest of  
men,  
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of  
heaven,  
Through a needle's eye he had not to  
pass;  
I wish him well, for the jointure given  
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first  
love,  
As I had not been thinking of aught for  
years,  
Till over my eyes there began to move  
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last  
time,  
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees to-  
gether,  
In that lost land, in that soft clime,  
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was  
hot),  
And her warm white neck in its golden  
chain,  
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,  
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young  
breast,  
(Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine  
flower!)

And the one bird singing alone to his nest,  
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,  
And the letter that brought me back my  
ring;  
And it all seem'd then, in the waste of  
life,  
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,  
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands  
over,  
And I thought, "Were she only living  
still,  
How I could forgive her, and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in  
that hour,

And of how, after all, old things were  
best,  
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine  
flower

Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,  
It made me creep, and it made me  
cold;

Like the scent that steals from the crum-  
bling sheet

Where a mummy is half unroll'd.

And I turn'd and look'd: she was sitting  
there,

In a dim box over the stage, and drest  
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft  
hair,

And that jasmine in her breast.

I was here: and she was there:

And the glittering horse-shoe curved be-  
tween,

From my bride betroth'd, with her raven  
hair,

And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,  
And over her primrose face the shade.

(In short, from the future back to the  
past

There was but a step to be made.)

To my early love from my future bride  
One moment I look'd. Then I stole to  
the door,

I traversed the passage, and down at her  
side

I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,  
Or something which never will be ex-  
prest,

Had brought her back from the grave  
again,

With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed,  
But she loves me now, and she loved me  
then!

And the very first word that her sweet  
lips said,

My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,  
 She is wealthy, and young, and hand-  
 some still,  
 And but for her,—well, we'll let that  
 pass—  
 She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,  
 With her primrose face, for old things  
 are best,  
 And the flower in her bosom, I prize it  
 above  
 The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is fill'd with folly and sin,  
 And love must cling where it can, I  
 say,  
 For beauty is easy enough to win,  
 But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women  
 and men,  
 There's a moment when all would go  
 smooth and even,  
 If only the dead could find out when  
 To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!  
 And oh, that music! and oh, the way  
 That voice rang out from the donjon  
 tower:

*Non ti scordar di me,  
 Non ti scordar di me!*

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

### TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
 To weep, yet scarce know why;  
 To sport an hour with beauty's chain,  
 Then throw it idly by;  
 To kneel at many a shrine,  
 Yet lay the heart on none;  
 To think all other charms divine,  
 But those we just have won;  
 This is love, faithless love,  
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,  
 Through life unchill'd, unmoved,  
 To love in wintry age the same  
 As first in youth we loved;  
 To feel that we adore,  
 Ev'n to such fond excess,

That, though the heart would break with  
 more,  
 It could not live with less;  
 This is love, faithful love,  
 Such as saints might feel above.

THOMAS MOORE.

### A PASTORAL.

ON a hill there grows a flower,  
 Fair befall the dainty sweet!  
 By that flower there is a bower,  
 Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,  
 Fringed all about with gold,  
 Where doth sit the fairest fair  
 That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,  
 She that is the shepherds' joy,  
 She that Venus did despise,  
 And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,  
 That the world desires to see;  
 This is *ipsa quae*, the which  
 There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?  
 Who would not this saint adore?  
 Who would not this sight desire,  
 Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see  
 One good look, and I am gone:  
 Look on me, for I am he,  
 The poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherds' queen,  
 Look upon thy silly swain;  
 By thy comfort have been seen  
 Dead men brought to life again.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

### THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are likened best to floods and  
 streams,  
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are  
 dumb;  
 So when affection yields discourse, it seems  
 The bottom is but shallow whence they  
 come;

They that are rich in words must needs  
discover  
They are but poor in that which makes  
a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,  
The merit of true passion,  
With thinking that he feels no smart  
Who sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve  
The conquest of thy beauty,  
It comes not from defect of love,  
But fear t' exceed my duty.

For, knowing that I sue to serve  
A saint of such perfection  
As all desire, but none deserve  
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief  
Than venture the revealing :—  
Where glory recommends the grief,  
Despair disdains the healing.

Thus those desires that boil so high  
In any mortal lover,  
When reason cannot make them die,  
Discretion them must cover.

Yet when discretion doth bereave  
The plaints that I should utter,  
Then your discretion may perceive  
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe  
Than words, though ne'er so witty :  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,  
My love, for secret passion :  
He smarteth most that hides his smart,  
And sues for no compassion.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

#### THE GROOMSMAN TO THE BRIDES- MAID.

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,  
Makes another, soon or late ;  
Never yet was any marriage  
Enter'd in the book of fate,  
But the names were also written  
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings, then, upon the morning  
When my friend, with fondest look,

By the solemn rites' permission,  
To his heart his true love took,  
And the destinies recorded  
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfill'd his office,  
Still the ground the lovers eyed,  
And the parents and the kinsmen  
Aim'd their glances at the bride ;  
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins  
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her ;  
One was dark, and one was fair ;  
But nor fair nor dark the other,  
Save her Arab eyes and hair ;  
Neither dark nor fair I call her,  
Yet she was the fairest there.

While the groomsmen—shall I own it ?  
Yes to thee, and only thee—  
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden  
Who was fairest of the three,  
Thus he thought : "How blest the bridal  
Where the bride were such as she !"

Then I mused upon the adage,  
Till my wisdom was perplex'd,  
And I wonder'd, as the churchman  
Dwelt upon his holy text,  
Which of all who heard his lesson  
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion  
For the flowers, the feast, the wine ?  
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady ;  
Or, who knows?—it may be mine,  
What if 'twere—forgive the fancy—  
What if 'twere—both mine and thine ?

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

#### ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

MY ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've  
dropp'd into the well,  
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot  
tell—  
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke  
Albuharcz' daughter :—  
The well is deep—far down they lie, be-  
neath the cold blue water ;

To me did Muça give them when he spake  
his sad farewell,  
And what to say when he comes back,  
alas! I cannot tell.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they were  
pearls in silver set,  
That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er  
should him forget;  
That I ne'er to other tongues should list,  
nor smile on other's tale,  
But remember he my lips had kiss'd, pure  
as those ear-rings pale.  
When he comes back, and hears that I  
have dropp'd them in the well,  
Oh, what will Muça think of me?—I can-  
not, cannot tell!

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he'll say  
they should have been,  
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold  
and glittering sheen,  
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond  
shining clear,  
Changing to the changing light, with  
radiance insincere;  
That changeful mind unchanging gems are  
not befitting well,  
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas!  
I cannot tell.

He'll think when I to market went I  
loiter'd by the way;  
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the  
lads might say;  
He'll think some other lover's hand, among  
my tresses noosed,  
From the ears where he had placed them  
my rings of pearl unloosed;  
He'll think when I was sporting so beside  
this marble well  
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas!  
I cannot tell.

He'll say I am a woman, and we are all  
the same;  
He'll say I loved when he was here to  
whisper of his flame—  
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin  
troth had broken,  
And thought no more of Muça, and cared  
not for his token.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O luckless,  
luckless well,—  
For what to say to Muça—alas! I cannot  
tell.

I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he  
will believe—  
That I thought of him at morning and  
thought of him at eve;  
That, musing on my lover, when down the  
sun was gone,  
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the  
fountain all alone;  
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when  
from my hand they fell,  
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as  
they lie in the well.

(From the Spanish.)

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

### LOOK OUT, BRIGHT EYES.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!  
Even in shadows you are fair.  
Shut-up beauty is like fire,  
That breaks out clearer still and higher.  
Though your beauty be confined,  
And soft Love a prisoner bound,  
Yet the beauty of your mind  
Neither check nor chain hath found.  
Look out nobly, then, and dare  
Even the fetters that you wear.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

### TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, oh take those lips away  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn!  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are yet of those that April wears.  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

*GO, LOVELY ROSE.*

"Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

"Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

"Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

"Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee,  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair."  
EDMUND WALLER.

*MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE.*

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory—  
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art  
gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEIGH.

*TO HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.*

You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your light—  
You common people of the skies—  
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,  
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,  
Thinking your passions understood

By your weak accents—what's your  
praise  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known,  
Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own—  
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen  
In form and beauty of her mind;  
By virtue first, then choice, a queen--  
Tell me, if she were not design'd  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

*ON A GIRDLE.*

THAT which her slender waist confined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind;  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely deer:  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's  
fair.

Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

EDMUND WALLER.

*THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.*

THERE is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies blow;  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;  
There cherries grow that none may buy,  
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds filled with  
snow;

Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,  
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still.  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,



Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
 All that approach with eye or hand  
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,  
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

RICHARD ALISON.

---

*JENNY KISSED ME.*

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,  
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
 Time, you thief! who love to get  
 Sweets into your list, put that in.  
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;  
 Say that health and wealth have miss'd  
 me;  
 Say I'm growing old, but add—

Jenny kiss'd me!

LEIGH HUNT.

---

*ALLEN-A-DALE.*

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the win-  
 ning.

Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken  
 my tale!

And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale  
 side,

The mere for his net, and the land for his  
 game,

The chase for the wild, and the park for  
 the tame;

Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the  
 vale,

Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-  
 Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
 Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade  
 be as bright;

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his  
 word;

And the best of our nobles his bonnet will  
 veil,

Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets  
 Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;  
 The mother, she ask'd of his household  
 and home:

"Though the castle of Richmond stand  
 fair on the hill,

My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gal-  
 lanter still;

'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its  
 crescent so pale,

And with all its bright spangles!" said  
 Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was  
 stone;

They lifted the latch, and they bade him  
 be gone;

But loud, on the morrow, their wail and  
 their cry;

He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny  
 black eye,

And she fled to the forest to hear a love-  
 tale,

And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-  
 Dale!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

---

*THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE  
 MY BED.*

THE heath this night must be my bed,  
 The bracken curtain for my head,  
 My lullaby the warder's tread,

Far, far from love and thee, Mary;  
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
 My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!

It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;  
 I dare not think upon thy vow,

And all it promised me, Mary.  
 No fond regret must Norman know;  
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
 His heart must be like bended bow,  
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!  
 For, if I fall in battle fought,  
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.

And if return'd from conquer'd foes,  
How blithely will the evening close,  
How sweet the linnet sing repose  
To my young bride and me, Mary!  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

—♦—  
*SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.*

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never:  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blythe and bonny;  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy:  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blythe and bonny;  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—  
*LOVE NOT.*

LOVE not, love not! ye hapless sons of  
clay!

Hope's gayest wreaths are made of  
earthly flowers—  
Things that are made to fade and fall away  
Ere they have blossom'd for a few short  
hours.

Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change!  
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,  
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and  
strange,  
The heart still warmly beat, yet not betrued.  
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die—  
May perish from the gay and glad some  
earth;  
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,  
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.  
Love not!

Love not! oh, warning vainly said  
In present hours as in years gone by;  
Love flings a halo round the dear one's  
head,  
Faultless, immortal, till they change or  
die.

Love not!  
CAROLINE NORTON.

—♦—  
*A WOMAN'S QUESTION.*

BEFORE I trust my Fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy Future give  
Color and form to mine,  
Before I peril all for thee, question thy  
soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret:  
Is there one link within the Past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that  
which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth  
breathe,  
Untouch'd, unshared by mine?  
If so, at any pain or cost, oh tell me before  
all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel  
Within thy inmost soul,  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole;  
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in  
true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine cannot fulfil?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now—lest at some future day my  
whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon-spirit Change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange?  
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield  
my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day  
And answer to my claim,  
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—  
Not thou—had been to blame?  
Some soothe their conscience thus; but  
thou wilt surely warn and save me  
now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,  
The words would come too late;  
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,  
So comfort thee, my Fate—  
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember,  
I *would* risk it all!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

### A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I WILL not let you say a woman's part  
Must be to give exclusive love alone;  
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart  
Answers a thousand claims besides your  
own.

I love—what do I not love? Earth and  
air  
Find space within my heart, and myriad  
things  
You would not deign to heed are cherish'd  
there,  
And vibrate on its very inmost strings.

I love the Summer, with her ebb and flow  
Of light, and warmth, and music, that  
have nursed  
Her tender buds to blossoms . . . and you  
know  
It was in summer that I saw you first.

I love the Winter dearly too, . . . but then  
I owe it so much; on a winter's day,  
Bleak, cold, and stormy, you return'd  
again,  
When you had been those weary months  
away.

I love the Stars like friends; so many  
nights  
I gazed at them, when you were far from  
me,  
Till I grew blind with tears; . . . those far-  
off lights  
Could watch you, whom I long'd in vain  
to see.

I love the flowers; happy hours lie  
Shut up within their petals close and  
fast:

You have forgotten, dear; but they and I  
Keep every fragment of the golden past.

I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise  
Seems like a crown upon my life,—to  
make

It better worth the giving, and to raise  
Still nearer to your own the heart you  
take.

I love all good and noble souls;—I heard  
One speak of you but lately, and for  
days,  
Only to think of it, my soul was stirr'd  
In tender memory of such generous  
praise.

I love all those who love you: all who owe  
Comfort to you; and I can find regret  
Even for those poorer hearts who once  
could know,  
And once could love you, and can now  
forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow,—I, who spare  
Love for all these? Do I not even hold  
My favorite books in special tender care,  
And prize them as a miser does his gold?—

The poets that you used to read to me  
While summer twilights faded in the  
sky;  
But most of all I think Aurora Leigh,  
Because—because—do you remember  
why?

Will you be jealous? Did you guess be-  
fore  
I loved so many things?—Still you the  
best:—

Dearest, remember that I love you more,  
Oh more a thousand times, than all the  
rest!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

### MAUDE CLARE.

OUT of the church she follow'd them  
With a lofty step and mien:  
His bride was like a village maid,  
Maude Clare was like a queen.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,  
With smiles, almost with tears:  
"May Nell and you but live as true  
As we have done for years;

"Your father thirty years ago  
Had just your tale to tell;  
But he was not so pale as you,  
Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,  
And Nell was pale with pride;  
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare  
Or ever he kiss'd the bride.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,  
Have brought my gift," she said:  
"To bless the hearth, to bless the board,  
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain  
You wore about your neck,  
That day we waded ankle-deep  
For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves  
We pluck'd from budding bough,  
With feet amongst the lily-leaves,—  
The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,  
He falter'd in his place:  
"Lady," he said,—*"Maude Clare,"* he  
said,—  
"*Maude Clare:*"—and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell: "*My Lady Nell,*  
I have a gift for you;  
Though were it fruit, the bloom were gone,  
Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,  
Mine of a paltry love:  
Take it or leave it as you will,  
I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,  
And what you spurn, I'll wear;  
For he's my lord for better and worse,  
And him I love, *Maude Clare.*

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,  
More wise, and much more fair;  
I'll love him till he loves me best,  
Me best of all, *Maude Clare.*"

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

### A SERENADE.

Al! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
The sun has left the lea,  
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,  
The breeze is on the sea.  
The lark, his lay who trill'd all day,  
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;  
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,  
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,  
Her shepherd's suit to hear;  
To beauty shy, by lattice high,  
Sings high-born cavalier.  
The star of Love, all stars above,  
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,  
And high and low the influence know,  
But where is County Guy?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Al! Chloris! could I now but sit  
As unconcern'd as when  
Your infant beauty could beget  
No happiness or pain!  
When I the dawn used to admire,  
And praised the coming day,  
I little thought the rising fire  
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay  
Like metals in a mine;  
Age from no face takes more away  
Than youth conceal'd in thine.  
But as your charms insensibly  
To their perfection prest,  
So love as unperceived did fly,  
And centred in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew.  
While Cupid at my heart  
Still as his mother favor'd you  
Threw a new flaming dart;  
Each gloried in their wanton part;  
To make a lover he  
Employ'd the utmost of his art—  
To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love  
Uncertain of my fate,  
If your fair self my chains approve,  
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well  
 At first disorder'd be,  
 Since none alive can truly tell  
 What fortune they must see.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

---

SONNET.

LIKE as the culver, on the barèd bough,  
 Sits mourning for the absence of her  
 mate,  
 And in her songs sends many a wishful  
 vow  
 For his return that seems to linger late;  
 So I alone, now left disconsolate,  
 Mourn to myself the absence of my  
 love,  
 And, wand'ring here and there, all deso-  
 late,  
 Seek with my plaints to match that  
 mournful dove;  
 Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth  
 hove  
 Can comfort me but her own joyous  
 sight,  
 Whose sweet aspect both God and men  
 can move,  
 In her unspotted pleasures to delight.  
 Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I  
 miss,  
 And dead my life, that wants such lively  
 bliss.

EDMUND SPENSER.

---

MY SILKS AND FINE ARRAY.

My silks and fine array,  
 My smiles and languished air,  
 By love are driven away;  
 And mournful, lean Despair  
 Brings me yew to deck my grave:  
 Such end true lovers have.

His face is as fair as heaven  
 When springing buds unfold;  
 O, why to him was't given,  
 Whose heart is wintry cold?  
 His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb,  
 Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,  
 Bring me a winding sheet;

When I my grave have made  
 Let winds and tempests beat!  
 Then down I'll lie as cold as clay:  
 True love doth pass away.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

---

A RENUNCIATION.

IF women could be fair, and yet not fond,  
 Or that their love were firm, not fickle  
 still,  
 I would not marvel that they make mer-  
 bond  
 By service long to purchase their good-  
 will,  
 But when I see how frail those creatures  
 are,  
 I muse that men forget themselves so far.  
 To mark the choice they make, and how  
 they change,  
 How oft from Phœbus they do flee to  
 Pan,  
 Unsettled still, like haggards wild they  
 range,  
 These gentle birds that fly from man to  
 man;  
 Who would not scorn and shake them  
 from the fist,  
 And let them fly, fair fools, which way  
 they list.

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,  
 To pass the time when nothing else can  
 please,  
 And train them to our lure with subtle  
 oath,  
 Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we  
 ease;  
 And then we say when we their fancy  
 try,  
 To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!

EDWARD VERE, Earl of Oxford.

---

BLAME NOT MY LUTE.

BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound  
 Of this or that as liketh me;  
 For lack of wit the Lute is bound  
 To give such tunes as pleaseth me;

Though my songs be somewhat strange,  
And speak such words as touch my change,  
Blame not my Lute !

My Lute, alas ! doth not offend,  
Though that perforce he must agree  
To sound such tunes as I intend  
To sing to them that hearoth me ;  
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,  
And toucheth some that use to feign,  
Blame not my Lute !

My Lute and strings may not deny,  
But as I strike they must obey ;  
Break not them so wrongfully,  
But wreak thyself some other way ;  
And though the songs which I indite  
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,  
Blame not my Lute !

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,  
And falsed faith must needs be known ;  
The faults so great, the case so strange ;  
Of right it must abroad be blown :  
Then since that by thine own desert  
My songs do tell how true thou art,  
Blame not my Lute !

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,  
And well deserved to have blame ;  
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,  
And then my Lute shall sound that same !  
But if till then my fingers play,  
By thy desert their wonted way,  
Blame not my Lute !

Farewell, unknown ; for though thou break  
My strings in spite with great disdain,  
Yet have I found out, for thy sake,  
Strings for to string my Lute again :  
And if perchance this silly rhyme  
Do make thee blush at any time,  
Blame not my Lute !

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

### SONNET.

O HAPPY Thames that didst my Stella  
bear !

I saw myself with many a smiling line  
Upon thy cheerful face, joy's livery wear,  
While those fair planets on thy streams  
did shine ;

The boat for joy could not to dance for-  
bear ;

While wanton winds, with beauties so  
divine

Ravish'd, staid not till in her golden hair  
They did themselves, O sweetest prison !  
twine ;

And fain those Eol's youth there would  
their stay

Have made, but forced by Nature still to  
fly,

First did with puffing kiss those locks dis-  
play.

She so dishevell'd, blush'd :—from win-  
dow I,

With sight thereof, cried out, O fair dis-  
grace !

Let honor's self to thee grant highest place.  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

### THE RE-CURED LOVER EXULTETH IN HIS FREEDOM.

I AM as I am, and so will I be :  
But how that I am none knoweth truly.  
Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free,  
I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently ;  
I mean nothing but honesty ;  
And though folks judge full diversely,  
I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice nor yet complain,  
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,  
And use the means since folks will feign ;  
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasant or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow,  
Some of pleasure and some of woe,  
Yet for all that, nothing they know ;  
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judgers do thus decay,  
Let every man his judgment say ;  
I will it take in sport and play,  
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God them send ;  
Who judgeth evil, God them amend ;  
To judge the best therefore intend,  
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there be that take delight,  
To judge folks' thought for envy and spite;  
But whether they judge me wrong or right,  
I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read,  
To trust it as you do your creed;  
And not to think I change my weed,  
For I am as I am, however I speed.

But how that is I leave to you;  
Judge as ye list, false or true,  
Ye know no more than afore ye knew,  
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.

And from this mind I will not flee,  
But to you all that misjudge me,  
I do protest, as ye may see,  
That I am as I am, and so will be.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

---

*SONNET.*

HAVING this day my horse, my hand, my  
lance

Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,  
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,  
And of some sent from that sweet enemy  
France;

Horsemen my skill in horsemanship ad-  
vance;

Townfolks my strength; a daintier judge  
applies

His praise to sleight which from good use  
doth rise;

Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;

Others, because of both sides I do take  
My blood from them who did excel in this,  
Think Nature me a man of arms did  
make.

How far they shot awry! the true cause is  
Stella look'd on, and from her heavenly  
face

Sent forth the beams which made so fair  
my race.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

---

*A FRAGMENT FROM SAPPHO.*

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,  
And raised such tumults in my breast:  
For while I gazed, in transport tost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame:  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd:  
My feeble pulse forgot to play—  
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

---

*ASK ME NO MORE.*

ASK me no more: the moon may draw the  
sea;

The cloud may stoop from heaven and  
take the shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;  
But, oh too fond, when have I answer'd  
thee?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I  
give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;

Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee  
die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee  
live;

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are  
seal'd.

I strove against the stream, and all in  
vain.

Let the great river take me to the main.  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

---

*ASK ME NO MORE WHERE JOVE  
BESTOWS.*

ASK me no more, where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose;  
For in your beauties, orient deep,  
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray  
The golden atoms of the day;  
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste  
The nightingale, when May is past;  
For in your sweet dividing throat  
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,  
That downward fall in dead of night;  
For in your eyes they sit, and there  
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west  
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest;  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CAREW.

— — —  
*MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.*

PART FIRST.

My dear and only love, I pray,  
This noble world of thee  
Be govern'd by no other sway  
But purest monarchie.  
For if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor,  
And hold a synod in thy heart,  
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone,  
My thoughts shall evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
That puts it not unto the touch,  
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still,  
And always give the law,  
And have each subject at my will,  
And all to stand in awe.  
But 'gainst my battery if I find  
Thou shun'st the prize so sore  
As that thou set'st me up a blind,  
I'll never love thee more.

If in the empire of thy heart,  
Where I should solely be,

Another do pretend a part,  
And dares to vie with me;  
Or if committees thou erect,  
And go on such a score,  
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,  
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,  
And faithful of thy word,  
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,  
And famous by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
Was never heard before;  
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
And love thee evermore.

PART SECOND.

My dear and only love, take heed,  
Lest thou thyself expose,  
And let all longing lovers feed  
Upon such looks as those.  
A marble wall then build about,  
Beset without a door;  
But if thou let thy heart fly out,  
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,  
Make any breach at all;  
Nor smoothness of their language plot  
Which way to scale the wall;  
Nor balls of wild-fire love consume  
The shrine which I adore;  
For if such smoke about thee fume,  
I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong  
To suffer by surprise;  
Those victuall'd by my love so long.  
The siege at length must rise,  
And leave thee ruled in that health  
And state thou wast before;  
But if thou turn a commonwealth,  
I'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,  
Thy heart to ruine come,  
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,  
Nor march by tuck of drum;  
But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,  
Thy falsehood to deplore,  
And bitterly will sigh and weep,  
And never love thee more.



I'll do with thee as Nero did,  
 When Rome was set on fire,  
 Not only all relief forbid,  
 But to a hill retire,  
 And scorn to shed a tear to see  
 Thy spirit grown so poor;  
 But smiling sing, until I die,  
 I'll never love thee more.

Yet, for the love I bare thee once,  
 Lest that thy name should die,  
 A monument of marble-stone  
 The truth shall testify:  
 That every pilgrim passing by  
 May pity and deplore  
 My case, and read the reason why  
 I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be  
 Upon this pillar hung,—  
 A simple heart, a single eye,  
 A true and constant tongue;  
 Let no man for more love pretend  
 Than he has hearts in store;  
 True love begun shall never end;  
 Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,  
 But in far different case;  
 But mine was true, so was not thine,  
 But lookt like Janus' face.  
 For as the waves with every wind,  
 So sail'st thou every shore,  
 And leav'st my constant heart behind,—  
 How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fix'd  
 For constancy most strange,  
 And thine shall with the moon be mix'd,  
 Delighting aye in change.  
 Thy beauty shined at first more bright,  
 And woe is me therefore,  
 That ever I found thy love so light  
 I could love thee no more!

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,  
 The rocks' resounding echo,  
 The whistling wind that murmur makes  
 Shall with me sing hey ho!  
 The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,  
 Tears dropping from each shore,  
 Shall tune with me their turtle notes—  
 I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true.  
 Her fellow's death regrette,  
 And daily mourns for his adieu,  
 And ne'er renews her mate;  
 So, though thy faith was never fast  
 Which grieves me wondrous sore,  
 Yet I shall live in love so chaste,  
 That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about  
 These monuments to view,  
 Whereon is written, in and out,  
 Thou traitorous and untrue;  
 Then in a passion they shall pause,  
 And thus say, sighing sore,  
 "Alas! he had too just a cause,  
 Never to love thee more."

And when that tracing goddess Fame  
 From east to west shall flee,  
 She shall record it to thy shame,  
 How thou hast lovèd me:  
 And how in odds our love was such  
 As few have been before:  
 Thou loved too many, and I too much,  
 So I can love no more.

JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose.

### COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,  
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;  
 And while a false nymph was his theme,  
 A willow supported his head.  
 The wind that blew over the plain,  
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply,  
 And the brook, in return to his pain,  
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!  
 Thus sadly complaining he cried;  
 When first I beheld that fair face,  
 'Twere better by far I had died:  
 She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;  
 When she smiled, 'twas a pleasure too  
 great;  
 I listen'd, and cried when she sung,  
 Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe,  
 She could dote on so lowly a clown,  
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve  
 To forsake the fine folk of the town;

To think that a beauty so gay  
 So kind and so constant would prove,  
 Or go clad, like our maidens, in gray,  
 Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,  
 Though the muses my temples have  
 crown'd,  
 What though, when they hear my soft  
 strain,

The virgins sit weeping around?  
 Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,  
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,  
 Thy false one inclines to a swain  
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,  
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.  
 Though through the wide world I should  
 range,  
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;  
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,  
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,  
 In her breast any pity is found,  
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,  
 And see me laid low in the ground:  
 The last humble boon that I crave,  
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;  
 And when she looks down on my grave,  
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go  
 And deck her in golden array;  
 Be finest at every fine show,  
 And frolic it all the long day:  
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,  
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,  
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,  
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

---

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
 Doth ask a drink divine;  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honoring thee  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It could not wither'd be;  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe  
 And sent'st it back to me;  
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee!

(From the Greek.)  
 BEN JONSON.

---

AT SETTING DAY AND RISING  
 MORN.

At setting day and rising morn,  
 With soul that still shall love thee,  
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,  
 With all that can improve thee.  
 I'll visit aft the birken bush,  
 Where first thou kindly told me  
 Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,  
 Whilst round thou didst unfold me.  
 To all our haunts I will repair,  
 By greenwood shaw or fountain,  
 Or where the summer day I'd share  
 With thee upon yon mountain;  
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,  
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours  
 A heart that cannot wander.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

---

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my  
 Jean,  
 Where heartsome with thee I hae mony  
 day been!  
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!  
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for  
 my dear,  
 And no for the dangers attending on  
 war,  
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody  
 shore,  
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every  
wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in  
my mind;  
Though loudest of thunder on louder  
waves roar,  
That's naething like leaving my love on  
the shore.  
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair  
pain'd;  
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be  
gain'd;  
And beauty and love's the reward of the  
brave,  
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my ex-  
cuse;  
Since honor commands me, how can I re-  
fuse?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for  
thee,  
And without thy favor I'd better not be.  
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and  
fame,  
And if I should luck to come gloriously  
hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love run-  
ning o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no  
more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

SONG.

In vain you tell your parting lover—  
Your wish fair winds may waft him over:  
Alas! what winds can happy prove,  
That bear me far from what I love?  
Can equal those that I sustain,  
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose  
To wish the wildest tempests loose,  
That, thrown again upon the coast  
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,  
I may once more repeat my pain;  
Once more in dying notes complain  
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!  
Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
She pluck'd that piece of geranium-  
flower,  
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.  
Little has yet been changed, I think;  
The shutters are shut—no light may pass,  
Save two long rays thro' the hinges  
chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my  
name—

It was not her time to love; beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares;  
And now was quiet, now astir—  
Till God's hand beckon'd unawares,  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?  
What! your soul was pure and true;  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so  
wide,

Each was naught to each, must I be told?  
We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love;  
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
Delay'd, it may be, for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a  
few;  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall  
say,  
In the lower earth—in the years long still—  
That body and soul so gay?  
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own geranium's  
red—  
And what you would do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's  
stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since  
then,

Given up myself so many times,  
Gain'd me the gains of various men,  
Ransack'd the ages, spoil'd the climes;  
Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full  
scope,

Either I miss'd or itself miss'd me—  
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;  
My heart seem'd full as it could hold—  
There was place and to spare for the frank  
young smile

And the red young mouth and the hair's  
young gold.

So hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;  
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold  
hand.

There, that is our secret! go to sleep;  
You will wake, and remember, and under-  
stand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

### COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH.

COME away, come away, Death,  
And in sad cypres let me be laid;

Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
Oh prepare it!

My part of death no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall  
be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, oh where

Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### COLIN AND LUCY.

OF Leinster, famed for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace;  
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love and pining care  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,  
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh, have you seen a lily pale,  
When beating rains descend?  
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;  
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains  
Take heed, ye easy fair;  
Of vengeance due to broken vows  
Ye perjured swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
A bell was heard to ring;  
And at her window, shrieking thrice,  
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
That solemn boding sound;  
And thus in dying words bespoke  
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart and broken vows,  
In early youth I die.  
Am I to blame because his bride  
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,  
Vows due to me alone:  
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,  
Impatient, both prepare,  
But know, fond maid, and know, false youth,  
That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,  
The bridegroom blithe to meet;  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she died;—her corse was borne  
The bridegroom blithe to meet;  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?  
How were those nuptials kept?  
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,  
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell;  
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,  
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)  
The varying crimson fled,  
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,  
Convey'd by trembling swains,  
One mould with her beneath one sod,  
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind  
And plighted maid are seen;  
With garlands gay, and true-love knots  
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear,  
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

THOMAS TICKELL.

### LORD LOVEL.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle-gate  
Combing his milk-white steed;  
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,  
To wish her lover good speed, speed,  
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she  
said,  
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;  
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,  
Strange countries for to see, to see,  
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?"  
she said;  
"Oh! when will you come back?" said  
she;

"In a year or two—or three, at the most,  
I'll return to my fair Nancy-cy,  
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a  
day,  
Strange countries for to see,  
When languishing thoughts came into his  
head,  
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,  
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white  
steed,  
Till he came to London town,  
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,  
And the people all mourning, round,  
round,  
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he  
said,  
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;  
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,  
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,  
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he order'd the grave to be open'd wide,  
And the shroud he turn'd down,  
And there he kiss'd her clay-cold lips,  
Till the tears came trickling down, down,  
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,  
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;  
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure  
grief,  
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sor-  
row,  
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras'  
church,  
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;  
And out of her bosom there grew a red  
rose,  
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,  
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church-  
steeple top,  
And then they could grow no higher:  
So there they entwined in a true-lover's  
knot,  
For all lovers true to admire-mire,  
For all lovers true to admire.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

*ANNIE LAURIE.*

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie  
 Where early fa's the dew,  
 And it's there that Annie Laurie  
 Gie'd me her promise true—  
 Gie'd me her promise true,  
 Which ne'er forgot will be;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift;  
 Her throat is like the swan;  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on—  
 That e'er the sun shone on—  
 And dark blue is her ee;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
 And like the winds in summer sighing,  
 Her voice is low and sweet—  
 Her voice is low and sweet—  
 And she's a' the world to me;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

*WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?*

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?  
 What ails this watery ee?  
 What gars me a' turn pale as death  
 When I take leave o' thee?  
 When thou art far awa',  
 Thou'lt dearer grow to me;  
 But change o' place and change o' folk  
 May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,  
 Or walk at morning air,  
 Ilka rustling bush will seem to say,  
 I used to meet thee there.  
 Then I'll sit down and cry,  
 And live aneath the tree,  
 And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,  
 I'll ca' 't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower  
 That thou wi' roses tied,  
 And where wi' mony a blushing bud  
 I strove myself to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot  
 Where I hae been wi' thee;  
 And ca' to mind some kindly word,  
 By ilka burn and tree.

SUSANNA BLAIRE.

*THE PORTRAIT.*

MIDNIGHT past! Not a sound of aught  
 Through the silent house, but the wind  
 at his prayers.

I sat by the dying fire, and thought  
 Of the dear dead woman up stairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain  
 Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping  
 yet;  
 And the moon look'd forth, as though in  
 pain,

With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,  
 But the friend of my bosom, the man I  
 love:

And grief had sent him fast to sleep  
 In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place  
 All round, that knew of my loss beside,  
 But the good young Priest with the Ra-  
 phael-face,  
 Who confess'd her when she died.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,  
 And my grief had moved him beyond  
 control;

For his lip grew white, as I could observe,  
 When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone:  
 I thought of the pleasant days of yore:  
 I said, "The staff of my life is gone:  
 The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,  
 Which next to her heart she used to  
 wear—

Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes  
 When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,  
 And pearls which a Peri might have kept.  
 For each ruby there my heart hath bled.  
 For each pearl my eyes have wept."

And I said—"The thing is precious to me:  
They will bury her soon in the church-  
yard clay;  
It lies on her heart, and lost must be  
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,  
And crept up the stairs that creak'd for  
fright,  
Till into the chamber of death I came,  
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet,  
There stark she lay on her carven bed:  
Seven burning tapers about her feet,  
And seven about her head.

As I stretch'd my hand, I held my breath;  
I turn'd as I drew the curtains apart:  
I dared not look on the face of death:  
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first, as my touch fell there,  
It had warm'd that heart to life, with  
love;  
For the thing I touch'd was warm, I swear,  
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man, that was moving  
slow  
O'er the heart of the dead,—from the  
other side:  
And at once the sweat broke over my  
brow:  
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me by the tapers' light,  
The friend of my bosom, the man I  
loved,  
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,  
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" . . . The  
man  
Look'd first at me, and then at the dead.  
"There is a portrait here," he began;  
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no  
doubt,  
The portrait was, till a month ago,  
When this suffering angel took that out,  
And placed mine there, I know.

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.  
"A month ago," said my friend to me:  
"And in your throat," I groan'd, "you  
lie!"  
He answer'd, . . . "Let us see."

"Enough!" I return'd, "let the dead de-  
cide:  
And whose soever the portrait prove,  
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,  
Where Death is arraign'd by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place:  
We open'd it by the tapers' shine:  
The gems were all unchanged: the face  
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least!  
The face of the portrait there," I cried,  
"Is our friend's the Raphael-faced young  
Priest,  
Who confess'd her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,  
And pearls which a Peri might have  
kept.  
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:  
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.  
(OWEN MEREDITH.)

### AMYNTA.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-  
hook,  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I  
forsook;  
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I  
wove:  
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me  
of love.  
Oh, what had my youth with ambition  
to do?  
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my  
vow?  
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-  
hook restore,  
And I'll wander from love and Amynta  
no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I  
rove,  
And bid the wide ocean secure me from  
love!

O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue  
 A love so well founded, a passion so true!  
 Oh, what had my youth with ambition  
 to do?  
 Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my  
 vow?  
 Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-  
 hook restore,  
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta  
 no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;  
 Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be  
 thine:  
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are  
 vain,  
 The moments neglected return not again.  
 Oh, what had my youth with ambition  
 to do?  
 Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my  
 vow?  
 Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-  
 hook restore,  
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta  
 no more.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

### MARY MACNEIL.

THE last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sink-  
 in',  
 Owe mountain and meadowland glintin'  
 fareweel;  
 An' thousands o' stars in the heavens were  
 blinkin',  
 As bright as the een o' sweet Mary Mac-  
 neil.  
 A' glowing wi' gladness she lean'd on her  
 lover,  
 Her een tellin' secrets she thought to  
 conceal,  
 And fondly they wander'd whar nane might  
 discover  
 The tryst o' young Ronald an' Mary  
 Macneil.

Oh! Mary was modest, an' pure as the lily,  
 That dew-draps o' mornin' in fragrance  
 reveal;  
 Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in  
 valley  
 Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.

She moved, and the graces played sportive  
 around her;  
 She smiled, and the hearts o' the cauld-  
 est wad thrill;  
 She sang, and the mavis cam' listenin' in  
 wonder,  
 To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.  
 But ae bitter blast on its fair promise  
 blawin',  
 Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms  
 will steal;  
 An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart  
 fa'in'  
 Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly  
 can heal.  
 The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path  
 liein';  
 The autumn, his corse on the red battle-  
 fiel';  
 The winter, the maiden found heartbroken,  
 dyin';  
 An' spring spread the green turf owre  
 Mary Macneil.

ESKINE CONOLLY.

### DORIS.

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd maiden:  
 Her crook was laden with wreathèd  
 flowers;  
 I sat and wooed her through sunlight wheel-  
 ing  
 And shadows stealing, for hours and  
 hours.  
 And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses  
 Wild summer-roses of rare perfume,  
 The while I sued her, kept hushed, and  
 heightened  
 Till shades had darkened from gloss to  
 gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger:  
 She said, "We linger, we must not stay;  
 My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander:  
 Behold them yonder, how far they  
 stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,  
 And still be near you, and still adore!  
 No wolf nor stranger will touch one year-  
 ling,  
 Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more!"



She whispered, sighing, "There will be sorrow

Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;  
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,  
I shall be scolded, and sent away."

Said I, denying, "If they do miss you,  
They ought to kiss you when you get home:

And well rewarded by friend and neighbor  
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered meekly,

"That lambs are weakly, and sheep are wild;

But if they love me 'tis none so fervent;  
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,

And love did win me to swift reply:  
"Ah! do but prove me, and none shall blind you,  
Nor fray, nor find you, until I die."

She blushed and started: I stood awaiting,  
As if debating in dreams divine;  
But I did brave them—I told her plainly  
She doubted vainly; she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley  
Did rouse and rally the nibbling ewes;  
And homeward drave them, we two together,  
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty fresh grace did lend her,  
My Doris tender, my Doris true;  
That I her warder, did always bless her,  
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling,  
With love excelling, and undefiled;  
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,  
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

ARTHUR JOSEPH MUNBY.

#### A NICE CORRESPONDENT.

THE glow and the glory are plighted  
To darkness, for evening is come;

The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted;  
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.  
I'm alone at my casement, for Pappy  
Is summoned to dinner at Kew:  
I'm alone, my dear Fred, but I'm happy,—  
I'm thinking of you.

I wish you were here. Were I duller  
Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear;  
I am dressed in your favorite color,—  
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!  
I am wearing my lazuli necklace,  
The necklace you fastened askew!  
Was there ever so rude or so reckless  
A darling as you?

I want you to come and pass sentence  
On two or three books with a plot;  
Of course you know "Janet's Repentance"?  
I'm reading Sir Waverley Scott,  
The story of Edgar and Lucy,  
How thrilling, romantic, and true;  
The master (his bride was a goosey!)  
Reminds me of you,

To-day, in my ride, I've been crowning  
The beacon; its magic still lures,  
For there you discoursed about Browning,  
That stupid old Browning of yours.  
His vogue and his verve are alarming,  
I'm anxious to give him his due;  
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming  
A poet as you.

I heard how you shot at The Beeches,  
I saw how you rode Chanticleer,  
I have read the report of your speeches,  
And echoed the echoing cheer.  
There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,—

I envy their owners, I do!  
Small marvel that Fortune is making  
Her idol of you.

Alas for the world, and its dearly-bought triumph, and fugitive bliss!  
Sometimes I half wish I were merely  
A plain or a penniless miss;  
But perhaps one is best with a measure  
Of pelf, and I'm not sorry, too,  
That I'm pretty, because it's a pleasure,  
My dearest, to you.

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,  
Your taste is for letters and art;

This rhyme is the commonplace passion  
That glows in a fond woman's heart.  
Lay it by in a dainty deposit  
For relics,—we all have a few!—  
Love, some day they'll print it, because it  
Was written to you.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

---

*MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.*

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,  
My only jo and dearie, O;  
Thy neck is like the siller dew  
Upon the banks sae briery, O;  
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,  
Oh, sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee!  
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn  
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,  
Rejoicing in the summer morn,  
Nae care to make it cerie, O;  
But little kens the sangster sweet  
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,  
That gar my restless bosom beat,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,  
And youth was blinking bonny, O,  
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,  
Our joys fu' sweet and mony, O;  
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,  
And round about the thorny tree,  
Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine  
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;  
I wish thou wert for ever mine,  
And never mair to leave me, O:  
Then I wad daut thee night and day,  
Nor ither warldly care wad hae,  
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

RICHARD GALL.

---

*LILIAN.*

AIRY, fairy Lilian,  
Flitting, fairy Lilian,  
When I ask her if she love me,  
Clasps her tiny hands above me,  
Laughing all she can:  
She'll not tell me if she love me,  
Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks  
Pleasance in love-sighs,  
She, looking thro' and thro' me  
Thoroughly to undo me,  
Smiling, never speaks:  
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,  
From beneath her gather'd wimple  
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,  
Till the lightning laughs dimple  
The baby-roses in her cheeks;  
Then away she flies.

Prythee weep, May Lilian!  
Gayety without eclipse  
Wearieth me, May Lilian:  
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth  
When from crimson-threaded lips  
Silver-treble laughter trilleth:  
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

Praying all I can,  
If prayers will not hush thee,  
Airy Lilian,  
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,  
Fairy Lilian.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

---

*LOVE AND DEATH.*

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights, and  
ease,  
Can but please  
The outward senses, when the mind  
Is or untroubled, or by peace refined.  
Crowns may flourish and decay,  
Beauties shine, but fade away.  
Youth may revel, yet it must  
Lie down in a bed of dust.  
Earthly honors flow and waste,  
Time alone doth change and last.  
Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare  
Rest for care;  
Love only reigns in death; though art  
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

JOHN FORD.

---

*LANGLEY LANE.*

IN all the land, range up, range down,  
Is there ever a place so pleasant and  
sweet  
As Langley Lane, in London town,  
Just out of the bustle of square and  
street?

Little white cottages, all in a row,  
 Gardens, where bachelors'-buttons grow,  
 Swallows' nests in roof and wall,  
 And up above the still blue sky,  
 Where the woolly-white clouds go sailing  
 by,—

I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,  
 And sit outside in the sun, and hear  
 The distant murmur of street and square,  
 And the swallows and sparrows chirping  
 near;

And Fanny, who lives just over the way,  
 Comes running many a time each day,  
 With her little hand's-touch so warm  
 and kind;

And I smile and talk, with the sun on my  
 cheek,  
 And the little live hand seems to stir and  
 speak,—

For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she  
 Has fine black ringlets, and dark eyes  
 clear,

And I am older by summers three,—  
 Why should we hold one another so  
 dear?

Because she cannot utter a word,  
 Nor hear the music of bee or bird,  
 The water-cart's splash, or the milkman's  
 call.

Because I have never seen the sky,  
 Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—  
 Yet know she is gazing upon them all.

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,  
 The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,  
 And I hear the water-cart go by,  
 With its cool splash-splash down the  
 dusty row;

And the little one, close at my side, per-  
 ceives

Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,  
 Where birds are chirping in summer  
 shine,

And I hear, though I cannot look, and  
 she,

Though she cannot hear, can the singers  
 see,—

And the little soft fingers flutter in  
 mine.

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,  
 When it stirs on my palm for the love of  
 me?

Do I not know she is pretty and young?

Hath not my soul an eye to see?

'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,

To wonder how things appear to her,

That I only hear as they pass around;

And as long as we sit in the music and  
 light,

*She* is happy to keep God's sight,

And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am  
 blind—

I made it of music long ago:

Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined

Round the pensive light of a brow of  
 snow;

And when I sit by my little one,

And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,

And hear the music that haunts the  
 place,

I know she is raising her eyes to me,

And guessing how gentle my voice must  
 be,

And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever Lord God should grant  
 me a prayer

(I know the fancy is only vain),

I should pray: Just once, when the weather  
 is fair,

To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;

Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to  
 hear

The voice of the friend that she holds so  
 dear,

The song of the birds, the hum of the  
 street,—

It is better to be as we have been,—

Each keeping up something, unheard, un-  
 seen,

To make God's heaven more strange and  
 sweet.

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!

There is always something sweet to  
 hear!

Chirping of birds, or patter of rain;

And Fanny, my little one, always near:

And though I am weak, and cannot live  
 long,  
 And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,  
 And though we can never married be,—  
 What then?—since we hold one another so  
 dear,  
 For the sake of the pleasure one cannot  
 hear,  
 And the pleasure that only one can see?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

### A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

#### I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,  
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam;  
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,  
 Oh call the poor wanderers home.  
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
 Nor talk of the change that ye find;  
 None once was so watchful as I:  
 I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove  
 With the torture of doubt and desire;  
 What it is, to admire and to love,  
 And to leave her we love and admire.  
 Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,  
 And the damps of each ev'ning repel;  
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn:  
 I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsafed me a look,  
 I never once dreamt of my vine;  
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,  
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.  
 I prized every hour that went by,  
 Beyond all that had pleased me before;  
 But now they are past, and I sigh;  
 And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?  
 Why wander thus pensively here?  
 Oh, why did I come from the plain,  
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?  
 They tell me my favorite maid,  
 The pride of that valley, is flown;  
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd,  
 I could wander with pleasure, alone.  
 When forced the fair nymph to forego,  
 What anguish I felt at my heart!

Yet I thought—but it might not be so—  
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.  
 She gazed, as I slowly withdrew;  
 My path I could hardly discern;  
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day  
 To visit some far-distant shrine,  
 If he bear but a relic away,  
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.  
 Thus widely removed from the fair,  
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,  
 Soft hope is the relic I bear,  
 And my solace wherever I go.

#### II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
 My grottos are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white-over with sheep.  
 I seldom have met with a loss,  
 Such health do my fountains bestow—  
 My fountains all border'd with moss,  
 Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:  
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
 But a sweetbrier entwines it around.  
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
 More charms than my cattle unfold:  
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire  
 To the bow'r I have labor'd to rear;  
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
 But I hasted and planted it there.  
 Oh how sudden the jessamine strove  
 With the lilac to render it gay!  
 Already it calls for my love,  
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and  
 groves,  
 What strains of wild melody flow?  
 How the nightingales warble their loves  
 From the thickets of roses that blow!  
 And when her bright form shall appear,  
 Each bird shall harmoniously join  
 In a concert so soft and so clear,  
 As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons  
   breed:  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
   She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.  
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
   Who could rob a poor bird of its young;  
 And I loved her the more, when I heard  
   Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
   How that pity was due to—a dove:  
 That it ever attended the bold,  
   And she called it the sister of Love.  
 But her words such a pleasure convey,  
   So much I her accents adore,  
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
   Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain  
   Unmoved when her Corydon sighs?  
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
   These plains and this valley despise?  
 Dear regions of silence and shade!  
   Soft scenes of contentment and ease!  
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,  
   If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?  
   And where are her grots and her bo'wrs?  
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
   And the shepherds as gentle as ours?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
   And the face of the valleys as fine;  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
   But their love is not equal to mine.

### III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?  
   Why term it a folly to grieve?  
 Ere I show you the charms of my love,  
   She is fairer than you can believe.  
 With her mien she enamors the brave;  
   With her wit she engages the free;  
 With her modesty pleases the grave;  
   She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,  
   Come and join in my amorous lays;  
 I could lay down my life for the swain  
   That will sing but a song in her praise

When he sings, may the nymphs of the  
   town

Come trooping, and listen the while;  
 Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;  
   —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance  
   Any favor with Phyllis to find,  
 Oh how, with one trivial glance,  
   Might she ruin the peace of my mind!  
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,  
   And his crook is bestudded around;  
 And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware  
   Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;  
   'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,  
 "How her face is as bright as the snow,  
   And her bosom, be sure, is as cold!  
 How the nightingales labor the strain,  
   With the notes of his charmer to vie;  
 How they vary their accents in vain,  
   Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,  
   And pillages every sweet;  
 Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,  
   He throws it at Phyllis's feet.  
 "O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,  
   More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!  
 What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?  
   What is eglantine, after a show'r?"

"Then the lily no longer is white,  
   Then the rose is deprived of its bloom,  
 Then the violets die with despoite,  
   And the woodbines give up their per-  
   fume."

Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
   And he fancies no shepherd his peer,  
 Yet I never should envy the song,  
   Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,  
   So Phyllis the trophy despise;  
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,  
   So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.  
 The language that flows from the heart  
   Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue,  
 Yet may she beware of his art,  
   Or else I must warn the same

## IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,  
 And take no more heed of my sheep;  
 They have nothing to do but to stray,—  
 I have nothing to do but to weep.  
 Yet do not my folly reprove;  
 She was fair—and my passion begun;  
 She smiled—and I could not but love;  
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;  
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,  
 That a nymph so complete would be  
 sought  
 By a swain more engaging than me.  
 Ah! love every hope can inspire;  
 It banishes wisdom the while,  
 And the lip of the nymph we admire  
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;  
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,  
 Let reason instruct you to shun  
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.  
 Beware how ye loiter in vain  
 Amid nymphs of a higher degree;  
 It is not for me to explain  
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,  
 What hope of an end to my woes,  
 When I cannot endure to forget  
 The glance that undid my repose?  
 Yet time may diminish the pain;  
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,  
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,  
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,  
 The sound of a murmuring stream,  
 The peace which from solitude flows,  
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.  
 High transports are shown to the sight,  
 But we are not to find them our own;  
 Fate never bestow'd such delight  
 As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;  
 To your deepest recesses I fly;  
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase;  
 I would vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound thro' the  
 grove

With the same sad complaint it begun;  
 How she smiled, and I could not but  
 love;

Was faithless, and I am undone!

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

## HER LETTER.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,  
 Dress'd just as I came from the dance,  
 In a robe even *you* would admire—  
 It cost a cool thousand in France;  
 I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,  
 My hair is done up in a cue:  
 In short, sir, "the belle of the season"  
 Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;  
 I left in the midst of a set;  
 Likewise a proposal, half spoken,  
 That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.  
 They say he'll be rich—when he grows  
 up—  
 And then he adores me indeed;  
 And you, sir, are turning your nose up,  
 Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"  
 "And what do I think of New York?"  
 "And now, in my higher ambition,  
 With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"  
 "And isn't it nice to have riches,  
 And diamonds and silks, and all  
 that?"  
 "And aren't it a change to the ditches  
 And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving  
 Each day in the park, four-in-hand—  
 If you saw poor dear mamma contriving  
 To look supernaturally grand—  
 If you saw papa's picture, as taken  
 By Brady, and tinted at that,—  
 You'd never suspect he sold bacon  
 And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet just this moment, when sitting  
 In the glare of the grand chandelier—  
 In the bustle and glitter befitting  
 The "finest *soirée* of the year,"

In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,  
And the hum of the smallest of talk—  
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"  
And the dance that we had on "The  
Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster  
Of flags festoon'd over the wall;  
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre  
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;  
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;  
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*,  
And how I once went down the middle  
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping  
On the hill, when the time came to go;  
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping  
From under their bedclothes of snow;  
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;  
Of—the something you said at the gate:  
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress  
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny  
To think, as I stood in the glare  
Of fashion and beauty and money,  
That I should be thinking, right there,  
Of some one who breasted high water,  
And swam the North Fork, and all that,  
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,  
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!  
(Mamma says my taste still is low),  
Instead of my triumphs reciting,  
I'm spooning on Joseph—*high-ho!*  
And I'm to be "finish'd" by travel—  
Whatever's the meaning of that—  
Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel  
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;  
Good-night—if the longitude please—  
For maybe, while wasting my taper,  
Your sun's climbing over the trees.  
But know, if you haven't got riches,  
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,  
That my heart's somewhere there in the  
ditches,  
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

F. BRET HARTE.

### MY LOVE.

NOT as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear;  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening-star;  
And yet her breast is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know;  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair;  
No simplest duty is forgot;  
Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone or despise;  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things;  
And, though she seem of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so;  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto  
Her life doth rightly harmonize;  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue,  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might,  
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,  
Goes wandering at its own will,  
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,  
 Like quiet isles, my duties lie;  
 It flows around them and between,  
 And makes them fresh and fair and green—  
 Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

—•—  
*THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.*

“Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden  
 cushion down;  
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze  
 with all the town!  
 From gay guitar and violin the silver notes  
 are flowing,  
 And the lovely lute doth speak between  
 the trumpet's lordly blowing,  
 And banners bright from lattice light are  
 waving everywhere,  
 And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's  
 bridegroom floats proudly in the air.  
 Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden  
 cushion down;  
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze  
 with all the town!

“Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's  
 face—  
 He bends him to the people with a calm  
 and princely grace;  
 Through all the land of Xeres and banks  
 of Guadalquiver  
 Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so  
 brave and lovely, never.  
 Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of  
 purple mixed with white,  
 I guess 'twas wreath'd by Zara, whom he  
 will wed to-night.  
 Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden  
 cushion down;  
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze  
 with all the town!

“What aileth thee, Xarifa—what makes  
 thine eyes look down?  
 Why stay ye from the window far, nor  
 gaze with all the town?  
 I've heard you say on many a day—and  
 sure you said the truth—  
 Andalla rides without a peer among all  
 Granada's youth:

Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-  
 white horse doth go  
 Beneath his stately master with a stately  
 step and slow:—  
 Then rise—oh rise, Xarifa, lay the golden  
 cushion down;  
 Unseen here through the lattice you may  
 gaze with all the town!”

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her  
 cushion down,  
 Nor came she to the window to gaze with  
 all the town;  
 But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in  
 vain her fingers strove,  
 And though her needle press'd the silk,  
 no flower Xarifa wove;  
 One bonny rosebud she had traced before  
 the noise drew nigh—  
 That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow droop-  
 ing from her eye—  
 “No—no!” she sighs—“bid me not rise,  
 nor lay my cushion down,  
 To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing  
 town!”

“Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your  
 cushion down?  
 Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the  
 gazing town?  
 Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and  
 how the people cry;  
 He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye  
 still—oh, why?”  
 —“At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in  
 him shall I discover  
 The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth  
 with tears, and was my lover?  
 I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay  
 my cushion down,  
 To gaze on false Andalla with all the gaz-  
 ing town!”

From the Spanish.  
 JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

—•—  
*THE CAPTIVE BEE.*

As Julia once a-slumbering lay,  
 It chanced a bee did fly that way.  
 After a dew, or dew-like shower,  
 To tippie freely in a flower.  
 For some rich flower he took the lip  
 Of Julia, and began to sip:



But when he felt he suck'd from thence  
Honey, and in the quintessence,  
He drank so much he scarce could stir;  
So Julia took the pilferer—  
And thus surprised, as filchers use,  
He thus began himself t' excuse:

"Sweet Lady-flower, I never brought  
Hither the least one thieving thought;  
But, taking those rare lips of yours  
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,  
I thought I might there take a taste  
Where so much syrup ran at waste.  
Besides, know this,—I never sting  
The flower that gives me nourishing:  
But with a kiss or thanks, do pay  
For honey that I bear away."

This said, he laid his little scrip  
Of honey 'fore her ladyship;  
And told her, as some tears did fall,  
That that he took, and that was all.  
At which she smiled, and bade him go  
And take his bag, but thus much know:  
When next he came a-pilfering so,  
He should from her full lips derive  
Honey enough to fill his hive.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### TO DIANE.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,  
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies;  
Nor be you proud, that you can see  
All hearts your captives, yours yet free;  
Be you not proud of that rich haire,  
Which wantons with the love-sick aire;  
When as that rubie which you weare,  
Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,  
Will last to be a precious stone,  
When all your world of beautie's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

GENTEEL in personage,  
Conduct and equipage;  
Noble by heritage;  
Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic;  
Learn'd, not pedantic;

Frolic, not frantic—  
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,  
Meanness disdaining,  
Still entertaining,  
Engaging, and new;

Neat, but not finical;  
Sage, but not cynical;  
Never tyrannical,  
But ever true,

HENRY CAREY

### LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,  
Of me you shall not win renown;  
You thought to break a country heart  
For pastime, ere you went to town.  
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled  
I saw the snare, and I retired:  
The daughter of a hundred Earls,  
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
I know you proud to bear your name,  
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,  
Too proud to care from whence I came.  
Nor would I break for your sweet sake  
A heart that doats on truer charms.  
A simple maiden in her flower  
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
Some meeker pupil you must find,  
For were you queen of all that is,  
I could not stoop to such a mind.  
You sought to prove how I could love,  
And my disdain is my reply.  
The lion on your old stone gates  
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
You put strange memories in my head.  
Not thrice your branching limes have  
blown  
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.  
Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies:  
A great enchantress you may be;  
But there was that across his throat  
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 When thus he met his mother's view,  
 She had the passions of her kind,  
 She spake some certain truths of you.  
 Indeed, I heard one bitter word  
 That scarce is fit for you to hear;  
 Her manners had not that repose  
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 There stands a spectre in your hall:  
 The guilt of blood is at your door:  
 You changed a wholesome heart to gall.  
 You held your course without remorse,  
 To make him trust his modest worth,  
 And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,  
 And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
 From yon blue heavens above us bent,  
 The grand old gardener and his wife  
 Smile at the claims of long descent.  
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
 'Tis only noble to be good.  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:  
 You pine among your halls and towers:  
 The languid light of your proud eyes  
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.  
 In glowing health, with boundless wealth,  
 But sickening of a vague disease,  
 You know so ill to deal with time,  
 You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,  
 If time be heavy on your hands,  
 Are there no beggars at your gate,  
 Nor any poor about your lands?  
 Oh teach the orphan boy to read,  
 Or teach the orphan girl to sew,  
 Pray heaven for a human heart,  
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,  
 Yet round about the spot  
 Ofttimes I hover;  
 And near the sacred gate,  
 With longing eyes I wait,  
 Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out  
 Above the city's rout,  
 And noise and humming;  
 They've hush'd the minster bell:  
 The organ 'gins to swell:  
 She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,  
 Timid, and stepping fast,  
 And hastening hither,  
 With modest eyes downcast:  
 She comes—she's here—she's past—  
 May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturb'd, fair saint!  
 Pour out your praise or plaint  
 Meekly and duly;  
 I will not enter there,  
 To sully your pure prayer  
 With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace  
 Round the forbidden place,  
 Linger a minute,  
 Like outcast spirits who wait  
 And see through heaven's gate  
 Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### IN A YEAR.

NEVER any more  
 While I live,  
 Need I hope to see his face  
 As before.  
 Once his love grown chill,  
 Mine may strive,—  
 Bitterly we re-embrace,  
 Single still.

Was it something said,  
 Something done,  
 Vex'd him? was it touch of hand,  
 Turn of head?  
 Strange! that very way  
 Love begun.  
 I as little understand  
 Love's decay.

When I sew'd or drew,  
 I recall  
 How he look'd as if I sang  
 —Sweetly too.

If I spoke a word,  
 First of all  
 Up his cheek the color sprang,  
 Then he heard.  
 Sitting by my side,  
 At my feet,  
 So he breathed the air I breathed,  
 Satisfied!  
 I, too, at love's brim  
 Touch'd the sweet.  
 I would die if death bequeath'd  
 Sweet to him.

"Speak,—I love thee best!"  
 He exclaim'd,—  
 "Let thy love my own foretell."

I confess'd:  
 "Clasp my heart on thine  
 Now unblamed,  
 Since upon thy soul as well  
 Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,  
 Being truth?  
 Why should all the giving prove  
 His alone?  
 I had wealth and ease,  
 Beauty, youth,—  
 Since my lover gave me love,  
 I gave these.

That was all I meant,  
 —To be just,  
 And the passion I had raised  
 To content.  
 Since he chose to change  
 Gold for dust,  
 If I gave him what he praised,  
 Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,  
 On and on,  
 While I found some way undream'd,  
 —Paid my debt!  
 Gave more life and more,  
 Till, all gone,  
 He should smile, "She never seem'd  
 Mine before.

"What—she felt the while,  
 Must I think?  
 Love's so different with us men,"  
 He should smile.

"Dying for my sake—  
 White and pink!  
 Can't we touch these bubbles then  
 But they break?"  
 Dear, the pang is brief.  
 Do thy part,  
 Have thy pleasure. How perplex  
 Grows belief?  
 Well, this cold clay clod  
 Was man's heart.  
 Crumble it,—and what comes next?  
 Is it God?

ROBERT BROWNING

SONG.

LAY a garland on my hearse  
 Of the dismal yew:  
 Maidens, willow branches bear;  
 Say I died true.  
 My love was false, but I was firm,  
 From my hour of birth;  
 Upon my buried body, lie  
 Lightly, gentle earth!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

SONNET.

To live in hell, and heaven to behold,  
 To welcome life, and die a living death,  
 To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold,  
 To grasp at stars, and lie the earth beneath,  
 To tread a maze that never shall have end,  
 To burn in sighs, and starve in daily tears,  
 To climb a hill, and never to descend,  
 Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears,  
 To pine for food, and watch the Hesperian tree,  
 To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw,  
 To live accursed, whom men hold blest to be,  
 And weep those wrongs, which never creature saw;  
 If this be love, if love in these be founded,  
 My heart is love, for these in it are grounded.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

*I HAVE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL  
YOU.*

I HAVE something sweet to tell you,  
But the secret you must keep;  
And remember, if it isn't right,  
I'm "talking in my sleep."

For I know I am but dreaming,  
When I think your love is mine;  
And I know they are but seeming,  
All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember, when I tell you  
What I cannot longer keep,  
We are none of us responsible  
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming!  
O, listen with your heart;  
And you shall hear it humming,  
So close 'twill make you start.

O, shut your eyes so earnest,  
Or mine will wildly weep;  
I love you! I adore you! but—  
"I'm talking in my sleep!"

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

*EUPHROSYNE.*

I WILL not say that thou wast true,  
Yet let me say that thou wast fair!  
And they that lovely face you view,  
They should not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts  
Wounded by men, by Fortune tried,  
Out-wearied with their lonely parts,  
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear,  
Their lot was but to weep and moan;  
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,  
For neither could subsist alone!

But souls whom some benignant breath  
Has charm'd at birth from gloom and  
care,

These ask no love, these plight no faith,  
For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make,  
And garlands for their forehead weave;

And what the world can give, they take—  
But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world. Their ears  
To one demand alone are coy;  
They will not give us love and tears—  
They bring us light, and warmth, and  
joy.

On one she smiled, and he was blest!  
She smiles elsewhere—we make a din!  
But 'twas not love which heaved her breast,  
Fair child!—it was the bliss within.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*JEALOUSY, THE TYRANT OF THE  
MIND.*

WHAT state of life can be so blest  
As love, that warms a lover's breast?  
Two souls in one, the same desire  
To grant the bliss, and to require!  
But if in heaven a hell we find,  
'Tis all from thee,  
O Jealousy!  
'Tis all from thee,  
O Jealousy!  
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,  
Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills though sharp they prove,  
Serve to refine and perfect love:  
In absence, or unkind disdain,  
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain.  
But, ah! no cure but death we find,  
To set us free from Jealousy:  
O Jealousy!  
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,  
Thou tyrant of the mind!

False in thy glass all objects are,  
Some set too near, and some too far;  
Thou art the fire of endless night,  
The fire that burns, and gives no light.  
All torments of the damn'd we find  
In only thee,  
O Jealousy!  
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,  
Thou tyrant of the mind.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## SIXTEEN.

IN Clementina's artless mien  
 Lucilla asks me what I see,—  
 And are the roses of sixteen  
 Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,  
 Have I not cull'd as sweet before?  
 Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall  
 I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,  
 Where pleasure beams with heaven's  
 own light,—  
 More pure, more constant, more serene,  
 And not less bright:

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,  
 Whose chain of flowers no force can  
 sever;  
 And Modesty, who, when she goes,  
 Is gone for ever.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body  
 Comin' through the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body cry?  
 Every lassie has her laddie—  
 Ne'er a ane hae I;  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
 When comin' through the rye.  
 Among the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e myself;  
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body  
 Comin' frae the town,  
 Gin a body greet a body,  
 Need a body frown?  
 Every lassie has her laddie—  
 Ne'er a ane hae I;  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
 When comin' through the rye.  
 Among the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e myself;  
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

## CHERRY-RIPE.

CHERRY-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,  
 Full and fair ones; come and buy;  
 If so be you ask me where  
 They do grow, I answer, there,  
 Where my Julia's lips do smile,  
 There's the land, or cherry isle,  
 Whose plantations fully show  
 All the year where cherries grow.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN MISTRESS.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,  
 Placed in thy bosom bare,  
 'Twill blush to find itself less white,  
 And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,  
 As kiss it thou mayst deign,  
 With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,  
 And Yorkish turn again.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

## THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here  
 This sweet Infanta of the year?  
 Ask me why I send to you  
 This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?  
 I will whisper to your ears,  
 The sweets of love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show  
 So yellow-green, and sickly, too?  
 Ask me why the stalk is weak  
 And bending, yet it doth not break?  
 I will answer: these discover  
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## HERE'S TO THEE, MY SCOTTISH LASSIE.

HERE'S to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's  
 a hearty health to thee!  
 For thine eye so bright, thy form so light,  
 and thy step so firm and free;

For all thine artless elegance, and all thy  
native grace;  
For the music of thy mirthful voice, and  
the sunshine of thy face;  
For thy guileless look and speech sincere,  
yet sweet as speech can be,—  
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's  
a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! Though  
my glow of youth is o'er,  
And I, as once I felt and dream'd, must  
feel and dream no more;  
Though the world, with all its frosts and  
storms, has chill'd my soul at last,  
And genius with the foodful looks of  
youthful friendship pass'd;  
Though my path is dark and lonely, now,  
o'er this world's dreary sea,  
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's  
a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! though  
I know that not for me  
Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light,  
and thy step so firm and free;  
Though thou, with cold and careless looks,  
wilt often pass me by,  
Unconscious of my swelling heart and of  
my wistful eye;  
Though thou wilt wed some Highland love,  
nor waste one thought on me,  
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's  
a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! when I  
meet thee in the throng  
Of merry youths and maidens dancing  
lightsomely along,  
I'll dream away an hour or twain, still  
gazing on thy form,  
As it flashes through the baser crowd, like  
lightning through a storm;  
And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and  
share thy looks of glee,  
And for once, my Scottish lassie, dance a  
giddy dance with thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! I shall  
think of thee at even,  
When I see its first and fairest star come  
smiling up through heaven;

I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice  
in every wind that grieves,  
As it whirls from the abandon'd oak its  
wither'd autumn leaves;  
In the gloom of the wild forest, in the still-  
ness of the sea,  
I shall think, my Scottish lassie, I shall  
often think of thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! In my  
sad and lonely hours,  
The thought of thee comes o'er me like the  
breath of distant flowers:  
Like the music that enchants mine ear, the  
sights that bless mine eye,  
Like the verdure of the meadow, like the  
azure of the sky,  
Like the rainbow in the evening, like the  
blossoms on the tree,  
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie, is the  
lonely thought of thee.

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie!—here's  
a parting health to thee!  
May thine be still a cloudless lot, though  
it be far from me!  
May still thy laughing eye be bright, and  
open still thy brow,  
Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free.  
thy heart as light as now  
And, whatsoe'er my after-fate, my dearest  
toast shall be,—  
Still a health, my Scottish lassie! still a  
hearty health to thee;

JOHN MOULTRIE.

### GOOD-MORROW SONG.

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome, day,  
With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft,  
To give my Love good-morrow!  
Wings from the wind to please her mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,  
To give my Love good-morrow;  
To give my Love good-morrow  
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin redbreast,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
And from each hill let music shrill  
Give my fair Love good-morrow!

Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow !  
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves  
 Sing my fair Love good-morrow ;  
     To give my Love good-morrow  
 Sing, birds, in every furrow !

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

### THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song !" the soldiers cried,  
 The outer trenches guarding,  
 When the heated guns of the camps allied  
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
 Lay grim and threatening under ;  
 And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
 No longer belch'd its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :  
 "We storm the forts to-morrow ;  
 Sing while we may, another day  
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
 Below the smoking cannon :  
 Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;  
 Forgot was Britain's glory :  
 Each heart recall'd a different name,  
 But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
 Until its tender passion  
 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—  
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
 But as the song grew louder,  
 Something upon the soldier's cheek  
 Wash'd off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burn'd  
 The bloody sunset's embers,  
 While the Crimean valleys learn'd  
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
 Rain'd on the Russian quarters,  
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
 And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
 For a singer dumb and gory ;  
 And English Mary mourns for him  
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honor'd rest  
 Your truth and valor wearing :  
 The bravest are the tenderest,—  
 The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

### URANIA.

SHE smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,  
 While we for hopeless passion die ;  
 Yet she could love, those eyes declare,  
 Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken  
 Was turn'd upon the sons of men ;  
 But light the serious visage grew—  
 She look'd, and smiled, and saw them  
 through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,  
 Our labor'd, puny passion-fits—  
 Ah, may she scorn them still, till we  
 Scorn them as bitterly as she !

Yet show her once, ye heavenly powers,  
 One of some worthier race than ours !  
 One for whose sake she once might prove  
 How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—  
 His voice like sounds of summer nights—  
 In all his lovely mien let pierce  
 The magic of the universe !

And she to him will reach her hand,  
 And gazing in his eyes will stand,  
 And know her friend, and weep for glee,  
 And cry, "*Long, long I've look'd for thee.*"

Then will she weep!—with smiles, till  
 then,

Coldly she mocks the sons of men.  
 Till then her lovely eyes maintain  
 Their pure, unwavering, deep disdain.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## TO EVA.

O FAIR and stately maid, whose eyes  
 Were kindled in the upper skies  
 At the same torch that lighted mine;  
 For so I must interpret still  
 Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,  
 A sympathy divine.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon  
 Features that seem at heart my own;  
 Nor fear those watchful sentinels,  
 Who charm the more their glance forbids,  
 Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,  
 With fire that draws while it repels.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## WHO IS SYLVIA?

WHO is Sylvia? what is she,  
 That all the swains commend her?  
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
 The heavens such grace did lend her  
 That she might adored be.

Is she kind, or is she fair?  
 For beauty lives with kindness.  
 Love does to her eyes repair  
 To help him of his blindness—  
 And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing  
 That Sylvia is excelling;  
 She excels each mortal thing  
 Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
 To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

## SUMMER.

THE little gate was reach'd at last,  
 Half hid in lilacs down the lane;  
 She push'd it wide, and, as she past,  
 A wistful look she backward cast,  
 And said, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white  
 Lingered reluctant, and again,  
 Half doubting if she did aright,  
 Soft as the dews that fell that night,  
 She said, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;  
 I linger in delicious pain;  
 Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air  
 To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,  
 Thinks she, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

'Tis thirteen years: once more I press  
 The turf that silences the lane;  
 I hear the rustle of her dress,  
 I smell the lilacs, and—ah yes,  
 I hear, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!  
 The English words had seem'd too fain!  
 But these—they drew us heart to heart,  
 Yet held us tenderly apart;  
 She said, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,  
 She tied her raven ringlets in;  
 But not alone in its silken snare  
 Did she catch her lovely floating hair,  
 For, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
 She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,  
 Where the wind comes blowing merry and  
 chill;  
 And it blew the curls a frolicsome race  
 All over the happy peach-color'd face,  
 Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them  
 in,  
 Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom  
 Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume,  
 All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl  
 That ever imprison'd a romping curl,  
 Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,  
 Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—  
 Madder, merrier, chillier still  
 The western wind blew down and play'd  
 The wildest tricks with the little maid,  
 As, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
 She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair  
 To play such tricks with her floating hair?



To gladly, gleefully do your best  
To blow her against the young man's  
breast?

Where he as gladly folded her in;  
He kiss'd her mouth and dimpled chin.

Oh, Ellery Vane, you little thought,  
An hour ago, when you besought  
This country lass to walk with you,  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What perilous danger you'd be in,  
*As she tied her bonnet under her chin.*

NORA PERRY.

### WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,  
Then most I pine for thee;  
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,  
As stars look on the sea!  
For thoughts, like waves that glide by  
night,  
Are stillest when they shine;  
Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light  
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep  
Familiar watch o'er men,  
When coarser souls are wrapt in sleep—  
Sweet spirit, meet me then!  
There is an hour when holy dreams  
Through slumber fairest glide;  
And in that mystic hour it seems  
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are  
For daylight's common beam:  
I can but know thee as my star,  
My angel and my dream;  
When stars are in the quiet skies,  
Then most I pine for thee;  
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,  
As stars look on the sea!

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

### SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

SHE's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,  
She gane to dwell in heaven;  
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,  
For dwelling out o' heaven.

Oh, what'll she do in heaven, my lassie,  
Oh, what'll she do in heaven?  
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels'  
sangs,  
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,  
She was beloved by a',  
But an angel fell in love wi' her,  
An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,  
Lowly there thou lies;  
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,  
Nor frae it will arise.

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,  
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;  
Thou left me naught to covet ahin',  
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie,  
I look'd on thy death-cold face;  
Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud,  
An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,  
I look'd on thy death-shut eye;  
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven  
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,  
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;  
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven,  
That sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,  
There's naught but dust now mine;  
My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,  
An' why should I stay behin'?

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### SONNET.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments; love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
Oh no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never  
shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his  
height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips  
and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass  
come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and  
weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

TIRED with all these, for restful death I  
cry,

As to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive Good attending Captain  
Ill;—

Tired with all these, from these would I  
be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,  
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen  
bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms  
to dwell.

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it, for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be  
forgot,

If thinking on me then should make  
you woe.

Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with  
clay,

Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life de-  
cay,

Lest the wise world should look into your  
moan,

And mock you with me after I am gone.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me be-  
hold,

When yellow leaves, or none, or few do  
hang

Upon those boughs which shake against  
the cold,

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet  
birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,

Which by and by black night doth take  
away,

Death's second self, that seals up all in  
rest;

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,

Consumed with that which it was nour-  
ish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy  
love more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave  
ere long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's  
eyes,

I all alone bewep my outcast state,

And trouble deaf Heaven with my boot-  
less cries,

And look upon myself, and curse my  
fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in  
hope,

Featured like him, like him with friends  
possess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's  
scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost de-  
spising,

Haply I think on thee, and then my  
state

(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heav-  
en's gate:

For thy sweet love remember'd such  
wealth brings,

That then I scorn to change my state  
with kings.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—  
*SONNET.*

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely  
knights;

Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have exprest  
Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill enough your worth  
to sing;

For we, which now behold these present  
days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to  
praise.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—  
*SONNET.*

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temper-  
ate;

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of  
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a  
date.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
And every fair from fair sometime de-  
clines,

By chance, or Nature's changing course,  
untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou  
owest,

Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in  
his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou  
growest.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can  
see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—  
*EPITHALAMIUM.*

I SAW two clouds at morning,  
Tinged by the rising sun,  
And in the dawn they floated on,  
And mingled into one;  
I thought that morning cloud was bless'd,  
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents  
Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
And join their course, with silent force,  
In peace each other greeting;  
Calm was their course through banks of  
green,  
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,  
Till life's last pulse shall beat;  
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,  
Float on, in joy, to meet  
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—  
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

—♦—  
*BRIDAL SONG.*

To the sound of timbrels sweet  
Moving slow our solemn feet,  
We have borne thee on the road  
To the virgin's blest abode;  
With thy yellow torches gleaming,  
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,  
And the canopy above  
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,  
And the mirth and wine have ceased;  
And now we set thee down before  
The jealously-unclosing door,  
That the favor'd youth admits  
Where the veiled virgin sits  
In the bliss of maiden fear,  
Waiting our soft tread to hear,  
And the music's brisker din  
At the bridegroom's entering in—  
Entering in, a welcome guest,  
To the chamber of his rest.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND  
HIM ANYTHING.

BID me to live, and I will live  
Thy protestant to be:  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
To honor thy decree:  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,  
While I have eyes to see:  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,  
Under that cypress tree:  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me,  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE CHRONICLE: A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possess'd,  
If I remember well, my breast,  
Margarita first of all;  
But when a while the wanton maid  
With my restless heart had play'd,  
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign  
To the beauteous Catharine:  
Beauteous Catharine gave place  
(Though loth and angry she to part  
With the possession of my heart)  
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza to this hour might reign,  
Had she not evil counsels ta'en:  
Fundamental laws she broke  
And still new favorites she chose,  
Till up in arms my passions rose,  
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,  
Both to reign at once began;  
Alternately they sway'd,  
And sometimes Mary was the fair,  
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,  
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,  
And did rigorous laws impose;  
A mighty tyrant she!  
Long, alas! should I have been  
Under that iron-sceptred queen,  
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
'Twas then a golden time with me:  
But soon those pleasures fled;  
For the gracious princess died  
In her youth and beauty's pride,  
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days and half an hour  
Judith held the sovereign power:  
Wondrous beautiful her face,  
But so weak and small her wit,  
That she to govern was unfit,  
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,  
Arm'd with a resistless flame;  
And th' artillery of her eye,  
Whilst she proudly march'd about,  
Greater conquests to find out,  
She beat out Susan by-the-by.

But in her place I then obey'd  
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy maid,  
To whom ensued a vacancy.  
Thousand worst passions then possess'd  
The interregnum of my breast.  
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,  
And a third Mary, next began:  
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;  
And then a pretty Thomasine,  
And then another Catharine,  
And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate  
The strength and riches of their state,  
The powder, patches, and the pins,  
The ribands, jewels, and the rings,  
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,  
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts  
 To take and keep men's hearts,  
 The letters, embassies, and spies,  
 The frowns, the smiles and flatteries,  
 The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,  
 Numberless, nameless mysteries !

And all the little lime-twigs laid  
 By Mach'avel the waiting-maid ;  
 I more voluminous should grow  
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell  
 All change of weathers that befall)  
 Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,  
 Since few of them were long with me.

A higher and a nobler  
 My present emperess does claim,  
 Heleonora ! first o' the name,  
 Whom God grant long to reign.  
 ABRAHAM COWLEY.

#### ON THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,  
 We boys around the vestry waited  
 To see the girls come tripping past  
 Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall  
 By level musket-flashes litten,  
 Than I, who stepped before them all,  
 Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no ; she blushed, and took my arm !  
 We let the old folks have the highway,  
 And started toward the Maple Farm  
 Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said,  
 'Twas nothing worth a song or story ;  
 Yet that rude path by which we sped  
 Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
 The moon was full, the fields were gleam-  
 ing ;  
 By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
 Her face with youth and health was  
 beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—  
 O sculptor, if you could but mold it !—  
 So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,  
 To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—  
 'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.  
 At last we reached the foot-worn stone  
 Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home ;  
 Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,  
 We heard the voices nearer come,  
 Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,  
 And with a "Thank you, Ned," dis-  
 sembled,  
 But yet I knew she understood  
 With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
 The moon was slyly peeping through it,  
 Yet hid its face, as if it said,  
 "Come, now or never ! do it ! *do it !*"

My lips till then had only known  
 The kiss of mother and of sister,  
 But somehow, full upon her own  
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her.

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,  
 O listless woman, weary lover !  
 To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill  
 I'd give— But who can live youth over?  
 EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to pray—

Fitz-James Halliwell  
J



# PERSONAL POEMS.

---

## *THE GRAVE OF MACAURA.*

AND this is thy grave, Macaura,  
Here by the pathway lone,  
Where the thorn-blossoms are bending  
Over thy mould'ring stone.  
Alas! for the sons of glory;  
O thou of the darken'd brow,  
And the eagle plume, and the belted clans,  
Is it here thou art sleeping now?

Oh wild is the spot, Macaura,  
In which they have laid thee low—  
The field where thy people triumph'd  
Over a slaughter'd foe;  
And loud was the banshee's wailing,  
And deep was the clansmen's sorrow,  
When, with bloody hands and burning  
tears,  
They buried thee here, Macaura!

And now thy dwelling is lonely,  
King of the rushing horde;  
And now thy battles are over,  
Chief of the shining sword;  
And the rolling thunder echoes  
O'er torrent and mountain free,  
But alas! and alas! Macaura,  
It will not awaken thee.

Farewell to thy grave, Macaura,  
Where the slanting sunbeams shine,  
And the brier and waving fern  
Over thy slumbers twine;  
Thou whose gathering summons  
Could waken the sleeping glen;  
Macaura, alas for thee and thine,  
'Twill never be heard again!

MARY DOWNING.

---

## *ON A BUST OF DANTE.*

SEE, from this counterfeit of him  
Whom Arno shall remember long,  
How stern of lineament, how grim,  
The father was of Tuscan song!  
There but the burning sense of wrong,  
Perpetual care, and scorn, abide—  
Small friendship for the lordly throng,  
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,  
No dream his life was—but a fight;  
Could any Beatrice see  
A lover in that anchorite?  
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight  
Who could have guessed the visions came  
Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,  
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,  
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,  
The rigid front, almost morose,  
But for the patient hope within,  
Declare a life whose course hath been  
Un sullied still, though still severe,  
Which, through the wavering days of sin,  
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look  
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,  
With no companion save his book,  
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;  
Where, as the Benedictine laid  
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,  
The single boon for which he prayed  
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face  
Betrays no spirit of repose;  
The sullen warrior sole we trace,  
The marble man of many woes.



Such was his mien when first arose  
The thought of that strange tale divine—  
When hell he peopled with his foes,  
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all  
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;  
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,  
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth.  
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;  
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;  
But valiant souls of knightly worth  
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,  
The only righteous judge art thou;  
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,  
Is Latium's other Virgil now.  
Before his name the nations bow;  
His words are parcel of mankind,  
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,  
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

*PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RE-  
COUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE  
PASSED.*

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!  
As proud Windsor? where I in lust and  
joy,  
With a King's son, my childish years did  
pass,  
In greater feast than Priam's sons of  
Troy.  
Where each sweet place returns a taste full  
sour.  
The large green courts, where we were  
wont to hove,  
With eyes cast up into the Maiden's Tower,  
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in  
love.  
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,  
The dances short, long tales of great de-  
light;  
With words, and looks, that tigers could  
but rue,  
Where each of us did plead the other's  
right.  
The palme-play, where despoiled for the  
game,  
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love

Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our  
dame,  
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads  
above.  
The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on  
the helm,  
On foaming horse, with swords and  
friendly hearts;  
With chere, as though one should another  
whelm,  
Where we have fought, and chased oft  
with darts.  
With silver drops the mead yet spread for  
ruth,  
In active games of nimbleness and  
strength,  
Where we did strain, trained with swarms  
of youth,  
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in  
length.  
The secret groves, which oft we made re-  
sound  
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies'  
praise;  
Recording oft what grace each one had  
found,  
What hope of speed, what dread of long  
delays:  
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;  
With reins avail'd, and swift-ybreathed  
horse,  
With cry of hounds and merry blasts be-  
tween,  
Where we did chase the fearful hart of  
force.  
The void vales, eke, that harbor'd us each  
night;  
Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast  
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;  
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of  
rest;  
The secret thoughts, imparted with such  
trust;  
The wanton talk, the divers change of  
play;  
The friendship sworn, each promise kept  
so just,  
Wherewith we past the winter night  
away.  
And with this thought the blood forsakes  
the face,  
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:

The which, as soon as sobbing sighs,  
alas,

Upsupp'd have, thus I my plaint renew:  
O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!

Give me account, where is my noble  
fere?

Whom in thy walls thou dost each night  
enclose;

To other lief; but unto me most dear:

Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,

Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.

Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,

In prison pine with bondage and restraint.

And with remembrance of the greater grief,

To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.

### THE GOOD LORD CLIFFORD.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE  
UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIF-  
FORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES  
AND HONORS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

HIGH in the breathless hall the minstrel sate,  
And Emont's murmur mingled with the  
song.

The words of ancient time I thus translate,

A festal strain that hath been silent long.

"From town to town, from tower to tower,

The red rose is a gladsome flower.

Her thirty years of winter past,

The red rose is revived at last;

She lifts her head for endless spring,

For everlasting blossoming:

Both roses flourish, red and white.

In love and sisterly delight

The two that were at strife are blended,

And all old troubles now are ended.

Joy! joy to both! but most to her

Who is the flower of Lancaster!

Behold her how she smiles to-day

On this great throng, this bright array!

Fair greeting doth she send to all

From every corner of the Hall;

But, chiefly, from above the board

Where sits in state our rightful lord,

A Clifford to his own restored!

"They came with banner, spear, and shield:

And it was proved in Bosworth field.

Not long the avenger was withstood—

Earth help'd him with the cry of blood

St. George was with us, and the might  
Of blessed angels crown'd the right.

Loud voice the land has utter'd forth,

We loudest in the faithful north:

Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,

Our streams proclaim a welcoming;

Our strong abodes and castles see

The glory of their loyalty.

"How glad is Skipton at this hour—

Though she is but a lonely tower!

To vacancy and silence left;

Of all her guardian sons bereft—

Knight, squire, or yeoman, page or groom

We have them at the feast of Brougham.

How glad Pendragon—though the sleep

Of years be on her!—She shall reap

A taste of this great pleasure, viewing

As in a dream her own renewing.

Rejoiced is Brough, right glad, I deem,

Beside her little humble stream;

And she that keepeth watch and ward

Her statelier Eden's course to guard;

They both are happy at this hour,

Though each is but a lonely tower:—

But here is perfect joy and pride

For one fair House by Emont's side,

This day, distinguish'd without peer,

To see her Master, and to cheer

Him and his Lady Mother dear!

"Oh! it was a time forlorn,

When the fatherless was born—

Give her wings that she may fly,

Or she sees her infant die!

Swords that are with slaughter wild

Hunt the mother and the child.

Who will take them from the light?

—Yonder is a man in sight—

Yonder is a house—but where?

No, they must not enter there.

To the caves, and to the brooks,

To the clouds of heaven she looks;

She is speechless, but her eyes

Pray in ghostly agonies.

Blissful Mary, mother mild,

Maid and mother undefiled,

Save a mother and her child!

"Now who is he that bounds with joy

On Carrock's side—a Shepherd Boy?

No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass

Light as the wind along the grass.

Can this be he who hither came  
In secret, like a smother'd flame?  
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed  
For shelter, and a poor man's bread!  
God loves the child, and God hath will'd  
That those dear words should be fulfill'd,  
The lady's words, when forced away,  
The last she to her babe did say,  
'My own, my own, thy fellow-guest  
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,  
For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

"Alas! when evil men are strong  
No life is good, no pleasure long.  
The boy must part from Mosedale's groves  
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,  
And quit the flowers that summer brings  
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;  
Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
Be turn'd to heaviness and fear.  
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!  
Hear it, good man, old in days!  
Thou free of covert and of rest  
For this young bird that is distress;  
Among the branches safe he lay,  
And he was free to sport and play  
When falcons were abroad for prey.

"A recreant harp, that sings of fear  
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!  
I said, when evil men are strong,  
No life is good, no pleasure long,—  
A weak and cowardly untruth!  
Our Clifford was a happy youth,  
And thankful through a weary time  
That brought him up to manhood's prime.  
—Again he wanders forth at will  
And tends a flock from hill to hill:  
His garb is humble: ne'er was seen  
Such garb with such a noble mien:  
Among the Shepherd-grooms no mate  
Hath he, a child of strength and state!  
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,  
And a cheerful company,  
That learn'd of him submissive ways,  
And comforted his private days.  
To his side the fallow-deer  
Came, and rested without fear;  
The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
Stoop'd down to pay him fealty;  
And both the undying fish that swim  
Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him,

The pair were servants of his eye  
In their immortality;  
They moved about in open sight,  
To and fro, for his delight.  
He knew the rocks which angels haunt  
On the mountains visitant;  
He hath kenn'd them taking wing:  
And the caves where faeries sing  
He hath enter'd;—and been told  
By voices how men lived of old.  
Among the heavens his eye can see  
Face of thing that is to be;  
And, if men report him right,  
He could whisper words of might.  
—Now another day is come,  
Fitter hope, and nobler doom:  
He hath thrown aside his crook,  
And hath buried deep his book;  
Armor rusting in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls;—  
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance—  
Bear me to the heart of France,  
Is the longing of the shield—  
Tell thy name, thou trembling field;  
Field of death, where'er thou be,  
Groan thou with our victory!  
Happy day, and mighty hour,  
When our Shepherd, in his power,  
Mail'd and horsed, with lance and sword,  
To his ancestors restored,  
Like a re-appearing star,  
Like a glory from afar,  
First shall head the flock of war!"

Alas! the fervent harper did not know  
That for a tranquil soul the lay was  
framed,  
Who, long compell'd in humble walks to go,  
Was soften'd into feeling, soothed, and  
tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor  
men lie;  
His daily teachers had been woods and  
rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.  
In him the savage virtue of the race,  
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were  
dead:  
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty  
place  
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage  
hearth;  
The Shepherd Lord was honor'd more  
and more:

And ages after he was laid in earth,  
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name  
he bore.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—♦—  
*INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE OF  
CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.*

SUCH was old Chaucer: such the placid  
mien

Of him who first with harmony inform'd  
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt  
For many a cheerful day. These ancient  
walls

Have often heard him, while his legends  
blithe

He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the  
wiles

Of homely life; through each estate and  
age,

The fashions and the follies of the world  
With cunning hand portraying. Though  
perchance

From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou  
art come

Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in  
vain

Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be  
cold

To him, this other hero; who in times  
Dark and untaught, began with charming  
verse

To tame the rudeness of his native land.

MARK AKENSIDE.

—♦—  
*TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.*

MERRY Margaret,  
As midsummer flower,  
Gentle as falcon,  
Or hawk of the tower;  
With solace and gladness,  
Much mirth and no madness,  
All good and no badness;  
So joyously,  
So maidenly,  
So womanly  
Her demeaning,—  
In everything  
Far, far passing

That I can indite,  
Or suffice to write,  
Of merry Margaret,  
As midsummer flower,  
Gentle as falcon  
Or hawk of the tower;  
As patient and as still,  
And as full of good-will,  
As fair Isiphil,  
Coliander,  
Sweet Pomander,  
Good Cassander;  
Steadfast of thought,  
Well made, well wrought;  
Far may be sought  
Ere you can find  
So courteous, so kind,  
As merry Margaret,  
This midsummer flower,  
Gentle as falcon,  
Or hawk of the tower.

JOHN SKELTON.

—♦—  
*EPIGRAM ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.*

THE stars above will make thee known,  
If man were silent here:  
The sun himself cannot forget  
His fellow-traveller.

BEN JONSON.

—♦—  
*AN ODE—TO HIMSELF.*

WHERE dost thou careless lie  
Buried in ease and sloth?  
Knowledge that sleeps, doth die:  
And this security,  
It is the common moth,  
That eats on wits and arts, and so destroys  
them both.

Are all the Aonian springs  
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?  
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,  
That not a nymph now sings?  
Or droop they as disgraced  
To see their seats and bowers by chattering  
pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be,  
As 'tis too just a cause—  
Let this thought quicken thee;  
Minds that are great and free  
Should not on fortune pause?  
'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own  
applause.

What though the greedy fry  
 Be taken with false baits  
 Of worded balladry,  
 And think it poesy?  
 They die with their conceits,  
 And only piteous scorn upon their folly  
 waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,  
 Strike in thy proper strain;  
 With Japhet's line aspire  
 Sol's chariot for new fire  
 To give the world again;  
 Who aided him, will thee, the issue of  
 Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age  
 Cannot indure reproof,  
 Make not thyself a page  
 To that strumpet, the stage;  
 But sing high and aloof  
 Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the  
 dull ass's hoof.

BEN JONSON.

---

*SONNET.*

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF  
 TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of  
 youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twenti-  
 eth year!  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom  
 show'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the  
 truth,  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;  
 And inward ripeness doth much less ap-  
 pear  
 That some more timely-happy spirits en-  
 du'th.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will  
 of heaven:  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

JOHN MILTON.

*EPITAPH ON A LIVING AUTHOR.*

HERE, passenger, beneath this shed,  
 Lies Cowley, tho' entomb'd, not dead;  
 Yet freed from human toil and strife,  
 And all th' impertinence of life.

Who in his poverty is neat,  
 And even in retirement great.  
 With Gold, the people's idol, he  
 Holds endless war and enmity.

Can you not say, he has resigned  
 His breath, to this small cell confined?  
 With this small mansion let him have  
 The rest and silence of the grave:

Strew roses here as on his hearse,  
 And reckon this his funeral verse:  
 With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn  
 The yet surviving poet's urn.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

---

*ON MY DEAR SON, GERVASE BEAU-  
 MONT.*

CAN I, who have for others oft compiled  
 The songs of death, forget my sweetest  
 child,  
 Which like a flower crushed with a blast is  
 dead,  
 And ere full time hangs down his smiling  
 head,  
 Expecting with clear hope to live anew,  
 Among the angels fed with heavenly dew?  
 We have this sign of joy, that many days,  
 While on the earth his struggling spirit  
 stays,  
 The name of Jesus in his mouth contains  
 His only food, his sleep, his ease from  
 pains.  
 Oh, may that sound be rooted in my mind,  
 Of which in him such strong effect I find!  
 Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning  
 love  
 To me was like a friendship, far above  
 The course of nature or his tender age;  
 Whose looks could all my bitter griefs as-  
 suage:  
 Let his pure soul—ordain'd seven years to  
 be  
 In that frail body, which was part of me—

Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to  
show

How to this port at every step I go.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

—  
*AN EPITAPH UPON THE RIGHT  
HONOURABLE SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY.*

To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie  
death,

And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure,  
divine,

Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,  
Nor any one hath worth that draweth  
breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learn-  
ings lore,

And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,  
And love that envie in thy life suppresseth,  
Thy deere life done, and death hath  
doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state,  
Did onely praise thy vertues in my  
thought,

As one that feeld the rising sun hath  
sought,

With words and teares now waile thy  
timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race aright from princely  
line,

Nor lesse than such (by gifts that nature  
gave,

The common mother that all creatures  
have)

Doth vertueshew, and princely linageshine.

A king gave thee thy name: a kingly minde  
That God thee gave; who found it now  
too deere

For this base world, and hath resumed  
it neere,

To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy  
youth;

The heavens made hast, and staid nor  
yeeres, nor time:

The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first  
prime;

Thy will, thy words; thy words the seales  
of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare employd thee  
thence,

To treat from kings with those more  
great than kings;

Such hope men had to lay the highest  
things

On thy wise youth, to be transported hence.

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did  
thee call,

Thy countries love, religion, and thy  
friends:

Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and  
ends,

And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and  
tedious age,

Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes  
might:

Thy rising day saw never wofull night,  
But past with praise from off this worldly  
stage.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was  
brought,

First thine owne death, and after thy  
long fame;

Tears to the soldiers, the proud Castil-  
ians shame,

Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost that such great grace  
hath won?

Yoong yeeres for endless yeeres, and  
hope unsure

Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still  
shall dure:

Oh, happie race with so great praises run!

England doth hold thy lims that bred the  
same,

Flaunders thy valure where it last was  
tried,

The campe thy sorrow where thy bodie  
died,

Thy friends thy want; the world thy ver-  
tues fame:

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy  
love;

Letters thy learning, thy losse yeeres  
long to come:

In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy  
tombe;  
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens  
above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull  
teares,  
Yoong sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes,  
bewaile thy fall;  
Envie her sting, and Spite hath left her  
gall,  
Malice her selfe a mourning garment  
weares.

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio  
fell!  
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time!  
Whose vertues, wounded by my worth-  
lesse rime,  
Let Angels speake, and heaven thy praises  
tell.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

—♦—  
*TEARS WEPT AT THE GRAVE OF  
SIR ALBERTUS MORTON.*

SILENCE, in truth, would speak my sorrow  
best,

For deepest wounds can least their feel-  
ings tell;

Yet let me borrow from mine own unrest  
But time to bid him, whom I loved, fare-  
well.

O my unhappy lines! you that before  
Have served my youth to vent some  
wanton cries,

And now, congeal'd with grief, can scarce  
implore

Strength to accent, "Here my Albertus  
lies!"

This is the sable stone, this is the cave  
And womb of earth, that doth his corpse  
embrace:

While others sing his praise, let me en-  
grave

These bleeding numbers to adorn the  
place.

Here will I paint the characters of woe;  
Here will I pay my tribute to the dead;  
And here my faithful tears in showers shall  
flow,  
To humanize the flints whereon I tread.

Where, though I mourn my matchless loss  
alone,

And none between my weakness judge  
and me,

Yet even these gentle walls allow my moan,  
Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gone? and live I rhyming here,  
As if some Muse would listen to my lay,  
When all, distuned, sit wailing for their  
dear,

And bathe the banks where he was wont  
to play?

Dwell thou in endless light, discharged  
soul,

Freed now from Nature's and from For-  
tune's trust,

While on this fluent globe my glass shall  
roll,

And run the rest of my remaining dust.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

—♦—  
*UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBER-  
TUS MORTON'S WIFE.*

HE first deceased; she for a little tried  
To live without him, liked it not, and died.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

—♦—  
*TO THE MEMORY OF MY BE-  
LOVED, THE AUTHOR, MR. WIL-  
LIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT  
HE HATH LEFT US.*

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy  
name,

Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;  
While I confess thy writings to be such,  
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too  
much;

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage; but these  
ways

Were not the path I meant unto thy praise:  
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes  
right,

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by  
chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to  
raise:

These are, as some infamous bawd, or  
whore,  
Should praise a matron: what could hurt  
her more?

But thou art proof against them; and, in-  
deed,

Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I therefore will begin:—Soul of the age,  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our  
stage,

My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge  
thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room;  
Thou art a monument without a tomb;  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to  
give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;  
I mean, with great but disproportion'd  
muses:

For, if I thought my judgment were of  
years,

I should commit thee surely with thy  
peers;

And tell how far thou didst our Lyly out-  
shine,

Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:  
And though thou hadst small Latin, and  
less Greek,

From thence to honor thee, I would not  
seek

For names; but call forth thundering  
Æschylus,

Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread  
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were  
on,

Leave thee alone, for the comparison  
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty  
Rome,

Sent forth, or since did from their ashes  
come.

Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to  
show,

To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age, but for all time;

And all the muses still were in their  
prime,

When like Apollo he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.

Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines:  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so  
fit,

As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not  
please;

But antiquated and deserted lie,  
As they were not of Nature's family.

Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:  
For though the poet's matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion; and that  
he,

Who casts to write a living line, must  
sweat

(Such as thine are), and strike the second  
heat

Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same  
(And himself with it) that he thinks to  
frame;

Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,  
For a good poet's made as well as born:  
And such wert thou. Look, how the fa-  
ther's face

Lives in his issue; even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners,  
brightly shines

In his well-turned and true-filed lines;  
In each of which he seems to shake a  
lance,

As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.  
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it  
were,

To see thee in our water yet appear;  
And make those flights upon the banks of  
Thames,

That so did take Eliza, and our James.  
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere  
Advanced, and made a constellation  
there:

Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with  
rage,

Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping  
stage;

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath  
mourn'd like night,

And despairs day, but for thy volume's  
light.

BEN JONSON.



*AN EPIGRAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE  
DRAMATIC POET, W. SHAKESPEARE.*

WHAT need my Shakespeare for his  
honour'd bones,

The labour of an age in piled stones;  
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
Under a star-ypointed pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy  
name?

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a lasting monument:  
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeav-  
ouring art,

Thy easy numbers flow; and that each  
part

Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued  
book,

Those Delphic lines with deep impression  
took;

Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much con-  
ceiving;

And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to  
die.

JOHN MILTON.

*LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF  
SHAKESPEARE.*

THIS figure, that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the Graver had a strife  
With Nature to outdo the life:  
Oh, could he but have drawn his wit  
As well in brass, as he hath hit  
His face; the Print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brass.  
But since he cannot, Reader, look  
Not at his picture, but his book.

BEN JONSON.

*LINES.*

WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXE-  
CUTION.

E'EN such is time; which takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust;  
Which in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wander'd all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days:  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

*UPON THE SUDDEN RESTRAINT OF  
THE EARL OF SOMERSET, THEN  
FALLING FROM FAVOR.*

DAZZLED thus with height of place,  
Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,  
No man marks the narrow space  
'Twixt a prison and a smile.

Then, since Fortune's favors fade,  
You that in her arms do sleep  
Learn to swim, and not to wade,  
For the hearts of kings are deep.

But if greatness be so blind  
As to trust in towers of air,  
Let it be with goodness lined,  
That at least the fall be fair.

Then, though darken'd, you shall say,  
When friends fail and princes frown,  
Virtue is the roughest way  
But proves at night a bed of down.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

*TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS  
OF CUMBERLAND.*

HE that of such a height hath built his  
mind,  
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so  
strong,  
As neither fear nor hope can shake the  
frame  
Of his resolv'd powers; nor all the wind  
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong  
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;  
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he  
may  
The boundless wastes and wilds of man  
survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look  
down  
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!

Where all the storms of passions mainly  
beat

On flesh and blood: where honor, power,  
renown

Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;  
Where greatness stands upon as feeble  
feet

As frailty doth; and only great doth  
seem

To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's  
wars

But only as on stately robberies;

Where evermore the fortune that prevails  
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding  
Mars

The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.

Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails;  
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still

Conspires with power, whose cause must  
not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as  
manifold

As are the passions of uncertain man;

Who puts it in all colors, all attires,

To serve his ends, and make his courses  
hold.

He sees, that let deceit work what it  
can,

Plot and contrive base ways to high de-  
sires;

That the all-guiding Providence doth  
yet

All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of  
wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-  
cracks

Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow  
Of Power, that proudly sits on others'  
crimes;

Charged with more crying sins than those  
he checks.

The storms of sad confusion, that may  
grow

Up in the present for the coming times,  
Appal not him that hath no side at all,  
But of himself, and knows the worst can  
fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)  
Cannot but pity the perplexèd state

Of troublous and distress'd mortality,  
That thus make way unto the ugly birth  
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget  
Affliction upon imbecility;

Yet seeing thus the course of things must  
run,

He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-  
done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,  
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft de-  
ceives,

And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack  
man,

And builds on blood, and rises by distress,  
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves

To great-expecting hopes; he looks there-  
on,

As from the shore of peace, with unwet  
eye,

And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath  
prepared

A rest for his desires, and sees all things

Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book  
of man,

Full of the notes of frailty; and compared  
The best of glory with her sufferings;

By whom, I see, you labor all you can

To plant your heart; and set your thoughts  
as near

His glorious mansion as your powers can  
bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashionèd  
By that clear judgment that hath carried  
you

Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,

As they can stand against the strongest  
head

Passion can make; inured to any hue

The world can cast; that cannot cast that  
mind

Out of her form of goodness, that doth see  
Both what the best and worst of earth can  
be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here be-  
falls,

You in the region of yourself remain,

Where no vain breath of th' impudent mo-  
lests,

That hath secured within the brazen walls

Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)  
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;  
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,  
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge  
Than women use to do; yet you well know,  
That wrong is better checked by being condemn'd,  
Than being pursued; leaving to Him t'avenge  
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show  
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd  
Base malediction, living in the dark,  
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
The centre of this world, about the which  
These revolutions of disturbances  
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery  
Predominate; whose strong effects are such  
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;  
And that unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoil'd they are that level lie  
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;

That never are at peace with their desires,  
But work beyond their years; and even deny

Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense  
With death: that when ability expires,  
Desire lives still—so much delight they have

To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best

They reach unto, when they have cast the sum

And reckonings of their glory. And you know,

This floating life hath but this port of rest,

A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come;  
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,  
The best of all whose days consumed are,  
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind  
Hath been so set by that all-working Hand  
Of heaven, that though the world hath done his worst

To put it out by discords most unkind,  
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand  
With God and man; nor ever will be forced  
From that most sweet accord, but still agree,  
Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness  
Remains recorded in so many hearts,  
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,  
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:

You that have built you by your great deserts

(Out of small means) a far more exquisite  
And glorious dwelling for your honor'd name

Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

—♦—  
*AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY,*  
A CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.

WEEP with me, all you that read  
This little story;

And know, for whom a tear you shed  
Death's self is sorry.

'Twas a child that so did thrive  
In grace and feature,

As heaven and nature seem'd to strive  
Which own'd the creature.

Years he number'd scarce thirteen

When fates turn'd cruel,

Yet three fill'd Zodiacs had he been  
The stage's jewel;

And did act, what now we moan,  
Old men so duly,

As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,  
He play'd so truly.

So by error to his fate  
 They all consented;  
 But viewing him since, alas, too late!  
 They have repented;  
 And have sought, to give new birth,  
 In baths to steep him;  
 But being so much too good for earth,  
 Heaven vows to keep him.

BEN JONSON.

---

*EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.*

WOULDEST thou heare what man can say  
 In a little?—reader, stay!  
 Underneath this stone doth lye  
 As much beauty as could dye;  
 Which in life did harbor give  
 To more vertue than doth live.  
 If at all she had a fault,  
 Leave it buried in this vault.  
 One name was Elizabeth—  
 Th' other, let it sleep with death:  
 Fitter, where it dyed to tell,  
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

BEN JONSON.

---

*EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.*

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse  
 Lies the subject of all verse,  
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
 Death! ere thou hast slain another,  
 Learn'd and fair and good as she,  
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

---

*TO VINCENT CORBET, MY SON.*

WHAT I shall leave thee, none can tell,  
 But all shall say I wish thee well.  
 I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,  
 Both bodily and ghostly health;  
 Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee,  
 So much of either may undo thee.  
 I wish thee learning not for show,  
 Enough for to instruct and know;  
 Not such as gentlemen require  
 To prate at table or at fire.  
 I wish thee all thy mother's graces,  
 Thy father's fortunes and his places.

I wish thee friends, and one at court,  
 Not to build on, but support;  
 To keep thee not in doing many  
 Oppressions, but from suffering any.  
 I wish thee peace in all thy ways,  
 Nor lazy nor contentious days;  
 And, when thy soul and body part,  
 As innocent as now thou art.

RICHARD CORBET.

---

*ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.*

THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire,  
 I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,  
 What kind of creature I could most desire,  
 To honor, serve, and love; as poets use,  
 I meant to make her fair, and free, and  
 wise,  
 Of greatest blood, and yet more good  
 than great;  
 I meant the day-star should not brighter  
 rise,  
 Nor lend like influence from his lucert  
 seat.  
 I meant she should be courteous, facile,  
 sweet,  
 Hating that solemn vice of greatness,  
 pride;  
 I meant each softest virtue there should  
 meet,  
 Fit in that softer bosom to reside.  
 Only a learnèd and a manly soul  
 I purposed her; that should, with even  
 powers,  
 The rock, the spindle, and the shears  
 control  
 Of Destiny, and spin her own free  
 hours.  
 Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to  
 see,  
 My Muse bade, Bedford write, and that  
 was she.

BEN JONSON.

---

*OF MYSELF.*

THIS only grant me, that my means may  
 lie  
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.  
 Some honor I would have,  
 Not from great deeds, but good alone;  
 The unknown are better than ill known:  
 Rumor can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when 't  
depends  
Not on the number, but the choice, of  
friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the  
light,  
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the  
night.

My house a cottage more  
Than palace; and should fitting be  
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er  
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleas-  
ures yield,  
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;  
For he that runs it well twice runs his  
race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, this happy state,  
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;

But boldly say each night,  
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-  
day.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

SONNET.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through  
a cloud

Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast  
plough'd

And on the neck of crown'd fortune proud  
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his  
work pursued,

While Darwen stream with blood of  
Scots imbrued,

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises  
loud,

And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet  
much remains

To conquer still; peace hath her vic-  
tories

No less renown'd than war. New foes  
arise

Threatening to bind our souls with secular  
chains:

Help us to save free conscience from the  
paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their  
maw.

JOHN MILTON.

SONNET.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes,  
tho' clear

To outward view of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the  
year,

Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate  
a jot

Of heart or hope; but still bear up and  
steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost  
thou ask?

The conscience, friend, t' have lost them  
overplied

In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to  
side.

This thought might lead me through the  
world's vain mask,  
Content though blind, had I no better  
guide.

JOHN MILTON.

SONNET

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days in this dark world  
and wide,

And that one talent which is death to  
hide,

Lodged with me useless, though my soul  
more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He returning chide;  
"Doth God exact day-labor, light de-  
nied?"

I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth  
not need

Either man's work or his own gifts: who  
best

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best :  
 his state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at his biddingspeed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
 They also serve who only stand and  
 wait."

JOHN MILTON.

*MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.*

I AM old and blind !  
 Men point at me as smitten by God's  
 frown ;  
 Afflicted and deserted of my kind,  
 Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;  
 I murmur not that I no longer see ;  
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
 Father Supreme ! to Thee.

All-merciful One !  
 When men are furthest, then art Thou most  
 near ;  
 When friends pass by, my weaknesses to  
 shun,  
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
 Is leaning toward me ; and its holy light  
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,—  
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee  
 I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown :  
 My vision Thou hast dimm'd, that I may see  
 Thyself,—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;  
 This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing ;  
 Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here  
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh, I seem to stand  
 Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath  
 been,  
 Wrapp'd in that radiance from the sinless  
 land,  
 Which eye hath never seen !

Visions come and go :  
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me  
 throng ;  
 From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,  
 When heaven is opening on my sightless  
 eyes,  
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,  
 The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime  
 My being fills with rapture,—waves of  
 thought  
 Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime  
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !  
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine :  
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,  
 Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

*TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.*

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once Presi-  
 dent  
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,  
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold  
 or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself con-  
 tent,  
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.  
 Though later born than to have known the  
 days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by  
 you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them  
 true,  
 And to possess them, honor'd Margaret.

JOHN MILTON.

*LYCIDAS.*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once  
 more  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and  
 crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing  
 year.  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

Compels me to disturb your season due;  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his  
peer.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he  
knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty  
rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth  
spring,

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the  
string.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;  
So may some gentle muse

With lucky words favor my destined urn,  
And as he passes turn,

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
For we were nursed upon the self-same

hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade,  
and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-  
pear'd

Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry  
horn,

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews  
of night

Oft till the star that rose at evening bright  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his  
west'ring wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Temper'd to th' oaten flute;

Rough satyrs danced and fauns with cloven  
heel

From the glad song would not be absent  
long,

And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But oh, the heavy change, now thou art  
gone—

Now thou art gone, and never must re-  
turn!

Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert  
caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine  
o'ergrown,

And all their echoes, mourn;

The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen,  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft  
lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that  
graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe  
wear,

When first the white-thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the re-  
morseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Ly-  
cidas?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old bards, the famous druids,  
lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard  
stream.

Ay me! I fondly dream!

Had ye been there, for what could that  
have done?

What could the muse herself that Orpheus  
bore,

The muse herself for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal Nature did lament,  
When, by the rout that made the hideous  
roar,

His gory vision down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian  
shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's  
trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth  
raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind fury with th' abhorred  
shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. But not the  
praise,

Phœbus replied, and touch'd my tremb-  
ling ears;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal  
soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor  
lies ;  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure  
eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy  
meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd  
flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with  
vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood ;  
But now my oar proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea ;  
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon  
winds,  
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle  
swain ?  
And question'd every gust of rugged  
wings  
That blows from off each beak'd promon-  
tory :  
They knew not of his story ;  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon  
stray'd ;  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses  
dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing  
slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the  
edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed  
with woe.  
Ah ! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest  
pledge ?  
Last came, and last did go,  
The pilot of the Galilean Lake ;  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) ;  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern be-  
spoke :

How well could I have spared for thee,  
young swain,  
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the  
fold ?

Of other care they little reckoning make,  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;  
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves  
know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else  
the least

That to the faithful herdsman's art be-  
longs !

What recks it them ? what need they ? they  
are sped ;

And when they list, their lean and flashy  
songs

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched  
straw ;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swoln with wind and the rank mist  
they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;  
Besides what the grim wolf with privy  
paw

Daily devours apace, and nothing said ;  
But that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no  
more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams : return, Sicilian  
muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither  
cast

Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand  
hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers  
use

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing  
brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely  
looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd  
eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honey'd  
showers,

And purple all the ground with vernal  
flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken  
dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,



The white pink, and the pansy freak'd  
 with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-  
 bine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive  
 head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery  
 wears ;  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false sur-  
 mise.  
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sound-  
 ing seas  
 Wash far away where'er thy bones are  
 hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming  
 tide  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded  
 mount  
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's  
 hold ;  
 Look homeward angel now, and melt with  
 ruth !  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless  
 youth !  
 Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep  
 no more !  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery  
 floor.  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-  
 spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of Him that  
 walk'd the waves,  
 Where, other groves and other streams  
 along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and  
 love.

There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no  
 more ;  
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the  
 shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.  
 Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks  
 and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals  
 gray ;  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various  
 quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric  
 lay.  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all  
 the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay ;  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle  
 blue :

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON.

### AN HORATIAN ODE.

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRE-  
 LAND.

THE forward youth that would appear,  
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,  
 Nor in the shadows sing  
 His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,  
 And oil the unused armor's rust,  
 Removing from the wall  
 The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease  
 In the inglorious arts of peace,  
 But through adventurous war  
 Urged his active star :

And like the three-fork'd lightning first,  
 Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,  
 Did thorough his own side  
 His fiery way divide ;

For 'tis all one to courage high,  
 The emulous, or enemy ;  
 And with such, to enclose  
 Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,  
And palaces and temples rent,  
And Cæsar's head at last  
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame  
The face of angry Heaven's flame,  
And if we would speak true,  
Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where  
He lived reserved and austere  
(As if his highest plot  
To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valor climb  
To ruin the great work of time,  
And cast the Kingdoms old  
Into another mould.

Though Justice against Fate complain,  
And plead the ancient rights in vain—  
But those do hold or break  
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,  
Allows of penetration less,  
And therefore must make room  
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war  
Where his were not the deepest scar?  
And Hampton shows what part  
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,  
He wove a net of such a scope  
That Charles himself might chase  
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne  
The tragic scaffold might adorn,  
While round the armed bands  
Did clap their bloody hands;

He nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene,  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try;

Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite,  
To vindicate his helpless right,  
But bow'd his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour  
Which first assured the forcèd power,  
So when they did design  
The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,  
Did fright the architects to run;  
And yet in that the State  
Foresaw its happy fate!

And now the Irish are ashamed  
To see themselves in one year tamed;  
So much one man can do  
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,  
And have, though overcome, confest  
How good he is, how just,  
And fit for highest trust;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,  
But still in the Republic's hand—  
How fit he is to sway  
That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents  
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,  
And (what he may) forbears  
His fame, to make it theirs;

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,  
To lay them at the public's skirt.  
So when the falcon high  
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more does search  
But on the next green bough to perch,  
Where, when he first does lure,  
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume  
While victory his crest does plume?  
What may not others fear  
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul,  
To Italy an Hannibal,  
And to all states not free  
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find  
Within his parti-color'd mind,  
But from this valor, sad  
Shrink underneath the plaid—

Happy if in the tufted brake  
The English hunter him mistake,  
Nor lay his hounds in near  
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the War's and Fortune's son,  
March indefatigably on,  
And for the last effect  
Still keep the sword erect.

Besides the force it has to fright  
The spirits of the shady night,  
The same arts that did gain  
A power, must it maintain.

ANDREW MARVELL.

### THE PICTURE OF T. C.

IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.

SEE with what simplicity  
This nymph begins her golden days!  
In the green grass she loves to lie,  
And there with her fair aspect tames  
The wilder flowers, and gives them  
names;  
But only with the roses plays,  
And them does tell  
What color best becomes them, and what  
smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause  
This darling of the gods was born?  
See! this is she whose chaster laws  
The wanton Love shall one day fear,  
And, under her command severe,  
See his bow broke and ensigns torn.  
Happy who can  
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!  
Oh, then let me in time compound  
And parley with those conquering eyes,—  
Ere they have tried their force to wound,  
Ere with their glancing wheels they  
drive  
In triumph over hearts that strive,  
And them that yield but more despise:  
Let me be laid  
Where I may see the glory from some shade.  
Meanwhile, whilst every verdant thing  
Itself does at thy beauty charm,  
Reform the errors of the spring:  
Make that the tulips may have share  
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;  
And roses of their thorns disarm;

But most procure  
That violets may a longer age endure.

But, O young beauty of the woods,  
Whom Nature courts with fruit and  
flowers,  
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,  
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime  
To kill her infants in their prime,  
Should quickly make the example  
yours;

And, ere we see,  
Nip in the blossom all our hopes in thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

### LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PIC- TURE OF JOHN MILTON,

BEFORE HIS "PARADISE LOST."

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought sur-  
pass'd;  
The next in majesty; in both the last.  
The force of Nature could no further go;  
To make a third, she joined the former two.

JOHN DRYDEN.

### SONNET.

TO MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this  
hour:  
England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and  
pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and  
bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish  
men:  
Oh raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom  
power!  
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was  
like the sea;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,  
free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*LOYALTY CONFINED.*

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;  
 Swell, curl'd waves, high as Jove's roof:  
 Your incivility doth show,  
 That innocence is tempest proof;  
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts  
 are calm;  
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are  
 balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,  
 A private closet is to me:  
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,  
 And innocence my liberty:  
 Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,  
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.

I, whilst I wisht to be retired,  
 Into this private room was turn'd;  
 As if their wisdoms had conspired  
 The salamander should be burn'd:  
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a  
 fish,  
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty:  
 The pelican her wilderness;  
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be  
 Naked on frozen Caucasus:  
 Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see  
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm  
 I, as my mistress' favours, wear;  
 And for to keep my ankles warm,  
 I have some iron shackles there:  
 These walls are but my garrison; this cell,  
 Which men call jail, doth prove my cit-  
 adel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,  
 Like some high-prized margarite,  
 Or, like the great mogul or pope,  
 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:  
 Retiredness is a piece of majesty,  
 And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as  
 thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,  
 Where tempting objects are not seen!  
 And these strong walls do only serve  
 To keep vice out, and keep me in:  
 Malice of late's grown charitable, sure,  
 I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,  
 Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,  
 By a malicious friendly knife  
 Did only wound him to a cure:  
 Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant  
 Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th'  
 event.

When once my prince affliction hath,  
 Prosperity doth treason seem;  
 And to make smooth so rough a path,  
 I can learn patience from him:  
 Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart,  
 When kings want ease subjects must bear  
 a part.

What though I cannot see my king  
 Neither in person nor in coin;  
 Yet contemplation is a thing  
 That renders what I have not, mine:  
 My king from me what adamant can part,  
 Whom I do wear engraven on my heart!

Have you not seen the nightingale,  
 A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,  
 How doth she chaunt her wonted tale,  
 In that her narrow hermitage!  
 Even then her charming melody doth  
 prove,  
 That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine  
 Thus to deprive of liberty;  
 But though they do my corps confine,  
 Yet maugre hate, my soul is free;  
 And though immured, yet can I chirp, and  
 sing  
 Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,  
 Although my baser part's immew'd,  
 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair  
 T' accompany my solitude:  
 Although rebellion do my body binde,  
 My king alone can captivate my minde.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

*EPITAPH EXTEMPORE.*

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,  
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,  
 The son of Adam and of Eve;  
 Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

MATTHEW PRIOR.

*PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S  
TRAGEDY OF "CATO."*

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,  
To make mankind, in conscious virtue  
bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they  
behold:  
For this the tragic Muse first trod the  
stage,  
Commanding tears to stream through every  
age;  
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they  
wept.  
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to  
move  
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;  
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,  
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.  
Here tears shall flow from a more gener-  
ous cause.  
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:  
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor  
rise,  
And calls forth Roman drops from British  
eyes.  
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato  
was:  
No common object to your sight displays,  
But what with pleasure Heaven itself sur-  
veys,  
A brave man struggling in the storms of  
fate,  
And greatly falling, with a falling state.  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's  
cause?  
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?  
Who hears him groan, and does not wish  
to bleed?  
Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal  
cars,  
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of  
wars,  
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in  
state;  
As her dead father's reverend image pass'd  
The pomp was darken'd, and the day  
o'ercast;

The triumph ceased, tears gush'd from  
every eye;  
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded  
by;  
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,  
And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's  
sword.  
Britons, attend: be worth like this ap-  
proved,  
And show you have the virtue to be moved.  
With honest scorn the first famed Cato  
view'd  
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom  
she subdued;  
Your scene precariously subsists too long  
On French translation, and Italian song.  
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the  
stage,  
Be justly warm'd with your own native  
rage:  
Such plays alone should win a British  
ear,  
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

ALEXANDER POPE.

*TO THE EARL OF WARWICK ON THE  
DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.*

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath  
stay'd,  
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,  
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but be-  
moan,  
And judge, oh judge my bosom by your  
own.  
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?  
Slow comes the verse that real woe  
inspires;  
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.  
Can I forget the dismal night that gave  
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?  
How silent did his old companions tread,  
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the  
dead,  
Through breathing statues, then unheeded  
things,  
Through rows of warriors, and through  
walks of kings!  
What awe did the slow, solemn knell  
inspire;  
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;

The duties by the lawn-robed prelate  
paid ;

And the last words, that dust to dust con-  
vey'd ?

While speechless o'er thy closing grave we  
bend,

Accept these tears, thou dear, departed  
friend.

Oh, gone for ever ! take this long adieu ;

And sleep in peace, next thy loved Mon-  
tague.

To strew fresh laurels let the task be  
mine,

A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine ;

Mine with true sighs thy absence to be-  
moan

And grave with faithful epitaphs thy  
stone.

If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,

May shame afflict this alienated heart ;

Of thee forgetful, if I form a song,

My lyre be broken, and untuned my  
tongue ;

My grief be doubled from thy image free,

And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,

Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown ;

Along the walls where speaking marbles  
show

What worthies form the hallow'd mould  
below ;

Proud names, who once the reins of empire  
held ;

In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd ;

Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of  
blood ;

Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom  
stood ;

Just men, by whom impartial laws were  
given ;

And saints who taught, and led, the way  
to heaven ;

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty  
rest,

Since their foundation, came a nobler  
guest ;

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss con-  
vey'd

A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region to the just assign'd,

What new employments please th' un-  
bodied mind ?

A wing'd Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,  
From world to world unwearied does he  
fly ?

Or curious trace the long, laborious maze  
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering  
angels gaze ?

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell  
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell ;  
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow  
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below ?  
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left be-  
hind ?—

A task well suited to thy gentle mind.

Oh ! if sometimes thy spotless form de-  
scend ;

To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius,  
lend !

When rage misguides me, or when fear  
alarms,

When pain distresses, or when pleasure  
charms,

In silent whisperings purer thoughts im-  
part,

And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;

Lead through the paths thy virtue trod  
before,

Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us  
more.

That awful form, which, so the heavens  
decree,

Must still be loved and still deplored by me,

In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,

Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.

If business calls, or crowded courts invite,

Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike  
my sight ;

If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,

I meet his soul which breathes in Cato  
there ;

If pensive to the rural shades I rove,

His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;

'Twas there of just and good he reason'd  
strong,

Clear'd some great truth, or raised some  
serious song,

There patient show'd us the wise course to  
steer,

A candid censor, and a friend severe ;

There taught us how to live ; and (oh too  
high

The price for knowledge !) taught us how  
to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique struc-  
tures grace,  
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble  
race,  
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower  
appears,  
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden  
tears!  
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh  
and fair,  
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air! .  
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged  
trees,  
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening  
breeze!  
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;  
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no  
more;  
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,  
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday  
shade.  
From other hills, however Fortune frown'd,  
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;  
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,  
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;  
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his  
urn,  
Betray that absence they attempt to  
mourn.  
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom  
bleeds,  
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)  
The verse, begun to one lost friend, pro-  
long,  
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!  
These works divine, which, on his death-  
bed laid  
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage con-  
vey'd,  
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,  
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to  
claim.  
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,  
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.  
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall  
tell  
In future tongues; each other's boast!  
farewell,  
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friend-  
ship tried,  
No chance could sever, nor the grave  
divide.

THOMAS TICKELL.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR.  
THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,  
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!  
In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp shall now be laid,  
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
May love through life the soothing  
shade.  
Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And, while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear  
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.  
Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
When Thames in summer wreaths is  
drest,  
And oft suspend the dashing oar  
To bid his gentle spirit rest!  
And oft as ease and health retire  
To breezy lawn or forest deep,  
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,  
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.  
But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,  
Ah! what will every dirge avail?  
Or tears which love and pity shed,  
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?  
Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye  
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering  
near?  
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,  
And joy desert the blooming year.  
But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,  
Now waft me from the green hill's side  
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!  
And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!  
Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!  
The genial meads assign'd to bless  
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;  
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress  
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay  
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,  
 O vales and wild woods, shall he say,  
 In yonder grave your Druid lies!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

—♦—  
*ON THE DEATH OF DR. LEVETT.*

CONDEMN'D to hope's delusive mine,  
 As on we toil from day to day,  
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,  
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,  
 See Levett to the grave descend,  
 Official, innocent, sincere,  
 Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,  
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;  
 Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny  
 Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,  
 And hovering Death prepared the blow,  
 His vigorous remedy display'd  
 The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,  
 His useful care was ever nigh,  
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,  
 And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,  
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride;  
 The modest wants of every day  
 The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,  
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void;  
 And sure the Eternal Master found  
 The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,  
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;  
 His frame was firm, his powers were bright,  
 Though now his eightieth year was  
 nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,  
 No cold gradations of decay,  
 Death broke at once the vital chain,  
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

*TO MRS. UNWIN.*

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,  
 Such aid from heaven as some have  
 feign'd they drew,  
 An eloquence scarce given to mortals,  
 new  
 And undebased by praise of meaner things,

That ere through age or woe I shed my  
 wings  
 I may record thy worth with honor due,  
 In verse as musical as thou art true,  
 And that immortalizes whom it sings.

But thou hast little need. There is a Book  
 By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly  
 light,  
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look,

A chronicle of actions just and bright—  
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary,  
 shine:  
 And since thou own'st that praise, I spare  
 thee mine.

WILLIAM COWPER.

—♦—  
*TO MARY.*

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past  
 Since first our sky was overcast;  
 Ah, would that this might be the last!  
 My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,  
 I see thee daily weaker grow—  
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,  
 My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,  
 For my sake restless heretofore,  
 Now rust disused, and shine no more;  
 My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil  
 The same kind office for me still,  
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,  
 My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's  
 part,  
 And all thy threads with magic art  
 Have wound themselves about this heart,  
 My Mary!



Thy indistinct expressions seem  
Like language utter'd in a dream ;  
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,  
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of Orient light,  
My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,  
What sight worth seeing could I see ?  
The sun would rise in vain for me,  
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,  
Thy hands their little force resign ;  
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,  
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st  
That now at every step thou mov'st  
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lov'st,  
My Mary !

And still to love, though press'd with ill,  
In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me is to be lovely still,  
My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know  
How oft the sadness that I show  
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,  
My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last—  
My Mary !

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crown'd may feel  
the heart's decaying ;  
It is a place where happy saints may weep  
amid their praying,  
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as  
silence languish :  
Earth surely now may give her calm to  
whom she gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was pour'd  
the deathless singing !  
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hope-  
less hand was clinging !

O men, this man in brotherhood your  
weary paths beguiling,  
Groan'd inly while he taught you peace,  
and died while ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read  
through dimming tears his story,  
How discord on the music fell and dark-  
ness on the glory,  
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds  
and wandering lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face because so  
broken-hearted,—

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's  
high vocation,  
And bow the meekest Christian down in  
meeker adoration ;  
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or  
good forsaken,  
Named softly as the household name of  
one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn  
to think upon him,  
With meekness that is gratefulness to God  
whose heaven hath won him,  
Who suffer'd once the madness-cloud to  
His own love to blind him,  
But gently led the blind along where  
breath and bird could find him ;

And wrought within his shatter'd brain  
such quick poetic senses  
As hills have language for, and stars, har-  
monious influences :  
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his  
within its number,  
And silent shadows from the trees refresh'd  
him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods  
to share his home-caresses,  
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan  
tendernesses :  
The very world, by God's constraint, from  
falsehood's ways removing,  
Its women and its men became, beside him,  
true and loving.

And though, in blindness, he remain'd un-  
conscious of that guiding,  
And things provided came without the  
sweet sense of providing,

He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy  
desolated,  
—Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only  
God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his  
mother while she blesses,  
And drops upon his burning brow the cool-  
ness of her kisses,—  
That turns his fever'd eyes around—"My  
mother! where's my mother?"—  
As if such tender words and deeds could  
come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees  
her bending o'er him,  
Her face all pale from watchful love, the  
unweary love she bore him!—  
Thus woke the poet from the dream his  
life's long fever gave him,  
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which  
closed in death to save him.

Thus? oh, not *thus*! no type of earth can  
image that awaking,  
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of  
seraphs, round him breaking,  
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul  
from body parted,  
But felt those eyes alone, and knew,—"*My  
Saviour! not deserted!*"

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when  
the cross in darkness rested,  
Upon the Victim's hidden face no love was  
manifested?  
What frantic hands outstretch'd have e'er  
th' atoning drops averted?  
What tears have wash'd them from the  
soul, that *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His  
own essence rather;  
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the  
righteous Son and Father:  
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphan'd cry His  
universe hath shaken—  
It went up single, echoless, "*My God, I am  
forsaken!*"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid His  
lost creation,  
That, of the lost, no son should use those  
words of desolation!

That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,  
should mar not hope's fruition,  
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his  
rapture in a vision.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW  
HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR  
HIS HONORS IMMEDIATELY FROM AL-  
MIGHTY GOD.

"Should the poor be flattered?"—SHAKESPEARE.

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!  
The meikle devil wi' a woodie  
Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,  
O'er hurcheon hides,  
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie  
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,  
The ae best fellow e'er was born!  
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn  
By wood and wild,  
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,  
Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neibors o' the starns,  
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!  
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,  
Where echo slumbers!  
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,  
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!  
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!  
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,  
Wi' toddlin' din,  
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,  
Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;  
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;  
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie,  
In scented bow'rs;  
Ye roses on your thorny tree,  
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade  
Droops with a diamond at its head,  
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed  
I' th' rustling gale,  
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,  
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;  
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;  
 Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;  
     Ye whistling plover ;  
 An' mourn, ye whirring pairrick brood !—  
     He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;  
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels :  
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels  
     Circling the lake ;  
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,  
     Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day,  
 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;  
 And when ye wing your annual way  
     Frae our cauld shore,  
 Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,  
     Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,  
 In some auld tree or eldritch tow'r,  
 What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,  
     Sets up her horn,  
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour  
     Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !  
 Oft have ye heard my cantie strains :  
 But now what else for me remains  
     But tales of woe ?  
 And frae my een the drapping rains  
     Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year !  
 Ilk cowlslip cup shall kep a tear :  
 Thou Simmer, while each corny spear  
     Shoots up its head,  
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear  
     For him that's dead.

Thou Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,  
 In grief thy'sallow mantle tear !  
 Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air  
     The roaring blast,  
 Wide o'er the naked world declare  
     The worth we've lost !

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of  
 light !  
 Mourn, Empress of the silent night !

And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,  
     My Matthew mourn !  
 For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight  
     Ne'er to return.

O Henderson ! the man—the brother !  
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?  
 And hast thou crost that unknown river,  
     Life's dreary bound ?  
 Like thee, where shall I find another,  
     The world around ?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,  
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state !  
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,  
     Thou man of worth !  
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate  
     E'er lay in earth.

#### THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger !—my story's brief,  
 And truth I shall relate, man ;  
 I tell nae common tale o' grief—  
     For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,  
 Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man,  
 A look of pity hither cast—  
     For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,  
 That passeth by this grave, man,  
 There moulders here a gallant heart—  
     For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,  
 Canst throw uncommon light, man,  
 Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—  
     For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'  
 Wad life itself resign, man,  
 Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'—  
     For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,  
 Like the unchanging blue, man,  
 This was a kinsman o' thy ain—  
     For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,  
 And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,  
 This was thy billie, dam, and sire—  
     For Matthew was a queer man.

If any whiggish whingin sot,  
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,  
May dool and sorrow be his lot!  
For Matthew was a rare man.

But now his radiant course is run,  
For Matthew's was a bright one!  
His soul was like the glorious sun,  
A matchless, heav'nly light, man.

ROBERT BURNS.

— — —  
*BURNS.*

TO A ROSE BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLO-  
WAY KIRK, IN AYRSHIRE, IN THE AU-  
TUMN OF 1822.

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks:  
Thou 'mind'st me of that autumn noon  
When first we met upon "the banks  
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn tree's bough,  
My sunny hour was glad and brief;  
We've cross'd the winter sea, and thou  
Art wither'd—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—  
The doom of all things wrought of  
clay?

And wither'd my life's leaf like thine,  
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory for whose sake  
My bosom bore thee far and long—  
His, who a humbler flower could make  
Immortal as his song,

The memory of Burns—a name  
That calls, when brimm'd her festal  
cup,

A nation's glory and her shame,  
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest  
Forgot—she's canonized his mind,  
And it is joy to speak the best  
We may of humankind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed  
Where the bard-peasant first drew  
breath;  
A straw-thatch'd roof above his head,  
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,  
His monument—that tells to Heaven  
The homage of earth's proudest isle  
To that bard-peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,  
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;  
And know, however low his lot,  
A poet's pride and power;

The pride that, lifted Burns from earth,  
The power that gave a child of song  
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,  
The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down  
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,  
Despair—thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,  
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,  
And lays lit up with Poesy's  
Purer and holier fires;

Yet read the names that know not death;  
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;  
And few have won a greener wreath  
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart  
In which the answering heart would  
speak,  
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear  
start,  
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music to whose tone  
The common pulse of man keeps time,  
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt  
Before its spell with willing knee,  
And listen'd and believed, and felt  
The poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,  
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,  
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,  
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"  
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,  
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,  
From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,  
 What wild vows falter on the tongue,  
 When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"  
 Or "Auld Lang Syne," is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,  
 Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,  
 And dreams of youth, and truth, and love  
 With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay  
 Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,  
 All passions in our frames of clay  
 Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,  
 And our own world, its gloom and glee,  
 Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,  
 And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,  
 Though rough and dark the path he  
 trod—

Lived, died, in form and soul a man,  
 The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and  
 woe,

With wounds that only death could heal,  
 Tortures the poor alone can know,  
 The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,  
 His independent tongue and pen,  
 And moved, in manhood as in youth,  
 Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,  
 A hate of tyrant and of knave,  
 A love of right, a scorn of wrong,  
 Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
 That could not fear, and would not bow,  
 Were written in his manly eye  
 And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,  
 Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,  
 Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,  
 The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood  
 Beside his coffin with wet eyes,  
 Her brave, her beautiful, her good,  
 As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral-day,  
 Men stand his cold earth-couch around,  
 With the mute homage that we pay  
 To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,  
 The last, the hallow'd home of one  
 Who lives upon all memories,  
 Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,  
 Shrines to no code or creed confined—  
 The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
 The Meccas, of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreath'd,  
 Crown'd kings, and mitred priests of  
 power,  
 And warriors with their bright swords  
 sheath'd,

The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home  
 Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,  
 Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,  
 From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have  
 press'd

The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,  
 Or trod the piled leaves of the West,  
 My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,  
 Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,  
 And gather feelings not of earth  
 His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,  
 And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,  
 And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!  
 The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,  
 His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?  
 Wear they not graven on the heart  
 The name of Robert Burns?

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

### EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds  
 dear:

Take that best gift which Heaven so  
 lately gave:

To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling  
care

Her faded form; she bowed to taste the  
wave,  
And died. Does youth, does beauty, read  
the line?

Does sympathetic fear their breasts  
alarm?

Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:  
Even from the grave thou shalt have  
power to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:  
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly  
move.

And if so fair, from vanity as free;  
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love,  
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die  
('Twas even to thee), yet the dread path  
once trod,

Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,  
And bids "the pure in heart behold their  
God."

WILLIAM MASON.

—♦—  
*ON SIR PETER LELY'S PORTRAIT  
OF CHARLES I.*

SEE, what an humble bravery doth shine,  
And grief triumphant breaking through  
each line,

How it commands the face! So sweet a  
scorn

Never did happy misery adorn!  
So sacred a contempt did others show  
To this (o' the height of all the wheel)  
below;

That mightiest monarchs by this shaded  
book

May copy out their proudest, richest look.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

—♦—  
*BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we  
buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound  
him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that  
was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow  
bed,

And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread  
o'er his head,

And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's  
gone,

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid  
him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for  
retiring;

And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a  
stone—

But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

—♦—  
*OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.*

ROBERT EMYETT.

OH, breathe not his name! let it sleep in  
the shade,

Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are  
laid:

Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we  
shed,

As the night-dew that falls on the grave  
o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in  
silence it weeps,

Shall brighten with verdure the grave  
where he sleeps;

And the tear that we shed, though in  
secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our  
souls.

—•—  
THOMAS MOORE.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ROD-  
MAN DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
From eyes unused to weep,  
And long, where thou art lying,  
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
Like thine, are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven  
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow  
To clasp thy hand in mine,  
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it  
Around thy faded brow,  
But I've in vain essay'd it,  
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,  
Nor thoughts nor words are free,  
The grief is fix'd too deeply  
That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

—•—  
ADONAIS.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN  
KEATS.

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!  
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears  
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a  
head!  
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all  
years  
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure  
compeers,  
And teach them thine own sorrow: say,  
“With me  
Died Adonais; till the Future dares

Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall  
be  
An echo and a light unto eternity!”

Where wert thou, mighty mother, when he  
lay,  
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft  
which flies  
In darkness? where was lorn Urania  
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,  
’Mid listening echoes, in her paradise  
She sate, while one, with soft enamor’d  
breath,  
Rekindled all the fading melodies,  
With which, like flowers that mock the  
corse beneath,  
He had adorn’d and hid the coming bulk  
of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!  
Wake, melancholy mother, wake and  
weep!

Yet wherefore? Quench within their  
burning bed

Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart  
keep,

Like his, a mute and uncomplaining  
sleep;

For he is gone, where all things wise and  
fair

Descend:—oh, dream not that the amor-  
ous Deep

Will yet restore him to the vital air;  
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at  
our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!  
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,  
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,  
Blind, old, and lonely, when his coun-  
try’s pride

The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,  
Trampled and mock’d with many a loath’d  
rite

Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,  
Into the gulf of death; but his clear  
sprite

Yet reigns o’er earth; the third among the  
sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!  
Not all to that bright station dared to  
climb;

And happier they their happiness who  
 knew,  
 Whose tapers yet burn through that  
 night of time  
 In which suns perish'd; others more  
 sublime,  
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or  
 God,  
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent  
 prime;  
 And some yet live, treading the thorny  
 road,  
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to  
 Fame's serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has  
 perish'd,  
 The nursing of thy widowhood, who  
 grew  
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden  
 cherish'd,  
 And fed with true love tears instead of  
 dew;  
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew!  
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the  
 last,  
 The bloom, whose petals nipt before they  
 blew  
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is  
 waste;  
 The broken lily lies—the storm is over-  
 past.

To that high capital, where kingly Death  
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and  
 decay,  
 He came; and bought, with price of  
 purest breath,  
 A grave among the eternal.—Come  
 away!  
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian  
 day  
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while  
 still  
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;  
 Awake him not! surely he takes his fill  
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all  
 ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!  
 Within the twilight chamber spreads  
 apace

The shadow of white Death, and at the  
 door  
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace  
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-  
 place;  
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and  
 awe  
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to  
 deface  
 So fair a prey, till darkness and the law  
 Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal  
 curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais!—the quick Dreams,  
 The passion-winged ministers of Thought,  
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living  
 streams  
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he  
 taught  
 The love which was its music, wander  
 not—  
 Wander no more, from kindling brain  
 to brain,  
 But droop there, whence they sprung;  
 and mourn their lot  
 Round the cold heart, where, after their  
 sweet pain,  
 They ne'er will gather strength, nor find  
 a home again.

And one with trembling hand clasps his  
 cold head,  
 And fans him with her moonlight wings,  
 and cries,  
 "Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not  
 dead;  
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint  
 eyes,  
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there  
 lies  
 A tear some Dream has loosen'd from his  
 brain."

Lost angel of a ruin'd paradise!  
 She knew not 'twas her own; as with no  
 stain  
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept  
 its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew  
 Wash'd his light limbs, as if embalm-  
 ing them;  
 Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw  
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,



Which frozen tears instead of pearls  
 begem ;  
 Another in her wilful grief would break  
 Her bow and winged reeds, as if to  
 stem  
 A greater loss with one which was more  
 weak ;  
 And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen  
 cheek.

Another Splendor on his mouth alit,  
 That mouth whence it was wont to draw  
 the breath  
 Which gave it strength to pierce the  
 guarded wit,  
 And pass into the panting heart be-  
 neath  
 With lightning and with music: the  
 damp death  
 Quench'd its caress upon its icy lips ;  
 And as a dying meteor stains a wreath  
 Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night  
 clips,  
 It flush'd through his pale limbs, and  
 pass'd to its eclipse.

And others came,—Desires and Adora-  
 tions,  
 Wingèd Persuasions, and veil'd Desti-  
 nies,  
 Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering  
 Incarnations  
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phan-  
 tasies ;  
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the  
 gleam  
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
 Came in slow pomp ;—the moving pomp  
 might seem  
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal  
 stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into  
 thought  
 From shape, and hue, and odor, and  
 sweet sound,  
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair  
 unbound,  
 Wet with the tears which should adorn  
 the ground,

Dimm'd the aërial eyes that kindle day ;  
 Afar the melancholy Thunder moan'd,  
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,  
 And the wild Winds flew around, sobbing  
 in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,  
 And feeds her grief with his remember'd  
 lay,  
 And will no more reply to winds or foun-  
 tains,  
 Or amorous birds perch'd on the young  
 green spray,  
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day,  
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear  
 Than those for whose disdain they pined  
 away  
 Into a shadow of all sounds :—a drear  
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the  
 woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she  
 threw down  
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn  
 were,  
 Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is  
 flown,  
 For whom should she have waked the  
 sullen year ?  
 To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,  
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both  
 Thou, Adonais : wan they stand and sere  
 Amid the faint companions of their  
 youth,  
 With dew all turn'd to tears ; odor, to  
 sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,  
 Mourns not her mate with such melo-  
 dious pain ;  
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale  
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's  
 domain  
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth  
 complain,  
 Soaring and screaming round her empty  
 nest,  
 As Albion wails for thee : the curse of  
 Cain  
 Light on his head who pierced thy inno-  
 cent breast,  
 And scared the angel soul that was its  
 earthly guest !

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,  
But grief returns with the revolving  
year;

The airs and streams renew their joyous  
tone;

The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;  
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead  
Seasons' bier;

The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
And build their mossy homes in field  
and brear:

And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
Like unimprison'd flames, out of their  
trance awake.

Through wood, and stream, and field, and  
hill and ocean,

A quickening life from the Earth's heart  
has burst,

As it has ever done, with change and  
motion,

From the great morning of the world  
when first

God dawn'd on Chaos; in its stream  
immersed,

The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer  
light;

All baser things pant with life's sacred  
thirst;

Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's  
delight,

The beauty and the joy of their renewed  
night.

The leprous corpse, touch'd by this spirit  
tender,

Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;  
Like incarnations of the stars, when splen-

dor

Is changed to fragrance, they illumine  
death,

And mock the merry worm that wakes  
beneath;

Naught we know dies. Shall that alone  
which knows

Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
By sightless lightning? th' intense atom  
glows

A moment, then is quench'd in a most  
cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,

And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!  
Whence are we, and why are we? of  
what scene

The actors or spectators? Great and  
mean

Meet mass'd in death, who lends what life  
must borrow.

As long as skies are blue, and fields are  
green,

Evening must usher night, night urge the  
morrow,

Month follow month with woe, and year  
wake year to sorrow.

*He* will awake no more, oh, never more!

"Wake thou!" cried Misery, "childless  
mother, rise

Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's  
core,

A wound more fierce than his tears and  
sighs."

And all the Dreams that watch'd Ura-  
nia's eyes,

And all the Echoes whom their sister's  
song

Had held in holy silence, cried "Arise!"  
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory

stung,

From her ambrosial rest the fading Splen-  
dor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that  
springs

Out of the East, and follows wild and  
drear

The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,  
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,

Has left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow  
and fear

So struck, so roused, so rapt, Urania,

So sadden'd round her like an atmo-  
sphere

Of stormy mist; so swept her on her  
way,

Even to the mournful place where Ado-  
nais lay.

Out of her secret paradise she sped,

Through camps and cities rough with  
stone, and steel,

And human hearts, which to her æery  
tread

Yielding not, wounded the invisible

Palms of her tender feet where'er they  
fell :

And barbed tongues, and thoughts more  
sharp than they,

Rent the soft Form they never could repel,  
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears  
of May,

Paved with eternal flowers that unde-  
serving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,  
Shamed by the presence of that living  
Might,

Blush'd to annihilation, and the breath  
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light  
Flash'd through those limbs, so late her  
dear delight.

"Leave me not wild and drear and com-  
fortless,

As silent lightning leaves the starless  
night !

Leave me not !" cried Urania : her distress  
Roused Death : Death rose and smiled,  
and met her vain caress.

"Stay yet a while ! speak to me once again ;

Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live ;  
And in my heartless breast and burning  
brain

That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts  
else survive,

With food of saddest memory kept alive,  
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part

Of thee, my Adonais ! I would give  
All that I am to be as thou now art !

But I am chain'd to Time, and cannot  
thence depart !

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,

Why didst thou leave the trodden paths  
of men

Too soon, and with weak hands though  
mighty heart

Dare the unpastured dragon in his den ?  
Defenceless as thou wert, oh ! where was  
then

Wisdom the mirror'd shield, or scorn the  
spear ?

Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when  
Thy spirit should have fill'd its crescent  
sphere,

The monsters of life's waste had fled from  
thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pur-  
sue ;

The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the  
dead ;

The vultures, to the conqueror's banner  
true,

Who feed where Desolation first has  
fed,

And whose wings rain contagion ;—how  
they fled,

When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,  
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped

And smiled !—The spoilers tempt no sec-  
ond blow,

They fawn on the proud feet that spurn  
them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles  
spawn ;

He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
Is gather'd into death without a dawn,

And the immortal stars awake again ;  
So it is in the world of living men :

A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight  
Making earth bare and veiling heaven,  
and when

It sinks, the swarms that dimm'd or shared  
its light

Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's aw-  
ful night."

Thus ceased she : and the mountain-shep-  
herds came,

Their garlands sere, their magic mantles  
rent ;

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
Over his living head like Heaven is  
bent,

An early but enduring monument,  
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his  
song

In sorrow ; from her wilds Ierne sent  
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,  
And love taught grief to fall like music  
from his tongue.

'Midst others of less note came one frai-  
Form,

A phantom among men ; companionless  
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,

Whose thunder is its knell : he as I  
guess,

Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,

Actæon-like, and now he fled astray  
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wil-  
 derness,  
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged  
 way,  
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father  
 and their prey.

A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—  
 A Love in desolation mask'd;—a power  
 Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce  
 uplift  
 The weight of the superincumbent hour;  
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,  
 A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak  
 Is it not broken? On the withering  
 flower  
 The killing sun smiles brightly: on a  
 cheek  
 The life can burn in blood, even while the  
 heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-  
 blown,  
 And faded violets, white, and pied, and  
 blue;  
 And a light spear topp'd with a cypress  
 cone,  
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses  
 grew,  
 Yet dripping with the forest's noonday  
 dew,  
 Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart  
 Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it; of  
 that crew  
 He came the last, neglected and apart;  
 A herd-abandon'd deer, struck by the  
 hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan  
 Smiled through their tears; well knew  
 that gentle band  
 Who in another's fate now wept his own;  
 As in the accents of an unknown land  
 He sang new sorrow; sad Urania scann'd  
 The Stranger's mien, and murmur'd:  
 "Who art thou?"  
 He answer'd not, but with a sudden hand  
 Made bare his branded and ensanguined  
 brow,  
 Which was like Cain's or Christ's.—Oh!  
 that it should be so!

What softer voice is hush'd over the dead?  
 Athwart what brow is that dark mantle  
 thrown?

What form leans sadly o'er the white  
 deathbed,  
 In mockery of monumental stone,  
 The heavy heart heaving without a  
 moan?

If it be he, who, gentlest of the wise,  
 Taught, soothed, loved, honor'd the de-  
 parted one;

Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,  
 The silence of that heart's accepted sac-  
 rifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!  
 What deaf and viperous murderer could  
 crown

Life's early cup with such a draught of  
 woe?

The nameless worm would now itself  
 disown:

It felt, yet could escape the magic tone  
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and  
 wrong,

But what was howling in one breast  
 alone,

Silent with the expectation of the song,  
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver  
 lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!  
 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from  
 me,

Thou noteless blot on a remember'd  
 name!

But be thyself, and know thyself to be!  
 And ever at thy season be thou free

To spill the venom when thy fangs o'er-  
 flow:

Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to  
 thee;

Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,  
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou  
 shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled  
 Far from these carrion-kites that scream  
 below;

He wakes or sleeps with the enduring  
 dead:

Thou canst not soar where he is sitting  
 now.

Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall  
flow  
Back to the burning fountain whence it  
came,

A portion of the Eternal, which must glow  
Through time and change, unquenchably  
the same,  
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid  
hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not  
sleep—

He hath awaken'd from the dream of  
life—

'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance strike with our  
spirit's knife

Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay

Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief  
Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
And cold hopes swarm like worms with-  
in our living clay.

He has outsoar'd the shadow of our night;  
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again;  
From the contagion of the world's slow  
stain

He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray  
in vain;

Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to  
burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented  
urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not  
he;

Mourn not for Adonais—Thou young  
Dawn,

Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from  
thee

The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;  
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!  
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and  
thou Air,

Which like a morning veil thy scarf  
hadst thrown

O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
Even to the joyous stars which smile on  
its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is  
heard

His voice in all her music, from the  
moan

Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet  
bird;

He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and  
stone,

Spreading itself where'er that Power may  
move

Which has withdrawn his being to its  
own;

Which wields the world with never-  
wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it  
above.

He is a portion of the loveliness

Which once he made more lovely: he  
doth bear

His part, while the one Spirit's plastic  
stress

Sweeps through the dull dense world,  
compelling there

All new successions to the forms they wear  
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks  
its flight

To its own likeness, as each mass may  
bear;

And bursting in its beauty and its might  
From trees and beasts and men into the  
Heavens' light.

The splendors of the firmament of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguish'd  
not:

Like stars to their appointed height they  
climb,

And death is a low mist which cannot  
blot

The brightness it may veil. When lofty  
thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it, for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live  
there,

And move like winds of light on dark  
and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfill'd renown

Rose from their thrones, built beyond  
mortal thought,

Far in the unapparent. Chatterton  
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not  
 Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he  
 fought,  
 And as he fell, and as he lived and  
 loved,  
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,  
 Arose; and Lucan, by his death ap-  
 proved:  
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing  
 reprov'd.

And many more, whose names on earth  
 are dark,

But whose transmitted effluence cannot  
 die

So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.

"Thou art become as one of us," they  
 cry;

"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has  
 long

Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
 Silent alone amid a heaven of song.

Assumed thy wing'd throne, thou Vesper  
 of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? oh come forth,  
 Fond wretch! and know thyself and  
 him aright.

Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous  
 Earth;

As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light  
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious  
 might

Satiate the void circumference; then shrink  
 Even to a point within our day and  
 night;

And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee  
 sink

When hope has kindled hope, and lured  
 thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,  
 Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis  
 naught

That ages, empires, and religions there  
 Lie buried in the ravage they have  
 wrought;

For such as he can lend,—they borrow not  
 Glory from those who made the world their  
 prey;

And he is gather'd to the kings of thought

Who waged contention with their time's  
 decay,  
 And of the past are all that cannot pass  
 away.

Go thou to Rome—at once the paradise,  
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness:  
 And where its wrecks like shatter'd moun-  
 tains rise,

And flowering weeds and fragrant copses  
 dress

The bones of Desolation's nakedness,  
 Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead  
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,  
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead  
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass  
 is spread,

And gray walls moulder round, on which  
 dull Time

Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;  
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sub-  
 lime,

Pavilioning the dust of him who plann'd  
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
 Like flame transform'd to marble: and  
 beneath

A field is spread, on which a newer band  
 Have pitch'd in Heaven's smile their camp  
 of death,

Welcoming him we lose with scarce ex-  
 tinguish'd breath."

Here pause: these graves are all too young  
 as yet

To have outgrown the sorrow which con-  
 sign'd

Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,  
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning  
 mind,

Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou  
 find

Thine own well full, if thou returnest  
 home,

Of tears and gall. From the world's  
 bitter wind

Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.

What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and  
 pass:

Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's  
 shadows fly;

Life, like a dome of many-color'd glass,  
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
 Until death tramples it to fragments.—  
 Die,

If thou wouldst be with that which thou  
 dost seek!

Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure  
 sky,

Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are  
 weak

The glory they transfuse with fitting truth  
 to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink,  
 my Heart?

Thy hopes are gone before: from all  
 things here

They have departed; thou shouldst now  
 depart!

A light is past from the revolving year,  
 And man, and woman; and what still is  
 dear

Attracts to crush, repels to make thee  
 wither.

The soft sky smiles,—the low wind  
 whispers near:

'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,  
 No more let Life divide what Death can  
 join together.

That light whose smile kindles the Uni-  
 verse,

That Beauty in which all things work  
 and move,

That Benediction which the eclipsing  
 Curse

Of birth can quench not, that sustain-  
 ing Love

Which through the web of being blindly  
 wove

By man and beast, and earth, and air, and  
 sea,

Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors  
 of

The fire for which all thirst, now beams  
 on me,

Consuming the last clouds of cold mor-  
 tality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in  
 song

Descends on me; my spirit's bark is  
 driven

Far from the shore, far from the trembling  
 throng

Whose sails were never to the tempest  
 given,

The massy earth and spherèd skies are  
 riven!

I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;

Whilst burning through the inmost veil  
 of Heaven,

The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
 Beacons from the abode where the eternal  
 are.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION  
 NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,

The waves are dancing fast and bright,

Blue isles and snowy mountains wear

The purple noon's transparent light:

The breath of the moist air is light

Around its unexpanded buds;

Like many a voice of one delight,

The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods,

The City's voice itself is soft like Soli-  
 tude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor

With green and purple sea-weeds strown;

I see the waves upon the shore

Like light dissolved in star-showers  
 thrown:

I sit upon the sands alone,

The lightning of the noon-tide ocean

Is flashing round me, and a tone

Arises from its measured motion,

How sweet! did any heart now share in  
 my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,

Nor peace within nor calm around,

Nor that content surpassing wealth

The sage in meditation found,

And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;

Others I see whom these surround—

Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;

To me that cup has been dealt in another  
 measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild

Even as the winds and waters are;

I could lie down like a tired child,  
 And weep away the life of care  
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear,  
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
 And I might feel in the warm air  
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last mo-  
 notony.

Some might lament that I were cold,  
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
 Insults with this untimely moan;  
 They might lament—for I am one  
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,  
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
 Shall on its stainless glory set,  
 Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in  
 memory yet.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

—♦—  
*RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.*

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap  
 Thy weary ones receiving,  
 And o'er them, silent as a dream,  
 Thy grassy mantle weaving,  
 Fold softly in thy long embrace  
 That heart so worn and broken,  
 And cool its pulse of fire beneath  
 Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word  
 And serpent hiss of scorning;  
 Nor let the storms of yesterday  
 Disturb his quiet morning.  
 Breathe over him forgetfulness  
 Of all save deeds of kindness,  
 And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,  
 Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye  
 He heard Potomac's flowing,  
 And, through his tall ancestral trees,  
 Saw autumn's sunset glowing,  
 He sleeps,—still looking to the west,  
 Beneath the dark wood shadow,  
 As if he still would see the sun  
 Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune!—in himself  
 All moods of mind contrasting,—  
 The tenderest wail of human woe,  
 The scorn-like lightning blasting;

The pathos which from rival eyes  
 Unwilling tears could summon,  
 The stinging taunt, the fiery burst  
 Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,  
 From lips of lifelong sadness;  
 Clear picturings of majestic thought  
 Upon a ground of madness;  
 And over all romance and song  
 A classic beauty throwing,  
 And laurel'd Clio at his side  
 Her storied pages showing.

All parties fear'd him: each in turn  
 Beheld its schemes disjointed,  
 As right or left his fatal glance  
 And spectral finger pointed.  
 Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down  
 With trenchant wit unsparing,  
 And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand  
 The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign  
 A love he never cherish'd,  
 Beyond Virginia's border-line  
 His patriotism perish'd.  
 While others hail'd in distant skies  
 Our eagle's dusky pinion,  
 He only saw the mountain bird  
 Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune  
 strange,  
 Rack'd nerve, and brain all burning,  
 His loving faith in motherland  
 Knew never shade of turning;  
 By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave,  
 Whatever sky was o'er him,  
 He heard her rivers' rushing sound,  
 Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal  
 No false and vain pretences,  
 Nor paid a lying priest to seek  
 For scriptural defences.  
 His harshest words of proud rebuke,  
 His bitterest taunt and scorning,  
 Fell fire-like on the Northern brow  
 That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves: yet kept the while  
 His reverence for the human:



In the dark vassals of his will  
 He saw but man and woman!  
 No hunter of God's outraged poor  
 His Roanoke valley enter'd;  
 No trader in the souls of men  
 Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man  
 Lay down for his last sleeping,  
 And at his side, a slave no more,  
 His brother-man stood weeping,  
 His latest thought, his latest breath,  
 To freedom's duty giving,  
 With failing tongue and trembling hand  
 The dying blest the living.

Oh, never bore his ancient State  
 A truer son or braver!  
 None trampling with a calmer scorn  
 On foreign hate or favor.  
 He knew her faults, yet never stoop'd  
 His proud and manly feeling  
 To poor excuses of the wrong  
 Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye  
 The plague-spot o'er her spreading,  
 None heard more sure the steps of Doom  
 Along her future treading.  
 For her as for himself he spake,  
 When, his gaunt frame upbracing,  
 He traced with dying hand "REMORSE!"  
 And perish'd in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,  
 From Vernon's weeping willow,  
 And from the grassy pall which hides  
 The sage of Monticello,  
 So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone  
 Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,  
 Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves  
 A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields  
 Are sadder warnings spoken,  
 From quenched hearths, where thy exiled  
 sons

Their household gods have broken.  
 The curse is on thee,—wolves for men,  
 And briers for corn-sheaves giving!  
 Oh more than all thy dead renown  
 Were now one hero living!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### THE LOST LEADER.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us;  
 Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—  
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft  
 us,

Lost all the others she lets us devote.  
 They, with the gold to give, doled him  
 out silver,  
 So much was their's who so little allow'd.  
 How all our copper had gone for his ser-  
 vice!

Rags—were they purple, his heart had  
 been proud!

We that had loved him so, follow'd him,  
 honor'd him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
 Learn'd his great language, caught his  
 clear accents,

Made him our pattern to live and to  
 die!

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for  
 us,

Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch  
 from their graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the  
 freemen;

He alone sinks to the rear and the  
 slaves!

We shall march prospering—not through  
 his presence;

Songs may inspirit us—not from his  
 lyre;

Deeds will be done—while he boasts his  
 quiescence,

Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade  
 aspire.

Blot out his name, then—record one lost  
 soul more,

One task more declined, one more foot-  
 path untrod,

One more triumph for devils, and sorrow  
 for angels,

One wrong more to man, one more insult  
 to God!

Life's night begins: let him never come  
 back to us!

There would be doubt, hesitation, and  
 pain,

Forced praise on our part—the glimmer  
 of twilight,

Never glad, confident morning again!

Best fight on well, for we taught him—  
 strike gallantly,  
 Aim at our heart ere we pierce through  
 his own;  
 Then let him receive the new knowledge  
 and wait us,  
 Pardon'd in heaven, the first by the  
 throne!

ROBERT BROWNING.

## CHARADE.

CAMP-BELL.

COME from my first, ay, come!  
 The battle-dawn is nigh;  
 And the screaming trump and the thunder-  
 ing drum  
 Are calling thee to die!  
 Fight as thy father fought;  
 Fall as thy father fell;  
 Thy task is taught; thy shroud is  
 wrought;  
 So forward and farewell!

Toll ye my second! toll!  
 Fling high the flambeau's light,  
 And sing the hymn for a parted soul  
 Beneath the silent night!  
 The helm upon his head,  
 The cross upon his breast;  
 Let the prayer be said and the tear be  
 shed;  
 Now take him to his rest!

Call ye my whole,—go, call  
 The lord of lute and lay;  
 And let him greet the sable pall  
 With a noble song to-day.  
 Ay, call him by his name;  
 No fitter hand may crave  
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame  
 On the turf of a soldier's grave!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

## DRYBURGH ABBEY.

And Scott—that Ocean 'mid the stream of men!  
 That Alp, amidst all mental greatness reared!—

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls  
 the summer boughs among,  
 When Beauty walks in gladness forth, with  
 all her light and song;

'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung  
 deep upon the lonely vale,  
 And shadows, like the wings of death,  
 were out upon the gale.

For He whose spirit woke the dust of  
 nations into life—  
 That o'er the waste and barren earth spread  
 flowers and fruitage rife—  
 Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the  
 mighty realms of mind—  
 Had fled for ever from the fame, love,  
 friendship of mankind!

To wear a wreath in glory wrought his  
 spirit swept afar,  
 Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the  
 light of moon or star;  
 To drink immortal waters, free from every  
 taint of earth—  
 To breathe before the shrine of life, the  
 source whence worlds had birth!

There was wailing on the early breeze, and  
 darkness in the sky,  
 When with sable plume, and cloak, and  
 pall, a funeral train swept by;  
 Methought—St. Mary shield us well!—  
 that other forms moved there  
 Than those of mortal brotherhood, the  
 noble, young, and fair!

Was it a dream? how oft, in sleep, we ask,  
 "Can this be true?"  
 Whilst warm Imagination paints her mar-  
 vels to our view;—  
 Earth's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to  
 that which we behold,  
 When dreams enchant our sight with  
 things whose meanest garb is gold!

Was it a dream?—Methought the daunt-  
 less Harold pass'd me by—  
 The proud Fitz-James, with martial step,  
 and dark intrepid eye;  
 That Marmion's haughty crest was there,  
 a mourner for his sake;  
 And she,—the bold, the beautiful!—sweet  
 Lady of the Lake.

The Minstrel whose *last lay* was o'er, whose  
 broken harp lay low,  
 And with him glorious Waverley, with  
 glance and step of woe;

And Stuart's voice rose there, as when,  
'mid fate's disastrous war,  
He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and  
brave Vich Ian Vohr.

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the  
Dominie stalk'd past,  
With Bertram, Julia by his side, whose  
tears were flowing fast;  
Guy Mannering, too, moved there, o'er-  
power'd by that afflicting sight;  
And Merrilies, as when she wept on  
Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and grave, Monkbarns appear'd,  
amidst that burial line;  
And Ochiltree leant o'er his staff, and  
mourn'd for "Auld lang syne!"  
Slow march'd the gallant McIntyre, whilst  
Lovel mused alone;  
For *once*, Miss Wardour's image left that  
bosom's faithful throne.

With coronach, and arms reversed, forth  
came MacGregor's clan—  
Red Dougal's cry peal'd shrill and wild—  
Rob Roy's bold brow look'd wan:  
The fair Diana kiss'd her cross, and bless'd  
its sainted ray;  
And "Wae is me!" the Baillie sigh'd,  
"that I should see this day!"

Next rode, in melancholy guise, with som-  
bre vest and scarf,  
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far-re-  
nown'd Black Dwarf;  
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white  
locks flowing free—  
The pious sculptor of the grave—stood  
Old Mortality!

Balfour of Burley, Claverhouse, the Lord  
of Evandale,  
And stately Lady Margaret, whose woe  
might naught avail!  
Fierce Bothwell on his charger black, as  
from the conflict won;  
And pale Habakkuk Mucklewrath, who  
cried "God's will be done!"

And like a rose, a young white rose, that  
blooms 'mid wildest scenes,  
Pass'd she,—the modest, eloquent, and  
virtuous Jeanie Deans;

And Dumbiedikes, that silent laird, with  
love too *deep to smile*,  
And Effie, with her noble friend, the good  
Duke of Argyre.

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark  
Ravenswood advanced,  
Who on the false Lord Keeper's mien with  
eye indignant glanced:—  
Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, 'neath  
covert close and sure,  
Approach'd the beauty of all hearts—the  
Bride of Lammermoor!

Then Annot Lyle, the fairy queen of light  
and song, stepp'd near,  
The Knight of Ardenvoehr, and *he*, the  
gifted Hieland Seer;  
Dalgetty, Duncan, Lord Menteith, and Ran-  
ald met my view;  
The hapless Children of the Mist, and bold  
Mhicconnel Dhu!

On swept Bois-Guilbert—Front de Bœuf  
—De Bracy's plume of woe;  
And Cœur de Lion's crest shone near the  
valiant Ivanhoe;  
While soft as glides a summer cloud  
Rowena closer drew,  
With beautiful Rebecca, peerless daughter  
of the Jew!

I saw the courtly Euphuist, with Halbert  
of the Dell,  
And, like a ray of moonlight, pass'd the  
White Maid of Avenel;  
Lord Morton, Douglas, Bolton, and the  
Royal Earl march'd there,  
To the slow and solemn funeral chant of  
the monks of Kennaquhair.

And she, on whose imperial brow a god  
had set his seal,  
The glory of whose loveliness grief might  
not all conceal;  
The loved in high and princely halls, in  
lone and lowly cots,  
Stood Mary, the illustrious, yet helpless  
Queen of Scots.

The firm, devoted Catherine, the senti-  
mental Graeme,  
Lochleven, whose worn brow reveal'd an  
early-blighted name,

- The enthusiastic Magdalen, the pilgrim of  
that shrine,  
Whose spirit triumphs o'er the tomb and  
makes its dust divine.
- With Leicester, Lord of Kenilworth, in  
mournful robes, was seen  
The gifted, great Elizabeth, high Eng-  
land's matchless queen.  
Tressilian's wild and manly glance, and  
Varney's darker gaze,  
Sought Amy Robsart's brilliant form, too  
fair for earthly praise.
- Next Norna of the Fitful-head, the wild  
Reim-kennar, came,  
But shiver'd lay her magic wand, and dim  
her eye of flame;  
Young Minna Troil the lofty-soul'd, whom  
Cleveland's love betray'd,  
The generous old Udaller, and Mordaunt's  
sweet island maid.
- Slow follow'd Lord Glenvarloch, first of  
Scotia's gallant names,  
With the fair, romantic Margaret, and the  
erudite King James;  
The woo'd and wrong'd Hermione, whose  
lord all hearts despise,  
Sarcastic Malagrowth, and the faithful  
Moniplies.
- Then stout Sir Geoffrey of the Peak, and  
Peveril swept near;  
Stern Bridgenorth, and the fiery Duke,  
with knight and cavalier;  
The fairest of fantastic elves, Fenella,  
glided on,  
And Alice, from whose beauteous lip the  
light of joy was gone.
- And Quentin's haughty helm flash'd there;  
Le Balafre's stout lance;  
Orleans, Crevecoeur, the brave Dunois, the  
noblest knight of France;  
The wild Hayraddin, follow'd by the silent  
Jean de Troyes,  
The mournful Lady Hameline, and Isa-  
belle de Croyes.
- Pale sorrow mark'd young Tyrrell's mien,  
grief dimm'd sweet Clara's eye,  
And Ronan's laird breathed many a prayer  
for days and friends gone by;
- Oh, mourn not, pious Cargill cried; should  
his death woe impart,  
Whose cenotaph's the universe, whose  
elegy's the heart!
- Forth bore the noble Fairford his fascina-  
ting bride,  
The lovely Lillas, with the brave Red-  
gauntlet by her side;  
Black Campbell, and the bold redoubted  
Maxwell met my view,  
And Wandering Willie's solemn wreath  
of dark funereal yew.
- As foes who meet upon some wild, some  
far and foreign shore,  
Wreck'd by the same tempestuous surge,  
recall past feuds no more,  
Thus prince and peasant, peer and slave,  
thus friend and foe combine,  
To pour the homage of their heart upon  
one common shrine.
- There Lacey, famed Cadwallon, and the  
fierce Gwenwyn march'd on,  
Whilst horn and halbert, pike and bow,  
dart, glaive, and javelin shone;  
Sir Damian and the elegant young Eveline  
pass'd there,  
Stout Wilkin, and the hopeless Rose, with  
wild, dishevell'd hair.
- Around, in solemn grandeur, swept the  
banners of the brave,  
And deep and far the clarions waked the  
wild dirge of the glave;  
On came the Champion of the Cross, and  
near him, like a star,  
The regal Berengaria, beauteous daughter  
of Navarre;
- The high, heroic Saladin, with proud and  
haughty mien,  
The rich and gorgeous Saracen, and the  
fiery Nazarene;  
There Edith and her Nubian slave breathed  
many a thought divine,  
Whilst rank on rank—a glorious train—  
rode the Knights of Palestine.
- Straight follow'd Zerubbabel and Joliffe  
of the Tower,  
Young Wildrake, Markham, Hazeldine,  
and the forest nymph Mayflower;

The democratic Cromwell, stern, resolute,  
and free,  
The knight of Woodstock and the light  
and lovely Alice Lee.

And there the crafty Proudfeet for once  
true sorrow felt;  
Craigdallie, Chartres, and the recreant  
Conachar the Celt,  
And he whose chivalry had graced a more  
exalted birth,  
The noble-minded Henry, and the famed  
Fair Maid of Perth.

The intrepid Anne of Geierstein, the false  
Lorraine stepp'd near;  
Proud Margaret of Anjou, and the faith-  
ful, brave De Vere;  
There Arnold, and the King René, and  
Charles the Bold had met  
The dauntless Donnerhugel and the grace-  
ful young Lizette.

Forth rode the glorious Godfrey, by the  
gallant Hugh the Great,  
While wept the brave and beautiful their  
noble minstrel's fate;  
Then Hereward the Varangian, with  
Bertha at his side,  
The valorous Count of Paris and his Ama-  
zonian bride.

At last, amidst that princely train, waved  
high De Walton's plume,  
Near fair Augusta's laurel-wreath, which  
Time shall ne'er consume,  
And Anthony, with quiver void, his last  
fleet arrow sped,  
Leant, mourning o'er his broken bow, and  
mused upon the dead.

Still onward like the gathering night ad-  
vanced that funeral train—  
Like billows when the tempest sweeps  
across the shadowy main;  
Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in  
noble ranks were seen  
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest,  
and woman's beautiful mien!

A sound thrill'd through that length'ning  
host! methought the vault was  
closed,  
Where, in his glory and renown, fair  
Scotia's bard reposed!

A sound thrill'd through that length'ning  
host! and forth my vision fled!  
But, ah! that mournful dream proved true,  
—the immortal Scott was dead!

The vision and the voice are o'er! their  
influence waned away,  
Like music o'er a summer lake at the gold-  
en close of day:  
The vision and the voice are o'er!—but  
when will be forgot  
The buried Genius of Romance—the im-  
perishable Scott?

CHARLES SWAIN.

—◆—  
*ICHABOD.*

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore!  
The glory from his gray hairs gone  
For evermore!

Reville him not—the tempter hath  
A snare for all;  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age,  
Falls back in night.

Scorn! Would the angels laugh, to mark  
A bright soul driven,  
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
From hope and Heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,  
Insult him now;  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
Dishonor'd brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake,  
A long lament, as for the dead,  
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honor'd, naught  
Save power remains—  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes  
The soul has fled :  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame ;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

—♦—  
*NAPOLÉON.*

THE mighty sun had just gone down  
Into the chambers of the deep,  
The ocean birds had upward flown,  
Each in his cave to sleep,  
And silent was the island shore,  
And breathless all the broad red sea,  
And motionless beside the door  
Our solitary tree.  
Our only tree, our ancient palm,  
Whose shadow sleeps our door beside,  
Partook the universal calm  
When Buonaparte died.  
An ancient man, a stately man,  
Came forth beneath the spreading tree ;  
His silent thoughts I could not scan,  
His tears I needs must see.  
A trembling hand had partly cover'd  
The old man's weeping countenance,  
Yet something o'er his sorrow hover'd,  
That spake of war and France ;  
Something that spake of other days,  
When trumpets pierced the kindling air,  
And the keen eye could firmly gaze  
Through battle's crimson glare.  
Said I, "Perchance this faded hand,  
When life beat high and hope was  
young,

By Lodi's wave, or Syria's sand,  
The bolt of death had flung.  
Young Buonaparte's battle-cry  
Perchance hath kindled this old cheek ;  
It is no shame that he should sigh—  
His heart is like to break !  
He hath been with him young and old,  
He climb'd with him the Alpine snow,  
He heard the cannon when they roll'd  
Along the river Po.  
His soul was as a sword, to leap  
At his accustom'd leader's word ;

I love to see the old man weep—  
He knew no other lord.  
As if it were but yesternight,  
This man remembers dark Eylau :  
His dreams are of the eagle's flight  
Victorious long ago.  
The memories of worser time  
Are all as shadows unto him ;  
Fresh stands the picture of his prime—  
The later trace is dim."  
I enter'd, and I saw him lie  
Within the chamber all alone ;  
I drew near very solemnly  
To dead Napoleon.  
He was not shrouded in a shroud,  
He lay not like the vulgar dead,  
Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud,  
From his pale brow was fled.  
He had put harness on to die ;  
The eagle star shone on his breast,  
His sword lay bare his pillow nigh,  
The sword he liked the best.  
But calm, most calm, was all his face,  
A solemn smile was on his lips,  
His eyes were closed in pensive grace,—  
A most serene eclipse !  
Ye would have said some sainted sprite  
Had left its passionless abode,—  
Some man, whose prayer at morn and  
night  
Had duly risen to God.  
What thoughts had calm'd his dying  
breast  
(For calm he died) cannot be known ;  
Nor would I wound a warrior's rest,—  
Farewell, Napoleon !

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

—♦—  
*NAPOLÉON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.*

I.

WHEN the midnight hour is come,  
The drummer forsakes his tomb,  
And marches, beating his phantom-drum  
To and fro through the ghastly gloom.

He plies the drumsticks twain  
With fleshless fingers pale,  
And beats, and beats again and again,  
A long and dreary Reveille.

Like the voice of abysmal waves  
Resounds its unearthly tone,

Till the dead old soldiers, long in their  
graves,  
Awaken through every zone.

And the slain in the land of the Hun,  
And the frozen in the icy North,  
And those who under the burning sun  
Of Italy sleep, come forth.

And they whose bones longwhile  
Lie bleaching in Syrian sands,  
And the slumberers under the reeds of the  
Nile,  
Arise, with arms in their hands.

## II.

And at midnight, in his shroud,  
The trumpeter leaves his tomb,  
And blows a blast long, deep, and loud,  
As he rides through the ghastly gloom.

And the yellow moonlight shines  
On the old Imperial Dragoons;  
And the Cuirassiers they form in lines,  
And the Carabineers in platoons.

At a signal the ranks unsheathe  
Their weapons in rear and van;  
But they scarcely appear to speak or  
breathe,  
And their features are sad and wan.

## III.

And when midnight robes the sky,  
The Emperor leaves his tomb,  
And rides along, surrounded by  
His shadowy staff, through the gloom.

A silver star so bright,  
Is glittering on his breast;  
In an uniform of blue and white  
And a gay camp-frock he is dressed.

The moonbeams shine afar  
On the various marshalled groups,  
As the Man with the glittering silver star  
Proceeds to review his troops.

And the dead battalions all  
Go again through their exercise,  
Till the moon withdraws, and a gloomier  
pall  
Of blackness wraps the skies.

Then around their chief once more  
The Generals and Marshals throng;

And he whispers a word oft heard before  
In the ear of the aide-de-camp.

In files the troops advance,  
And then are no longer seen.  
The challenging watchword given is  
"France!"  
The answer is "St. Helene!"

And this is the Grand Review,  
Which at midnight on the wolds,  
If popular tales may pass for true,  
The buried Emperor holds.

JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON ZEDLITZ.

(Translated by CLARENCE MANGAN.)

ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES  
I. AT CHARING CROSS IN THE  
YEAR 1674.

THAT the First Charles does here in tri-  
umph ride;  
See his Son reign, where he a Martyr died;  
And people pay that reverence, as they pass,  
(When then he wanted!) to the sacred  
brass;

Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,  
To which we owe the statue, and the stone.  
But, heaven this lasting monument has  
wrought,

That mortals may eternally be taught,  
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;  
And Kings so killed rise conquerors again.  
This truth the royal image does proclaim,  
Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

EDMUND WALLER.

ON THE DEFEAT OF HENRY CLAY.

FALLEN? How fallen? States and empires  
fall;

O'er towers and rock-built walls,  
And perished nations, floods to tempests call  
With hollow sound along the sea of time:  
The great man never falls.

Helives, hetowers aloft, hestands sublime—  
They fall who give him not

The honor here that suits his future name—  
They die and are forgot.

O Giant, loud and blind! the great man's  
fame

Is his own shadow, and not cast by thee—  
A shadow that shall grow

As down the heaven of time the sun de-  
scends,  
And on the world shall throw  
His god-like image, till it sinks where  
blends

Time's dim horizon with Eternity.

WILLIAM. WILBERFORCE LORD.



*ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE  
OF WELLINGTON.*

I.

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty  
nation,

Mourning when their leaders fall,  
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we  
deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central roar.  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long, long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it  
grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow;  
The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
Remembering all his greatness in the  
past.

No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.  
O friends, our chief state-oracle is dead:  
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,  
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,  
Whole in himself, a common good.  
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
Our greatest yet with least pretence,

Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.  
O good gray head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men  
drew,

O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
Oh fall'n at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds  
that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore.  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
The great World-victor's victor will be  
seen no more.

V.

All is over and done:  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
England, for thy son.  
Let the bell be toll'd.  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
And render him to the mould.  
Under the cross of gold  
That shines over city and river,  
There he shall rest for ever  
Among the wise and the bold.  
Let the bell be toll'd:  
And a reverent people behold  
The towering car, the sable steeds:  
Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,  
Dark in its funeral fold.  
Let the bell be toll'd:  
And a deeper knell in the heart be  
knoll'd;  
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem  
roll'd  
Through the dome of the golden cross;  
And the volleying cannon thunder his  
loss;  
He knew their voices of old.  
For many a time in many a clime  
His captain's ear has heard them boom  
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:  
When he with those deep voices wrought,  
Guarding realms and kings from shame;  
With those deep voices our dead captain  
taught  
The tyrant, and asserts his claim  
In that dread sound to the great name,  
Which he has worn so pure of blame,



In praise and in dispraise the same,  
A man of well-attemper'd frame.  
O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,  
To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

## VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd  
guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldier  
and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on  
my rest?  
Mighty seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous  
man,  
The greatest sailor since our world be-  
gan.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes;  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea:  
His foes were thine; he kept us free;  
Oh give him welcome, this is he,  
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee;  
For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gain'd a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun;  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;  
And underneath another sun,  
Warring on a later day,  
Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
The treble works, the vast designs  
Of his labor'd rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,  
Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater grew,  
Beating from the wasted vines  
Back to France her banded swarms,  
Back to France with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
Past the Pyrenean pines;  
Follow'd up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,

And England pouring on her foes.  
Such a war had such a close.  
Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing  
wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings;  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler  
down;  
A day of onsets of despair!  
Dash'd on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foam'd themselves  
away;  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;  
Through the long tormented air  
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and charged and over-  
threw.

So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long-enduring hearts could do  
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!  
Mighty seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O savior of the silver-coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here befall  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there at all,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by  
thine!

And through the centuries let a people's  
voice

In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim  
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,  
Eternal honor to his name.

## VII.

A people's voice! we are a people yet.  
Though all men else their nobler dreams  
forget,  
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless  
powers;  
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly  
set  
His Briton in blown seas and storming  
showers,  
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt

Of boundless love and reverence and regret  
To those great men who fought, and kept  
it ours.

And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;

O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul

Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,  
And save the one true seed of freedom sown

Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
That sober freedom out of which there springs

Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;  
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind  
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,

Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

But wink no more in slothful overtrust.

Remember him who led your hosts;

He bade you guard the sacred coasts.

Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;

His voice is silent in your council-hall

For ever; and whatever tempests lower

For ever silent; even if they broke

In thunder, silent; yet remember all

He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,

Nor palter'd with eternal God for power;

Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow

Through either babbling world of high and low;

Whose life was work, whose language rife

With rugged maxims hewn from life;

Who never spoke against a foe;

Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke

All great self-seekers trampling on the right:

Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;

Truth-lover was our English Duke;

Whatever record leap to light

He never shall be shamed.

## VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars

Now to glorious burial slowly borne,

Follow'd by the brave of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open hands  
Lavish Honor shower'd all her stars,  
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.

Yea, let all good things await  
Him who cares not to be great,  
But as he saves or serves the state.  
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,

The path of duty was the way to glory:  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story.  
The path of duty was the way to glory:  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands  
Through the long gorge to the far light  
has won

His path upward, and prevail'd,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled

Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Such was he: his work is done.

But while the races of mankind endure,

Let his great example stand

Colossal, seen of every land,

And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;

Till in all lands and through all human story

The path of duty be the way to glory:

And let the land whose hearths he saved  
from shame

For many and many an age proclaim

At civic revel and pomp and game,

And when the long-illumined cities flame.

Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,

With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,

Eternal honor to his name.

## IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung

By some yet unmoulded tongue

Far on in summers that we shall not see:

Peace, it is a day of pain

For one about whose patriarchal knee  
Late the little children clung:  
O peace, it is a day of pain  
For one upon whose hand and heart and  
brain

Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.  
Ours the pain, be his the gain!  
More than is of man's degree  
Must be with us, watching here  
At this, our great solemnity.  
Whom we see not we revere.  
We revere, and we refrain  
From talk of battles loud and vain,  
And brawling memories all too free  
For such a wise humility  
As befits a solemn fane:  
We revere, and while we hear  
The tides of Music's golden sea  
Setting toward eternity,  
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,  
Until we doubt not that for one so true  
There must be other nobler work to do  
Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
And Victor he must ever be.  
For though the Giant Ages heave the hill  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make and break, and work their will;  
Though world on world in myriad myriads  
roll

Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul?  
On God and godlike men we build our trust.  
Hush, the Dead March wails in the peo-  
ple's ears:

The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs  
and tears:

The black earth yawns: the mortal disap-  
pears;

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
He is gone who seem'd so great.—  
Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in state,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
Speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him.  
God accept him, Christ receive him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### TO THE SISTER OF ELIA.

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner, yet a while!  
Again shall Elia's smile  
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache  
no more.

What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs  
and years,

Far worthier things than tears.

The love of friends without a single foe:  
Unequal'd lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;  
For these dost thou repine?

He may have left the lowly walks of men;  
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps follow'd by the eyes  
Of all the good and wise?

Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek  
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that  
glows

O'er death's perennial snows.

Behold him! from the region of the blest  
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

### SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young  
hero sleeps,

And lovers are round her sighing;

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and  
weeps,

For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native  
plains,

Every note which he loved awaking;—  
Ah! little they think, who delight in her  
strains,

How the heart of the Minstrel is break-  
ing.

He had lived for his love, for his country  
he died,

They were all that to life had entwined  
him;

Nor soon shall the tears of his country be  
dried,

Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh make her a grave where the sunbeams  
rest

When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile  
from the West,

From her own loved island of sorrow.

THOMAS MOORE.

— — —  
*KANE.*

DIED FEBRUARY 16, 1857.

ALOFT upon an old basaltic crag,  
Which, scalp'd by keen winds that de-  
fend the Pole,

Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll  
Around the secret of the mystic zone,  
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag  
Flutters alone,

And underneath, upon the lifeless front  
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is  
traced;

Fit type of him who, famishing and  
gaunt,

But with a rocky purpose in his soul,  
Breasted the gathering snows,  
Clung to the drifting floes,

By want beleaguer'd, and by winter  
chased,  
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen  
waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,  
Crown'd with the icy honors of the  
North,

Across the land his hard-won fame went  
forth,

And Maine's deep woods were shaken  
limb by limb;

His own mild Keystone State, sedate and  
prim,

Burst from decorous quiet as he came;

Hot Southern lips with eloquence aflame  
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and  
grim,

Proffer'd its horny hand. The large-  
lung'd West,

From out its giant breast,

Yell'd its frank welcome. And from  
main to main,

Jubilant to the sky,

Thunder'd the mighty cry,

HONOR TO KANE!

In vain, in vain beneath his feet we flung  
The reddening roses! All in vain we  
pour'd

The golden wine, and round the shining  
board

Sent the toast circling, till the rafters  
rung

With the thrice-tripled honors of the  
feast!

Scarce the buds wilted and the voices  
ceased

Ere the pure light that sparkled in his  
eyes,

Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,  
Faded and faded! And the brave young  
heart

That the relentless Arctic winds had  
robb'd

Of all its vital heat, in that long quest  
For the lost captain, now within his  
breast

More and more faintly throbb'd.

His was the victory; but as his grasp  
Closed on the laurel crown with eager  
clasp,

Death launch'd a whistling dart;  
And ere the thunders of 'applause were  
done

His bright eyes closed for ever on the sun!  
Too late, too late the splendid prize he won  
In the Olympic race of Science and of  
Art!

Like to some shatter'd berg that, pale and  
lone,

Drifts from the white North to a tropic  
zone,

And in the burning day

Wastes peak by peak away,

Till on some rosy even

It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he  
Tranquilly floated to a Southern sea,

And melted into heaven.

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life:

We will not weep for him who died so  
well,

But we will gather round the hearth,  
and tell

The story of his strife;

Such homage suits him well,

Better than funeral pomp or passing  
bell.

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!  
 Prison'd amid the fastnesses of ice,  
 With hunger howling o'er the wastes of  
 snow!

Night lengthening into months, the rav-  
 enous floe  
 Crunching the massive ships, as the white  
 bear

Crunches his prey. The insufficient share  
 Of loathsome food,

The lethargy of famine, the despair  
 Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued,  
 Toil done with skinny arms, and faces  
 hued

Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind  
 Glimmer'd the fading embers of a mind!  
 That awful hour, when through the pro-  
 strate band

Delirium stalk'd, laying his burning hand  
 Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew.  
 The whispers of rebellion, faint and few  
 At first, but deepening ever till they  
 grew

Into black thoughts of murder; such the  
 throng

Of horrors bound the hero. High the song  
 Should be that hymns the noble part he  
 play'd!

Sinking himself, yet ministering aid  
 To all around him. By a mighty will  
 Living defiant of the wants that kill,  
 Because his death would seal his com-  
 rades' fate;

Cheering with ceaseless and inventive  
 skill

Those Polar waters, dark and desolate.  
 Equal to every trial, every fate,  
 He stands, until Spring, tardy with re-  
 lief,

Unlocks the icy gate,  
 And the pale prisoners thread the world  
 once more,  
 To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral  
 shore

Bearing their dying chief.

Time was when he should gain his spurs  
 of gold

From royal hands, who woo'd the  
 knightly state;

The knell of old formalities is toll'd,  
 And the world's knights are now self-  
 consecrate.

No grander episode doth chivalry hold  
 In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,  
 Than that lone vigil of unceasing  
 pain,

Faithfully kept through hunger and  
 through cold,

By the good Christian knight, ELISHA  
 KANE!

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

### FIDELE.

DIED AUGUST 15, 1880.

"With fairest flowers,  
 While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave."

AND oh, to think the sun can shine,  
 The birds can sing, the flowers can bloom,  
 And she, whose soul was all divine,  
 Be darkly mouldering in the tomb;

That o'er her head the night-wind sighs,  
 And the sad cypress droops and moans;  
 That night has veiled her glorious eyes,  
 And silence hushed her heavenly tones;

That those sweet lips no more can smile,  
 Nor pity's tender shadows chase,  
 With many a gentle, child-like wile,  
 The rippling laughter o'er her face;

That dust is on the burnished gold  
 That floated round her royal head;  
 That her great heart is dead and cold—  
 Her form of fire and beauty dead!

Roll on, gray earth and shining star,  
 And coldly mock our dreams of bliss;  
 There is no glory left to mar,  
 Nor any grief so black as this!

WILLIAM WINTER.

### EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS.

THE Lady Mary Villiers lies  
 Under this stone: With weeping eyes  
 The parents that first gave her breath,  
 And their sad friends, laid her in earth.  
 If any of them, reader, were  
 Known unto thee, shed a tear:  
 Or if thyself possess a gem,  
 As dear to thee as this to them;

Though a stranger to this place,  
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case;  
For thou perhaps at thy return  
Mayst find thy darling in an urn.

THOMAS CAREW.

—♦—  
*BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.*

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake on  
his dying day :

"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest  
in Slavery's pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom I  
have striven to free,  
With her children, from the gallows-stair  
put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him  
out to die;

And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little  
child press'd nigh.

Then the bold blue eye grew tender, and  
the old harsh face grew mild,

As he stoop'd between the jeering ranks  
and kiss'd the negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that mo-  
ment fell apart;

And they who blamed the bloody hand for-  
gave the loving heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means re-  
deem'd the good intent,

And round the grisly fighter's hair the  
martyr's aureole bent!"

Perish with him the folly that seeks  
through evil good!

Long live the generous purpose unstain'd  
with human blood!

Not the raid of midnight terror, but the  
thought which underlies;

Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the  
Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the  
Northern rifle hear,

Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on  
the negro's spear.

But let the free-wing'd angel Truth their  
guarded passes scale,

To teach that right is more than might,  
and justice more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in  
array:

In vain her trampling squadrons knead the  
winter snow with clay.

She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she  
dares not harm the dove;

And every gate she bars to Hate shall open  
wide to Love!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

—♦—  
*DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.*

IN MEMORY OF GEN. PHILIP KEARNEY,  
KILLED SEPT. 1, 1862.

CLOSE his eyes, his work is done!

What to him is friend or foe-man,

Rise of moon, or set of sun,

Hand of man, or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know:

Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,

Proved his truth by his endeavor;

Let him sleep in solemn night,

Sleep for ever and for ever.

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know:

Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,

Roll the drum and fire the volley!

What to him are all our wars,

What but death bemoeking folly?

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know:

Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,

Trust him to the Hand that made him.

Mortal love sweeps idly by:

God alone has power to aid him.

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know:

Lay him low!

GEORGE H. BOKER.

## DEDICATION.

TO IDYLLS OF THE KING.

THESE to His memory—since he held them dear,

Perchance as finding there unconsciously  
Some image of himself—I dedicate,  
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—  
These Idylls.

And indeed He seems to me  
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,  
“Who revered his conscience as his  
king;

Whose glory was redressing human wrong;  
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to  
it;

Who loved one only, and who clave to  
her—”

Her—over all whose realms to their last  
isle,

Commingled with the gloom of imminent  
war,

The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse,  
Darkening the world. We have lost him:  
he is gone:

We know him now: all narrow jealousies  
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,  
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd,  
wise,

With what sublime repression of himself,  
And in what limits, and how tenderly;  
Not swaying to this faction or to that;  
Not making his high place the lawless  
perch

Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-  
ground

For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of  
years

Wearing the white flower of a blameless  
life,

Before a thousand peering littlenesses,  
In that fierce light which beats upon a  
throne,

And blackens every blot: for where is he,  
Who dares foreshadow for an only son  
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than  
his?

Or how should England, dreaming of *his*  
sons,

Hope more for these than some inherit-  
ance

Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,

Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,  
Laborious for her people and her poor—  
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—  
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste  
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—  
Sweet Nature gilded by the gracious gleam  
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,  
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince in-  
deed,

Beyond all titles, and a household name,  
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good?

Break not, O woman's heart, but still  
endure;

Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,  
Remembering all the beauty of that star  
Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye  
made

One light together, but has pass'd, and leaves  
The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,  
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow  
Thee,

The love of all Thy sons encompass Thee,  
The love of all Thy daughters cherish  
Thee,

The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,  
Till God's love set Thee at his side again.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

You lay a wreath on murder'd Lincoln's  
bier,

You, who with mocking pencil went to  
trace,

Broad for the self-complaisant British  
sneer,

His length of shambling limb, his fur-  
row'd face,

His gaunt, gnarl'd hands, his unkempt,  
bristling hair,

His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
His lack of all we prize as debonair,  
Of power or will to shine, of art to  
please;

You, whose smart pen back'd up the pen-  
cil's laugh,

Judging each step as though the way  
were plain;

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,  
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet

The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear  
anew,

Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you* ?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my  
sneer,

To lame my pencil and confute my pen;  
To make me own this hind of princes peer,  
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of  
men.

My shallow judgment I had learn'd to rue,  
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;  
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem  
more true;

How, iron-like, his temper grew by  
blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;  
How in good fortune and in ill the same;  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, such work as few  
Ever had laid on head and heart and  
hand,

As one who knows, where there's a task to  
do,

Man's honest will must Heaven's good  
grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the  
burden grow,

That God makes instruments to work  
his will,

If but that will we can arrive to know,  
Nor tamper with the weights of good  
and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side  
That he felt clear was Liberty's and  
Right's,

As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied  
His warfare with rude Nature's thwart-  
ing might—

The unclear'd forest, the unbroken soil,  
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's  
axe,

The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's  
toil,

The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's  
tracks,

The ambush'd Indian, and the prowling  
bear,—

Such were the deeds that help'd his  
youth to train:

Rough culture, but such trees large fruit  
may bear,

If but their stocks be of right girth and  
grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,  
And lived to do it; four long-suffering  
years'

Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,  
And then he heard the hisses change to  
cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise.  
And took both with the same unwaver-  
ing mood,—

Till, as he came on light, from darkling  
days,

And seem'd to touch the goal from  
where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,  
Reach'd from behind his back, a trigger  
prest,

And those perplex'd and patient eyes  
were dim,

Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were  
laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on his  
pen,

When this vile murderer brought swift  
eclipse

To thoughts of peace on earth, good will  
to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to  
sea,

Utter one voice of sympathy and  
shame.

Sore heart, so stopp'd when it at last  
beat high!

Sad life, cut short just as its triumph  
came!



A deed accursed! Strokes have been  
 struck before  
 By the assassin's hand, whereof men  
 doubt  
 If more of horror or disgrace they bore;  
 But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands  
 darkly out,  
 Vile hand, that brandest murder on a  
 strife,  
 Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly  
 striven,  
 And with the martyr's crown crownest a  
 life  
 With much to praise, little to be for-  
 given.

TOM TAYLOR.

### DICKENS IN CAMP.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly  
 drifting,  
 The river sang below;  
 The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting  
 Their minarets of snow.  
 The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor,  
 painted  
 The ruddy tints of health  
 On haggard face and form that droop'd  
 and fainted  
 In the fierce race for wealth;  
 Till one arose, and from his pack's scant  
 treasure  
 A hoarded volume drew,  
 And cards were dropp'd from hands of  
 listless leisure  
 To hear the tale anew;  
 And then, while round them shadows  
 gather'd faster,  
 And as the firelight fell,  
 He read aloud the book wherein the  
 Master  
 Had writ of "Little Nell."  
 Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the  
 reader  
 Was youngest of them all,—  
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and  
 cedar  
 A silence seem'd to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the  
 shadows,  
 Listen'd in every spray,  
 While the whole camp, with "Nell" on  
 English meadows,  
 Wander'd and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken  
 As by some spell divine—  
 Their cares dropp'd from them like the  
 needles shaken  
 From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:  
 And he who wrought that spell?—  
 Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish  
 spire,  
 Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant  
 story  
 Blend with the breath that thrills  
 With hop-vines' incense all the pensive  
 glory  
 That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and  
 holly  
 And laurel leaves entwine,  
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—  
 This spray of Western pine!

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

### HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
 Their place ye may not well supply,  
 Though ye among a thousand try,  
 With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
 Yet cannot I by force be led  
 To think upon the wormy bed  
 And her, together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
 A rising step did indicate  
 Of pride and joy no common rate,  
 That flush'd her spirit;

I know not by what name beside  
 I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,  
 It was a joy to that allied,  
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool;  
But she was train'd in Nature's school—  
Nature had bless'd her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore!  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day—  
A bliss that would not go away—  
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

—♦—  
*ANNE HATHAWAY.*

WOULD ye be taught, ye feathered throng,  
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,  
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,  
Listen to mine Anne Hathaway!  
She hath a way to sing so clear,  
Phœbus might wandering stop to hear.  
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,  
And nature charm, Anne hath a way;  
She hath a way,  
Anne Hathaway;  
To breathe delight Anne hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth  
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,  
And merit to distress betray,  
To soothe the heart Anne hath a way.  
She hath a way to chase despair,  
To heal all grief, to cure all care,  
Turn foulest night to fairest day;  
Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way;  
She hath a way,  
Anne Hathaway;  
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,  
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,  
The emerald mild, the ruby gay;  
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway!

She hath a way, with her bright eye,  
Their various lustres to defy,—  
The jewels she, and the foil they,  
So sweet to look Anne hath a way;  
She hath a way,  
Anne Hathaway;  
To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given  
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;  
For though a mortal made of clay,  
Angels must love Anne Hathaway;  
She hath a way so to control,  
To rapture, the imprisoned soul,  
And sweetest heaven on earth display,  
That to be heaven Anne hath a way;  
She hath a way,  
Anne Hathaway;  
To be heaven's self, Anne hath a way.  
AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

—♦—  
*SONNET: VITA NUOVA.*

(DEDICATION TO QUEEN VICTORIA OF HIS  
TRANSLATION OF DANTE'S *COMMEDIA*  
AND *CANZONIERE*.)

To bear the burden of an Empire's care,  
The ruler of a people proud and free,  
This was the New Life, Lady, given to thee,  
When yet the dawn of youth was gleaming fair.  
Then came a Newer Life, more rich and rare,  
Soul knit with soul, abiding unity,  
The open page where all the world might see  
The pattern of a bliss beyond compare.  
Then through the vale of shadows thou wast led,  
Bearing thy Cross, though wearer of a Crown:  
Men might have deemed that hope and joy had fled,  
That thou must walk alway with eyes cast down.  
Lo! yet a NEW LIFE waits thee ere the night:  
Calm and serene, at eventide 'tis light.  
EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE.

*A HEALTH.*

I FILL this cup to one made up  
 Of loveliness alone,  
 A woman, of her gentle sex  
 The seeming paragon;  
 To whom the better elements  
 And kindly stars have given  
 A form so fair, that, like the air,  
 'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,  
 Like those of morning birds,  
 And something more than melody  
 Dwells ever in her words;  
 The coinage of her heart are they,  
 And from her lips each flows,  
 As one may see the burden'd bee  
 Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
 The measures of her hours,  
 Her feelings have the fragrancy,  
 The freshness of young flowers;  
 And lovely passions, changing oft,  
 So fill her, she appears  
 The image of themselves by turns,—  
 The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace  
 A picture on the brain,

And of her voice in echoing hearts  
 A sound must long remain;  
 But memory, such as mine of her,  
 So very much endears,  
 When death is nigh my latest sigh  
 Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up  
 Of loveliness alone,  
 A woman, of her gentle sex  
 The seeming paragon;—  
 Her health! and would on earth therestood  
 Some more of such a frame,  
 That life might all be poetry,  
 And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

---

*JACQUEMINOT.*

WHO is there now knows aught of his  
 story?

What is left of him but a name?—  
 Of him who shared in Napoleon's glory,  
 And dreamed that his sword had won  
 him his fame!

Ah! the fate of a man is past discerning!  
 Little did Jacqueminot suppose,  
 At Austerlitz or at Moscow's burning,  
 That his fame would rest in the heart  
 of a rose!

BESSIE CHANDLER.



Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That my kiss was given to her sister  
Folded close under deepening snow.

*J. K. Lowell*



# HISTORICAL POEMS.

---

## *THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.*

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;

And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

---

## *HORATIUS.*

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,  
By the nine gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the nine gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting-day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
Shame on the false Etruscan  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in amain  
From many a stately market-place,  
From many a fruitful plain,  
From many a lonely hamlet,  
Which, hid by beech and pine,  
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest  
Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Vollaterræ,  
 Where scowls the far-famed hold  
 Piled by the hands of giants  
 For godlike kings of old;  
 From sea-girt Populonia,  
 Whose sentinels descry  
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops  
 Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,  
 Queen of the western waves,  
 Where ride Massilia's triremes,  
 Heavy with fair-hair'd slaves;  
 From where sweet Clanis wanders  
 Through corn and vines and flowers;  
 From where Cortona lifts to heaven  
 Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns  
 Drop in dark Auser's rill;  
 Fat are the stags that champ the boughs  
 Of the Ciminian hill;  
 Beyond all streams, Clitumnus  
 Is to the herdsman dear;  
 Best of all pools the fowler loves  
 The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman  
 Is heard by Auser's rill;  
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path  
 Up the Ciminian hill;  
 Unwatch'd along Clitumnus  
 Grazes the milk-white steer;  
 Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip  
 In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,  
 This year, old men shall reap;  
 This year, young boys in Umbro  
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;  
 And in the vats of Luna,  
 This year, the must shall foam  
 Round the white feet of laughing girls  
 Whose sires have march'd to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
 The wisest of the land,  
 Who always by Lars Porsena  
 Both morn and evening stand.  
 Evening and morn the thirty  
 Have turn'd the verses o'er,  
 Traced from the right on linen white  
 By mighty seers of yore;

And with one voice the thirty  
 Have their glad answer given:  
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena—  
 Go forth, beloved of heaven!  
 Go, and return in glory  
 To Clusium's royal dome,  
 And hang round Nurscia's altars  
 The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath every city  
 Sent up her tale of men;  
 The foot are fourscore thousand,  
 The horse are thousands ten.  
 Before the gates of Sutrium  
 Is met the great array;  
 A proud man was Lars Porsena  
 Upon the trysting-day.

For all the Etruscan armies  
 Were ranged beneath his eye,  
 And many a banish'd Roman,  
 And many a stout ally;  
 And with a mighty following,  
 To join the muster, came  
 The Tusculan Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber  
 Was tumult and affright;  
 From all the spacious champaign  
 To Rome men took their flight.  
 A mile around the city  
 The throng stopp'd up the ways;  
 A fearful sight it was to see  
 Through two long nights and days.

For aged folk on crutches,  
 And women great with child,  
 And mothers sobbing over babes  
 That hung to them and smiled,  
 And sick men borne in litters  
 High on the necks of slaves,  
 And troops of sunburn'd husbandmen  
 With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses  
 Laden with skins of wine,  
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,  
 And endless herds of kine,  
 And endless trains of wagons,  
 That creak'd beneath the weight  
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,  
 Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
 Could the wan burghers spy  
 The line of blazing villages  
 Red in the midnight sky.  
 The fathers of the city,  
 They sat all night and day,  
 For every hour some horseman came  
 With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward  
 Have spread the Tuscan bands,  
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote  
 In Crustumium stands.  
 Verbenna down to Ostia  
 Hath wasted all the plain ;  
 Astur hath storm'd Janiculum,  
 And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,  
 There was no heart so bold  
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
 When that ill news was told.  
 Forthwith up rose the consul,  
 Up rose the fathers all ;  
 In haste they girded up their gowns,  
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing,  
 Before the river-gate ;  
 Short time was there, ye may well guess,  
 For musing or debate.  
 Out spake the consul roundly :  
 " The bridge must straight go down ;  
 For, since Janiculum is lost,  
 Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,  
 All wild with haste and fear :  
 " To arms ! to arms ! sir consul—  
 Lars Porsena is here."  
 On the low hills to westward  
 The consul fix'd his eye,  
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer  
 Doth the red whirlwind come ;  
 And louder still, and still more loud,  
 From underneath that rolling cloud,  
 Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,  
 The trampling and the hum.  
 And plainly and more plainly  
 Now through the gloom appears,

Far to left and far to right,  
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
 The long array of helmets bright,  
 The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,  
 Above that glimmering line,  
 Now might ye see the banners  
 Of twelve fair cities shine ;  
 But the banner of proud Clusium  
 Was highest of them all—  
 The terror of the Umbrian,  
 The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly  
 Now might the burghers know,  
 By port and vest, by horse and crest,  
 Each warlike Lucumo :  
 There Cilnius of Arretium  
 On his fleet roan was seen ;  
 And Astur of the fourfold shield,  
 Girt with the brand none else may  
 wield ;  
 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,  
 And dark Verbenna from the hold  
 By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,  
 O'erlooking all the war,  
 Lars Porsena of Clusium  
 Sat in his ivory car.  
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius  
 Prince of the Latian name ;  
 And by the left false Sextus,  
 That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus  
 Was seen among the foes,  
 A yell that rent the firmament  
 From all the town arose.  
 On the housetops was no woman  
 But spat toward him and hiss'd,  
 No child but scream'd out curses,  
 And shook its little fist.

But the consul's brow was sad,  
 And the consul's speech was low,  
 And darkly look'd he at the wall,  
 And darkly at the foe :  
 " Their van will be upon us  
 Before the bridge goes down ;  
 And if they once may win the bridge,  
 What hope to save the town?"



Then out spake brave Horatius,  
 The captain of the gate :  
 "To every man upon this earth  
 Death cometh soon or late.  
 And how can man die better  
 Than facing fearful odds  
 For the ashes of his fathers  
 And the temples of his gods ?

"And for the tender mother  
 Who dandled him to rest,  
 And for the wife who nurses  
 His baby at her breast,  
 And for the holy maidens  
 Who feed the eternal flame,  
 To save them from false Sextus  
 That wrought the deed of shame ?

"Hew down the bridge, sir consul,  
 With all the speed ye may ;  
 I, with two more to help me,  
 Will hold the foe in play.  
 In yon strait path a thousand  
 May well be stopp'd by three.  
 Now who will stand on either hand,  
 And keep the bridge with me ?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—  
 A Ramnian proud was he :  
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
 And keep the bridge with thee."  
 And out spake strong Herminius—  
 Of Titian blood was he :  
 "I will abide on thy left side,  
 And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the consul,  
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."  
 And straight against that great array  
 Went forth the dauntless three.  
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
 Spared neither land nor gold,  
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
 In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party—  
 Then all were for the state ;  
 Then the great man help'd the poor,  
 And the poor man loved the great ;  
 Then lands were fairly portion'd ;  
 Then spoils were fairly sold :  
 The Romans were like brothers  
 In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman  
 More hateful than a foe,  
 And the tribunes beard the high,  
 And the fathers grind the low.  
 As we wax hot in faction,  
 In battle we wax cold ;  
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
 In the brave days of old.

Now while the three were tightening  
 Their harness on their backs,  
 The consul was the foremost man  
 To take in hand an axe ;  
 And fathers, mix'd with commons,  
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
 And smote upon the planks above,  
 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 Of a broad sea of gold.  
 Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Roll'd slowly toward the bridge's head,  
 Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,  
 And look'd upon the foes,  
 And a great shout of laughter  
 From all the vanguard rose :  
 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before that deep array ;  
 To earth they sprang, their swords they  
 drew,  
 And lifted high their shields, and flew  
 To win the narrow way.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,  
 Lord of the hill of vines :  
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
 Sicken in Ilva's mines ;  
 And Picus, long to Clusium  
 Vassal in peace and war,  
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
 From that gray crag, where, girt with  
 towers,  
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurl'd down Aunus  
 Into the stream beneath ;  
 Herminius struck at Seius,  
 And clove him to the teeth ;  
 At Picus brave Horatius  
 Darted one fiery thrust,  
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
 Clash'd in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
 Rush'd on the Roman three ;  
 And Lausulus of Urge ,  
 The rover of the sea ;  
 And Aruns of Volsinium,  
 Who slew the great wild boar—  
 The great wild boar that had his den  
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
 And wasted fields, and slaughter'd men,  
 Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns ;  
 Lartius laid Ocnus low ;  
 Right to the heart of Lausulus  
 Horatius sent a blow.  
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !  
 No more, aghast and pale,  
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
 The track of thy destroying bark.  
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
 To woods and caverns when they spy  
 Thy thrice-accurs'd sail."

But now no sound of laughter  
 Was heard among the foes.  
 A wild and wrathful clamor  
 From all the vanguard rose.  
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance  
 Halted that deep array,  
 And for a space no man came forth  
 To win the narrow way.

But, hark ! the cry is Astur :  
 And lo ! the ranks divide ;  
 And the great lord of Luna  
 Comes with his stately stride.  
 Upon his ample shoulders  
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
 And in his hand he shakes the brand  
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans  
 A smile serene and high ;  
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
 And scorn was in his eye.

Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter  
 Stand savagely at bay ;  
 But will ye dare to follow,  
 If Astur clears the way ?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
 With both hands to the height,  
 He rush'd against Horatius,  
 And smote with all his might.  
 With shield and blade Horatius  
 Right deftly turn'd the blow.  
 The blow, though turn'd, came yet too  
 nigh,  
 It miss'd his helm, but gash'd his thigh—  
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
 To see the red blood flow.

He reel'd, and on Herminius  
 He lean'd one breathing space ;  
 Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,  
 Sprang right at Astur's face.  
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,  
 So fierce a thrust he sped,  
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out  
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna  
 Fell at that deadly stroke,  
 As falls on Mount Alvernus  
 A thunder-smitten oak.  
 Far o'er the crashing forest  
 The giant arms lie spread ;  
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
 Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius  
 Right firmly press'd his heel,  
 And thrice and four times tugg'd again,  
 Ere he wrench'd out the steel.  
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
 Fair guests, that wait you here !  
 What noble Lucumo comes next  
 To taste our Roman cheer ?"

But at his haughty challenge  
 A sullen murmur ran,  
 Mingled with wrath, and shame, and  
 dread,  
 Along that glittering van.  
 There lack'd not men of prowess,  
 Nor men of lordly race ;  
 For all Etruria's noblest  
 Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest  
 Felt their hearts sink to see  
 On the earth the bloody corpses,  
 In the path the dauntless three,  
 And from the ghastly entrance,  
 Where those bold Romans stood,  
 All shrank—like boys who, unaware,  
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
 To lead such dire attack :  
 But those behind cried "Forward !"  
 And those before cried "Back !"  
 And backward now, and forward,  
 Wavers the deep array ;  
 And on the tossing sea of steel  
 To and fro the standards reel  
 And the victorious trumpet-peal  
 Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment  
 Strode out before the crowd ;  
 Well known was he to all the three,  
 And they gave him greeting loud :  
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !  
 Now welcome to thy home !  
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?  
 Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice look'd he at the city ;  
 Thrice look'd he at the dead ;  
 And thrice came on in fury,  
 And thrice turn'd back in dread ;  
 And, white with fear and hatred,  
 Scowl'd at the narrow way  
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
 Have manfully been plied ;  
 And now the bridge hangs tottering  
 Above the boiling tide.  
 "Come back, come back, Horatius !"  
 Loud cried the fathers all—  
 'Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !  
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"  
 Back darted Spurius Lartius ;  
 Herminius darted back ;  
 And, as they pass'd, beneath their feet  
 They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turn'd their faces,  
 And on the farther shore  
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
 They would have cross'd once more

But with a crash like thunder  
 Fell every loosen'd beam,  
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
 Lay right athwart the stream ;  
 And a long shout of triumph  
 Rose from the walls of Rome,  
 As to the highest turret-tops  
 Was splash'd the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,  
 When first he feels the rein,  
 The furious river struggled hard,  
 And toss'd his tawny mane,  
 And burst the curb, and bounded,  
 Rejoicing to be free ;  
 And whirling down, in fierce career,  
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
 Rush'd headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
 But constant still in mind—  
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
 And the broad flood behind.  
 "Down with him !" cried false Sextus,  
 With a smile on his pale face ;  
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,  
 "Now yield thee to our grace !"

Round turn'd he, as not deigning  
 Those craven ranks to see ;  
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,  
 To Sextus naught spake he ;  
 But he saw on Palatinus  
 The white porch of his home ;  
 And he spake to the noble river  
 That rolls by the towers of Rome :

"O Tiber ! father Tiber !  
 To whom the Romans pray,  
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
 Take thou in charge this day !"  
 So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed  
 The good sword by his side,  
 And, with his harness on his back,  
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
 Was heard from either bank,

But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
 With parted lips and straining eyes,  
 Stood gazing where he sank;  
 And when above the surges  
 They saw his crest appear,  
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
 And even the ranks of Tuscany  
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
 Swollen high by months of rain,  
 And fast his blood was flowing;  
 And he was sore in pain,  
 And heavy with his armor,  
 And spent with changing blows;  
 And oft they thought him sinking,  
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer  
 In such an evil case,  
 Struggle through such a raging flood  
 Safe to the landing-place;  
 But his limbs were borne up bravely  
 By the brave heart within,  
 And our good father Tiber  
 Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,—  
 "Will not the villain drown?  
 But for this stay, ere close of day  
 We should have sack'd the town!"  
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,  
 "And bring him safe to shore;  
 For such a gallant feat of arms  
 Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;  
 Now on dry earth he stands;  
 Now round him throng the fathers  
 To press his gory hands;  
 And now, with shouts and clapping,  
 And noise of weeping loud,  
 He enters through the river-gate,  
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
 That was of public right,  
 As much as two strong oxen  
 Could plough from morn till night;  
 And they made a molten image,  
 And set it up on high—  
 And there it stands unto this day  
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the comitium,  
 Plain for all folk to see,—  
 Horatius in his harness,  
 Halting upon one knee;  
 And underneath is written,  
 In letters all of gold,  
 How valiantly he kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring  
 Unto the men of Rome,  
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
 To charge the Volscian home;  
 And wives still pray to Juno  
 For boys with hearts as bold  
 As his who kept the bridge so well  
 In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,  
 When the cold north winds blow,  
 And the long howling of the wolves  
 Is heard amidst the snow;  
 When round the lonely cottage  
 Roars loud the tempest's din,  
 And the good logs of Algidus  
 Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is open'd,  
 And the largest lamp is lit;  
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
 And the kid turns on the spit;  
 When young and old in circle  
 Around the firebrands close;  
 When the girls are weaving baskets,  
 And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,  
 And trims his helmet's plume;  
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
 Goes flashing through the loom;  
 With weeping and with laughter  
 Still is the story told,  
 How well Horatius kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

### —o— ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,  
 By this still hearth, among these barren  
 crags,  
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,

That hoard, and sleep, and feed. and know  
not me.

I cannot rest from travel : I will drink  
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd  
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with  
those

That loved me, and alone; on shore, and  
when

Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
Vext the dim sea : I am become a name;  
For always roaming with a hungry heart  
Much have I seen and known; cities of  
men

And manners, climates, councils, govern-  
ments,

Myself not least, but honor'd of them  
all;

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose mar-  
gin fades

Forever and forever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!  
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on  
life

Were all too little, and of one to me  
Little remains : but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence, something more,  
A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
For some three suns to store and hoard  
myself,

And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge like a shining star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human  
thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—  
Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild  
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
Of common duties, decent not to fail  
In offices of tenderness, and pay  
Meet adoration to my household gods,  
When I am gone. He works his work, I  
mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her  
sail:

There gloom the dark broad seas. My  
mariners,

Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and  
thought with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are  
old;

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;  
Death closes all: but something ere the  
end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be  
done,

Not unbecoming men that strove with  
Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the  
rocks:

The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs:  
the deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my  
friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose  
holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles, whom we  
knew.

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'

We are not now that strength which in old  
days

Moved earth and heaven; that which we  
are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate, but strong in  
will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,  
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,  
And the dark Plutonian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast;  
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,  
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;  
Listen to the great heart-secrets,  
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarr'd and veteran legions  
 Bear their eagles high no more,  
 And my wreck'd and scatter'd galleys  
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,  
 Though no glittering guards surround me,  
 Prompt to do their master's will,  
 I must perish like a Roman,  
 Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions  
 Mock the lion thus laid low;  
 'Twas no foeman's arm that fell'd him,  
 'Twas his own that struck the blow;  
 His who, pillow'd on thy bosom,  
 Turn'd aside from glory's ray,  
 His who, drunk with thy caresses,  
 Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble  
 Dare assail my name at Rome,  
 Where my noble spouse, Octavia,  
 Weeps within her widow'd home,  
 Seek her; say the gods bear witness—  
 Altars, augurs, circling wings—  
 That her blood, with mine commingled,  
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,  
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,  
 Light the path to Stygian horrors  
 With the splendors of thy smile.  
 Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,  
 Let his brow the laurel twine;  
 I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;  
 Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.  
 They are coming! quick, my falchion,  
 Let me front them ere I die.  
 Ah! no more amid the battle  
 Shall my heart exulting swell;  
 Isis and Osiris guard thee!  
 Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

### HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the  
 Persian throne was done,  
 And the Moslem's fiery valor had the  
 crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader  
 to defy,  
 Captive, overborne by numbers, they were  
 bringing forth to die.

Then exclaim'd that noble captive: "Lo,  
 I perish in my thirst;  
 Give me but one drink of water. and let  
 then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet: but a while  
 the draught forbore,  
 Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the  
 foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest  
 —for around him angry foes  
 With a hedge of naked weapons did that  
 lonely man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the caliph,  
 "is it, friend, a secret blow?  
 Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such  
 treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely,  
 for thou shalt not die before  
 Thou hast drunk that cup of water—this  
 reprieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the satrap dash'd the goblet down  
 to earth with ready hand,  
 And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the  
 burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till  
 the water of that cup  
 I have drain'd; then bid thy servants that  
 spill'd water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful  
 passions stirr'd—  
 Then exclaim'd, "For ever sacred must  
 remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to  
 the noble Persian give:  
 Drink, I said before, and perish—now I  
 bid thee drink and live!"

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

*DIRGE OF ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.*

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train  
 Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,  
 Nor worthless pomp of homage vain  
 Stain it with hypocritic tear;  
 For I will die as I did live,  
 Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust  
 Upon the spot where I repose;  
 Ye shall not fawn before my dust  
 In hollow circumstance of woes:  
 Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,  
 Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,  
 Your monuments upon my breast,  
 Nor yet within the common soil  
 Lay down the wreck of Power to rest  
 Where man can boast that he has trod  
 On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,  
 And lay its secret channel bare,  
 And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,  
 A resting-place for ever there:  
 Then bid its everlasting springs  
 Flow back upon the King of Kings;  
 And never be the secret said  
 Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling  
 Back to the clods, that gave them birth;—  
 The captured crowns of many a king,  
 The ransom of a conquered earth:  
 For e'en though dead will I control  
 The trophies of the Capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide  
 Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,  
 Ye shall not rear upon its side  
 Pillar or mound to mark the spot;  
 For long enough the world has shook  
 Beneath the terrors of my look;  
 And now that I have run my race,  
 The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,  
 And from the northern hills I burst,  
 Across the world in wrath to sweep,  
 And where I went the spot was cursed,

Nor blade of grass again was seen  
 Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail  
 Beneath the terror of the Goth,  
 Their iron-breasted legions quail  
 Before my ruthless sabaoth,  
 And low the Queen of empires kneels,  
 And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend  
 In judgment my triumphal car;  
 'Twas God alone on high did send  
 The avenging Scythian to the war,  
 To shake abroad, with iron hand,  
 The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared  
 O'er guilty king and guilty realm;  
 Destruction was the ship I steered,  
 And vengeance sat upon the helm,  
 When, launched in fury on the flood,  
 I ploughed my way through seas of blood,  
 And in the stream their hearts had spilt  
 Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp  
 I poured the torrent of my powers,  
 And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help  
 In vain within their seven-hilled towers.  
 I quenched in blood the brightest gem  
 That glittered in their diadem,  
 And struck a darker, deeper dye  
 In the purple of their majesty.  
 And bade my northern banners shine  
 Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done:  
 I go to Him from whom I came;  
 But never yet shall set the sun  
 Of glory that adorns my name;  
 And Roman hearts shall long be sick,  
 When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done—  
 But darker ministers of fate,  
 Impatient round the eternal throne,  
 And in the caves of vengeance, wait;  
 And soon mankind shall blench away  
 Before the name of Attila.

EDWARD EVERETT.

## CRESCENTIUS.

I LOOK'D upon his brow ; no sign  
 Of guilt or fear was there ;  
 He stood as proud by that death-shrine  
 As even o'er despair  
 He had a power. In his eye  
 There was a quenchless energy,  
 A spirit that could dare  
 The deadliest form that death could take,  
 And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand ;  
 He raised them haughtily ;  
 And had that grasp been on the brand,  
 It could not wave on high  
 With freer pride than it waved now.  
 Around he look'd with changeless brow  
 On many a torture nigh ;  
 The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,  
 And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before ; he rode  
 Upon a coal-black steed,  
 And tens of thousands throng'd the road,  
 And bade their warrior speed.  
 His helm, his breast-plate, were of gold,  
 And graved with many a dent, that told  
 Of many a soldier's deed ;  
 The sun shone on his sparkling mail,  
 And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chain'd and alone,  
 The headsman by his side,  
 The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;  
 The sword which had defied  
 The mightiest lay broken near ;  
 And yet no sign or sound of fear  
 Came from that lip of pride,  
 And never king's or conqueror's brow  
 Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke  
 With an uncover'd eye ;  
 A wild shout from the numbers broke  
 Who throng'd to see him die.  
 It was a people's loud acclaim,  
 The voice of anger and of shame,  
 A nation's funeral cry,  
 Rome's wail above her only son,  
 Her patriot, and her latest one.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON MACLEAN.

THE LAMENTATION OF DON  
RODERICK.

THE hosts of Don Rodrigo were scatter'd  
 in dismay,  
 When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart  
 nor hope had they ;  
 He, when he saw that field was lost, and  
 all his hope was flown,  
 He turn'd him from his flying host, and  
 took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame—  
 he could no farther go ;  
 Dismounted, without path or aim, the king  
 stepp'd to and fro :  
 It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,  
 For, sore athirst and hungry, he stagger'd  
 faint and sick.

All stain'd and strew'd with dust and blood,  
 like to some smouldering brand  
 Pluck'd from the flame, Rodrigo show'd :  
 his sword was in his hand,  
 But it was hack'd into a saw of dark and  
 purple tint ;  
 His jewell'd mail had many a flaw, his  
 helmet many a dint.

He climb'd unto a hill-top, the highest he  
 could see—  
 Thence all about of that wide rout his  
 last long look took he ;  
 He saw his royal banners, where they lay  
 drench'd and torn,  
 He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's  
 shout of scorn.

He look'd for the brave captains that led  
 the hosts of Spain,  
 But all were fled except the dead, and who  
 could count the slain ?  
 Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody  
 was the plain,  
 And, while thus he said, the tears he shed  
 ran down his cheeks like rain :—

“ Last night I was the king of Spain—to-  
 day no king am I ;  
 Last night fair castles held my train—to-  
 night where shall I lie ?



Last night a hundred pages did serve me  
on the knee,—  
To-night not one I call mine own:—not  
one pertains to me.

"Oh, luckless, luckless was the hour, and  
curs'd was the day,  
When I was born to have the power of  
this great seniorey!  
Unhappy me that I should see the sun go  
down to-night!  
O Death, why now so slow art thou, why  
fearest thou to smite?"

(From the Spanish.)  
JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

### THE BARD.

#### A PINDARIC ODE.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!  
Confusion on thy banners wait!  
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,  
They mock the air with idle state.  
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail  
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's  
tears!"

—Such were the sounds that o'er the  
crested pride

Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dis-  
may,  
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy  
side

He wound with toilsome march his long  
array.

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless  
trance;

"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd  
his quiv'ring lance.

On a rock whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood:  
(Loose his beard and hoary hair  
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air),  
And with a master's hand and prophet's  
fire

Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:

"Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave  
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice be-  
neath!

O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they  
wave,

Revenge on thee in hoarser murmur  
breathe;

Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewel-  
lyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
That hush'd the stormy main:  
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:  
Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
Modred, whose magic song  
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt  
head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie  
Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale:  
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;  
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes  
by.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear as the light that visits these sad  
eyes,

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my  
heart,  
Ye died amidst your dying country's  
cries—

No more I weep. They do not sleep.

On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
I see them sit; they linger yet,  
Avengers of their native land:  
With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
And weave with bloody hands the tissue  
of thy line.

"Weave the warp and weave the woof,  
The winding-sheet of Edward's race:  
Give ample room and verge enough  
The characters of hell to trace.

Mark the year and mark the night  
When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof  
that ring,

Shrieks of an agonizing king!  
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting  
fangs,

That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled  
mate,

From thee be born, who o'er thy country  
hangs

The scourge of Heaven! What terrors  
round him wait!

Amazement in his van, with flight combined,  
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,  
Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
A tear to grace his obsequies.  
Is the sable warrior fled?  
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.  
The swarm that in thy noontide beam  
were born?  
—Gone to salute the rising morn.  
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:  
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,  
That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare;  
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:  
Close by the regal chair  
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,  
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow  
their way.  
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,  
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.  
Above, below, the rose of snow,  
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:  
The bristled boar in infant gore  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursèd loom,  
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).  
Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
(The web is wove. The work is done.)  
Stay, oh, stay! nor thus forlorn  
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:  
In yon bright track that fires the western skies  
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
But oh, what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height  
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?  
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!  
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!  
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:—  
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

"Girt with many a baron bold  
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old  
In bearded majesty, appear.  
In the midst a form divine!  
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line:  
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face  
Attempter'd sweet to virgin grace.  
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,  
What strains of vocal transport round her play!  
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,  
hear;  
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,  
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-color'd wings.

"The verse adorn again  
Fierce War and faithful Love,  
And Truth severe by fairy Fiction drest.  
In buskin'd measures move  
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

A voice as of the cherub-choir  
 Gales from blooming Eden bear,  
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear  
 That lost in long futurity expire.  
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud  
 Raised by thy breath has quench'd the orb of day?  
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood  
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
 Enough for me: with joy I see  
 The diff'rent doom our fates assign:  
 Be thine Despair and sceptred Care;  
 To triumph and to die are mine."  
 —He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

*BANNOCKBURN.*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled—  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led—  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour;  
 See the front o' battle lower;  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand or freeman fa'—  
 Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

*A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD.*

THE Moorish king rides up and down  
 Through Granada's royal town;  
 From Elvira's gates to those  
 Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell  
 How Alhama's city fell:  
 In the fire the scroll he threw,  
 And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,  
 And through the street directs his course;  
 Through the street of Zacatin  
 To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,  
 On the moment he ordain'd  
 That the trumpet straight should sound  
 With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war  
 Beat the loud alarm afar,  
 That the Moors of town and plain  
 Might answer to the martial strain,

Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware  
 That bloody Mars recall'd them there,  
 One by one, and two by two,  
 To a mighty squadron grew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor  
 In these words the king before:  
 "Wherefore call on us, O king?  
 What may mean this gathering?"

Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know  
 Of a most disastrous blow,  
 That the Christians, stern and bold,  
 Have obtain'd Alhama's hold."

Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,  
 With his beard so white to see,  
 "Good king, thou art justly served,  
 Good king, this thou hast deserved.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;  
And strangers were received by thee  
Of Cordova the chivalry.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O king! is sent  
On thee a double chastisement,  
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,  
One last wreck shall overwhelm.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,  
He must perish by the law;  
And Granada must be won,  
And thyself with her undone."

Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes,  
The monarch's wrath began to rise,  
Because he answer'd, and because  
He spake exceeding well of laws.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things  
As may disgust the ear of kings:"—  
Thus, snorting with his choler, said  
The Moorish king, and doom'd him dead.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!  
Though thy beard so hoary be,  
The king hath sent to have thee seized,  
For Alhama's loss displeased.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon  
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;  
That this for thee should be the law,  
And others tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier! and man of worth!  
Let these words of mine go forth;  
Let the Moorish monarch know,  
That to him I nothing owe:

Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,  
And on my inmost spirit preys;  
And if the king his land hath lost,  
Yet others may have lost the most.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children, wives  
Their lords, and valiant men their lives;  
One what best his love might claim  
Hath lost, another wealth or fame.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,  
Of all the land the loveliest flower;  
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,  
And think her ransom cheap that day."

Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,  
They sever'd from the trunk his head;  
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed  
'Twas carried, as the king decreed.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep  
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;  
Granada's ladies, all she rears  
Within her walls, burst into tears.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls  
The sable web of mourning falls;  
The king weeps as a woman o'er  
His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama!

(From the Spanish.)  
LORD BYRON.

### THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE- CHANT.

To battle! to battle!  
To slaughter and strife!  
For a sad, broken Covenant  
We barter poor life.  
The great God of Judah  
Shall smite with our hand,  
And break down the idols  
That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice  
In prayer and in song;  
Remember the battle  
Is not to the strong;  
Lo! the Ammonites thicken,  
And onward they come,  
To the vain noise of trumpet.  
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,  
 With hagbut and spear;  
 They lust for a banquet  
 That's deathful and dear.  
 Now horseman and footman  
 Sweep down the hillside;  
 They come, like fierce Pharaohs,  
 To die in their pride!

See, long plume and pennon  
 Stream gay in the air!  
 They are given us for slaughter,—  
 Shall God's people spare?  
 Nay, nay; lop them off,  
 Friend, father, and son;  
 All earth is athirst till  
 The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,  
 And lift high the sword,  
 For biting must blades be  
 That fight for the Lord.  
 Remember, remember,  
 How saints' blood was shed,  
 As free as the rain, and  
 Homes desolate made!

Among them! among them!  
 Unburied bones cry,  
 Avenge us, or, like us,  
 Faith's true martyrs die.  
 Hew! hew down the spoilers!  
 Slay on, and spare none;  
 Then shout forth in gladness,  
 Heaven's battle is won!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.

"MAKE way for liberty!"—he cried;  
 Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,  
 A living wall, a human wood!  
 A wall, where every conscious stone  
 Seem'd to its kindred thousands grown;  
 A rampart all assaults to bear,  
 Till time to dust their frames should wear;  
 A wood, like that enchanted grove  
 In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,  
 Where every silent tree possess'd  
 A spirit prison'd in its breast,

Which the first stroke of coming strife  
 Would startle into hideous life;  
 So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,  
 A living wall, a human wood!  
 Impregnable their front appears,  
 All horrent with projected spears,  
 Whose polish'd points before them shine,  
 From flank to flank, one brilliant line,  
 Bright as the breakers' splendors run  
 Along the billows, to the Sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band  
 Contended for their native land:  
 Peasants, whose new-found strength had  
 broke  
 From manly necks the ignoble yoke,  
 And forged their fetters into swords,  
 On equal terms to fight their lords:  
 And what insurgent rage had gain'd,  
 In many a mortal fray maintain'd;  
 Marshall'd once more at Freedom's call,  
 They came to conquer or to fall,  
 Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,  
 Was deem'd a dead or living Tell!  
 Such virtue had that patriot breathed,  
 So to the soil his soul bequeathed,  
 That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,  
 Heroes in his own likeness grew,  
 And warriors sprang from every sod  
 Which his awakening footstep trod,

And now the work of life and death  
 Hung on the passing of a breath;  
 The fire of conflict burnt within,  
 The battle trembled to begin:  
 Yet while the Austrians held their ground,  
 Point for attack was nowhere found.  
 Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,  
 The unbroken line of lances blazed;  
 That line 'twere suicide to meet,  
 And perish at their tyrants' feet,—  
 How could they rest within their graves,  
 And leave their homes the homes of slaves?  
 Would they not feel their children tread  
 With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,  
 Annihilates the oppressor's power;  
 All Switzerland is in the field,  
 She will not fly, she cannot yield—  
 She must not fall; her better fate  
 Here gives her an immortal date.

Few were the number she could boast ;  
But every freeman was a host,  
And felt as though himself were he  
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one*, indeed ;  
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried ! ,  
There sounds not to the trump of fame  
The echo of a nobler name.  
Unmark'd, he stood amid the throng,  
In rumination deep and long,  
Till you might see, with sudden grace,  
The very thought come o'er his face,  
And by the motion of his form  
Anticipate the bursting storm ;  
And by the uplifting of his brow  
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done,  
The field was in a moment won :—

“ Make way for Liberty ! ” he cried,  
Then ran, with arms extended wide,  
As if his dearest friend to clasp ;  
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.

“ Make way for Liberty ! ” he cried :  
Their keen points met from side to side ;  
He bow'd amongst them like a tree,  
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly ;  
“ Make way for Liberty ! ” they cry,  
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,  
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's  
heart ;

While, instantaneous as his fall,  
Rout, ruin, panic scatter'd all :  
An earthquake could not overthrow  
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free :  
Thus death made way for liberty !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
Longer will tarry ;  
But putting to the main,  
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train,  
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
Furnish'd in warlike sort,  
March'd toward Agincourt

In happy hour—  
Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stopp'd his way,  
Where the French gen'ral lay  
With all his power,

Which in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
To the king sending ;  
Which he neglects the while,  
As from a nation vile,  
Yet, with an angry smile,  
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Henry then :  
Though they to one be ten,  
Be not amazed ;  
Yet have we well begun—  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,  
This my full rest shall be ;  
England, ne'er mourn for me,  
Nor more esteem me.  
Victor I will remain,  
Or on this earth lie slain ;  
Never shall she sustain  
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell ;  
No less our skill is  
Than when our grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
Lopp'd the French lilies.

The duke of York so dread  
The eager vaward led ;  
With the main Henry sped,  
Amongst his henchmen.  
Excester had the rear—  
A braver man not there :  
O Lord ! how hot they were  
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone;  
 Armor on armor shone;  
 Drum now to drum did groan—  
     To hear was wonder;  
 That with the cries they make  
 The very earth did shake;  
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
     Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
 O noble Erpingham!  
 Which did the signal aim  
     To our hid forces;  
 When, from a meadow by,  
 Like a storm suddenly,  
 The English archery  
     Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,  
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
 That like to serpents stung,  
     Piercing the weather;  
 None from his fellow starts,  
 But playing manly parts,  
 And like true English hearts,  
     Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,  
 And forth their bilbows drew,  
 And on the French they flew,  
     Not one was tardy:  
 Arms were from shoulders sent;  
 Scalps to the teeth were rent;  
 Down the French peasants went;  
     Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,  
 His broadsword brandishing,  
 Down the French host did ding,  
     As to o'erwhelm it;  
 And many a deep wound lent,  
 His arms with blood besprent,  
 And many a cruel dent  
     Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,  
 Next of the royal blood,  
 For famous England stood,  
     With his brave brother—  
 Clarence, in steel so bright,  
 Though but a maiden knight,  
 Yet in that furious fight  
     Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;  
 Oxford the foe invade,  
 And cruel slaughter made,  
     Still as they ran up.  
 Suffolk his axe did ply;  
 Beaumont and Willoughby  
 Bare them right doughtily,  
     Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day  
 Fought was this noble fray,  
 Which fame did not delay  
     To England to carry;  
 Oh, when shall Englishmen  
 With such acts fill a pen,  
 Or England breed again  
     Such a King Harry?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

### THE BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHACE.

God prosper long our noble king,  
 Our lives and safetyes all;  
 A woefull hunting once there did  
     In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
 Erle Percy took his way,  
 The child may rue that is unborne,  
     The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland  
 A vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure in the Scotttish woods  
     Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace  
 To kill and beare away.  
 These tydings to Erle Douglas came,  
     In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,  
 He would prevent his sport.  
 The English Erle, not fearing that,  
     Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;  
 All chosen men of might,  
 Who knew full well in time of neede  
     To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,  
 To chase the fallow deere:  
 On Munday they began to hunt,  
     Ere daylight did appeare;

And long before high noone they had  
 An hundred fat buckes slaine;  
 Then having dined, the drovyers went  
 To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men muster'd on the hills,  
 Well able to endure;  
 And all their rear, with speciall care,  
 That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
 The nimble deere to take,  
 That with their cryes the hills and dales  
 An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
 To view the slaughter'd deere;  
 Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised  
 This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come,  
 Noe longer wold I stay.  
 With that, a brave younge gentleman  
 Thus to the Erle did say:

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,  
 His men in armour bright;  
 Full twenty hundred Scottish speres  
 All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,  
 Fast by the river Tweede:  
 O cease your sports, Erle Percy said,  
 And take your bowes with speede.

And now with me, my countrymen,  
 Your courage forth advance;  
 For there was never champion yett  
 In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,  
 But if my hap it were,  
 I durst encounter man for man,  
 With him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,  
 Most like a baron bold,  
 Rode formost of his company,  
 Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee,  
 That hunt soe boldly heere,  
 That, without my consent, doe chase  
 And kill my fallow-deere.

The first man that did answer make  
 Was noble Percy hee;  
 Who sayd, Wee list not to declare,  
 Nor shew whose men we bee.

Yet wee will spend our dearest blood,  
 Thy cheefest harts to slay.  
 Then Douglas swore a solempe oathe,  
 And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,  
 One of us two shall dye:  
 I know thee well, an erle thou art;  
 Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were  
 And great offence to kill  
 Any of these our guiltlesse men,  
 For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,  
 And set our men aside.  
 Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd,  
 By whom this is deny'd.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,  
 Witherington was his name,  
 Who said, I wold not have it told  
 To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote  
 And I stood looking on.  
 You bee two erles, sayd Witherinton,  
 And I a squier alone:

Ile doe the best that doe I may,  
 While I have power to stand:  
 While I have power to weeld my sword,  
 Ile fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,  
 Their hearts were good and trew;  
 Att the first flight of arrowes sent,  
 Full four-score Scots they slew.

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,  
 As Chieftan stout and good.  
 As valiant Captain, all unmoved  
 The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
 As Leader ware and try'd,  
 And soon his spearmen on their foes  
 Bare down on every side.



To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
 Douglas bade on the bent ;  
 Two captaines moved with mickle might  
 Their speares to shivers went.

Throughout the English archery  
 They dealt full many a wound :  
 But still our valiant Englishmen  
 All firmly kept their ground :

And throwing strait their bows away,  
 They grasp'd their swords so bright :  
 And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
 On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on every side,  
 Noe slacknes there was found ;  
 And many a gallant gentleman  
 Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grieve to see,  
 And likewise for to heare,  
 The cries of men lying in their gore,  
 And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,  
 Like captaines of great might :  
 Like Lyons wood, they layd on lode,  
 And made a cruell fight :

They fought untill they both did sweat,  
 With swords of temper'd steele ;  
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
 They trickling downe did feelee.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd ;  
 In faith I will thee bringe,  
 Where thou shalt high advanced bee  
 By James our Scottish king :

Thy ransome I will freely give,  
 And this report of thee,  
 Thou art the most courageous knight  
 That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,  
 Thy proffer I doe scorne ;  
 I will not yeelde to any Scott,  
 That ever yett was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene  
 Out of an English bow,  
 Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,  
 A deepe and deadlye blow :

Who never spake more words than these,  
 Fight on, my merry men all ;  
 For why, my life is at an end ;  
 Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke  
 The dead man by the hand ;  
 And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life  
 Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ ! my verry hert doth bleed  
 With sorrow for thy sake ;  
 For sure, a more redoubted knight  
 Mischance cold never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,  
 Which saw Erle Douglas dye,  
 Who streight in wrath did vow revenge  
 Upon the Lord Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,  
 Who with a speare most bright,  
 Well-mounted on a gallant steed,  
 Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,  
 Without all dread or feare ;  
 And through Erle Percyes body then  
 He thrust his hatefull speare ;

With such a vehement force and might  
 He did his body gore,  
 The staff ran through the other side  
 A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,  
 Whose courage none could staine .  
 An English archer then perceived  
 The noble erle was slaine ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
 Made of a trusty tree ;  
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
 Up to the head drew hee :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,  
 So right the shaft he sett,  
 The gray goose-wing that was thereon,  
 In his harts blood was wett.

This fight did last from break of day  
 Till setting of the sun,  
 For when they rung the evening bell,  
 The battle scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine  
 Sir John of Egerton,  
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
 Sir James that bold barrón ;

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,  
 Both knights of good account,  
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,  
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle  
 As one in doleful dumps,  
 For when his legs were smitten off,  
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine  
 Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,  
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld  
 One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,  
 His sisters sonne was hee ;  
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
 Yet savèd cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
 Did with Erle Douglas dye ;  
 Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,  
 Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
 Went home but fifty-three ;  
 The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,  
 Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,  
 Their husbands to bewaile ;  
 They washt their wounds in brinish teares,  
 But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodies, bathed in purple gore,  
 They bare with them away,  
 They kist them dead a thousand times,  
 Ere they were cladd in clay.

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,  
 Where Scotlands king did raigne,  
 That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye  
 Was with an arrow slaine.

O heavy newes, King James did say,  
 Scotland may witnesse bee,  
 I have not any captaine more  
 Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,  
 Within as short a space,  
 That Percy of Northumberland  
 Was slaine in Chevy-Chace.

Now God be with him, said our king,  
 Sith it will noe better bee ;  
 I trust I have within my realme  
 Five hundred as good as he ;

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,  
 But I will vengeance take ;  
 Ile be revengèd on them all,  
 For brave Erle Percyes sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd  
 After, at Humbledowne ;  
 In one day fifty knights were slayne,  
 With lords of great renowne ;

And of the rest, of small account,  
 Did many thousands dye ;  
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,  
 Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land  
 With plentye, joy, and peace ;  
 And grant henceforth, that foule debate  
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

#### EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

News of battle!—news of battle !  
 Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street ;  
 And the archways and the pavement  
 Bear the clang of hurrying feet.  
 News of battle ! who hath brought it ?  
 News of triumph ? Who should bring  
 Tidings from our noble army,  
 Greetings from our gallant King ?  
 All last night we watch'd the beacons  
 Blazing on the hills afar,  
 Each one bearing, as it kindled,  
 Message of the open'd war ;  
 All night long the northern streamers  
 Shot across the trembling sky :  
 Fearful lights that never beckon  
 Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle ? Who hath brought it ?  
 All are thronging to the gate ;  
 "Warder—warder ! open quickly !  
 Man—is this a time to wait ?"

And the heavy gates are open'd :  
 Then a murmur long and loud,  
 And a cry of fear and wonder  
 Bursts from out the bending crowd.  
 For they see in batter'd harness  
 Only one hard-stricken man ;  
 And his weary steed is wounded,  
 And his cheek is pale and wan :  
 Spearless hangs a bloody banner  
 In his weak and drooping hand—  
 God ! can that be Randolph Murray,  
 Captain of the city band ?

Round him crush the people, crying,  
 "Tell us all—oh, tell us true !  
 Where are they who went to battle,  
 Randolph Murray, sworn to you ?  
 Where are they, our brothers—children ?  
 Have they met the English foe ?  
 Why art thou alone, unfollow'd ?  
 Is it weal or is it woe ?"

Like a corpse the grisly warrior  
 Looks from out his helm of steel ;  
 But no word he speaks in answer—  
 Only with his arm'd heel  
 Chides his weary steed, and onward  
 Up the city streets they ride ;  
 Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,  
 Shrieking, praying by his side.  
 "By the God that made thee, Randolph !  
 Tell us what mischance hath come."  
 Then he lifts his riven banner,  
 And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city  
 Have met within their hall—  
 The men whom good King James had  
 charged  
 To watch the tower and wall.  
 "Your hands are weak with age," he said,  
 "Your hearts are stout and true ;  
 So bide ye in the Maiden Town,  
 While others fight for you.  
 My trumpet from the Border-side  
 Shall send a blast so clear,  
 That all who wait within the gate  
 That stirring sound may hear.  
 Or, if it be the will of Heaven  
 That back I never come,  
 And if, instead of Scottish shouts,  
 Ye hear the English drum—  
 Then let the warning bells ring out,  
 Then gird you to the fray,

Then man the walls like burghers stout,  
 And fight while fight you may.  
 'Twere better that in fiery flame  
 The roofs should thunder down,  
 Than that the foot of foreign foe  
 Should trample in the town !"

Then in came Randolph Murray,—  
 His step was slow and weak,  
 And, as he doff'd his dinted helm,  
 The tears ran down his cheek :  
 They fell upon his corslet  
 And on his mail'd hand,  
 As he gazed around him wistfully,  
 Leaning sorely on his brand.  
 And none who then beheld him  
 But straight were smote with fear,  
 For a bolder and a sterner man  
 Had never couch'd a spear.  
 They knew so sad a messenger  
 Some ghastly news must bring :  
 And all of them were fathers,  
 And their sons were with the King.

And up then rose the Provost—  
 A brave old man was he,  
 Of ancient name, and knightly fame,  
 And chivalrous degree.  
 He ruled our city like a lord  
 Who brook'd no equal here,  
 And ever for the townsman's rights  
 Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.  
 And he had seen the Scottish host  
 March from the borough-muir,  
 With music-storm and clamorous shout,  
 And all the din that thunders out  
 When youth's of victory sure.  
 But yet a dearer thought had he,—  
 For, with a father's pride,  
 He saw his last remaining son  
 Go forth by Randolph's side,  
 With casque on head and spur on heel,  
 All keen to do and dare ;  
 And proudly did that gallant boy  
 Dunedin's banner bear.  
 Oh, woe! now was the old man's look,  
 And he spake right heavily—  
 "Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,  
 However sharp they be !  
 Woe is written on thy visage,  
 Death is looking from thy face :  
 Speak ! though it be of overthrow—  
 It cannot be disgrace !"

Right bitter was the agony  
 That wrung that soldier proud:  
 Thrice did he strive to answer,  
 And thrice he groan'd aloud.  
 Then he gave the riven banner  
 To the old man's shaking hand,  
 Saying, "That is all I bring ye  
 From the bravest of the land!  
 Ay! ye may look upon it—  
 It was guarded well and long  
 By your brothers and your children,  
 By the valiant and the strong.  
 One by one they fell around it,  
 As the archers laid them low,  
 Grimly dying, still unconquer'd,  
 With their faces to the foe.  
 Ay, ye may well look upon it—  
 There is more than honor there,  
 Else, be sure, I had not brought it  
 From the field of dark despair.  
 Never yet was royal banner  
 Steep'd in such a costly dye;  
 It hath lain upon a bosom  
 Where no other shroud shall lie.  
 Sirs, I charge you, keep it holy;  
 Keep it as a sacred thing,  
 For the stain ye see upon it  
 Was the life-blood of your King!"

Woe, and woe, and lamentation!  
 What a piteous cry was there!  
 Widows, maidens, mothers, children,  
 Shrieking, sobbing in despair!  
 Through the streets the death-word rushes,  
 Spreading terror, sweeping on—  
 "Jesu Christ! our King has fallen—  
 O Great God, King James is gone!  
 Holy Mother Mary, shield us,  
 Thou who erst didst lose thy Son!  
 O the blackest day for Scotland  
 That she ever knew before!  
 O our King—the good, the noble,  
 Shall we see him never more?  
 Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!  
 O our sons, our sons and men!  
 Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,  
 Surely some will come again!"  
 Till the oak that fell last winter  
 Shall uprear its shatter'd stem—  
 Wives and mothers of Dunedin—  
 Ye may look in vain for them!

But within the Council Chamber  
 All was silent as the grave,  
 Whilst the tempest of their sorrow  
 Shook the bosoms of the brave.  
 Well indeed might they be shaken  
 With the weight of such a blow:  
 He was gone—their prince, their idol,  
 Whom they loved and worshipp'd so!  
 Like a knell of death and judgment  
 Rung from heaven by angel hand,  
 Fell the words of desolation  
 On the elders of the land.  
 Hoary heads were bow'd and trembling,  
 Wither'd hands were clasp'd and wrung;  
 God had left the old and feeble,  
 He had ta'en away the young.

Then the Provost he uprose,  
 And his lip was ashen white;  
 But a flush was on his brow,  
 And his eye was full of light.  
 "Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,  
 Like a soldier stout and true;  
 Thou hast done a deed of daring  
 Had been perill'd but by few.  
 For thou hast not shamed to face us,  
 Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,  
 Standing—thou a knight and captain—  
 Here, alive within thy mail!  
 Now, as my God shall judge me,  
 I hold it braver done,  
 Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,  
 And died above my son!  
 Thou needst not tell it: he is dead.  
 God help us all this day!  
 But speak—how fought the citizens  
 Within the furious fray?  
 For, by the might of Mary!  
 'Twere something still to tell  
 That no Scottish foot went backward  
 When the Royal Lion fell!"

"No one fail'd him! He is keeping  
 Royal state and semblance still;  
 Knight and noble lie around him,  
 Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.  
 Of the brave and gallant-hearted,  
 Whom ye sent with prayers away,  
 Not a single man departed  
 From his Monarch yesterday.

Had you seen them, O my masters !  
 When the night began to fall,  
 And the English spearmen gather'd  
 Round a grim and ghastly wall !  
 As the wolves in winter circle  
 Round the leaguer on the heath,  
 So the greedy foe glared upward,  
 Panting still for blood and death.  
 But a rampart rose before them,  
 Which the boldest dare not scale ;  
 Every stone a Scottish body,  
 Every step a corpse in mail !  
 And behind it lay our Monarch,  
 Clenching still his shiver'd sword ;  
 By his side Montrose and Athole,  
 At his feet a Southron lord.  
 All so thick they lay together,  
 When the stars lit up the sky,  
 That I knew not who were stricken,  
 Or who yet remain'd to die.  
 Few there were when Surrey halted,  
 And his wearied host withdrew ;  
 None but dying men around me,  
 When the English trumpet blew.  
 Then I stoop'd and took the banner,  
 As you see it, from his breast,  
 And I closed our hero's eyelids,  
 And I left him to his rest.  
 In the mountains growl'd the thunder,  
 As I leap'd the woeful wall,  
 And the heavy clouds were settling  
 Over Flodden, like a pall."

So he ended. And the others  
 Cared not any answer then ;  
 Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,  
 Sitting anguish-struck, like men  
 Who have seen the roaring torrent  
 Sweep their happy homes away,  
 And yet linger by the margin,  
 Staring wildly on the spray.  
 But, without, the maddening tumult  
 Waxes ever more and more,  
 And the crowd of wailing women  
 Gather round the council-door.  
 Every dusky spire is ringing  
 With a dull and hollow knell,  
 And the Miserere's singing  
 To the tolling of the bell.  
 Through the streets the burghers hurry,  
 Spreading terror as they go ;

And the rampart's throng'd with watchers  
 For the coming of the foe.  
 From each mountain-top a pillar  
 Streams into the torpid air,  
 Bearing token from the Border  
 That the English host is there.  
 All without is flight and terror,  
 All within is woe and fear—  
 God protect thee, Maiden City,  
 For thy latest hour is near !

¶  
 No ! not yet, thou high Dunedin !  
 Shalt thou totter to thy fall ;  
 Though thy bravest and thy strongest  
 Are not there to man the wall.  
 No, not yet ! the ancient spirit  
 Of our fathers hath not gone ;  
 Take it to thee as a buckler  
 Better far than steel or stone.  
 Oh, remember those who perish'd  
 For thy birthright at the time  
 When to be a Scot was treason,  
 And to side with Wallace crime !  
 Have they not a voice among us,  
 Whilst their hallow'd dust is here ?  
 Hear ye not a summons sounding  
 From each buried warrior's bier ?  
 Up!—they say—and keep the freedom  
 Which we won you long ago :  
 Up ! and keep our graves unsullied  
 From the insults of the foe !  
 Up ! and if ye cannot save them,  
 Come to us in blood and fire :  
 Midst the crash of falling turrets  
 Let the last of Scots expire !

Still the bells are tolling fiercely,  
 And the cry comes louder in ;  
 Mothers wailing for their children,  
 Sisters for their slaughter'd kin.  
 All is terror and disorder ;  
 Till the Provost rises up,  
 Calm as though he had not tasted  
 Of the fell and bitter cup.  
 All so stately from his sorrow,  
 Rose the old undaunted chief,  
 That you had not deem'd, to see him,  
 His was more than common grief.  
 "Rouse ye, sirs !" he said ; "we may not  
 Longer mourn for what is done ;  
 If our King be taken from us,  
 We are left to guard his son.

We have sworn to keep the city  
 From the foe, whate'er they be,  
 And the oath that we have taken  
 Never shall be broke by me.  
 Death is nearer to us, brethren,  
 Than it seem'd to those who died,  
 Fighting yesterday at Flodden,  
 By their lord and master's side.  
 Let us meet it, then, in patience,  
 Not in terror or in fear;  
 Though our hearts are bleeding yonder,  
 Let our souls be steadfast here.  
 Up, and rouse ye! Time is fleeting,  
 And we yet have much to do;  
 Up! and haste ye through the city,  
 Stir the burghers stout and true!  
 Gather all our scatter'd people,  
 Fling the banner out once more,—  
 Randolph Murray! do thou bear it,  
 As it erst was borne before:  
 Never Scottish heart will leave it,  
 When they see their Monarch's gore!  
 "Let them cease that dismal knelling!  
 It is time enough to ring  
 When the fortress-strength of Scotland  
 Stoops to ruin like its King.  
 Let the bells be kept for warning,  
 Not for terror or alarm;  
 When they next are heard to thunder,  
 Let each man and stripling arm.  
 Bid the women leave their wailing—  
 Do they think that woeful strain,  
 From the bloody heaps of Flodden  
 Can redeem their dearest slain?  
 Bid them cease,—or rather hasten  
 To the churches every one;  
 There to pray to Mary Mother,  
 And to her anointed Son,  
 That the thunderbolt above us  
 May not fall in ruin yet;  
 That in fire and blood and rapine  
 Scotland's glory may not set.  
 Let them pray,—for never women  
 Stood in need of such a prayer!—  
 England's yeomen shall not find them  
 Clinging to the altars there.  
 No! if we are doom'd to perish,  
 Man and maiden, let us fall,  
 And a common gulf of ruin  
 Open wide to whelm us all!  
 Never shall the ruthless spoiler  
 Lay his hot insulting hand

On the sisters of our heroes,  
 Whilst we bear a torch or brand!  
 Up! and rouse ye, then, my brothers,—  
 But when next ye hear the bell  
 Sounding forth the sullen summons  
 That may be our funeral knell,  
 Once more let us meet together,  
 Once more see each other's face;  
 Then, like men that need not tremble,  
 Go to our appointed place.  
 God, our Father, will not fail us  
 In that last tremendous hour—  
 If all other bulwarks crumble,  
 He will be our strength and tower:  
 Though the ramparts rock beneath us,  
 And the walls go crashing down,  
 Though the roar of conflagration  
 Bellow o'er the sinking town;  
 There is yet one place of shelter,  
 Where the foeman cannot come,  
 Where the summons never sounded  
 Of the trumpet or the drum.  
 There again we'll meet our children,  
 Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,  
 For their king and for their country  
 Render'd up their souls to God.  
 There shall we find rest and refuge,  
 With our dear departed brave;  
 And the ashes of the city  
 Be our universal grave!"

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

#### THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard them liltin' at our ewe-milk-  
 ing,  
 Lasses a' liltin' before dawn o' day;  
 But now they are moaning on ilka green  
 loanin'—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede  
 away.  
 At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads  
 are scorning,  
 Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;  
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and  
 sabbing,  
 Ilk ane lifts her ieglin and hies her away.  
 In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now  
 are jeering,  
 Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and  
 gray;

At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae  
fleeching,—  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede  
away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkens are  
roaming  
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to  
play;  
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her  
dearie—  
The Flowers of the Forest are weded  
away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads  
to the Border!  
The English, for ance, by guile wan the  
day;  
He Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye  
the foremost,  
The prime of our land, are cauld in the  
clay.

'e'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe-  
milking,  
Women and bairns are heartless and  
wae,  
Ghing and moaning on ilka green loan-  
ing,—  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede  
away.

JANE ELLIOT.

---

### IVRY.

#### A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from  
whom all glories are!  
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King  
Henry of Navarre!  
Now let there be the merry sound of music  
and of dance,  
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny  
vines, O pleasant land of France!  
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,  
proud city of the waters,  
Shalt let rapture light the eyes of all thy  
mourning daughters;  
Thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous  
in our joy,  
Cold and stiff and still are they who  
wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath  
turn'd the chance of war,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of  
Navarre.

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at  
the dawn of day  
We saw the army of the League drawn  
out in long array;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its  
rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Eg-  
mont's Flemish spears.  
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the  
curses of our land;  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a  
truncheon in his hand:  
And, as we look'd on them, we thought of  
Seine's empurpled flood,  
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled  
with his blood;  
And we cried unto the living God, who  
rules the fate of war,  
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry  
of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his  
armor drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume  
upon his gallant crest.  
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was  
in his eye;  
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance  
was stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd  
from wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout,  
"God save our Lord, the King!"  
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall  
full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a  
bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine,  
amidst the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet  
of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to  
the mingled din,  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum,  
and roaring culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint  
André's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders  
and Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gen-  
tlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies! upon them  
with the lance!  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a  
thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close be-  
hind the snow-white crest;  
And in they burst, and on they rush'd,  
while, like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the hel-  
met of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours.  
Mayenne hath turn'd his rein.  
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The  
Flemish count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds  
before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds,  
and flags, and cloven mail.  
And then we thought on vengeance, and,  
all along our van,  
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was pass'd  
from man to man.  
But out spake gentle Henry, "No French-  
man is my foe:  
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let  
your brethren go."  
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in  
friendship or in war,  
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the  
soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who  
fought for France to-day;  
And many a lordly banner God gave them  
for a prey.  
But we of the religion have borne us best  
in fight;  
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en  
the cornet white.  
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white  
hath ta'en,  
The cornet white with crosses black, the  
flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all  
the host may know  
How God hath humbled the proud house  
which wrought his Church such woe.  
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound  
their loudest point of war,  
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for  
Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of  
Lucerne;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those  
who never shall return.  
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican  
pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for  
thy poor spearmen's souls.  
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look  
that your arms be bright;  
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep  
watch and ward to-night.  
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our  
God hath raised the slave,  
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and  
the valor of the brave.  
Then glory to His holy name, from whom  
all glories are;  
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King  
Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

#### THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

"Look now abroad;—another race has fill'd  
Those populous borders; wide the wood recedes,  
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd:  
The land is full of harvests and green meads."  
BRYANT.

THE breaking waves dash'd high,  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches toss'd;  
And the heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark  
On the wild New England shore.  
Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;



Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear,—  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea,  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods  
rang  
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soar'd  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest  
roar'd—  
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band:  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod;  
They have left unstain'd what there they  
found—  
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

### THE THREE TROOPERS.

DURING THE PROTECTORATE.

INTO the Devil tavern  
Three booted troopers strode,  
From spur to feather spotted and splash'd  
With the mud of a winter road.  
In each of their cups they dropp'd a crust,  
And stared at the guests with a frown;  
Then drew their swords, and roar'd for a  
toast,  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

A blue smoke rose from their pistol-locks,  
Their sword-blades were still wet;  
There were long red smears on their jerkins  
of buff,

As the table they overset.  
Then into their cups they stirr'd the crusts,  
And cursed old London town;  
Then waved their swords, and drank with  
a stamp  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

The 'prentice dropp'd his can of beer,  
The host turn'd pale as a clout;  
The ruby nose of the toping squires  
Grew white at the wild men's shout.  
Then into their cups they flung the crusts,  
And show'd their teeth with a frown;  
They flash'd their swords as they gave the  
toast,  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

The gambler dropp'd his dog's-ear'd cards,  
The waiting-women scream'd,  
As the light of the fire like stains of blood,  
On the wild men's sabres gleam'd.  
Then into their cups they splash'd the  
crusts,  
And cursed the fool of a town,  
And leap'd on the table, and roar'd a  
toast,  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,  
And the troopers sprang to horse;  
The eldest mutter'd between his teeth,  
Hot curses—deep and coarse.  
In their stirrup-cups they flung the crusts,  
And cried as they spurr'd through town,  
With their keen swords drawn and their  
pistols cock'd,  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Away they dash'd through Temple Bar,  
Their red cloaks flowing free,  
Their scabbards clash'd, each back-piece  
shone—  
None liked to touch the three.  
The silver cups that held the crusts  
They flung to the startled town,  
Shouting again, with a blaze of swords,  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

*MARCHING ALONG.*

A CAVALIER SONG.

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his king,  
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:  
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop  
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk  
     droop,  
 March'd them along, fifty-score strong,  
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this  
     song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such  
     carles  
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their trea-  
     sonous parles!  
 Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,  
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor  
     sup  
 Till you're—  
     Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
     Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this  
     song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell  
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry  
     as well!

England, good cheer! Rupert is near!  
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here  
     Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
     Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this  
     song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and  
     his snarls  
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent  
     carles!  
 Hold by the right, you double your might:  
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the  
     fight,  
     March we along, fifty-score strong,  
     Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this  
     song.

ROBERT BROWNING.

*JACOBITE TOAST.*

GOD bless the king!—I mean the Faith's  
     Defender;  
 God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pre-  
     tender!

But who Pretender is, or who is king—  
 God bless us all!—that's quite another  
     thing.

JOHN BYRON.

*THE OLD CAVALIER.*

"FOR our martyred Charles I pawned my  
     plate,  
 For his son I spent my all,  
 That a churl might dine, and drink my  
     wine,  
 And preach in my father's hall:  
 That father died on Marston Moor,  
 My son on Worcester plain;  
 But the King he turned his back on me,  
 When he got his own again.

"The other day, there came, God wot!  
 A solemn, pompous ass,  
 Who begged to know if I did not go  
     To the sacrifice of Mass:  
 I told him fairly to his face,  
 That in the field of fight,  
 I had shouted loud for Church and King,  
 When he would have run outright.

"He talked of the Man of Babylon  
 With his rosaries and copes,  
 As if a Roundhead wasn't worse  
     Than half a hundred Popes.  
 I don't know what the people mean,  
 With their horror and affright;  
 All Papists that I ever knew,  
 Fought stoutly for the right.

"I now am poor and lonely,  
 This cloak is worn and old,  
 But yet it warms my loyal heart,  
 Through sleet, and rain, and cold,  
 When I call to mind the Cavaliers,  
 Bold Rupert at their head,  
 Bursting through blood and fire, with  
     cries  
 That might have waked the dead.

"Then spur and sword, was the battleword,  
 And we made their helmets ring,  
 Howling, like madmen, all the while,  
 For God, and for the King.  
 And though they snuffed psalms, to give  
     The Rebel-dogs their due,

When the roaring shot poured close and  
hot,  
They were stalwart men and true.

"On the fatal field of Naseby,  
Where Rupert lost the day,  
By hanging on the flying crowd  
Like a lion on his prey,  
I stood and fought it out, until,  
In spite of plate and steel,  
The blood that left my veins that day,  
Flowed up above my heel.

"And certainly it made those quail  
Who never quailed before,  
To look upon the awful front  
Which Cromwell's horsemen wore.  
I felt that every hope was gone,  
When I saw their squadrons form,  
And gather for the final charge,  
Like the coming of the storm.

"Oh! where was Rupert in that hour  
Of danger, toil and strife?  
It would have been to all brave men,  
Worth a hundred years of life,  
To have seen that black and gloomy force,  
As it poured down in line,  
Met midway by the Royal horse,  
And Rupert of the Rhine.

"All this is over now, and I  
Must travel to the tomb,  
Though the King I served has got his  
own,  
In poverty and gloom.  
Well, well I served him for himself,  
So I must not now complain,  
But I often wish that I died  
With my son on Worcester plain."

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.



### NASEBY.

Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph  
from the north,  
With your hands, and your feet, and  
your raiment all red?  
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a  
joyous shout?  
And whence be the grapes of the wine-  
press which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the  
fruit,

And crimson was the juice of the vintage  
that we trod;  
For we trampled on the throng of the  
haughty and the strong,  
Who sate in the high places and slew  
the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of  
June,

That we saw their banners dance and  
their cuirasses shine,  
And the Man of Blood was there, with his  
long essenced hair,  
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and  
Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible  
and his sword,

The general rode along us to form us for  
the fight;

When a murmuring sound broke out, and  
swell'd into a shout

Among the godless horsemen upon the  
tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on  
the shore,

The cry of battle rises along their charg-  
ing line:

For God! for the Cause! for the Church!  
for the Laws!

For Charles, king of England, and  
Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clar-  
ions and his drums,

His bravoos of Alsatia and pages of  
Whitehall;

They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp  
your pikes! Close your ranks!

For Rupert never comes, but to conquer,  
or to fall.

They are here—they rush on—we are bro-  
ken—we are gone—

Our left is borne before them like stubble  
on the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, de-  
fend the right!

Stand back to back, in God's name! and  
fight it to the last!

Stout Skippon hath a wound—the centre  
hath given ground.

Hark! hark! what means the trampling  
of horsemen on our rear?

Whose bannèr do I see, boys? 'Tis he!  
thank God! 'tis he, boys!

Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver  
is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points  
all in a row,

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a  
deluge on the dikes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of  
the accurst,

And at a shock have scatter'd the forest  
of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe  
nook to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot  
on Temple Bar;

And he—he turns! he flies! shame on  
those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare  
not look on war!

Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere ye  
strip the slain,

First give another stab to make your  
search secure;

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their  
broad-pieces and locketts,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder  
of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and  
your hearts were gay and bold,

When you kiss'd your lily hands to your  
lemans to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox from her  
chambers in the rocks

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above  
the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mock'd  
at heaven, and hell, and fate?

And the fingers that once were so busy  
with your blades?

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches  
and your oaths?

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your  
diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! for ever down with the  
mitre and the crown!

With the Belial of the court, and the  
Mammon of the Pope!

There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail  
in Durham's stalls;

The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop  
rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her  
children's ills,

And tremble when she thinks on the  
edge of England's sword;

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder  
when they hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for  
the Houses and the Word!

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

### ON THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST,

AT NIGHT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,  
WINDSOR.

THE castle clock had toll'd midnight.

With mattock and with spade—

And silent by the torches' light—

His corse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name, that those

Of other years might know,

When earth its secrets should disclose,

Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead!" no children sung,

Slow pacing up the nave;

No prayers were read, no knell was rung,

As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,

In many a sullen gust,

As o'er the open grave inclined,

We murmur'd, "Dust to dust!"

A moonbeam from the arch's height

Stream'd, as we placed the stone;

The long aisles started into light,

And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then

That shook along the walls,

Whilst the sad shades of mail'd men

Were gazing on the stalls.

'Tis gone!—Again on tombs defaced  
Sits darkness more profound;  
And only by the torch we traced  
The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilling, freezing air  
Without blew long and loud;  
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer,  
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor,—  
No name, no trace appears!  
And when we closed the sounding door,  
We thought of him with tears.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

—♦—  
*WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS IN-  
TENDED TO THE CITY.*

CAPTAIN, or colonel, or knight in arms,  
Whose chance on these defenceless doors  
may seize,

If deed of honor did thee ever please,  
Guard them, and him within protect from  
harms.

He can requite thee; for he knows the  
charms

That call fame on such gentle acts as  
these,

And he can spread thy name o'er lands  
and seas,

Whatever clime the sun's bright circle  
warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses'  
bower:

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and  
tower

Went to the ground; and the repeated  
air

Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
To save the Athenian walls from ruin  
bare.

JOHN MILTON.

—♦—  
*ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN  
PIEDMONT.*

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints,  
whose bones

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains  
cold;

Even them who kept thy truth so pure  
of old  
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and  
stones.

Forget not: In thy book record their  
groans

Who were thy sheep, and in their an-  
cient fold

Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that  
roll'd

Mother with infant down the rocks. Their  
moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and  
ashes sow

O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth  
sway

The triple tyrant, that from these may  
grow

A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy  
way,

Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

JOHN MILTON.

—♦—  
*THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.*

COME hither, Evan Cameron!

Come, stand behind my knee—

I hear the river roaring down

Toward the wintry sea.

There's shouting on the mountain-side,

There's war within the blast—

Old faces look upon me,

Old forms go trooping past.

I hear the pibroch wailing

Amidst the din of fight,

And my dim spirit wakes again

Upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host

Through wild Lochaber's snows,

What time the plaided clans came down

To battle with Montrose.

I've told thee how the Southrons fell

Beneath the broad claymore,

And how we smote the Campbell clan

By Inverlochy's shore.

I've told thee how we swept Dundee,

And tamed the Lindsays' pride;

But never have I told thee yet

How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes ;—  
 O deed of deathless shame !  
 I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet  
 With one of Assynt's name—  
 Be it upon the mountain's side,  
 Or yet within the glen,  
 Stand he in martial gear alone,  
 Or back'd by armed men—  
 Face him as thou wouldst face the man  
 Who wrong'd thy sire's renown ;  
 Remember of what blood thou art,  
 And strike the caitiff down !

They brought him to the Watergate,  
 Hard bound with hempen span,  
 As though they held a lion there,  
 And not a 'fenceless man.  
 They set him high upon a cart—  
 The hangman rode below—  
 They drew his hands behind his back,  
 And bared his noble brow.  
 Then, as a hound is slipp'd from leash,  
 They cheer'd the common throng,  
 And blew the note with yell and shout,  
 And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart  
 Grow sad and sick that day,  
 To watch the keen, malignant eyes  
 Bent down on that array.  
 There stood the Whig west-country lords  
 In balcony and bow ;  
 There sat their gaunt and wither'd dames,  
 And their daughters all a-row.  
 And every open window  
 Was full as full might be  
 With black-robed Covenanting carles,  
 That goodly sport to see !

But when he came, though pale and wan,  
 He look'd so great and high,  
 So noble was his manly front,  
 So calm his steadfast eye ;—  
 The rabble rout forbore to shout,  
 And each man held his breath,  
 For well they knew the hero's soul  
 Was face to face with death.  
 And then a mournful shudder  
 Through all the people crept,  
 And some that came to scoff at him  
 Now turn'd aside and wept.

But onward—always onward,  
 In silence and in gloom,  
 The dreary pageant labor'd,  
 Till it reach'd the house of doom.  
 Then first a woman's voice was heard  
 In jeer and laughter loud,  
 And an angry cry and a hiss arose  
 From the heart of the tossing crowd :  
 Then, as the Græme looked upward,  
 He saw the ugly smile  
 Of him who sold his king for gold—  
 The master-fiend Argyle !

The Marquis gazed a moment,  
 And nothing did he say,  
 But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,  
 And he turn'd his eyes away.  
 The painted harlot by his side,  
 She shook through every limb,  
 For a roar like thunder swept the street,  
 And hands were clench'd at him ;  
 And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,  
 " Back, coward, from thy place !  
 For seven long years thou hast not dared  
 To look him in the face."

Had I been there with sword in hand,  
 And fifty Camerons by,  
 That day through high Dunedin's streets  
 Had peal'd the slogan-cry.  
 Not all their troops of trampling horse,  
 Nor might of mailed men—  
 Not all the rebels in the south  
 Had borne us backward then !  
 Once more his foot on Highland heath  
 Had trod as free as air,  
 Or I, and all who bore my name,  
 Been laid around him there !

It might not be. They placed him next  
 Within the solemn hall,  
 Where once the Scottish kings were throned  
 Amidst their nobles all.  
 But there was dust of vulgar feet  
 On that polluted floor,  
 And perjured traitors fill'd the place  
 Where good men sate before.  
 With savage glee came Warriston  
 To read the murderous doom ;  
 And then uprose the great Montrose  
 In the middle of the room :

"Now, by my faith as belted knight  
 And by the name I bear,  
 And by the bright St. Andrew's cross  
 That waves above us there—  
 Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—  
 And oh that such should be!—  
 By that dark stream of royal blood  
 That lies 'twixt you and me—  
 I have not sought in battle-field  
 A wreath of such renown,  
 Nor dared I hope on my dying day  
 To win the martyr's crown!

"There is a chamber far away  
 Where sleep the good and brave,  
 But a better place ye have named for me  
 Than by my fathers' grave.  
 For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,  
 This hand hath always striven,  
 And ye raise it up for a witness still  
 In the eye of earth and heaven.  
 Then nail my head on yonder tower—  
 Give every town a limb—  
 And God who made shall gather them:  
 I go from you to Him!"

The morning dawn'd full darkly,  
 The rain came flashing down,  
 And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt  
 Lit up the gloomy town;  
 The thunder crash'd across the heaven,  
 The fatal hour was come;  
 Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,  
 The 'larum of the drum.  
 There was madness on the earth below  
 And anger in the sky,  
 And young and old, and rich and poor,  
 Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!  
 How dismal 'tis to see  
 The great tall spectral skeleton,  
 The ladder and the tree!  
 Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—  
 The bells begin to toll—  
 "He is coming! he is coming!  
 God's mercy on his soul!"  
 One last long peal of thunder—  
 The clouds are clear'd away,  
 And the glorious sun once more looks down  
 Amidst the dazzling day.

"He is coming! he is coming!"  
 Like a bridegroom from his room,  
 Came the hero from his prison  
 To the scaffold and the doom.  
 There was glory on his forehead,  
 There was lustre in his eye,  
 And he never walk'd to battle  
 More proudly than to die;  
 There was color in his visage,  
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,  
 And they marvell'd as they saw him pass,  
 That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,  
 And he turn'd him to the crowd;  
 But they dared not trust the people,  
 So he might not speak aloud;  
 But he look'd upon the heavens,  
 And they were clear and blue,  
 And in the liquid ether  
 The eye of God shone through.  
 Yet a black and murky battlement  
 Lay resting on the hill,  
 As though the thunder slept within—  
 All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers  
 With anxious scowl drew near,  
 As you have seen the ravens flock  
 Around the dying deer.  
 He would not deign them word nor sign,  
 But alone he bent the knee;  
 And veil'd his face for Christ's dear grace  
 Beneath the gallows tree.  
 Then radiant and serene he rose,  
 And cast his cloak away:  
 For he had ta'en his latest look  
 Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,  
 Like a glory round the shriven,  
 And he climb'd the lofty ladder  
 As it were the path to heaven.  
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,  
 And a stunning thunder-roll;  
 And no man dared to look aloft,  
 For fear was on every soul.  
 There was another heavy sound,  
 A hush and then a groan;  
 And darkness swept across the sky—  
 The work of death was done!

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE ATTOUN.

*THE BONNETS OF BONNIE  
DUNDEE.*

To the lords of convention 'twas Claver-  
house who spoke,  
"Ere the king's crown shall fall there are  
crowns to be broke;  
So let each cavalier who loves honor and  
me  
Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dun-  
dee!"

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my  
can;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up  
your men;  
Come open the Westport and let us  
gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of  
bonnie Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the  
street,  
The bells are rung backward, the drums  
they are beat;  
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just  
e'en let him be,  
The gude toun is well quit of that de'il of  
Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my  
can;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up  
your men;  
Come open the Westport and let us  
gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of  
bonnie Dundee!

As he rode down the sanctified bends of  
the Bow  
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her  
pow;  
But the young plants of grace they look'd  
cowthie and slee,  
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie  
Dundee!

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my  
can;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up  
your men;  
Come open the Westport and let us  
gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of  
bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-  
market was thrang'd  
As if half the west had set tryst to be  
hang'd;

There was spite in each look, there was  
fear in each ee,  
As they watch'd for the bonnets of bonnie  
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my  
can;

Come saddle your horses, and call up  
your men;  
Come open the Westport and let us  
gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of  
bonnie Dundee!

These cowl's of Kilmarnock had spits and  
had spears,  
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;  
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the  
causeway was free

At the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dun-  
dee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my  
can;

Come saddle your horses, and call up  
your men;  
Come open the Westport and let us  
gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of  
bonnie Dundee!

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud castle,  
rock,  
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly  
spoke:

"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak  
twa words or three,  
For the love of the bonnet of bonnie Dun-  
dee."

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my  
can;

Come saddle your horses, and call up  
your men;  
Come open the Westport and let us  
gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of  
bonnie Dundee!

The Gordon demands of him which way  
he goes—

"Where'er shall direct me the shade of  
Montrose!



Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,  
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth;

If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the north;

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three

Will cry 'Hoigh!' for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;

Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;

Come open the Westport and let us gang free,

And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide,

There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;

The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,

At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;

Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;

Come open the Westport and let us gang free,

And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks;

Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox;

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;

Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;

Come open the Westport and let us gang free,

And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,

The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horse-men rode on,

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clernistion's lea

Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;

Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;

Come open your doors and let me gae free,

For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

SOUND fife, and cry the slogan—

Let the pibroch shake the air

With its wild triumphal music,

Worthy of the freight we bear.

Let the ancient hills of Scotland

Hear once more the battle-song

Swell within their glens and valleys

As the clansmen march along!

Never from the field of combat,

Never from the deadly fray,

Was a nobler trophy carried

Than we bring with us to-day;

Never since the valiant Douglas

On his dauntless bosom bore

Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—

To our dear Redeemer's shore!

Lo! we bring with us the hero—

Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,

Crown'd as best beseems a victor

From the altar of his fame;

Fresh and bleeding from the battle

Whence his spirit took its flight,

Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,

And the thunder of the fight!

Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,  
 As we march o'er moor and lea!  
 Is there any here will venture  
 To bewail our dead Dundee?  
 Let the widows of the traitors  
 Weep until their eyes are dim!  
 Wail ye may full well for Scotland—  
 Let none dare to mourn for him!  
 See! above his glorious body  
 Lies the royal banner's fold—  
 See! his valiant blood is mingled  
 With its crimson and its gold.  
 See how calm he looks and stately,  
 Like a warrior on his shield,  
 Waiting till the flush of morning  
 Breaks along the battle-field!  
 See—Oh never more, my comrades,  
 Shall we see that falcon eye  
 Redden with its inward lightning,  
 As the hour of fight drew nigh!  
 Never shall we hear the voice that,  
 Clearer than the trumpet's call,  
 Bade us strike for King and Country,  
 Bade us win the field, or fall!

On the heights of Killiecrankie  
 Yester-morn our army lay:  
 Slowly rose the mist in columns  
 From the river's broken way;  
 Hoarsely roar'd the swollen torrent,  
 And the pass was wrapp'd in gloom,  
 When the clansmen rose together  
 From their lair amidst the broom.  
 Then we belted on our tartans,  
 And our bonnets down we drew,  
 And we felt our broadswords' edges,  
 And we proved them to be true;  
 And we pray'd the prayer of soldiers,  
 And we cried the gathering-cry,  
 And we clasp'd the hands of kinsmen,  
 And we swore to do or die!  
 Then our leader rode before us  
 On his war-horse black as night—  
 Well the Cameronian rebels  
 Knew that charger in the fight!—  
 And a cry of exultation  
 From the bearded warriors rose;  
 For we loved the house of Claver'se,  
 And we thought of good Montrose.  
 But he raised his hand for silence—  
 "Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:  
 Ere the evening star shall glisten  
 On Schehallion's lofty brow,

Either we shall rest in triumph,  
 Or another of the Græmes  
 Shall have died in battle-harness  
 For his Country and King James!  
 Think upon the Royal Martyr—  
 Think of what his race endure—  
 Think on him whom butchers murder'd  
 On the field of Magus Muir:  
 By his sacred blood I charge ye,  
 By the ruin'd hearth and shrine—  
 By the blighted hopes of Scotland,  
 By your injuries and mine—  
 Strike this day as if the anvil  
 Lay beneath your blows the while,  
 Be they Covenanting traitors,  
 Or the brood of false Argyle!  
 Strike! and drive the trembling rebels  
 Backward o'er the stormy Forth;  
 Let them tell their pale Convention  
 How they fared within the North.  
 Let them tell that Highland honor  
 Is not to be bought nor sold,  
 That we scorn their prince's anger  
 As we loathe his foreign gold.  
 Strike! and when the fight is over,  
 If you look in vain for me,  
 Where the dead are lying thickest  
 Search for him that was Dundee!"

Loudly then the hills re-echoed  
 With our answer to his call,  
 But a deeper echo sounded  
 In the bosoms of us all.  
 For the lands of wide Breadalbane,  
 Not a man who heard him speak  
 Would that day have left the battle.  
 Burning eye and flushing cheek  
 Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,  
 And they harder drew their breath;  
 For their souls were strong within them,  
 Stronger than the grasp of death.  
 Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet  
 Sounding in the pass below,  
 And the distant tramp of horses,  
 And the voices of the foe;  
 Down we crouch'd amid the bracken,  
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,  
 Panting like the hounds in summer,  
 When they scent the stately deer.  
 From the dark defile emerging,  
 Next we saw the squadrons come,  
 Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers  
 Marching to the tuck of drum;

Through the scatter'd wood of birches,  
 O'er the broken ground and heath,  
 Wound the long battalion slowly,  
 Till they gain'd the field beneath;  
 Then we bounded from our covert.—  
 Judge how look'd the Saxons then,  
 When they saw the rugged mountain  
 Start to life with armèd men!  
 Like a tempest down the ridges  
 Swept the hurricane of steel,  
 Rose the Slogan of Macdonald—  
 Flash'd the broadsword of Lochiel!  
 Vainly sped the withering volley  
 'Mongst the foremost of our band—  
 On we pour'd until we met them,  
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand.  
 Horse and man went down like drift-  
 wood

When the floods are black at Yule,  
 And their carcasses are whirling  
 In the Garry's deepest pool.  
 Horse and man went down before us—  
 Living foe there tarried none  
 On the field of Killiecrankie,  
 When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining  
 On Schehallion's distant head,  
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords  
 And return'd to count the dead.  
 There we found him gash'd and gory,  
 Stretch'd upon the cumber'd plain,  
 As he told us where to seek him,  
 In the thickest of the slain.  
 And a smile was on his visage,  
 For within his dying ear  
 Peal'd the joyful note of triumph,  
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:  
 So, amidst the battle's thunder.  
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
 In the glory of his manhood  
 Pass'd the spirit of the Græme!

Open wide the vaults of Athol,  
 Where the bones of heroes rest—  
 Open wide the hallow'd portals  
 To receive another guest!  
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen—  
 Last of all that dauntless race  
 Who would rather die unsullied  
 Than outlive the land's disgrace!

O thou lion-hearted warrior!  
 Reck not of the after-time:  
 Honor may be deem'd dishonor,  
 Loyalty be called a crime.  
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes  
 Of the noble and the true,  
 Hands that never fail'd their country,  
 Hearts that never baseness knew.  
 Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet  
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,  
 Scotland shall not boast a braver  
 Chieftain than our own Dundee!

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

### FONTENOY.

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the Eng-  
 lish column fail'd,  
 And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the  
 Dutch in vain assail'd,  
 For town and slope were fill'd with fort  
 and flanking battery,  
 And well they swept the English ranks  
 and Dutch auxiliary.  
 As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the  
 British soldiers burst,  
 The French artillery drove them back, di-  
 minish'd and dispersed.  
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld  
 with anxious eye,  
 And order'd up his last reserve, his latest  
 chance to try;  
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his  
 generals ride!  
 And mustering come his chosen troops,  
 like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately  
 column tread,  
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank,  
 Lord Hay is at their head;  
 Steady they step adown the slope, steady  
 they climb the hill,  
 Steady they load, steady they fire, moving  
 right onward still,  
 Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through  
 a furnace-blast,  
 Through rampart, trench, and palisade,  
 and bullets showering fast;  
 And on the open plain above they rose,  
 and kept their course,  
 With ready fire and grim resolve, that  
 mock'd at hostile force:

Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—  
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee  
through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies French  
tirailleurs rush round;  
As stubble to the lava tide French squad-  
rons strew the ground;  
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot  
tore, still on they march'd and  
fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and vol-  
tigueur retired.

"Push on, my household cavalry!" King  
Louis madly cried:

To death they rush, but rude their shock;  
not unavenged they died.

On through the camp the column trod—  
King Louis turns his rein:

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the  
Irish troops remain;"

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been  
a Waterloo,

Were not these exiles ready then, fresh,  
vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your  
wish, there are your Saxon foes!"

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so fu-  
riously he goes.

How fierce the look these exiles wear,  
who're wont to be so gay;

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in  
their hearts to-day—

The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith  
'twas writ could dry,

Their plunder'd homes, their ruin'd  
shrines, their women's parting cry,  
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves,  
their country overthrown,—

Each looks as if revenge for all were  
staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet  
elsewhere,

Rush'd on to fight a nobler band than  
these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as,  
halting, he commands,

"Fix bay'nets"—"Charge," like moun-  
tain-storm rush on these fiery bands.

Thin is the English column now, and faint  
their valleys grow,

Yet, must'ring all the strength they have,  
they make a gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face  
that battle-wind,

Their bayonets the breakers' foam, like  
rocks the men behind;

One volley crashes from their line, when,  
through the surging smoke,

With empty guns clutch'd in their hands,  
the headlong Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that  
fierce huzza:

"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down  
the Sacsanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad  
with hunger's pang,

Right up against the English line the Irish  
exiles sprang;

Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now,  
their guns are fill'd with gore;

Through shatter'd ranks, and sever'd files,  
and trampled flags they tore;

The English strove with desperate strength,  
paused, rallied, stagger'd, fled,—

The green hillside is matted close with  
dying and with dead.

Across the plain and far away pass'd on  
that hideous wrack,

While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon  
their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in  
the sun,

With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the  
field is fought and won!

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

### BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

By our camp-fires rose a murmur

At the dawning of the day,

And the tread of many footsteps

Spoke the advent of the fray;

And as we took our places,

Few and stern were our words,

While some were tightening horse-girths,

And some were girding swords.

The trumpet-blast has sounded

Our footmen to array—

The willing steed has bounded,  
 Impatient for the fray—  
 The green flag is unfolded,  
 While rose the cry of joy—  
 "Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner  
 To-day at Fontenoy!"

We look'd upon that banner,  
 And the memory arose  
 Of our homes and perish'd kindred  
 Where the Lee or Shannon flows;  
 We look'd upon that banner,  
 And we swore to God on high,  
 To smite to-day the Saxon's might—  
 To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet—  
 'Tis a voice from our own land—  
 God of battles! God of vengeance!  
 Guide to-day the patriot's brand;  
 There are stains to wash away,  
 There are memories to destroy,  
 In the best blood of the Briton  
 To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels  
 In a thousand reeking flanks—  
 Down, chivalry of Ireland,  
 Down on the British ranks!  
 Now shall their serried columns  
 Beneath our sabres reel—  
 Through their ranks, then, with the war-  
 horse—  
 Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis,  
 And the fair land of the vine,  
 Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,  
 We swept upon their line—  
 Then rang along the battle-field  
 Triumphant our hurrah,  
 And we smote them down, still cheering,  
 "Erin, slanthagal go bragh."

As prized as is the blessing  
 From an aged father's lip—  
 As welcome as the haven  
 To the tempest-driven ship—  
 As dear as to the lover  
 The smile of gentle maid—  
 Is this day of long-sought vengeance  
 To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shatter'd forces flying,  
 A broken, routed line—  
 See, England, what brave laurels  
 For your brow to-day we twine.  
 Oh, thrice bless'd the hour that witness'd  
 The Briton turn to flee  
 From the chivalry of Erin  
 And France's "*fleur de lis*."

As we lay beside our camp-fires,  
 When the sun had pass'd away,  
 And thought upon our brethren  
 Who had perish'd in the fray,  
 We pray'd to God to grant us,  
 And then we'd die with joy,  
 One day upon our own dear land  
 Like this of Fontenoy.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

### LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in  
 battle-array!  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my  
 sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in  
 fight.  
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom  
 and crown;  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them  
 down!  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the  
 slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to  
 the plain.  
 But hark! through the fast-flashing light-  
 ning of war  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
 'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall  
 await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at  
 the gate.  
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is  
 there;  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of de-  
 spair.  
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led—  
 Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the  
 dead;

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall  
wave,  
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the  
brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-tell-  
ing seer!  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering  
sight  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of  
fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to  
scorn?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume  
shall be torn!  
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth  
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds  
of the north?  
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding,  
he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction  
abroad;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on  
high!  
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is  
nigh.  
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot  
to the blast  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament  
cast?  
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully  
driven  
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness  
of heaven.  
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlements'  
height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and  
to burn;  
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark  
where it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famish-  
ing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd  
my clan;  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms  
are one!

They are true to the last of their blood and  
their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of  
death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to  
the shock!

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave  
on the rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his  
cause,

When Albin her claymore indignantly  
draws;

When her bonneted chieftains to victory  
crowd,

Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the  
proud,

All plaided and plumed in their tartan  
array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may  
seal,

But man cannot cover what God would re-  
veal;

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical  
lore,

And coming events casts their shadows be-  
fore.

I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall  
ring

With the bloodhounds that bark for thy  
fugitive king.

Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of  
wrath,

Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!  
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps  
from my sight:

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his  
flight!

'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd  
on the moors;

Culloden is lost, and my country de-  
plores.

But where is the iron-bound prisoner?  
where?

For the red eye of battle is shut in de-  
spair.

Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd,  
forlorn,

Like a limb from his country cast bleeding  
and torn?

Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
 The war-drum is muffled and black is the  
 bier;  
 His death-bell is tolling. Oh! mercy,  
 dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to  
 tell!  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering  
 limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony  
 swims.  
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his  
 feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it  
 ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the  
 gale——

#### LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not  
 the tale:  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
 So black with dishonor, so foul with re-  
 treat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be  
 strew'd in their gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-  
 beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom  
 remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to  
 the foe!  
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his  
 name,  
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-  
 bed of fame.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### YOUNG AIRLY.

KEN ye aught of brave Lochiel?  
 Or ken ye aught of Airly?  
 They have belted on their bright broad  
 swords,  
 And off and awa' wi' Charlie.  
 Now bring me fire, my merry, merry men,  
 And bring it red and yarely—  
 At mirk midnight there flash'd a light  
 O'er the topmost towers of Airly.

What lowe is yon, quo' the gude Lochiel,  
 Which gleams so red and rarely?  
 By the God of my kin, quo' young Ogilvie,  
 It's my ain bonnie hame of Airly!  
 Put up your sword, said the brave Lochiel,  
 And calm your mood, quo' Charlie;  
 Ere morning glow we'll raise a lowe  
 Far brighter than bonnie Airly.

Oh, yon fair tower's my native tower!  
 Nor will it soothe my mourning,  
 Were London palace, tower, and town  
 As fast and brightly burning.  
 It's no my hame—my father's hame,  
 That reddens my cheek sae sairly—  
 But my wife, and twa sweet babes I left  
 To smoor in the smoke of Airly.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

#### CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
 Right early in the year,  
 That Charlie came to our town,  
 The young Chevalier.  
 An' Charlie is my darling,  
 My darling, my darling,  
 Charlie is my darling,  
 The young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,  
 His face shone like the day;  
 I grat to see the lad come back  
 That had been lang away.  
 An' Charlie is my darling,  
 My darling, my darling,  
 Charlie is my darling,  
 The young Chevalier.

Then ilka bonnie lassie sang,  
 As to the door she ran,  
 Our king shall hae his ain again,  
 An' Charlie is the man:  
 For Charlie he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling,  
 Charlie he's my darling,  
 The young Chevalier.

Out owre yon moory mountain,  
 An' down the craigy glen,  
 Of naething else our lasses sing  
 But Charlie an' his men.

An' Charlie he's my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
Charlie he's my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

Our Highland hearts are true an' leal,  
An' glow without a stain;  
Our Highland swords are metal keen,  
An' Charlie he's our ain.  
An' Charlie he's my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
Charlie he's my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

JAMES HOGG.

—•—  
*BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.*

CAM ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,  
Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the  
Garry;  
Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and  
white cockades,  
Leaving their mountains to follow  
Prince Charlie?  
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna  
follow thee?  
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us  
fairly:  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow  
thee,  
King o' the Highland hearts, bonny  
Prince Charlie?

I hae but aeson, my gallant young Donald;  
But if I had ten, they should follow  
Glengary.  
Health to M'Donnel, and gallant Clan-  
Ronald,  
For these are the men that will die for  
their Charlie!  
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna  
follow thee?  
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us  
fairly:  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow  
thee,  
King o' the Highland hearts, bonny  
Prince Charlie?

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to  
them,  
Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of  
Kildarlie;

Brave M'Intosh he shall fly to the field  
with them;  
These are the lads I can trust wi' my  
Charlie!  
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna  
follow thee?  
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us  
fairly:  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow  
thee,  
King o' the Highland hearts, bonny  
Prince Charlie?

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the  
Whigamore!  
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them  
rarely!  
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad  
claymore,  
Over the necks of the foes of Prince  
Charlie!  
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna  
follow thee?  
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us  
fairly:  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow  
thee,  
King o' the Highland hearts, bonny  
Prince Charlie?

JAMES HOGG.

—•—  
*WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE!*

A WEE bird came to our ha'-door;  
He warbled sweet and clearly;  
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang  
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"  
Oh, when I heard the bonny, bonny bird,  
The tears came drapping rarely;  
I took my bonnet aff my head,  
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I: "My bird, my bonny, bonny  
bird,  
Is that a tale ye borrow?  
Or is't some words ye've learn'd by rote,  
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"  
"Oh, no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,  
"I've flown sin' morning early;  
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—  
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"



"On hills that are by right his ain  
He roams a lonely stranger;  
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
On ilka side by danger.

Yestreen I met him in the glen,  
My heart near bursted fairly;  
For sadly changed indeed was he—  
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night came on; the tempest howl'd  
Out owre the hills and valleys;  
And where was't that your prince lay  
down,

Whase hame should be a palace?  
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,  
Which cover'd him but sparely,  
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—  
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red-coats,  
And he shook his wings wi' anger:

"Oh, this is no a land for me—  
I'll tarry here nae langer."

A while he hover'd on the wing,  
Ere he departed fairly;  
But weel I mind the farewell strain,  
'Twas "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

WILLIAM GLEN.

### THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!  
Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,  
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;  
Thy hospitable roofs no more  
Invite the stranger to the door;  
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar  
His all become the prey of war;  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,  
Through the wide-spreading waste of  
time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze!

Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day:  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night:  
No strains but those of sorrow flow,  
And naught be heard but sounds of woe,  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause! O fatal morn!  
Accursed to ages yet unborn!  
The sons against their father stood,  
The parent shed his children's blood.  
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,  
The victor's soul was not appeased:  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,  
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;  
The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend;  
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow:  
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

### THE POMPADOUR.

VERSAILLES!—Up the chestnut alley,  
All in flower, so white and pure,  
Strut the red and yellow lacqueys  
Of this Madame Pompadour.

"Clear the way!" cry out the lacqueys,  
Elbowing the lame and poor  
From the chapel's stately porches,—  
"Way for Madame Pompadour!"

Old bent soldiers, crippled veterans,  
Sigh and hobble, sad, footsore,  
Jostled by the chariot-horses  
Of this woman—Pompadour.

Through the levée (poet, marquis,  
Wistful for the opening door),  
With a rippling sweep of satin,  
Sail'd the queenly Pompadour.

Sighs by dozens, as she proudly  
Glides, so confident and sure,  
With her fan that breaks through hal-  
berds—  
In went Madame Pompadour.

Starving abbé, wounded marshal,  
Speculator, lean and poor,  
Cringe and shrink before the creatures  
Of this harlot Pompadour.

"Rose in sunshine! Summer lily!"  
Cries a poet at the door,  
Squeezed and trampled by the lacqueys  
Of the witching Pompadour.

"Bathed in milk and fed on roses!"  
Sighs a pimp behind the door,  
Jamm'd and bullied by the courtiers  
Of this strumpet Pompadour.

"Rose of Sharon!" chants an abbé,  
Fat and with the voice of four,  
Black silk stockings soil'd by varlets  
Of this Rahab Pompadour.

"Neck so swan-like,—*Dea certe!*  
Fit for monarchs to adore!"

"Clear the way!" was still the echo,  
"For this Venus—Pompadour."

Open!—with the jar of thunder  
Fly the portals,—clocks strike four;  
With a burst of drums and trumpets  
Come the king and Pompadour.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

— — —  
*LOUIS XV.*

THE king with all his kingly train  
Had left his Pompadour behind,  
And forth he rode in Senart's wood,  
The royal beasts of chase to find.  
That day by chance the monarch mused,  
And, turning suddenly away,

He struck alone into a path  
That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play  
Upon the brown untrodden earth;  
He saw the birds around him flit  
As if he were of peasant birth;  
He saw the trees that know no king  
But him who bears a woodland axe;  
He thought not, but he look'd about  
Like one who skill in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell,  
And glad of human sound was he,  
For, truth to say, he found himself  
A weight from which he fain would flee.  
But that which he would ne'er have  
guess'd  
Before him now most plainly came;  
The man upon his weary back  
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaimed the  
king,  
"And what is that I see thee bear?"

"I am a laborer in the wood,  
And 'tis a coffin for Pierre.  
Close by the royal hunting-lodge  
You may have often seen him toil;  
But he will never work again,  
And I for him must dig the soil."

The laborer ne'er had seen the king,  
And this he thought was but a man,  
Who made at first a moment's pause,  
And then anew his talk began:

"I think I do remember now,—  
He had a dark and glancing eye,  
And I have seen his slender arm  
With wondrous blows the pickaxe ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident  
Can thus have kill'd our good Pierre?"

"Oh, nothing more than usual, sir,  
He died of living upon air.  
'Twas hunger kill'd the poor good man,  
Who long on empty hopes relied;  
He could not pay gabell and tax,  
And feed his children, so he died."

The man stopp'd short, and then went  
on,—  
"It is, you know, a common thing;  
Our children's bread is eaten up  
By courtiers, mistresses, and king."

The king look'd hard upon the man,  
And afterward the coffin eyed;  
Then spurr'd to ask of Pompadour  
How came it that the peasants died.

JOHN STERLING.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!  
Will ye give it up to slaves?  
Will ye look for greener graves?  
Hope ye mercy still?  
What's the mercy despots feel?  
Hear it in that battle-peal!  
Read it on yon bristling steel!  
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?  
Will ye to your *homes* retire?  
Look behind you!—they're afire!  
And, before you, see  
Who have done it! From the vale  
On they come!—and will ye quail?  
Leaden rain and iron hail  
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!  
Die we may,—and die we must:  
But, oh where can dust to dust  
Be consign'd so well,  
As where Heaven its dews shall shed  
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,  
And the rocks shall raise their head  
Of his deeds to tell?

JOHN PIERPONT.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-  
five;

Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and  
year.

He said to his friend, "If the British  
march

By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal  
light,—

One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,

Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and  
farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night," and with  
muffled oar

Silently row'd to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and  
spar

Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magni-  
fied

By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and  
street,

Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack-door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers  
Marching down to their boats on the  
shore.

Then he climb'd the tower of the Old  
North Church,

By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him  
made

Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret  
dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walk'd Paul Re-  
vere.

Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamp'd the earth,  
And turn'd and tighten'd his saddle-  
girth;

But mostly he watch'd with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he  
turns,

But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the  
dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing,  
a spark

Struck out by a steed flying fearless and  
fleet:

That was all; and yet, through the gloom  
and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed in  
his flight

Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the  
steep,

And beneath him, tranquil and broad and  
deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides,  
And under the alders that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the  
ledge,

Is heard the tramp of his steed as he  
rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he cross'd the bridge into Medford  
town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank  
and bare,

Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock  
When he came to the bridge in Concord  
town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest; in the books you have  
read,

How the British regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere,  
And so through the night went his cry of  
alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the  
door,

And a word that shall echo for evermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and  
need,

The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Re-  
vere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

*SONG OF MARION'S MEN.*

\* OUR band is few, but true and tried,  
 Our leader frank and bold;  
 The British soldier trembles  
 When Marion's name is told.  
 Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
 Our tent the cypress tree;  
 We know the forest round us,  
 As seamen know the sea;  
 We know its walls of thorny vines,  
 Its glades of reedy grass,  
 Its safe and silent islands  
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
 That little dread us near!  
 On them shall light at midnight  
 A strange and sudden fear;  
 When, waking to their tents on fire,  
 They grasp their arms in vain,  
 And they who stand to face us  
 Are beat to earth again;  
 And they who fly in terror deem  
 A mighty host behind,  
 And hear the tramp of thousands  
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
 From danger and from toil:  
 We talk the battle over,  
 And share the battle's spoil.  
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
 As if a hunt were up,  
 And woodland flowers are gather'd  
 To crown the soldier's cup.  
 With merry songs we mock the wind  
 That in the pine-top grieves,  
 And slumber long and sweetly  
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
 The band that Marion leads—  
 The glitter of their rifles,  
 The scampering of their steeds.  
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
 Across the moonlight plain;  
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
 That lifts his tossing mane.  
 A moment in the British camp—  
 A moment—and away  
 Back to the pathless forest,  
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
 Grave men with hoary hairs;  
 Their hearts are all with Marion,  
 For Marion are their prayers.  
 And lovely ladies greet our band  
 With kindest welcoming,  
 With smiles like those of summer,  
 And tears like those of spring.  
 For them we wear these trusty arms,  
 And lay them down no more  
 Till we have driven the Briton  
 For ever from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

*CARMEN BELLICOSUM.*

In their ragged regimentals,  
 Stood the old Continentals,  
 Yielding not,  
 When the grenadiers were lunging,  
 And like hail fell the plunging  
 Cannon-shot;  
 When the files  
 Of the isles,  
 From the smoky night encampment,  
 Bore the banner of the rampant  
 Unicorn,  
 And grummer, grummer, grummer.  
 Roll'd the roll of the drummer,  
 Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,  
 And with guns horizontal,  
 Stood our sires;  
 And the balls whistled deadly,  
 And in streams flashing redly  
 Blazed the fires;  
 As the roar  
 On the shore  
 Swept the strong battle-breakers  
 O'er the green-sodded acres  
 Of the plain:  
 And louder, louder, louder,  
 Crack'd the black gunpowder,  
 Crack'd again!

Now like smiths at their forges  
 Work'd the red St. George's  
 Cannoneers,  
 And the "villainous saltpetre"  
 Rang a fierce discordant metre  
 Round their ears;

As the swift  
Storm-drift  
With hot sweeping anger,  
Came the horseguards' clangor  
On our flanks;  
Then higher, higher, higher,  
Burn'd the old-fashion'd fire  
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashion'd colonel  
Gallop'd through the white infernal  
Powder-cloud;  
And his broad sword was swinging,  
And his brazen throat was ringing  
Trumpet loud.  
Then the blue  
Bullets flew,  
And the trooper-jackets redden  
At the touch of the leaden  
Rifle-breath;  
And rounder, rounder, rounder  
Roar'd the iron six-pounder,  
Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

#### LA TRICOTEUSE.

THE fourteenth of July had come,  
And round the guillotine  
The thieves and beggars, rank by rank,  
Moved the red flags between.  
A crimson heart, upon a pole,—  
The long march had begun;  
But still the little smiling child  
Sat knitting in the sun.

The red caps of those men of France  
Shook like a poppy-field;  
Three women's heads, with gory hair,  
The standard-bearers wield.  
Cursing, with song and battle-hymn,  
Five butchers dragg'd a gun;  
Yet still the little maid sat there,  
A-knitting in the sun.

An axe was painted on the flags,  
A broken throne and crown,  
A ragged coat, upon a lance,  
Hung in foul black shreds down.  
"More heads!" the seething rabble cry,  
And now the drums begun;  
But still the little fair-hair'd child  
Sat knitting in the sun.

And every time a head roll'd off,  
They roll like winter seas,  
And, with a tossing up of caps,  
Shouts shook the Tuileries.  
Whizz—went the heavy chopper down,  
And then the drums begun;  
But still the little smiling child  
Sat knitting in the sun.

The Jacobins, ten thousand strong,  
And every man a sword;  
The red caps, with the tricolors,  
Led on the noisy horde.  
"The *Sans Culottes* to-day are strong,"  
The gossips say, and run;  
But still the little maid sits there,  
A-knitting in the sun.

Then the slow death-cart moved along:  
And, singing patriot songs,  
A pale, doom'd poet bowing comes  
And cheers the swaying throngs.  
Oh, when the axe swept shining down,  
The mad drums all begun;  
But, smiling still, the little child  
Sat knitting in the sun.

"Le marquis," linen snowy white,  
The powder in his hair,  
Waving his scented handkerchief,  
Looks down with careless stare.  
A whirr, a chop—another head—  
Hurrah! the work's begun;  
But still the little child sat there,  
A-knitting in the sun.

A stir, and through the parting crowd  
The people's friends are come;  
Marat and Robespierre—"Vivat!  
Roll thunder from the drum."  
The one a wild beast's hungry eye,  
Hair tangled—hark! a gun!—  
The other kindly kiss'd the child  
A-knitting in the sun:

"And why not work all night?" the child  
Said to the knitters there.  
Oh how the furies shook their sides,  
And toss'd their grizzled hair!  
Then clapp'd a *bonnet rouge* on her,  
And cried, "'Tis well begun!"  
And laugh'd to see the little child  
Knit, smiling in the sun.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

## FRANCE: AN ODE.

FEBRUARY, 1797.

YE Clouds! that far above me float and  
pause,

Whose pathless march no mortal may  
control!

Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye  
roll,

Yield homage only to eternal laws!

Ye Woods! that listen to the night-  
birds singing,

Midway the smooth and perilous slope  
reclined,

Save when your own imperious branches  
swinging

Have made a solemn music of the wind!

Where, like a man beloved of God,  
Through glooms, which never woodman  
trod,

How oft, pursuing fancies holy,

My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds  
I wound,

Inspired beyond the guess of folly,

By each rude shape and wild unconquer-  
able sound!

O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!  
And O ye Clouds that far above me  
soar'd!

Thou rising Sun! thou blue, rejoicing  
Sky!

Yea, everything that is and will be  
free!

Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,  
With what deep worship I have still adored  
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

When France in wrath her giant limbs  
uprear'd,

And with that oath, which smote air,  
earth, and sea,

Stamp'd her strong foot and said she  
would be free,

Bear witness for me, how I hoped and  
fear'd!

With what a joy my lofty gratulation

Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:

And when to whelm the disenchanted  
nation,

Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,  
The Monarchs march'd in evil day,  
And Britain join'd the dire array;

Though dear her shores and circling  
ocean,

Though many friendships, many youthful  
loves

Had sworn the patriot emotion,

And flung a magic light o'er all her hills  
and groves;

Yet still my voice, unalter'd, sang de-  
feat

To all that braved the tyrant-quelling  
lance,

And shame too long delay'd and vain  
retreat!

For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim

I dimm'd thy light or damp'd thy holy  
flame;

But bless'd the pæans of deliver'd  
France,

And hung my head and wept at Britain's  
name.

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's  
loud scream

With that sweet music of deliverance  
strove!

Though all the fierce and drunken pas-  
sions wove

A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's  
dream!

Ye Storms, that round the dawning east  
assembled,

The Sun was rising, though ye hid his  
light!"

And when to soothe my soul, that hoped  
and trembled,

The dissonance ceased, and all seem'd  
calm and bright;

When France her front deep-scar'd and  
gory

Conceal'd with clustering wreaths of  
glory;

When, insupportably advancing,

Her arm made mockery of the warrior's  
tramp;

While timid looks of fury glancing,

Domestic Treason, crush'd beneath her  
fatal stamp,

Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;

Then I reproach'd my fears that would  
not flee;

"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach  
her lore

In the low huts of them that toil and  
groan !

And, conquering by her happiness alone,  
Shall France compel the nations to be  
free,

Till Love and Joy look round, and call  
the Earth their own."

Forgive me, Freedom ! oh, forgive those  
dreams !

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud la-  
ment,

From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent ;  
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd  
streams !

Heroes, that for your peaceful country  
perish'd,

And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-  
snows

With bleeding wounds ; forgive me that  
I cherish'd

One thought that ever bless'd your cruel  
foes !

To scatter rage and traitorous guilt,  
Where Peace her jealous home had built ;

A patriot race to disinherit  
Of all that made their stormy wilds so  
dear ;

And with inexpiable spirit  
To taint the bloodless freedom of the  
mountaineer—

O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous,  
blind,

And patriot only in pernicious toils,  
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human  
kind ?

To mix with Kings in the low lust of  
sway,

Yell in the hunt, and share the murder-  
ous prey ;

To insult the shrine of Liberty with  
spoils

From freemen torn ; to tempt and to  
betray ?

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,  
Slaves by their own compulsion ! In  
mad game

They burst their manacles and wear the  
name

Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !

O Liberty ! with profitless endeavor  
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour ;  
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain,  
nor ever .

Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human  
power.

Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee  
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays  
thee),

Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,  
And factious Blasphemy's obscener  
slaves,

Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,  
The guide of homeless winds, and play-  
mate of the waves !

And there I felt thee !—on that sea-cliff's  
verge,

Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the  
breeze above,

Had made one murmur with the distant  
surge !

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my tem-  
ples bare,

And shot my being through earth, sea,  
and air,

Possessing all things with intensest  
love,.

O Liberty ! my spirit felt thee there.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

### PART I.

At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,

Whoever will choose to repair,

Midst a dozen of wooden-legg'd warriors,

May haply fall in with old Pierre.

On the sunshiny bench of a tavern,

He sits and he prates of old wars,

And moistens his pipe of tobacco

With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,

And as long as his tap never fails,

Thus over his favorite liquor

Old Peter will tell his old tales.

Says he, "In my life's ninety summers

Strange changes and chances I've seen,—

So here's to all gentlemen drummers

That ever have thump'd on a skin.

"Brought up in the art military

For four generations we are ;



My ancestors drumm'd for King Harry,  
The Huguenot lad of Navarre;  
And as each man in life has his station,  
According as fortune may fix,  
While Condé was waving the baton,  
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

"Ah! those were the days for commanders!  
What glories my grandfather won,  
Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders,  
The fortunes of France had undone!  
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,—  
What foeman resisted us then?  
No; my grandsire was ever victorious,  
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

"He died, and our noble battalions  
The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook;  
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,  
The victory lay with Malbrook.  
The news it was brought to King Louis;  
Corbleu! how His Majesty swore,  
When he heard they had taken my grand-  
sire,  
And twelve thousand gentlemen more!

"At Namur, Ramillies, and Malplaquet  
Were we posted, on plain or in trench;  
Malbrook only need to attack it,  
And away from him scamper'd we  
French.

Cheer up! 'tis no use to be glum, boys,—  
'Tis written, since fighting begun,  
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,  
And sometimes we fight and we run.

"To fight and to run was our fate;  
Our fortune and fame had departed;  
And so perish'd Louis the Great,—  
Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted.  
His coffin they pelted with mud,  
His body they tried to lay hands on;  
And so having buried King Louis,  
They loyally served his great-grandson.

"God save the beloved King Louis!  
(For so he was nicknamed by some),  
And now came my father to do his  
King's orders, and beat on the drum.  
My grandsire was dead, but his bones  
Must have shaken, I'm certain, for joy,  
To hear daddy drumming the English  
From the meadows of famed Fonte-  
noy.

"So well did he drum in that battle,  
That the enemy show'd us their backs;  
Corbleu! it was pleasant to rattle  
The sticks, and to follow old Saxe!  
We next had Soubise as a leader,  
And as luck hath its changes and fits,  
At Rossbach, in spite of dad's drumming,  
'Tis said we were beaten by Fritz.

"And now daddy crossed the Atlantic,  
To drum for Montcalm and his men;  
Morbieu! but it makes a man frantic,  
To think we were beaten again!  
My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean,  
My mother brought me on her neck,  
And we came in the year fifty-seven  
To guard the good town of Quebec.

"In the year fifty-nine came the Britons,—  
Full well I remember the day,—  
They knock'd at our gates for admittance,  
Their vessels were moor'd in our bay.  
Says our general, 'Drive me yon red-coats  
Away to the sea, whence they come!'  
So we march'd against Wolfe and his  
bull-dogs,  
We march'd at the sound of the drum.

"I think I can see my poor mammy  
With me in her hand as she waits,  
And our regiment, slowly retreating,  
Pours back through the citadel-gates.  
Dear mammy, she looks in their faces,  
And asks if her husband is come.  
—He is lying all cold on the glaciis,  
And will never more beat on the drum.

"Come, drink, 'tis no use to be glum, boys;  
He died like a soldier—in glory;  
Here's a glass to the health of all drum-boys,  
And now I'll commence my own story.  
Once more did we cross the salt ocean;  
We came in the year eighty-one;  
And the wrongs of my father the drummer  
Were avenged by the drummer his son.

"In Chesapeake Bay we were landed;  
In vain strove the British to pass;  
Rochambeau our armies commanded,  
Our ships they were led by De Grasse.  
Morbieu! how I rattled the drumsticks,  
The day we march'd into Yorktown!  
Ten thousand of beef-eating British  
Their weapons we caused to lay down.

"Then homeward returning victorious,  
In peace to our country we came,  
And were thank'd for our glorious actions  
By Louis Sixteenth of the name.  
What drummer on earth could be prouder  
Than I, while I drumm'd at Versailles  
To the lovely court-ladies in powder,  
And lappets, and long satin tails?

"The princes that day pass'd before us,  
Our countrymen's glory and hope;  
Monsieur, who was learn'd in Horace,  
D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.  
One night we kept guard for the Queen  
At Her Majesty's opera-box,  
While the King, that majestical monarch,  
Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drumm'd for the fair Antoinette;  
And so smiling she look'd, and so tender,  
That our officers, privates, and drummers  
All vow'd they would die to defend her.  
But she cared not for us honest fellows,  
Who fought and who bled in her wars;  
She sneer'd at our gallant Rochambeau,  
And turn'd Lafayette out of doors.

"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath  
No more to such tyrants to kneel;  
And so, just to keep up my drumming,  
One day I drumm'd down the Bastille!  
Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine;  
Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,  
And drink to the year eighty-nine,  
And the glorious Fourth of July!

"Then bravely our cannon it thunder'd,  
As onward our patriots bore;  
Our enemies were but a hundred,  
And we twenty thousand or more.  
They carried the news to King Louis,  
He heard it as calm as you please;  
And like a majestical monarch,  
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

"We show'd our republican courage,  
We storm'd and we broke the great gate  
in,  
And we murder'd the insolent governor  
For daring to keep us a-waiting.  
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by;  
They never stirr'd finger or thumb;  
The saucy aristocrats trembled  
As they heard the republican drum.

"Hurrah! what a storm was a-brewing!  
The day of our vengeance was come;  
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin  
Did I beat on the patriot drum!  
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August:  
At midnight I beat the tattoo,  
And woke up the pikemen of Paris  
To follow the bold Barbaroux.

"With pikes, and with shouts, and with  
torches,  
March'd onward our dusty battalions;  
And we girt the tall castle of Louis,  
A million of tattered malions!  
We storm'd the fair gardens where tower'd  
The walls of his heritage splendid;  
Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,  
That had not the heart to defend it!

"With the crown of his sires on his head,  
His nobles and knights by his side,  
At the foot of his ancestors' palace  
'Twere easy, methinks, to have died.  
But no: when we burst through his bar-  
riers,  
'Mid heaps of the dying and dead,  
In vain through the chambers we sought  
him,—  
He had turn'd like a craven and fled.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You all know the Place de la Concorde?  
'Tis hard by the Tuilerie wall;  
'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,  
There rises an obelisk tall.  
There rises an obelisk tall,  
All garnish'd and gilded the base is;  
'Tis surely the gayest of all  
Our beautiful city's gay places.

"Around it are gardens and flowers,  
And the cities of France on their  
thrones,  
Each crown'd with his circlet of flowers,  
Sits watching this biggest of stones!  
I love to go sit in the sun there,  
The flowers and fountains to see,  
And to think of the deeds that were done  
there,  
In the glorious year ninety-three.

"'Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom,  
And though neither marble nor gilding

Was used in those days to adorn  
Our simple republican building,  
Corbleu! but the MÈRE GUILLotine  
Cared little for splendor or show,  
So you gave her an axe and a beam,  
And a plank and a basket or so.

"Awful, and proud, and erect,  
Here sat our republican goddess;  
Each morning her table we deck'd  
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.  
The people each day flock'd around,  
As she sat at her meat and her wine:  
'Twas always the use of our nation  
To witness the sovereign dine.

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,  
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,  
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,  
Were splendidly served at her feasts.  
Ventrebleu! but we pamper'd our ogress  
With the best that our nation could  
bring,  
And dainty she grew in her progress,  
And call'd for the head of a king!

"She call'd for the blood of our king,  
And straight from his prison we drew  
him;  
And to her with shouting we led him,  
And took him, and bound him, and slew  
him.  
'The monarchs of Europe against me  
Have plotted a godless alliance;  
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'  
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'

"I see him as now, for a moment,  
Away from his jailers he broke,  
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,  
And linger'd, and fain would have spoke.  
'Ho, drummer! quick! silence yon Capet,'  
Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your  
drum;'  
Lustily then did I tap it,  
And the son of St. Louis was dumb."

\* \* \* \* \*

## PART II.

"THE glorious days of September  
Saw many aristocrats fall;  
'Twas then that our pikes drunk the blood  
In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.

Pardi, 'twas a beautiful lady!  
I seldom have look'd on her like;  
And I drumm'd for a gallant procession  
That march'd with her head on a pike.

"Let's show the pale head to the Queen,  
We said—she'll remember it well.  
She look'd from the bars of her prison,  
And shriek'd as she saw it, and fell.  
We set up a shout at her screaming,  
We laugh'd at the fright she had shown  
At the sight of the head of her minion;  
How she'd tremble to part with her  
own!

"We had taken the head of King Capet,  
We call'd for the blood of his wife;  
Undaunted she came to the scaffold,  
And bared her fair neck to the knife.  
As she felt the foul fingers that touch'd  
her,  
She shrunk, but she deign'd not to  
speak:  
She look'd with a royal disdain,  
And died with a blush on her cheek.

"'Twas thus that our country was saved:  
So told us the safety committee!  
But pshaw! I've the heart of a soldier,  
All gentleness, mercy, and pity.  
I loathed to assist at such deeds,  
And my drum beat its loudest of tunes  
As we offered to Justice offended  
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

"Away with such foul recollections!  
No more of the axe and the block;  
I saw the last fight of the sections,  
As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint  
Rock.

Young Bonaparte led us that day;  
When he sought the Italian frontier,  
I follow'd my gallant young captain,  
I follow'd him many a long year.

"We came to an army in rags,  
Our general was but a boy,  
When we first saw the Austrian flags  
Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.  
In the glorious year ninety-six,  
We march'd to the banks of the Po;  
I carried my drum and my sticks,  
And we laid the proud Austrian low.

"In triumph we enter'd Milan,  
We seized on the Mantuan keys;  
The troops of the Emperor ran,  
And the Pope he fell down on his  
knees."—

Pierre's comrades here called a fresh  
bottle,  
And, clubbing together their wealth,  
They drank to the Army of Italy,  
And General Bonaparte's health.

The drummer now bared his old breast,  
And show'd us a plenty of scars,  
Rude presents that Fortune had made  
him

In fifty victorious wars.

"This came when I follow'd bold Kleber—  
'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun;  
And this from an Austrian sabre,  
When the field of Marengo was won.

"My forehead has many deep furrows,  
But this is the deepest of all;  
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,  
Beside the fair river of Saal.  
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it  
(God bless him!); it covers a blow;  
I had it at Austerlitz fight,  
As I beat on my drum in the snow.

"'Twas thus that we conquer'd and fought;  
But wherefore continue the story?  
There's never a baby in France  
But has heard of our chief and our  
glory,—

But has heard of our chief and our fame,  
His sorrows and triumphs can tell,  
How bravely Napoleon conquer'd,  
How bravely and sadly he fell.

"It makes my old heart to beat higher  
To think of the deeds that I saw;  
I follow'd bold Ney through the fire,  
And charged at the side of Murat."  
And so did old Peter continue  
His story of twenty brave years;  
His audience follow'd with comments—  
Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain  
Had died in defence of their land;  
His audience laugh'd at the story,  
And vow'd that their captain was grand!

He had fought the red English, he said,  
In many a battle of Spain;  
They cursed the red English, and pray'd  
To meet them and fight them again.

He told them how Russia was lost,  
Had winter not driven them back;  
And his company cursed the quick frost,  
And doubly they cursed the Cossack.  
He told how the stranger arrived;  
They wept at the tale of disgrace;  
And they long'd but for one battle more,  
The stain of their shame to efface!

"Our country their hordes overrun,  
We fled to the fields of Champagne,  
And fought them, though twenty to one,  
And beat them again and again!  
Our warrior was conquer'd at last;  
They bade him his crown to resign;  
To fate and his country he yielded  
The rights of himself and his line.

"He came, and among us he stood,  
Around him we press'd in a throng,  
We could not regard him for weeping,  
Who had led us and loved us so long.  
'I have led you for twenty long years,'  
Napoleon said ere he went;  
'Wherever was honor I found you,  
And with you, my sons, am content.

"'Though Europe against me was arm'd,  
Your chiefs and my people are true;  
I still might have struggled with fortune,  
And baffled all Europe with you.

"'But France would have suffer'd the  
while;  
'Tis best that I suffer alone:  
I go to my place of exile,  
To write of the deeds we have done.

"'Be true to the king that they give you;  
We may not embrace ere we part;  
But, General, reach me your hand,  
And press me, I pray, to your heart.'

"He called for our old battle-standard;  
One kiss to the eagle he gave.  
'Dear eagle!' he said, 'may this kiss  
Long sound in the hearts of the brave!'  
'Twas thus that Napoleon left us;  
Our people were weeping and mute,

And he passed through the lines of his  
guard,  
And our drums beat the notes of salute.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I look'd when the drumming was o'er,  
I look'd, but our hero was gone;  
We were destined to see him once more,  
When we fought on the mount of St.  
John.

The Emperor rode through our files;  
'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn;  
The lines of our warriors for miles  
Stretched wide through the Waterloo  
corn.

"In thousands we stood on the plain;  
The red-coats were crowning the height;  
'Go scatter yon English,' he said;  
'We'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.'  
We answer'd his voice with a shout;  
Our eagles were bright in the sun;  
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,  
And the thundering battle begun.

"One charge to another succeeds,  
Like waves that a hurricane bears;  
All day do our galloping steeds  
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares.  
At noon we began the fell onset;  
We charged up the Englishman's hill;  
And madly we charged it at sunset—  
His banners were floating there still.

"—Go to! I will tell you no more;  
You know how the battle was lost.  
Ho! fetch me a beaker of wine,  
And, comrades, I'll give you a toast.  
I'll give you a curse on all traitors,  
Who plotted our Emperor's ruin;  
And a curse on those red-coated English,  
Whose bayonets help'd our undoing.

"A curse on those British assassins  
Who order'd the slaughter of Ney;  
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured  
The life of our hero away.  
A curse on all Russians—I hate them—  
On all Prussian and Austrian fry;  
And, oh! but I pray we may meet them,  
And fight them again ere I die!"

'Twas thus old Peter did conclude  
His chronicle with curses fit.  
He spoke the tale in accents rude,  
In ruder verse I copied it.

Perhaps the tale a moral bears  
(All tales in time to this must come),  
The story of two hundred years  
Writ on the parchment of a drum.

What Peter told with drum and stick  
Is endless theme for poet's pen:  
Is found in endless quartos thick,  
Enormous books by learned men.

And ever since historian writ,  
And ever since a bard could sing,  
Doth each exalt, with all his wit,  
The noble art of murdering.

We love to read the glorious page,  
How bold Achilles kill'd his foe,  
And Turnus, fell'd by Trojans' rage,  
Went howling to the shades below.

How Godfrey led his red-cross knights,  
How mad Orlando slash'd and slew;  
There's not a single bard that writes,  
But doth the glorious theme renew.

And while in fashion picturesque  
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,  
The grave historian, at his desk,  
Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Cox;  
You'll duly see recorded there  
The history of the selfsame knocks  
Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Of battles fierce and warriors big,  
He writes in phrases dull and slow,  
And waves his cauliflower wig,  
And shouts, "St. George for Marlborow!"

Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,  
An LL.D.,—a peaceful man;  
Good Lord, how doth he plume himself  
Because we beat the Corsican!

From first to last his page is fill'd  
With stirring tales how blows were  
struck.

He shows how we the Frenchmen kill'd,  
And praises God for our good luck.

Some hints, 'tis true, of politics  
The doctors give, and statesman's art;  
Pierre only bangs his drum and sticks,  
And understands the bloody part.

He cares not what the cause may be,  
He is not nice for wrong and right;  
But show him where's the enemy,  
He only asks to drum and fight.

They bid him fight,—perhaps he wins;  
And when he tells the story o'er,  
The honest savage brags and grins,  
And only longs to fight once more.

But luck may change, and valor fail,  
Our drummer, Peter, meet reverse,  
And with a moral points his tale—  
The end of all such tales—a curse.

—  
LAST year, my love, it was my hap  
Behind a grenadier to be,  
And, but he wore a hairy cap,  
No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot!  
(Be blessings on the glorious pair!)  
Before us pass'd, I saw them not,  
I only saw a cap of hair.

Your orthodox historian puts  
In foremost rank the soldier thus,  
The red-coat bully in his boots,  
That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank,  
You wonder at his cap of hair:  
You hear his sabre's cursèd clank,  
His spurs are jingling everywhere.

Go to! I hate him and his trade:  
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,  
And all God's peaceful people made  
To such as him subservient?

Tell me what find we to admire  
In epaulets and scarlet coats,  
In men because they load and fire,  
And know the art of cutting throats?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ah, gentle, tender lady mine!  
The winter wind blows cold and shrill,  
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,  
And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,  
How kings and heroes rise and fall?  
Look yonder; in his coffin black,  
There lies the greatest of them all!

To pluck him down, and keep him up,  
Died many million human souls;  
'Tis twelve o'clock, and time to sup,  
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns;  
He wrote "The Great" before his name;  
And dying only left his sons  
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,  
He died without a rood his own;  
And borrow'd from his enemies  
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,  
And more than half the world was his,  
And somewhere, now, in yonder stars,  
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;  
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly  
shone;

By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line:  
It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
As they drifted on their path  
There was silence deep as death;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleeter rush'd  
O'er the deadly space between.  
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when  
each gun

From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;—

Their shots along the deep slowly boom—  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail,  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:  
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save:  
So peace instead of death let us bring;  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our king."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the day,  
While the sun look'd smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;  
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died,  
With the gallant good Riou—  
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their  
grave!

While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know we French storm'd Ratisbon:  
A mile or so away,  
On a little mound, Napoleon  
Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
 Legs wide, arms lock'd behind,  
 As if to balance the prone brow,  
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans  
 That soar, to earth may fall,  
 Let once my army-leader Lannes  
 Waver at yonder wall,"—  
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
 A rider, bound on bound  
 Full galloping; nor bridle drew  
 Until he reach'd the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
 And held himself erect  
 By just his horse's mane, a boy;  
 You hardly could suspect  
 (So tight he kept his lips compress'd,  
 Scarce any blood came through),  
 You look'd twice ere you saw his breast  
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's  
 grace

We've got you Ratisbon!  
 The Marshal's in the market-place,  
 And you'll be there anon  
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
 Where I, to heart's desire,  
 Perch'd him!" The chief's eye flash'd;  
 his plans  
 Soar'd up again like fire.

The chief's eye flash'd, but presently  
 Soften'd itself, as sheathes  
 A film the mother eagle's eye  
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:  
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's  
 pride  
 Touch'd to the quick, he said,  
 "I'm kill'd, sire!" And, his chief beside,  
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

### THE CONTRAST.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE, THE  
 DAY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE  
 THE THIRD.

I SAW him last on this terrace proud,  
 Walking in health and gladness,  
 Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd  
 Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were  
 green,

Blithely the birds were singing;  
 The cymbal replied to the tambourine,  
 And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,  
 When not a word was spoken;  
 But every eye was dim with a tear,  
 And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour  
 To the muffled drum's deep rolling,  
 While the minute-gun, with its solemn  
 roar,  
 Drown'd the death-bells' tolling.

The time since he walk'd in his glory thus,  
 To the grave till I saw him carried,  
 Was an age of the mightiest change to us,  
 But to him a night unvaried.

We have fought the fight; from his lofty  
 throne

The foe of our land we have tumbled;  
 And it gladden'd each eye, save his alone,  
 For whom that foe we humbled.

A daughter beloved, a queen, a son,  
 And a son's sole child, have perish'd;  
 And sad was each heart, save only the one  
 By which they were fondest cherish'd;

For his eyes were seal'd and his mind was  
 dark,

And he sat in his age's lateness  
 Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark  
 Of the frailty of human greatness;

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread  
 Unvex'd by life's commotion,  
 Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift shed  
 On the calm of a frozen ocean.

O'er him oblivion's waters boom'd  
 As the stream of time kept flowing;  
 And we only heard of our king when  
 doom'd

To know that his strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,  
 By weakness rent asunder,  
 A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,  
 For the people's pity and wonder.

HORACE SMITH.



*THE PRESENT CRISIS.*

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through  
the broad earth's aching breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on  
from east to west,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels  
the soul within him climb  
To the awful verge of manhood, as the  
energy sublime  
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the  
thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots  
the instantaneous throe,  
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's  
systems to and fro ;  
At the birth of each new Era, with a recog-  
nizing start,  
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing  
with mute lips apart,  
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child  
leaps beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror  
and a chill,  
Under continent to continent, the sense of  
coming ill,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his  
sympathies with God  
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be  
drunk up by the sod,  
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delv-  
ing in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an  
instinct bears along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift  
flash of right or wrong ;  
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet  
Humanity's vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the  
gush of joy or shame ;—  
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest  
have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the  
moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for  
the good or evil side ;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, of-  
fering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the  
sheep upon the right,  
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that  
darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose  
party thou shalt stand,  
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals  
shakes the dust against our land ?  
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis  
Truth alone is strong,  
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see  
around her throng  
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to en-  
shield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages, and the bea-  
con-moments see,  
That, like peaks of some sunk continent,  
jut through Oblivion's sea ;  
Not an ear in court or market for the low  
foreboding cry  
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers,  
from whose feet earth's chaff must  
fly ;  
Never shows the choice momentous till the  
judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's  
pages but record  
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt  
old systems and the Word ;  
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for  
ever on the throne,—  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and,  
behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping  
watch above His own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small  
and what is great,  
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn  
the iron helm of fate,  
But the soul is still oracular ; amid the  
market's din,  
List the ominous stern whisper from the  
Delphic cave within,—  
"They enslave their children's children  
who make compromise with sin."

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of  
the giant brood,  
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who  
have drenched the earth with blood,  
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded  
by our purer day,  
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his mis-  
erable prey ;—  
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our  
helpless children play ?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we  
share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and  
'tis prosperous to be just ;  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while  
the coward stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord  
is crucified,  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith  
they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they  
were souls that stood alone,  
While the men they agonized for hurled  
the contumelious stone,  
Stood serene, and down the future saw the  
golden beam incline  
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by  
their faith divine,  
By one man's plain truth to manhood and  
to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's  
bleeding feet I track,  
Toiling up new Calvaries, ever with the  
cross that turns not back,  
And these mounts of anguish number how  
each generation learned  
One new word of that grand *Credo* which  
in prophet-hearts hath burned  
Since the first man stood God-conquered  
with his face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward : where to-  
day the martyr stands,  
On the morrow crouches Judas with the  
silver in his hands ;

Far in front the cross stands ready and the  
crackling fagots burn,  
While the hooting mob of yesterday in  
silent awe return  
To glean up the scattered ashes into His-  
tory's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle  
slaves  
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our  
fathers' graves,  
Worshippers of light ancestral make the  
present light a crime ;—  
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards,  
steered by men behind their time ?  
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future,  
that make Plymouth Rock sublime ?

They were men of present valor, stalwart  
old iconoclasts,  
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all vir-  
tue was the Past's ;  
But we make their truth our falsehood,  
thinking that hath made us free,  
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while  
our tender spirits flee  
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which  
drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them ;  
we are traitors to our sires,  
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's  
new-lit altar-fires ;  
Shall we make their creed our jailer ? Shall  
we, in our haste to slay,  
From the tombs of the old prophets steal  
the funeral lamps away  
To light up the martyr-fagots round the  
prophets of to-day ?

New occasions teach new duties ; Time  
makes ancient good uncouth ;  
They must upward still, and onward, who  
would keep abreast of Truth ;  
Lo ! before us gleam her camp-fires ! we  
ourselves must Pilgrims be,  
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly  
through the desperate winter sea,  
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the  
Past's blood-rusted key.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck  
Whence all but he had fled;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go  
Without his father's word;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud, "Say, father, say,  
If yet my task is done?"  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father," once again he cried,  
"If I may yet be gone!"  
And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And look'd from that lone post of death  
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,  
"My father, must I stay?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and  
shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And stream'd above the gallant child  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—  
The boy!—oh, where was he?  
Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strew'd the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part,—  
But the noblest thing which perish'd there  
Was that young, faithful heart!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

## THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking  
northward far away,  
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the  
Mexican array,  
Who is losing? who is winning? are they  
far or come they near?  
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither  
rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the  
storm of battle rolls;  
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have  
mercy on their souls!"  
Who is losing? who is winning?—"Over  
hill and over plain,  
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through  
the mountain-rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look,  
Ximena, look once more.  
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling  
darkly as before,  
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend  
and foe, foot and horse,  
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweep-  
ing down its mountain-course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the  
smoke has roll'd away;  
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming  
down the ranks of gray.  
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there  
the troop of Minon wheels;  
There the Northern horses thunder, with  
the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat  
and now advance!  
Right against the blazing cannon shivers  
Puebla's charging lance!  
Down they go, the brave young riders;  
horse and foot together fall:  
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through  
them ploughs the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling  
fast and frightful on:  
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has  
lost, and who has won?  
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe  
together fall,  
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my  
sisters, for them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting:  
Blessed Mother, save my brain!  
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out  
from heaps of slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now  
they fall, and strive to rise;  
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest  
they die before our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay  
thy poor head on my knee:  
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee?  
Canst thou hear me? canst thou  
see?

O my husband, brave and gentle! O my  
Bernal, look once more  
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy!  
mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy  
dear one down to rest;  
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the  
cross upon his breast;  
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his  
funeral masses said;  
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living  
ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and  
young, a soldier lay,  
Torn with shot and pierced with lances,  
bleeding slow his life away;  
But, as tenderly before him the lorn  
Ximena knelt,  
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his  
pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she  
turn'd away her head;  
With a sad and bitter feeling look'd she  
back upon her dead;  
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and  
his struggling breath of pain,  
And she raised the cooling water to his  
parching lips again.

Whisper'd low the dying soldier, press'd  
her hand and faintly smiled:  
Was that pitying face his mother's? did  
she watch beside her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her  
woman's heart supplied;  
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!"  
murmur'd he and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who  
led thee forth,  
From some gentle sad-eyed mother, weep-  
ing, lonely, in the North!"  
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she  
laid him with her dead,  
And turn'd to soothe the living, and bind  
the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a  
cloud before the wind  
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leav-  
ing blood and death behind;  
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the  
dust the wounded strive;  
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou  
Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O night, among thy mountains! let  
the cool gray shadows fall;  
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy  
curtain over all!  
Through the thickening winter twilight,  
wide apart the battle roll'd,  
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the can-  
non's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their  
holy task pursued,  
Through that long, dark night of sorrow,  
worn and faint and lacking food;  
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a  
tender care they hung,  
And the dying foeman bless'd them in a  
strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil  
world of ours;  
Upward, through its blood and ashes,  
spring afresh the Eden flowers;  
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and  
Pity send their prayer,  
And still thy white-wing'd angels hover  
dimly in our air.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

*MARCO BOZZARIS.*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance  
bent,

Should tremble at his power :  
In dreams, through camp and court, he  
bore

The trophies of a conqueror ;  
In dreams his song of triumph heard,  
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,  
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a  
king ;

As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their  
blood,

On old Plateæ's day ;  
And now there breathed that haunted  
air

The sons of sires who conquer'd there,  
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke :  
That bright dream was his last ;  
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,  
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the  
Greek!”

He woke, to die 'midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band :

“Strike, till the last arm'd foe expires ;  
Strike, for your altars and your fires ;  
Strike, for the green graves of your sires ;  
God and your native land!”

They fought, like brave men, long and  
well ;

They piled that ground with Moslem  
slain ;

They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won ;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death,  
Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm ;  
Come when the heart beats high and  
warm,

With banquet-song, and dance and  
wine ;  
And thou art terrible—the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Come, when his task of fame is wrought,  
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought.  
Come in her crowning hour, and then  
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
To him is welcome as the sight  
Of sky and stars to prison'd men ;  
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land ;  
Thy summons welcome as the cry  
That told the Indian isles were nigh  
To the world-seeking Genoese,  
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
The heartless luxury of the tomb.

But she remembers thee as one  
 Long loved, and for a season gone;  
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed;  
 For thee she rings the birth-day bells,  
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;  
 For thine her evening prayer is said  
 At palace couch and cottage bed;  
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
 Gives, for thy sake, a deadlier blow;  
 His plighted maiden, when she fears  
 For him, the joy of her young years,  
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;

And she, the mother of thy boys,  
 Though in her eye and faded cheek  
 Is read the grief she will not speak,  
 The memory of her buried joys,  
 And even she who gave thee birth,  
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,  
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh;  
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,  
 One of the few, the immortal names  
 That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

### MONTEREY.

WE were not many—we who stood  
 Before the iron sleet that day;  
 Yet many a gallant spirit would  
 Give half his years if but he could  
 Have with us been at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hail'd  
 In deadly drifts of fiery spray,  
 Yet not a single soldier quail'd  
 When wounded comrades round them  
 wail'd  
 Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept  
 Through walls of flame its withering  
 way;  
 Where fell the dead, the living stept,  
 Still charging on the guns which swept  
 The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoil'd aghast,  
 When, striking where he strongest lay,  
 We swoop'd his flanking batteries past,  
 And braving full their murderous blast,  
 Storm'd home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
 And there our evening bugles play;  
 Where orange-boughs above their grave  
 Keep green the memory of the brave  
 Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who press'd  
 Beside the brave who fell that day—  
 But who of us has not confess'd  
 He'd rather share their warrior rest  
 Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

### ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in  
 fee;  
 And was the safeguard of the West: the  
 worth  
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.  
 She was a Maiden City, bright and free;  
 No guile seduced, no force could vio-  
 late;  
 And, when She took unto herself a  
 Mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
 And what if she had seen those glories  
 fade,  
 Those titles vanish, and that strength de-  
 cay;  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
 When her long life hath reach'd its final  
 day:  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even  
 the Shade  
 Of that which once was great is pass'd  
 away.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

OH, that last day in Lucknow fort!  
 We knew that it was the last;  
 That the enemy's lines crept surely on,  
 And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than  
 death;  
 And the men and we all worked on;

It was one day more of smoke and roar,  
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,  
A fair, young, gentle thing,  
Wasted with fever in the siege,  
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,  
And I took her head on my knee;  
"When my father comes hame frae the  
pleugh," she said,  
"Oh! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,  
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,  
When the house-dog sprawls by the open  
door,  
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,  
And hopeless waiting for death;  
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired  
child,  
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream  
Of an English village-lane,  
And wall and garden;—but one wild scream  
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening  
Till a sudden gladness broke  
All over her face; and she caught my hand  
And drew me near as she spoke:—

"The Hielanders! Oh! dinna ye hear  
The slogan far awa?  
The McGregor's. Oh! I ken it weel;  
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!  
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;  
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God  
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry  
Had fallen among the men,  
And they started back;—they were there  
to die;  
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire  
Far off, and the far-off roar,

Were all; and the colonel shook his head,  
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;  
But winna ye hear it noo,  
*The Campbells are comin'?* It's no a dream;  
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,  
But the pipes we could not hear;  
But the men plied their work of hopeless  
war,  
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—  
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:  
It was no noise from the strife afar,  
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders!  
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*.  
It came to our men like the voice of God,  
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's  
hands,  
And the women sobbed in a crowd;  
And every one knelt down where he stood,  
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,  
Our men put Jessie first;  
And the general gave her his hand, and  
cheers  
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan  
streamed,  
Marching round and round our line;  
And our joyful cheers were broken with  
tears,  
And the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT T. S. LOWELL.

#### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!" he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
 Was there a man dismay'd?  
 Not though the soldier knew  
   Some one had blunder'd:  
 Their's not to make reply,  
 Their's not to reason why,  
 Their's but to do and die:  
 Into the valley of Death  
   Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon in front of them  
   Volley'd and thunder'd;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 Boldly they rode and well,  
 Into the jaws of Death,  
 Into the mouth of Hell  
   Rode the six hundred:

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
 Sabring the gunners there,  
 Charging an army, while  
   All the world wonder'd:  
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
 Right through the line they broke;  
   Cossack and Russian  
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
   Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
 Then they rode back, but not—  
   Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon behind them  
   Volley'd and thunder'd;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came through the jaws of Death  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
   Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
 Oh, the wild charge they made!  
   All the world wonder'd.  
 Honor the charge they made!  
 Honor the Light Brigade,  
   Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

# ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they  
   say,  
 "Except, now and then, a stray picket  
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and  
   fro,  
   By a rifleman hid in the thicket."  
 'Tis nothing—a private or two now and  
   then

Will not count in the news of the battle;  
 Not an officer lost—only one of the men  
   Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

\* \* \* \* \*

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
   Where the soldiers lie peacefully dream-  
   ing;  
 Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn  
   moon  
   Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleam-  
   ing.  
 A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-  
   wind  
   Through the forest-leaves softly is creep-  
   ing,  
 While stars up above, with their glittering  
   eyes,  
   Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's  
   tread  
   As he tramps from the rock to the foun-  
   tain,  
 And thinks of the two in the low trundle-  
   bed  
   Far away in the cot on the mountain.  
 His musket falls slack; his face, dark and  
   grim,  
   Grows gentle with memories tender  
 As he mutters a prayer for the children  
   asleep—  
   For their mother; may Heaven defend  
   her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly  
   as then,  
   That night when the love yet unspoken  
 Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmur-  
   ed vows  
   Were pledged to be ever unbroken.



Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his  
eyes,  
He dashes off tears that are welling,  
And gathers his gun closer up to its  
place,  
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine  
tree,

The footstep is lagging and weary;  
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt  
of light,

Toward the shade of the forest so  
dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled  
the leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously flash-  
ing?

It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-  
bye!"

The red life-blood is ebbing and plash-  
ing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
No sound save the rush of the river;  
While soft falls the dew on the face of the  
dead—

The picket's off duty for ever!

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

### THE CUMBERLAND.

MAGNIFICENT thy fate,

Once Mistress of the Seas!

No braver vessel ever flung

A pennon to the breeze;

No bark e'er died a death so grand;

Such heroes never vessel manned;

Your parting broadside broke the wave

That surged above your patriot grave;

Your flag, the gamest of the game,

Sank proudly with you—not in shame,

But in its ancient glory;

The memory of its parting gleam

Will never fade while poets dream;

The echo of your dying gun

Will last till man his race has run,

Then live in Angel Story.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand  
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee march'd over the mountain-  
wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapp'd in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men haul'd  
down;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat left and right  
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shiver'd the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirr'd  
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the south, at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's  
door,  
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and  
roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thunder'd along the horizon's bar;  
And louder yet into Winchester roll'd  
The roar of that red sea uncontroll'd,  
Making the blood of the listener cold,  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good broad highway leading down;  
And there, through the flush of the morn-  
ing light,  
A steed as black as the steeds of night  
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,  
As if he knew the terrible need;  
He stretch'd away with his utmost speed;  
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thun-  
dering south,  
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's  
mouth,  
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster  
and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.  
The heart of the steed and the heart of the  
master  
Were beating like prisoners assailing  
their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;  
Every nerve of the charger was strain'd  
to full play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flow'd  
And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind;  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace  
ire,  
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.  
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring  
fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the  
groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating  
troops;  
What was done? what to do? a glance  
told him both.  
Then striking his spurs with a terrible  
oath,  
He dash'd down the line, 'mid a storm of  
huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat check'd its course  
there, because  
The sight of the master compell'd it to  
pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger  
 was gray ;  
 By the flash of his eye, and the red nos-  
 tril's play  
 He seem'd to the whole great army to say,  
 " I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
 From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !  
 Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !  
 And when their statues are placed on high,  
 Under the dome of the Union sky,  
 The American soldier's Temple of Fame,  
 There with the glorious general's name  
 Be it said, in letters both bold and bright :  
 " Here is the steed that saved the day  
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

### HISTORY.

THOU chronicle of crimes ! I read no  
 more—  
 For I am one who willingly would love  
 His fellow-kind. O gentle Poesy,  
 Receive me from the court's polluted  
 scenes,  
 From dungeon horrors, from the fields of  
 war,  
 Receive me to your haunts,—that I may  
 nurse  
 My nature's better feelings, for my soul  
 Sickens at man's misdeeds !

I spake—when lo !

There stood before me, in her majesty,

Clio, the strong-eyed Muse. Upon her  
 brow  
 Sate a calm anger. Go, young man, she  
 cried,  
 Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy  
 soul  
 Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,  
 That love-sick maids may weep upon thy  
 page,  
 Soothed with delicious sorrow. Oh shame !  
 shame !  
 Was it for this I waken'd thy young  
 mind ?  
 Was it for this I made thy swelling heart  
 Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy  
 boy's eye  
 So kindle when that glorious Spartan  
 died ?  
 Boy ! boy ! deceive me not ! what if the  
 tale  
 Of murder'd millions strike a chilling  
 pang,  
 What if Tiberius in his island stews,  
 And Philip at his beads, alike inspire  
 Strong anger and contempt ; hast thou  
 not risen  
 With nobler feelings ? with a deeper love  
 For freedom ? Yes ; if righteously thy  
 soul  
 Loathes the black history of human crimes  
 And human misery, let that spirit fill  
 Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy ! to  
 raise  
 Strains such as Cato might have deign'd  
 to hear,  
 As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.

ROBERT SOUTHBY.



And when I kneel and try to pray,  
My thoughts are never free,  
But cling to those who toil and fight  
And die for you and me.  
And when I pray for victory,  
It seems almost a sin  
To fold my hands and ask for what  
I will not help to win.

L. J. Holland



## POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

---

### *THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.*

OH, say, can you see by the dawn's early light

What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming—

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;

And this be our motto: "In God is our trust;"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

---

### *THE AMERICAN FLAG.*

WHEN Freedom from her mountain-height Unfur'd her standard to the air,

She tore the azure robe of night,

And set the stars of glory there;

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes

The milky baldric of the skies,

And striped its pure celestial white

With streakings of the morning light;

Then from his mansion in the sun  
 She call'd her eagle-bearer down,  
 And gave into his mighty hand  
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud !  
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
 To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,  
 And see the lightning lances driven,  
 When strive the warriors of the storm,  
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—  
 Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given  
 To guard the banner of the free,  
 To hover in the sulphur-smoke,  
 To ward away the battle-stroke,  
 And bid its blendings shine afar,  
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
 The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,  
 The sign of hope and triumph high,  
 When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,  
 And the long line comes gleaming on ;  
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
 Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,  
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
 And as his springing steps advance  
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.  
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,  
 And gory sabres rise and fall  
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
 Each gallant arm that strikes below  
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave  
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;  
 When death, careering on the gale,  
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
 And frightened waves rush wildly back  
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
 Each dying wanderer of the sea  
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
 And smile to see thy splendors fly  
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !  
 By angel hands to valor given ;  
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.

For ever float that standard sheet !  
 Where breathes the foe but falls before  
 us,  
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?  
 JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

---

### AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing ;  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
 From every mountain-side  
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—  
 Land of the noble, free—  
 Thy name I love ;  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills ;  
 My heart with rapture thrills  
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees  
 Sweet freedom's song :  
 Let mortal tongues awake ;  
 Let all that breathe partake ;  
 Let rocks their silence break,—  
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
 Author of liberty,  
 To Thee we sing ;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light ;  
 Protect us by Thy might,  
 Great God, our King.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

---

### BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the  
 coming of the Lord :  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the  
 grapes of wrath are stored ;  
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of  
 His terrible swift sword :  
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a  
 hundred circling camps ;  
 They have builded Him an altar in the  
 evening dews and damps ;  
 I can read His righteous sentence by the  
 dim and flaring lamps :  
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd  
 rows of steel :  
 " As ye deal with my contemnners, so with  
 you my grace shall deal ;  
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the  
 serpent with his heel,  
 Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that  
 shall never call retreat ;  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before  
 His judgment-seat :  
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be  
 jubilant, my feet !  
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born  
 across the sea,  
 With a glory in His bosom that trans-  
 figures you and me :  
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to  
 make men free,  
 While God is marching on.  
 JULIA WARD HOWE.

### *RULE, BRITANNIA.*

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's com-  
 mand,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sang this strain :  
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;  
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;  
 While thou shalt flourish, great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all :  
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;  
 Britons never will be slaves.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke :

As the loud blast that tears the skies  
 Serves but to root thy native oak :  
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;  
 Britons never will be slaves.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
 But work their woe, and thy renown.  
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;  
 Britons never will be slaves.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine :  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And every shore it circles, thine :  
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;  
 Britons never will be slaves.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
 Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair :  
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;  
 Britons never will be slaves.

JAMES THOMSON.

### *GOD SAVE THE KING.*

God save our gracious king !  
 Long live our noble king !  
 God save the king !  
 Send him victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us—  
 God save the king !

O Lord our God, arise !  
 Scatter his enemies,  
 And make them fall,  
 Confound their politics,  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks ;  
 On him our hopes we fix,  
 God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store  
 On him be pleased to pour ;  
 Long may he reign.  
 May he defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause,  
 To sing with heart and voice—  
 God save the king !

HENRY CAREY



*MEN OF ENGLAND.*

MEN of England! who inherit  
Rights that cost your sires their  
blood!

Men whose undegenerate spirit  
Has been proved on field and flood!—

By the foes you've fought uncounted,  
By the glorious deeds you've done,  
Trophies captured—breaches mounted—  
Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers  
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,  
If the freedom of your fathers  
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery  
Where no public virtues bloom?  
What avail, in lands of slavery,  
Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us  
For our people's rights and laws,  
And the breasts of civic heroes  
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,  
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—  
Martyrs in heroic story,  
Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled  
Crown'd and mitred tyranny;—  
They defied the field and scaffold  
For their birthrights—so will we!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.*

YE Mariners of England  
That guard our native seas!  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand  
years,  
The battle and the breeze!  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe:  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave:  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*REVEILLE.*

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!  
The dew shines bright on the chestnut  
boughs,  
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,  
Though the east is flushing with crimson  
dyes.

*Awake! awake! awake!*  
O'er field and wood and brake,  
With glories newly born,  
Comes on the blushing morn.  
*Awake! awake!*

You have dreamed of your homes and your  
friends all night;  
You have basked in your sweethearts'  
smiles so bright;

Come, part with them all for a while  
again,—

Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men,  
*Turn out! turn out! turn out!*

You have dreamed full long I know,  
*Turn out! turn out! turn out!*

The east is all aglow.

*Turn out! turn out!*

From every valley and hill there come  
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;  
And out on the fresh, cool morning air  
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.

*Fall in! fall in! fall in!*

Every man in his place.

*Fall in! fall in! fall in!*

Each with a cheerful face.

*Fall in! fall in!*

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

### THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that Banner, for 'tis weary,  
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:

Furl it, fold it,—it is best;

For there's not a man to wave it,  
And there's not a sword to save it,  
And there's not one left to lave it  
In the blood which heroes gave it,  
And its foes now scorn and brave it:

Furl it, hide it,—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;  
Broken is its staff and shattered,  
And the valiant hosts are scattered

Over whom it floated high;

Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,  
Hard to think there's none to hold it,  
Hard that those who once unrolled it

Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;  
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,  
And ten thousands wildly, madly,  
Swore it should forever wave—  
Swore that foemen's swords could never  
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,  
And that flag should wave forever  
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it!—for the hands that grasped it,  
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,

Cold and dead are lying low;  
And the Banner—it is trailing,  
While around it sounds the wailing

Of its people in their woe;  
For though conquered, they adore it—  
Love the cold dead hands that bore it,  
Weep for those who fell before it,  
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;  
And oh, wildly they deplore it

Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,  
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
And 'twill live in song and story

Though its folds are in the dust!  
For its fame on brightest pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall go sounding down the ages—  
Furl its folds though now we must!

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly;  
Treat it gently—it is holy,

For it droops above the dead;  
Touch it not—unfold it never;  
Let it droop there, furled forever,—  
For its people's hopes are fled.

ABRAHAM J. RYAN.

### IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I  
be,

An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain  
countree!

When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf  
is on the tree,

The lark shall sing me hame in my ain  
countree;

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I  
be,

An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain  
countree!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to  
fa',

The bonnie white rose it is withering  
an' a';

But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping  
tyrannie,

An' green it will grow in my ain countree.  
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I  
be,

An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain  
countree!

There's naught now frae ruin my country  
 can save  
 But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the  
 grave,  
 That a' the noble martyrs who died for  
 loyaltie  
 May rise again and fight for their ain  
 countree.  
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I  
 be,  
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain  
 countree!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured  
 to save,  
 The new grass is springing on the tap o'  
 their grave;  
 But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in  
 my ee:  
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree."  
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I  
 be,  
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain  
 countree!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

#### THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,  
 And fair sets he;  
 But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
 In my ain countree.

Oh, it's nae my ain ruin  
 That saddens aye my ee,  
 But the dear Marie I left ahin',  
 Wi' sweet bairnies three.

My lanely hearth burn'd bonnie,  
 An' smiled my ain Marie;  
 I've left a' my heart behin'  
 In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,  
 And the blossom to the bee,  
 But I'll win back—oh never  
 To my ain countree.

Oh, I am leal to high Heaven,  
 Where soon I hope to be,  
 An' there I'll meet you a' soon  
 Frae my ain countree!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

#### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is  
 not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the  
 deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the  
 roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.  
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the  
 North,  
 The birthplace of valor, the country of  
 worth:  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.  
 Farewell to the mountains high cover'd  
 with snow;  
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys  
 below;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging  
 woods;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring  
 floods.  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is  
 not here,  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the  
 deer.  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the  
 roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I  
 go.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### BORDER BALLAD.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
 Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in  
 order?  
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
 All the blue bonnets are bound for the  
 border.  
 Many a banner spread,  
 Flutters above your head,  
 Many a crest that is famous in story.  
 Mount and make ready, then,  
 Sons of the mountain-glen,  
 Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish  
 glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are  
 grazing,  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the  
 roe;

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
 That tyrant was Miltiades!  
 Oh that the present hour would lend  
 Another despot of the kind!  
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 On Suli's rock and Parga's shore  
 Exists the remnant of a line,  
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
 And there perhaps some seed is sown  
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,—  
 They have a king who buys and sells.  
 In native swords and native ranks  
 The only hope of courage dwells;  
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade,—  
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
 But, gazing on each glowing maid,  
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die.  
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine,—  
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LORD BYRON.

### A COURT LADY.

HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes  
 with purple were dark,  
 Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and  
 restless spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name  
 and in race;  
 Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the  
 face.

Never was lady on earth more true as  
 woman and wife,  
 Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder  
 in manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said  
 to her maidens, "Bring  
 That silken robe made ready to wear at  
 the court of the king.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid,  
 clear of the mote,  
 Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp  
 me the small at the throat.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and dia-  
 monds to fasten the sleeves,  
 Laces to drop from their rays, like a pow-  
 der of snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight, which  
 gather'd her up in a flame,  
 While straight in her open carriage she  
 to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from  
 end to end,  
 "Many and low are the pallets, but each  
 is the place of a friend."

Up she pass'd through the wards, and  
 stood at a young man's bed:  
 Bloody the band on his brow, and livid  
 the droop of his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy  
 art thou," she cried,  
 And smiled like Italy on him: he dream'd  
 in her face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on  
 still to a second:  
 He was a grave hard man, whose years by  
 dungeons were reckon'd.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in  
 his life were sorer.  
 "Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes  
 drove the lightnings before her.

"Austrian and priest had join'd to double  
 and tighten the cord  
 Able to bind thee, O strong one,—free by  
 the stroke of a sword.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using  
 the life overcast  
 To ripen our wine of the present (too  
 new) in glooms of the past."

Down she stepp'd to a pallet where lay a  
face like a girl's,  
Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep  
black hole in the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and  
seest thou, dreaming in pain,  
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching  
the list of the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touch'd his  
cheeks with her hands:

"Blessed is she who has borne thee,  
although she should weep as she  
stands."

On she pass'd to a Frenchman, his arm  
carried off by a ball:

Kneeling, . . . "O more than my brother!  
how shall I thank thee for all?"

"Each of the heroes around us has fought  
for his land and line,  
But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate  
of a wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to  
be dispossess'd:

But blessed are those among nations who  
dare to be strong for the rest!"

Ever she pass'd on her way, and came to a  
couch where pined

One with a face from Venetia, white with  
a hope out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she  
tried at the name,

But two great crystal tears were all that  
falter'd and came.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turn'd as in  
passion and loss,

And stoop'd to his forehead and kiss'd it,  
as if she were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart, she moved  
on then to another,

Stern and strong in his death. "And  
dost thou suffer, my brother?"

Holding his hands in hers:—"Out of the  
Piedmont lion

Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweet-  
est to live or to die on."

Holding his cold rough hands,—“Well, oh,  
well have ye done  
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not  
be noble alone.”

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to  
her feet with a spring,—

“That was a Piedmontese! and this is the  
Court of the King.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled.  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells;  
The chord alone that breaks at night  
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

### THE EXILE'S SONG.

OH, why left I my hame?  
Why did I cross the deep?  
Oh, why left I the land  
Where my forefathers sleep?  
I sigh for Scotia's shore,  
And I gaze across the sea,  
But I canna get a blink  
O' my ain countrie!

The palm tree waveth high,  
And fair the myrtle springs;  
And to the Indian maid  
The bulbul sweetly sings;  
But I dinna see the broom  
Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
Nor hear the lintie's sang  
O' my ain countrie!

Oh, here no Sabbath bell  
Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
Nor song of reapers heard  
Among the yellow corn :  
For the tyrant's voice is here,  
And the wail of slavery ;  
But the sun of Freedom shines  
In my ain countree !

There's a hope for every woe,  
And a balm for every pain,  
But the first joys o' our heart  
Come never back again.  
There's a track upon the deep,  
And a path across the sea ;  
But the weary ne'er return  
To their ain countree !

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

### HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest  
By all their Country's wishes blest !  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall a while repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

### AN ODE.

IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

WHAT constitutes a state ?  
Not high-raised battlement or labor'd  
mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate ;  
Not cities proud with spires and turrets  
crown'd ;  
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies  
ride ;  
Not starr'd and spangled courts,  
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume  
to pride.

No : men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes en-  
dued

In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles  
rude,

Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare  
maintain,

Prevent the long-aim'd blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the  
chain :

These constitute a state ;  
And sovereign Law, that state's collected  
will,

O'er thrones and globes elate  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.  
Smit by her sacred frown,  
The fiend Dissension like a vapor sinks,  
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown  
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding  
shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,  
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore !  
No more shall Freedom smile ?  
Shall Britons languish, and be men no  
more ?

Since all must life resign,  
Those sweet rewards which decorate the  
brave

'Tis folly to decline,  
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.  
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

### AS BY THE SHORE AT BREAK OF DAY.

As by the shore at break of day,  
A vanquish'd chief expiring lay,  
Upon the sands, with broken sword,  
He traced his farewell to the free ;  
And there the last unfinish'd word  
He dying wrote, was " Liberty !"

At night a sea-bird shriek'd the knell  
Of him who thus for freedom fell ;  
The words he wrote, ere evening came,  
Were cover'd by the sounding sea ;—  
So pass away the cause and name  
Of him who dies for liberty !

THOMAS MOORE

*A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.*

In the ranks of the Austrian you found  
him ;

He died with his face to you all :  
Yet bury him here, where around him  
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,  
He lies shot to death in his youth,  
With a smile on his lips over-tender  
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor !  
Though alien the cloth on his breast,  
Underneath it how seldom a greater  
Young heart has a shot sent to rest !

By your enemy tortured and goaded  
To march with them, stand in their file,  
His musket (see !) never was loaded—  
He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on their mothers,  
He yearned to your patriot bands,—  
“ Let me die for one Italy, brothers,  
If not in your ranks, by your hands !

“ Aim straightly, fire steadily ; spare me  
A ball in the body, which may  
Deliver my heart here, and tear me  
This badge of the Austrian away.”

So thought he, so died he this morning.  
What then ? many others have died.  
Ay—but easy for men to die scorning  
The death-stroke, who fought side by side ;

One tricolor floating above them ;  
Struck down mid triumphant acclaims  
Of an Italy rescued to love them,  
And brazen the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honor,  
Mixed, shared in his country's regard,  
With the tyrants who march in upon her—  
Died faithful and passive : 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction  
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,  
With most filial obedience, conviction,  
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you ? Nay, grudge not to show  
it,

While digging a grave for him here.  
The others who died, says our poet,  
Have glory : let *him* have a tear.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

*BOAT-SONG.*

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph ad-  
vances !

Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green  
Pine !

Long may the tree, in his banner that  
glances,

Flourish, the shelter and grace of our  
line !

Heaven send it happy dew,

Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,

While every Highland glen

Send our shout back again,—

“ Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !”

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the  
fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;

When the whirlwind has stripp'd every  
leaf on the mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her  
shade.

Moor'd in the rifted rock,

Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;

Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise again,—

“ Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !”

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen  
Fruin,

And Bannachar's groans to our slogan  
replied ;

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking  
in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on  
her side.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with  
woe ;

Lennox and Leven-Glen

Shake when they hear again,—

“ Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !”

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the  
Highlands!

Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green  
pine!

Oh! that the rosebud that graces yon  
islands,

Were wreathed in a garland around him  
to twine!

Oh that some seedling gem,

Worthy such noble stem,

Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might  
grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from his deepmost glen,—

“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO  
DIE.*

OH! it is great for our country to die  
where ranks are contending:

Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory  
awaits us for aye—

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with  
light never ending—

Glory that never shall fade—never, oh!  
never away.

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die!  
How softly reposes

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the  
tears of his love,

Wet by a mother's warm tears! they crown  
him with garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright  
where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend  
who for country hath perished;

Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes  
him there with her smile;

There, at the banquet divine, the patriot  
spirit is cherished;

Gods love the young who ascend pure  
from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious  
river;

Not to the isles of the blest, over the  
blue-rolling sea;

But on Olympian heights shall dwell the  
devoted for ever;

There shall assemble the good, there the  
wise, valiant, and free.

Oh! then, how great for our country to die,  
in the front rank to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's  
shout in our ear!

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs  
our memory cherish;

We shall look forth from our heaven,  
pleased the sweet music to hear.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

*THE HEART OF THE WAR.*

(1864.)

PEACE in the clover-scented air,

And stars within the dome;

And underneath, in dim repose,

A plain, New England home.

Within, a murmur of low tones

And sighs from hearts oppressed,

Merging in prayer, at last, that brings

The balm of silent rest.

I've closed a hard day's work, Marty,—

The evening chores are done;

And you are weary with the house,

And with the little one.

But he is sleeping sweetly now,

With all our pretty brood;

So come and sit upon my knee,

And it will do me good.

Oh, Marty! I must tell you all

The trouble in my heart,

And you must do the best you can

To take and bear your part.

You've seen the shadow on my face;

You've felt it day and night;

For it has filled our little home,

And banished all its light.

I did not mean it should be so,

And yet I might have known

That hearts which live as close as ours

Can never keep their own.

But we are fallen on evil times,

And, do whate'er I may,

My heart grows sad about the war,

And sadder every day.



I think about it when I work,  
 And when I try to rest,  
 And never more than when your head  
 Is pillowed on my breast;  
 For then I see the camp-fires blaze,  
 And sleeping men around,  
 Who turn their faces toward their homes,  
 And dream upon the ground.

I think about the dear, brave boys,  
 My mates in other years,  
 Who pine for home and those they love,  
 Till I am choked with tears.  
 With shouts and cheers they marched  
 away  
 On glory's shining track,  
 But, ah! how long, how long they stay!  
 How few of them come back!

One sleeps beside the Tennessee,  
 And one beside the James,  
 And one fought on a gallant ship  
 And perished in its flames.  
 And some, struck down by fell disease,  
 Are breathing out their life;  
 And others, maimed by cruel wounds,  
 Have left the deadly strife.

Ah, Marty! Marty, only think  
 Of all the boys have done  
 And suffered in this weary war!  
 Brave heroes, every one!  
 Oh, often, often in the night  
 I hear their voices call:  
*"Come on and help us! Is it right  
 That we should bear it all?"*

And when I kneel and try to pray,  
 My thoughts are never free,  
 But cling to those who toil and fight  
 And die for you and me.  
 And when I pray for victory,  
 It seems almost a sin  
 To fold my hands and ask for what  
 I will not help to win.

Oh, do not cling to me and cry,  
 For it will break my heart;  
 I'm sure you'd rather have me die  
 Than not to bear my part.  
 You think that some should stay at home  
 To care for those away;  
 But still I'm helpless to decide  
 If I should go or stay.

For, Marty, all the soldiers love,  
 And all are loved again;  
 And I am loved, and love, perhaps,  
 No more than other men.  
 I cannot tell—I do not know—  
 Which way my duty lies,  
 Or where the Lord would have me build  
 My fire of sacrifice.

I feel—I know—I am not mean;  
 And, though I seem to boast,  
 I'm sure that I would give my life  
 To those who need it most.  
 Perhaps the Spirit will reveal  
 That which is fair and right;  
 So, Marty, let us humbly kneel  
 And pray to Heaven for light.

Peace in the clover-scented air,  
 And stars within the dome;  
 And underneath, in dim repose,  
 A plain, New England home.  
 Within, a widow in her weeds,  
 From whom all joy is flown,  
 Who kneels among her sleeping babes,  
 And weeps and prays alone.

J. G. HOLLAND.

### CAVALRY SONG.

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,  
 Our pulses with their purpose tingle;  
 The foeman's fires are twinkling there;  
 He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!  
 HALT!  
 Each carbine sends its whizzing ball:  
 Now, cling! clang! forward all,  
 Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome:  
 Through level lightnings gallop nearer!  
 Onelook to Heaven! No thoughts of home:  
 The guidons that we bear are dearer.  
 CHARGE!  
 Cling! clang! forward all!  
 Heaven help those whose horses fall!  
 Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!  
 They fall! they spread in broken surges!  
 Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,  
 And leave the foeman to his dirges.  
 WHEEL!  
 The bugles sound the swift recall:  
 Cling! clang! backward all!  
 Home; and good-night!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

*THE BIVOAC OF THE DEAD.*

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
 The soldier's last tattoo!  
 No more on life's parade shall meet  
 The brave and fallen few.  
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
 Their silent tents are spread,  
 And glory guards with solemn round  
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
 Now swells upon the wind,  
 Nor troubled thought of midnight haunts,  
 Of loved ones left behind;  
 No vision of the morrow's strife  
 The warrior's dreams alarms,  
 No braying horn or screaming fife  
 At dawn to call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
 Their plumed heads are bowed,  
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
 Is now their martial shroud—  
 And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
 The red stains from each brow,  
 And the proud forms by battle gashed  
 Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
 The bugle's stirring blast,  
 The charge,—the dreadful cannonade,  
 The din and shout, are passed;  
 Nor war's wild notes, nor glory's peal  
 Shall thrill with fierce delight  
 Those breasts that nevermore shall feel  
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane  
 That sweeps the great plateau,  
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
 Come down the serried foe,  
 Who heard the thunder of the fray  
 Break o'er the field beneath,  
 Knew the watchword of the day  
 Was "Victory or death!"

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
 Dear is the blood you gave—  
 No impious footstep here shall tread  
 The herbage of your grave.  
 Nor shall your glory be forgot  
 While Fame her record keeps,

Or honor points the hallowed spot  
 Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
 In deathless song shall tell,  
 When many a vanquished year hath flown,  
 The story how you feel,  
 Nor wreck nor change, nor winter's blight,  
 Nor time's remorseless doom,  
 Can dim one ray of holy light  
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

*CONCORD HYMN.*

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD  
 MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
 And fired the shot heard round the  
 world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
 Down the dark stream which seaward  
 creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
 We set to-day a votive stone;  
 That memory may their deed redeem,  
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
 To die, and leave their children free,  
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

*ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.*

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,  
 In the sunshine bright and strong,  
 For this world is fading, Pompey—  
 Massa won't be with you long;  
 And I fain would hear the south wind  
 Bring once more the sound to me  
 Of the wavelets softly breaking  
 On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur  
 As they still the story tell,  
 How no vessels float the banner  
 That I've loved so long and well,  
 I shall listen to their music,  
 Dreaming that again I see  
 Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop,  
 Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old massa's waiting  
 For Death's last despatch to come,  
 If that exiled starry banner  
 Should come proudly sailing home,  
 You shall greet it, slave no longer;  
 Voice and hand shall both be free  
 That shout and point to Union colors  
 On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey,  
 But ole darkey's happy here,  
 Where he's tended corn and cotton  
 For dese many a long-gone year.  
 Over yonder missis' sleeping—  
 No one tends her grave like me:  
 Mebbe she would miss the flowers  
 She used to love in Tennessee.

"'Pears like she was watching massa;  
 If Pompey should beside him stay,  
 Mebbe she'd remember better  
 How for him she used to pray—  
 Telling him that 'way up yonder  
 White as snow his soul would be,  
 Ransomed by the Lord of heaven,  
 Out of life in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling  
 Down the poor old dusky face,  
 As he stepped behind his master,  
 In his long-accustomed place.  
 Then a silence fell around them  
 As they gazed on rock and tree,  
 Pictured in the placid waters  
 Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master, dreaming of the battle  
 Where he fought by Marion's side,  
 Where he hid the haughty Tarleton . .  
 Stoop his lordly crest of pride;  
 Man, remembering how yon sleeper  
 Once he held upon his knee,  
 Ere she loved the gallant soldier,  
 Ralph Vervain of Tennessee.

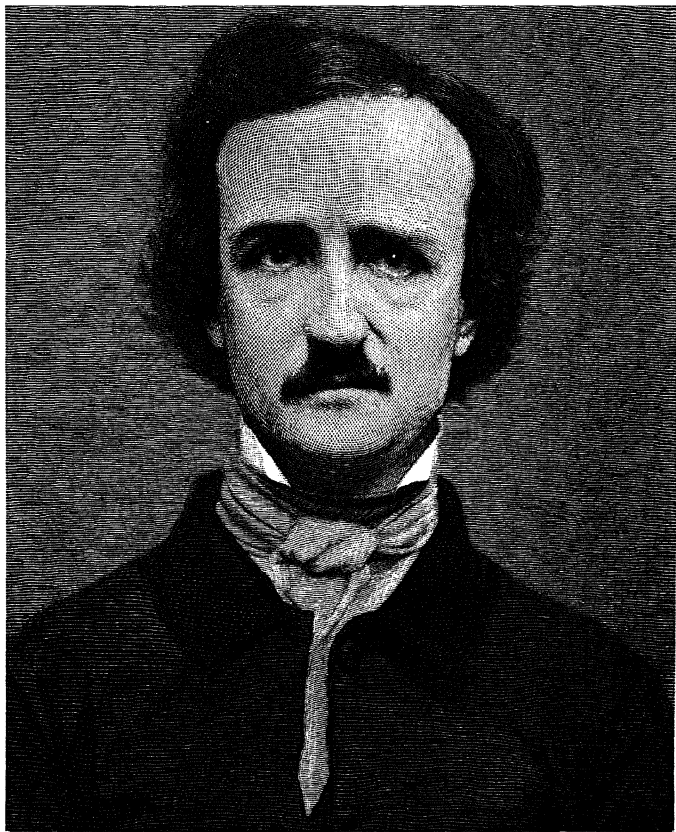
Still the south wind fondly lingers  
 'Mid the veteran's silver hair;  
 Still the bondman, close beside him,  
 Stands behind the old arm-chair;  
 With his dark-hued hand uplifted,  
 Shading eyes, he bends to see  
 Where the woodland, boldly jutting,  
 Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches; cloud-born shadows  
 Glide from tree to mountain-crest,  
 Softly creeping, aye and ever,  
 To the river's yielding breast.  
 Ha! above the foliage yonder,  
 Something flutters wild and free!  
 "Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!  
 The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,  
 Help me stand on foot once more,  
 That I may salute the colors  
 As they pass my cabin-door.  
 Here's the paper signed that frees you,—  
 Give a freeman's shout with me!  
 'God and Union!' be our watchword  
 Evermore in Tennessee!"

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,  
 And the limbs refused to stand;  
 One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier  
 Glided to that better land.  
 When the flag went down the river  
 Man and master both were free,  
 While the ring-dove's note was mingled  
 With the rippling Tennessee.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.



For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride  
In her sepulchre there by the sea —  
In her tomb by the side of the sea.

Edgar Allan Poe



# LEGENDARY AND BALLAD POETRY.

---

## *SIR PATRICK SPENS.*

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,  
Drinking the blude-red wine:  
“Oh where will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this ship of mine?”

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's right knee:  
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sail'd the sea.”

Our king has written a braid letter,  
And seal'd it with his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o'er the faem;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,  
Sae loud, loud laughèd he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blinded his e'e.

“Oh wha is this has done this deed,  
And tauld the king o' me,  
To send us out at this time of the year,  
To sail upon the sea?”

“Be't wind or weet, be't hail or sleet,  
Our ship maun sail the faem;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn  
Wi' a' the speed they may;  
They hae landed in Noroway  
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week  
In Noroway, but twae,

When that the lords o' Noroway  
Began aloud to say:

“Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud  
And a' our queenis fee.”

“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!  
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

“For I hae brought as much white monie  
As gane my men and me,—  
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red  
goud  
Out owre the sea wi' me.

“Make ready, make ready, my merry men  
a'!

Our gude ship sails the morn.”  
“Now, ever alake! my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm!

“I saw the new moon, late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm.”

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,  
A league, but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind  
blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm;  
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship  
Till a' her sides were torn.

“Oh where will I get a gude sailor  
To take my helm in hand,  
Till I get up to the tall topmast  
To see if I can spy land?”

“Oh here am I, a sailor gude,  
To take the helm in hand,

Till you go up to the tall topmast,—  
 But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
 A step, but barely ane,  
 When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,  
 And the salt sea it came in.

“Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,  
 Another o' the twine,  
 And wap them into our ship's side,  
 And let nae the sea come in.”

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,  
 Another o' the twine,  
 And they wapp'd them round that gude  
 ship's side,  
 —But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
 To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!  
 But lang or a' the play was play'd,  
 They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed  
 That float'd on the faem;  
 And mony was the gude lord's son  
 That never mair cam hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,—  
 The maidens tore their hair;  
 A' for the sake of their true loves,—  
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladies sit,  
 Wi' their fans into their hand,  
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
 Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,  
 Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,  
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves,—  
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour  
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,  
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens  
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE HEIR OF LINNE.

#### PART FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,  
 To sing a song I will beginne:  
 It is of a lord of faire Scotland,  
 Which was the unthriftly heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,  
 His mother a lady of high degree;  
 But they, alas! were dead, him froe,  
 And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,  
 To drink and revell every night,  
 To card and dice from eve to morne,  
 It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,  
 To alwaye spend and never spare,  
 I wott, an' it were the king himselve,  
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthriftie Lord of Linne  
 Till all his gold is gone and spent;  
 And he maun sell his landes so broad,  
 His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,  
 And John o' the Scales was call'd hee:  
 But John is become a gentel-man,  
 And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,  
 Let naught disturb thy merry cheere;  
 If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,  
 Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent;  
 My lande nowe take it unto thee:  
 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,  
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,  
 And John he cast him a gods-pennie;  
 But for every pounce that John agreed,  
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde.  
 He was right glad his land to winne;  
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 And now Ile be the Lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,  
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,  
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,  
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne

For soe he to his father hight.  
 My sonne, when I am gone, sayd hee,  
 Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,  
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free;

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,  
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;  
For when all the world doth frown on  
thee,  
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:  
And come with me, my friends, sayd  
hee,

Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,  
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,  
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;  
And then his friendes they slunk away;  
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,  
Never a penny left but three,  
And one was brass, another was lead,  
And another it was white monney.

Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,  
Nowe well-adaye, and woe is mee,  
For when I was the Lord of Linne,  
I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,  
And why shold I feel dole or care?  
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,  
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home;  
Another had payd his gold away;  
Another call'd him thriftless loone,  
And bade him sharply wend his way.

Now well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,  
Now well-aday, and woe is me;  
For when I had my landes so broad,  
On me they liv'd right merrileae.

To beg my bread from door to door,  
I wis, it were a brenning shame:  
To rob and steal it were a sinne:  
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,  
For there my father bade me wend:  
When all the world should frown on mee  
I there shold find a trusty friend.

PART SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne  
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,

Untill he came to lonesome lodge,  
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He lookèd up, he lookèd downe,  
In hope some comfort for to winne:  
But bare and lothly were the walles.  
Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of  
Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke  
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;  
No shimmering sunn here ever shone,  
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,  
No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed,  
Naught save a rope with renning noose,  
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,  
These words were written so plain to  
see:

"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine  
all

And brought thyself to penurie?"

"All this my boding mind misgave,  
I therefore left this trusty friend:  
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,  
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,  
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;  
His heart, I wis, was near to brast  
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and  
sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,  
Never a word he spake but three:  
"This is a trusty friend indeed,  
And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe.  
And sprang aloft with his bodie:  
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,  
And to the ground come tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,  
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:  
At length he look'd, and sawe a bille,  
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,  
Strait good comfort found he there:  
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,  
In which there stood three chests in-fere.



Two were full of the beaten golde,  
 The third was full of white monney;  
 And over them in broad lettèrs  
 These words were written so plaine to  
 see :

"Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;  
 Amend thy life and follies past;  
 For but thou amend thee of thy life,  
 That rope must be thy end at last."

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne;  
 And let it bee, but if I amend:  
 For here I will make mine avow,  
 This reade shall guide me to the end.

Away then went with a merry cheare,  
 Away then went the heire of Linne;  
 I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,  
 Till John o' the Scales house he did  
 winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,  
 Upp at the speere then looked hee;  
 There sate three lords upon a rowe,  
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himselfe sate at the bord-head,  
 Because now Lord of Linne was hee.  
 I pray thee, he said, good John o' the  
 Scales,  
 One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone;  
 Away, away, this may not bee:  
 For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,  
 If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heir of Linne,  
 To John o' the Scales wife then spake  
 hee:  
 Madame, some almes on me bestowe,  
 I pray for sweet saint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,  
 I sweare thou gettest no almes of mee;  
 For if we should hang any losel heere,  
 The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellowe,  
 Which sat at John o' the Scales his  
 bord;  
 Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;  
 Some time thou wast a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,  
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee;  
 Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,  
 And other forty if need bee.

And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,  
 To let him sit in thy companie:  
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
 And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,  
 All woud he answer'd him againe:  
 Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd,  
 But I did lose by that bargain.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,  
 Before these lords so faire and free,  
 Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,  
 By a hundred markes, than I had it of  
 thee.

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.  
 With that he cast him a gods-pennie:  
 Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,  
 And here, good John, is thy monney.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,  
 And layd them down upon the bord:  
 All woe begone was John o' the Scales,  
 Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,  
 He told it forth mickle dinne.  
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 And now Ime againe the Lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,  
 Forty pence thou didst lend mee:  
 Now I am againe the Lord of Linne,  
 And forty pounds I will give thee.

Ile make thee keeper of my forrest,  
 Both of the wild deere and the tame;  
 For but I reward thy bounteous heart,  
 I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales:  
 Now welladay! and woe is my life!  
 Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,  
 Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne;  
 Farewell now, John o' the Scales, said hee:  
 Christs curse light on me, if ever again  
 I bring my lands in jeopardy.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

*SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.*

OF all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,  
Witch astride of a human back,  
Islam's prophet on Al Borák,—  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a  
cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rain'd-on fowl,  
Feather'd and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,  
Push'd and pull'd up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a  
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limb'd, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horn's  
twang,

Over and over the Mænads sang:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a  
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sail'd away  
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—  
Sail'd away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own town's-people on her deck!  
"Lay by! lay by!" they call'd to him.  
Back he answer'd, "Sink or swim!  
Brag of your catch of fish again!"  
And off he sail'd through the fog and  
rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a  
cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
That wreck shall lie for evermore.  
Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
Look'd from the rocks of Marblehead  
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—  
Look'd for the coming that might not be!  
What did the winds and sea-birds say  
Of the cruel captain who sail'd away?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a  
cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,  
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;  
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,  
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.  
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,  
And crack'd with curses the hoarse re-  
frain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd  
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a  
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road  
Bloom of orchard and lilac show'd.  
Little the wicked skipper knew  
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.  
Riding there in his sorry trim,  
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,  
Scarcely he seem'd the sound to hear  
Of voices shouting far and near:

"Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd  
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a  
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—  
"What to me is this noisy ride?  
What is the shame that clothes the skin  
To the nameless horror that lives within?  
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!"

Hate me and curse me,—I only dread  
The hand of God and the face of the  
dead!"

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard  
heart,  
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a  
cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
Said, "God has touch'd him!—why should  
we?"

Said an old wife mourning her only son,  
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"  
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,  
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
And left him alone with his shame and  
sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a  
cart

By the women of Marblehead.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and  
he;  
I gallop'd, Dirck gallop'd, we gallop'd all  
three;  
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the  
gate-bolts undrew;  
"Speed!" echo'd the wall to us galloping  
through;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to  
rest,  
And into the midnight we gallop'd  
abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the  
great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never  
changing our place;  
I turn'd in my saddle and made its girths  
tight,  
Then shorten'd each stirrup, and set the  
pique right,  
Rebuckled the check-strap, chain'd slacker  
the bit,  
Nor gallop'd less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we  
drew near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight  
dawn'd clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to  
see;

At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as  
could be;

And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard  
the half-chime,

So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is  
time!"

At Aerschot, up leap'd of a sudden the  
sun,

And against him the cattle stood black  
every one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping  
past,

And I saw my stout galloper Roland at  
last,

With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its  
spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp  
ear bent back

For my voice, and the other prick'd out on  
his track;

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever  
that glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master,  
askance!

And the thick heavy spume flakes which  
aye and anon

His fierce lips shook upward in galloping  
on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groan'd; and cried  
Joris, "Stay spur!

Your Roos gallop'd bravely, the fault's not  
in her;

We'll remember at Aix—" for one heard  
the quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretch'd neck, and  
staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the  
flank,

As down on her haunches she shudder'd  
and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in  
 the sky;  
 The broad sun above laugh'd a pitiless  
 laugh,  
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright  
 stubble like chaff;  
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang  
 white,  
 And "Gallop," gasp'd Joris, "for Aix is  
 in sight!

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a  
 moment his roan  
 Roll'd neck and croup over, lay dead as a  
 stone;  
 And there was my Roland to bear the  
 whole weight  
 Of the news which alone could save Aix  
 from her fate,  
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to  
 the brim,  
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets'  
 rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each hol-  
 ster let fall,  
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt  
 and all,  
 Stood up in the stirrup, lean'd, patted his  
 ear,  
 Call'd my Roland his pet-name, my horse  
 without peer;  
 Clapp'd my hands, laugh'd and sang, any  
 noise, bad or good,  
 Till at length into Aix Roland gallop'd  
 and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking  
 round  
 As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on  
 the ground,  
 And no voice but was praising this Roland  
 of mine,  
 As I pour'd down his throat our last meas-  
 ure of wine,  
 Which (the burgesses voted by common  
 consent)  
 Was no more than his due who brought  
 good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

### THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

AT the gate of old Granada, when all its  
 bolts are barr'd,  
 At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a  
 trampling heard;  
 There is a trampling heard, as of horses  
 treading slow,  
 And a weeping voice of women, and a  
 heavy sound of woe.  
 What tower is fallen? what star is set?  
 what chief come these bewailing?  
 "A tower is fallen! a star is set!—Alas!  
 alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they  
 cry,—and wide the doors they throw;  
 Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they  
 go;  
 In gloomy lines they mustering stand  
 beneath the hollow porch,  
 Each horseman grasping in his hand a  
 black and flaming torch;  
 Wet is each eye as they go by, and all  
 around is wailing,—  
 For all have heard the misery,—“Alas!  
 alas for Celin!”

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencer-  
 raje's blood,—  
 'Twas at the solemn jousting,—around the  
 nobles stood;  
 The nobles of the land were by, and ladies  
 bright and fair  
 Look'd from their latticed windows, the  
 haughty sight to share:  
 But now the nobles all lament,—the ladies  
 are bewailing,—  
 For he was Granada's darling knight,—  
 “Alas! alas for Celin!”

Before him ride his vassals, in order two  
 by two,  
 With ashes on their turbans spread, most  
 pitiful to view;  
 Behind him his four sisters, each wrapp'd  
 in sable veil,  
 Between the tambour's dismal strokes take  
 up their doleful tale;  
 When stops the muffled drum, ye hear  
 their brotherless bewailing,  
 And all the people, far and near, cry,—  
 “Alas! alas for Celin!”

Oh, lovely lies he on the bier, above the  
purple pall,  
The flower of all Granada's youth, the  
loveliest of them all;  
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip  
is pale,  
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon  
his burnish'd mail;  
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks  
in upon their wailing,—  
Its sound is like no earthly sound,—“Alas!  
alas for Celin!”

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands,—  
the Moor stands at his door;  
One maid is wringing of her hands, and  
one is weeping sore;  
Down to the dust men bow their heads,  
and ashes black they strew  
Upon their broider'd garments, of crim-  
son, green, and blue;  
Before each gate the bier stands still,—  
then bursts the loud bewailing,  
From door and lattice, high and low,—  
“Alas! alas for Celin!”

An old, old woman cometh forth when she  
hears the people cry,—  
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her  
glazèd eye;  
’Twas she that nursed him at her breast,—  
that nursed him long ago:  
She knows not whom they all lament, but  
soon she well shall know!  
With one deep shriek, she through doth  
break, when her ears receive their  
wailing,—  
“Let me kiss my Celin, ere I die!—Alas!  
alas for Celin!”

(From the Spanish.)  
JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

### THE WANDERING JEW.

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem  
Our Saviour Christ did live,  
And for the sins of all the worlde  
His own deare life did give;  
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes  
Did dailie him molest,  
That never till he left his life,  
Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with  
thornes,  
And scourged him to disgrace,  
In scornfull sort they led him forth  
Unto his dying place,  
Where thousand thousands in the streete  
Beheld him passe along,  
Yet not one gentle heart was there,  
That pity'd this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,  
As in the streete he wente,  
And naught he found but churlish tauntes,  
By every ones consente:  
His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,  
A burthen far too great,  
Which made him in the streete to faine,  
With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,  
To ease his burthen'd soule,  
Upon a stone; the which a wretch  
Did churlishly controule;  
And sayd, Awaye, thou King of Jewes,  
Thou shalt not rest thee here;  
Pass on; thy execution-place  
Thou seest now draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence;  
At which our Saviour sayd,  
I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,  
And have no journey stay'd.  
With that this cursèd shoemaker,  
For offering Christ this wrong,  
Left wife and children, house and all,  
And went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the bloude  
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,  
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,  
Awaye with speed he fled,  
Without returning backe againe  
Unto his dwelling-place,  
And wandred up and downe the worlde,  
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,  
No ease, nor hearts content;  
No house, nor home, nor biding-place:  
But wandring forth he went  
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,  
With grievèd conscience still,  
Repenting for the heinous guilt  
Of his fore-passèd ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past  
 In wandring up and downe ;  
 He much again desired to see  
 Jerusalems renowne,  
 But finding it all quite destroyd,  
 He wandred thence with woe,  
 Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,  
 To verifie and showe.

"I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke."  
 So doth this wandring Jew  
 From place to place, but cannot rest  
 For seeing countries newe ;  
 Declaring still the power of Him,  
 Whereas he comes or goes,  
 And of all things done in the east,  
 Since Christ his death he showes.

The world he hath still compast round  
 And seene those nations strange,  
 That hearing of the name of Christ,  
 Their idol gods doe change :  
 To whom he hath told wondrous thinges  
 Of time forepast, and gone,  
 And to the princes of the worlde  
 Declares his cause of moane :

Desiring still to be dissolved,  
 And yeild his mortal breath ;  
 But if the Lord hath thus decreed,  
 He shall not yet see death.  
 For neither lookes he old nor young,  
 But as he did those times,  
 When Christ did suffer on the crosse  
 For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne  
 place,  
 Arabia, Egypt, Africa,  
 Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,  
 And throughout all Hungaria,  
 Where Paul and Peter preachèd Christ,  
 Those blest apostles deare ;  
 There he hath told our Saviours wordes,  
 In countries far and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,  
 With many a German towne ;  
 And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,  
 He wandreth up and downe :  
 Where learnèd men with him conferre  
 Of those his lingering dayes,  
 And wonder much to heare him tell  
 His journeyes, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,  
 The most that he will take  
 Is not above a groat a time :  
 Which he, for Jesus' sake,  
 Will kindlye give unto the poore,  
 And thereof make no spare,  
 Affirming still that Jesus Christ  
 Of him hath dailie care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,  
 But weepe and make great moane ;  
 Lamenting still his miseries,  
 And dayes forepast and gone :  
 If he heare any one blaspheme,  
 Or take God's name in vaine,  
 He telles them that they crucifie  
 Their Saviour Christe againe.

If you had seene his death, saith he,  
 As these mine eyes have done,  
 Ten thousand thousand times would yee  
 His torments think upon :  
 And suffer for his sake all paine  
 Of torments, and all woes.  
 These are his wordes and eke his life  
 Whereas he comes or goes.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

#### THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'TWAS in the prime of summer-time,  
 An evening calm and cool,  
 And four-and-twenty happy boys  
 Came bounding out of school :  
 There were some that ran and some that  
 leapt,  
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,  
 And souls untouch'd by sin ;  
 To a level mead they came, and there  
 They drave the wickets in :  
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
 Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
 And shouted as they ran,—  
 Turning to mirth all things of earth  
 As only boyhood can ;  
 But the Usher sat remote from all,  
 A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
 To catch Heaven's blessed breeze ;  
 For a burning thought was in his brow,  
 And his bosom ill at ease :  
 So he lean'd his head on his hands, and  
 read

The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,  
 Nor ever glanced aside,  
 For the peace of his soul he read that  
 book

In the golden eventide :  
 Much study had made him very lean,  
 And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,  
 With a fast and fervent grasp  
 He strain'd the dusky covers close,  
 And fixed the brazen hasp :  
 "O God! could I so close my mind,  
 And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
 Some moody turns he took,—  
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
 And past a shady nook,—  
 And, lo! he saw a little boy  
 That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—  
 Romance or fairy fable?  
 Or is it some historic page,  
 Of kings and crowns unstable?"  
 The young boy gave an upward glance,—  
 "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,  
 As smit with sudden pain,—  
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
 Then slowly back again,  
 And down he sat beside the lad,  
 And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,  
 Whose deeds tradition saves,  
 Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
 And hid in sudden graves,  
 Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,  
 And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men  
 Shriek upward from the sod,—

Ay, how the ghostly hand will point  
 To show the burial clod,  
 And unknown facts of guilty acts  
 Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth,  
 Beneath the curse of Cain,  
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
 And flames about their brain :  
 For blood has left upon their souls  
 Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,  
 Their pangs must be extreme ;  
 Woe, woe, unutterable woe,  
 Who spill life's sacred stream !  
 For why? Methought, last night I wrought  
 A murder in a dream.

"One that had never done me wrong,  
 A feeble man and old ;  
 I led him to a lonely field,  
 The moon shone clear and cold :  
 Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
 And I will have his gold !

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,  
 And one with a heavy stone, .  
 One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—  
 And then the deed was done :  
 There was nothing lying at my foot  
 But lifeless flesh and bone !

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
 That could not do me ill,  
 And yet I fear'd him all the more,  
 For lying there so still ;  
 There was a manhood in his look  
 That murder could not kill !

"And lo! the universal air  
 Seem'd lit with ghastly flame ;  
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
 Were looking down in blame :  
 I took the dead man by his hand,  
 And call'd upon his name !

"O God! it made me quake to see  
 Such sense within the slain ;  
 But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,  
 The blood gush'd out again !  
 For every clot, a burning spot  
 Was scorching in my brain !

"My head was like an ardent coal,  
My heart as solid ice;  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
Was at the Devil's price:  
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead  
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,  
From the heavens' topmost height,  
I heard a voice—the awful voice  
Of the blood-avenging Sprite:—  
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead  
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream,—  
A sluggish water, black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme:—  
My gentle Boy, remember this  
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow  
plunge,  
And vanish'd in the pool;  
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
And wash'd my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young,  
That evening in the school.

"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white  
souls,  
And mine so black and grim!  
I could not share in childish prayer,  
Nor join in Evening Hymn:  
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,  
'Mid holy Cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,  
And each calm pillow spread;  
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain  
That lighted me to bed;  
And drew my midnight curtains round,  
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep;  
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,  
But stared aghast at Sleep:  
For Sin had render'd unto her  
The keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,  
From weary chime to chime,  
With one besetting, horrid hint,  
That rack'd me all the time;

A mighty yearning, like the first  
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made  
All other thoughts its slave;  
Stronger and stronger every pulse  
Did that temptation crave,—  
Still urging me to go and see  
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon  
As light was in the sky,  
And sought the black accursed pool  
With a wild misgiving eye;  
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,  
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
The dewdrop from its wing;  
But I never mark'd its morning flight,  
I never heard it sing:  
For I was stooping once again  
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in  
chase,  
I took him up and ran;—  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began:  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was other where;  
As soon as the midday task was done,  
In secret I was there:  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep:  
Or land or sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,  
Till blood for blood atones!  
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh,—  
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake!



Again—again, with dizzy brain,  
The human life I take;  
And my right red hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,  
Will wave or mould allow;  
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—  
It stands before me now!"  
The fearful boy look'd up and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
Through the cold and heavy mist;  
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,  
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The ship was still as she could be;  
Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their  
shock  
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape  
Rock;

On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges'  
swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell,  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And bless'd the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day;  
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd  
round,  
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen  
A darker speck on the ocean green;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,  
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing,  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;  
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,  
The bubbles rose and burst around;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to  
the rock

Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,  
He scour'd the seas for many a day,  
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,  
They cannot see the sun on high;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;  
So dark it is they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers  
roar?  
For methinks we should be near the shore."  
"Now, where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape  
Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,  
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift  
along,  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering  
shock,—

"O Death! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,  
He cursed himself in his despair;  
The waves rush in on every side,  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,  
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,  
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,  
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall,  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall  
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,  
The sounds of busy life were still,  
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,  
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love  
That thou so oft has sworn to me,  
To leave me in this lonely grove,  
Immured in shameful privy?"

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,  
Thy once-belovèd bride to see,  
But be she alive, or be she dead,  
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received  
When happy in my father's hall;  
No faithless husband then me grieved,  
No chilling fears did me appall.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,  
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay,  
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,  
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,  
Among court ladies all despised,  
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,  
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?"

"And when you first to me made suit,  
How fair I was you oft would say!  
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit,  
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,  
The rose is pale, the lily's dead,  
But he that once their charms so prized  
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth  
prey,  
And tender love's repaid with scorn,  
The sweetest beauty will decay,—  
What floweret can endure the storm?"

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,  
Where every lady's passing rare,  
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,  
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds  
Where roses and where lilies vie,  
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades  
Must sicken when those gauds are by?"

"'Mong rural beauties I was one,  
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;  
Some country swain might me have won,  
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),  
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;  
Rather ambition's gilded crown  
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead  
(The injured surely may repine),  
Why didst thou wed a country maid,  
When some fair princess might be thine?"

"Why didst thou praise my humble  
charms,  
And, oh! then leave them to decay?  
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,  
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?"

"The village maidens of the plain  
Salute me lowly as they go;  
Envious they mark my silken train,  
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know  
How far more happy's their estate;  
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe—  
To be content, than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them?  
Daily to pine and waste with care!  
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem  
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy  
The humble charms of solitude;  
Your minions proud my peace destroy,  
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,  
The village death-bell smote my ear;  
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,  
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'"

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,  
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;  
No one to soothe me as I weep,  
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay—  
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;  
And many a boding seems to say,  
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,  
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;  
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,  
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd,  
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,  
Full many a piercing scream was heard,  
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,  
An ærial voice was heard to call,  
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,  
The oaks were shatter'd on the green;  
Woe was the hour—for never more  
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more  
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;  
For ever since that dreary hour  
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,  
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;  
Nor ever lead the merry dance,  
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,  
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,  
As wandering onward they've espied  
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

# EDWARD, EDWARD.

QUHY dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,  
Edward, Edward?

Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid?  
And quhy sae sad gang zee, O?

O, I hae kill'd my hauke sae guid,  
Mither, mither:

O, I hae kill'd my hauke sae guid:  
And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
Edward, Edward.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
My deir son I tell thee, O.

O, I hae kill'd my reid-roan steid,  
Mither, mither:

O, I hae kill'd my reid-roan steid,  
That erst was sae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat  
mair,

Edward, Edward:  
Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
Sum other dule ze drie, O.

O, I hae kill'd my fadir deir,  
Mither, mither:

O, I hae kill'd my fadir deir,  
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for  
that,

Edward, Edward?  
And quhatten penance will ze drie for that?  
My deir son, now tell me, O.

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,  
Mither, mither:

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,  
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and  
zour ha',

Edward, Edward?  
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and  
zour ha',

That ware sae fair to see, O?  
Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',  
Mither, mither:

Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',  
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and  
zour wife,

Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and  
zour wife,

Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?

The warldis room, let thame beg throw  
life,

Mither, mither:

The warldis room, let thame beg throw  
life,

For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither  
deir,

Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither  
deir?

My deir son, now tell me, O.

The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,

Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,

Sic counsells ze gave to me, O.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

—◆—  
*LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.*

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch Gyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"  
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this—Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men,  
Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spake the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady:

"And, by my word! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;

So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this, the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armèd men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather,  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her—  
When, oh, too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd, amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing:  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and  
shade,  
His child he did discover;  
One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in  
grief,  
"Across this stormy water:  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter! O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the  
shore,  
Return, or aid preventing:  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

—◆—  
*THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.*

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,  
And ere they paid the lawing,  
They set a combat them between,  
To fight it in the dawning.

"Oh stay at hame, my noble lord!  
Oh stay at hame, my marrow!  
My cruel brother will you betray  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow."

"Oh fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!  
Oh fare ye weel, my Sarah!  
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return  
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,  
As oft she had done before, oh;  
She belted him with his noble brand,  
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,  
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,  
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd  
men,  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

"Oh come ye here to part your land,  
The bonnie forest thorough?  
Or come ye here to wield your brand,—  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow?"—

"I come not here to part my land,  
And neither to beg nor borrow;  
I come to wield my noble brand,  
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane;  
And that's an unequal marrow:  
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,  
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,  
On the bonnie braes of Yarrow,  
Till that stubborn knight came him be-  
hind,  
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,  
And tell your sister Sarah,  
To come and lift her leafu' lord;  
He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."—

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream:  
I fear there will be sorrow!  
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,  
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,  
From where my love repairith,  
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armèd men;  
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;  
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've  
slain—  
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high, high hill,  
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,  
And in the den spied ten slain men,  
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kiss'd his cheeks, she kaim'd his hair,  
She search'd his wounds all thorough;  
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter  
dear!  
For a' this breeds but sorrow;  
I'll wed ye to a better lord  
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."—

"Oh haud your tongue, my father dear!  
Ye 'mind me but of sorrow;  
A fairer rose did never bloom  
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE BRAES OF YARROW.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
And think nae mair on the Braes of  
Yarrow.

Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?  
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?  
I gat her where I dare nae well be seen,  
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny  
bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome mar-  
row;  
Nor let thy heart lament to leive,  
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny  
bride?  
Why does she weep, thy winsome mar-  
row?  
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen  
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she,  
 maun she weep,  
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sor-  
 row ;  
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen  
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,  
 Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow ;  
 And I hae slain the comeliest swain,  
 That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yar-  
 row.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow,  
 reid ?

Why on thy braes heard the voice of  
 sorrow ?

And why yon melancholious weids  
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow ?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful  
 flude ?

What's yonder floats ? Oh dule and sor-  
 row !

Oh 'tis he the comely swain I slew  
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds in  
 tears,

His wounds in tears with dule and sor-  
 row ;

And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,  
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters  
 sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow ;

And weep around in waeiful wise  
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yar-  
 row.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless  
 shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of sor-  
 row ;

The fatal spear that pierced his breast,  
 His comely breast, on the Braes of Yar-  
 row.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luvve ?  
 And warn from fight ? but to my sor-  
 row

Too rashly bauld a stronger arm  
 Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of  
 Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green  
 grows the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet, as sweet  
 flows Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,  
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
 The apple frae its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy luvve, fair fair indeed thy  
 luvve,

In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter ;  
 Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again  
 Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny  
 bride,

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
 Busk ye, and luvve me on the banks of  
 Tweed,

And think nae mair on the Braes of  
 Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride ?

How can I busk a winsome marrow ?

How luvve him upon the banks of Tweed,  
 That slew my luvve on the Braes of Yar-  
 row ?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain  
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,  
 For there was basely slain my luvve,  
 My luvve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of  
 green,

His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing :  
 Ah, wretched me ! I little, little kenn'd  
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-  
 white steed,

Unheedful of my dule and sorrow :  
 But ere the toofall of the night  
 He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyced that waeiful waeiful day ;  
 I sang, my voice the woods returning :  
 But lang e'er night the spear was flown.  
 That slew my luvve, and left me mourn-  
 ing.

What can my barbarous barbarous father  
do,

But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My lover's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou, barbarous man, then  
wooe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud  
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',  
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes  
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,  
And strive with threat'ning words to  
muve me:

My lover's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou ever bid me luv thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luv,  
With bridal sheets my body cover,  
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
Let in the expected husband-lover.

But who the expected husband husband  
is?

His hands, methinks, are bathed in  
slaughter:

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon  
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after.

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,  
Oh lay his cold head on my pillow;  
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,  
And crown my careful head with wil-  
low.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best be-  
luv'd,

Oh could my warmth to life restore thee!  
Yet lye all night between my breists,  
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth!  
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter:  
And lye all night between my breists;  
No youth shall ever lye there after.

Return, return, O mournful mournful  
bride,

'Return, and dry thy useless sorrow:  
Thy lover heeds none of thy sighs,  
He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

### THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,  
When first on them I met my lover;  
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,  
When now thy waves his body cover!  
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!  
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed  
To bear me to his father's bowers;  
He promised me a little page  
To squire me to his father's towers;  
He promised me a wedding-ring,—  
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;  
My passion I as freely told him;  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him!  
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;  
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd  
With all the longing of a mother;  
His little sister weeping walk'd  
The greenwood path to meet her brother.  
They sought him east, they sought him  
west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough:  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look—  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;  
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!  
No longer seek him east or west,  
And search no more the forest thorough;  
For, wandering in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow—  
I'll seek thy body in the stream.  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.

—The tear did never leave her cheek,  
No other youth became her marrow;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

ON yonder hill a castle standes  
With walles and towres bedight,  
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,  
A younge and comely knighte.

The child of Elle to his garden went,  
And stood at his garden pale,  
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page  
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,  
Y-wis he stooode not stille,  
And soone he mette fair Emmelines page  
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe theesave, thou little foot-page,  
Nowe Christe thee save and see!  
Oh tell me how does thy ladye gaye,  
And what may thy tydinges bee?

My lady she is all woe-begone,  
And the teares they falle from her eyne;  
And aye she laments the deadlye feude  
Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe  
Bedewde with many a teare,  
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,  
Who loved thee so deare.

And here she sends thee a ring of golde,  
The last boone thou mayst have,  
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,  
When she is layde in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,  
And in grave soon must shee bee,  
Sith her father hath chose her a new new  
love,  
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish  
knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye,  
And within three dayes shee must him  
wedde,  
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
And greet thy ladye from mee,  
And tell her that I her owne true love  
Will dye, or sette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
And let thy fair ladye know  
This night will I bee at her bowre-win-  
dowe,  
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,  
He neither stint ne stayd  
Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre,  
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,  
And he greets thee well by mee;  
This night will he be at thy bowre-win-  
dowe,  
And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone and night was come,  
And all were fast asleepe,  
All save the ladye Emmeline,  
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone she heard her true loves voice  
Lowe whispering at the walle,  
Awake, awake, my dear ladye,  
'Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,  
Come, mount this faire palfraye;  
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,  
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,  
Nowe nay, this may not bee;  
For aye shold I tint my maiden fame,  
If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true  
Mayst safely wend alone,  
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,  
Where marriage shall make us one.

"My father he is a baron bolde,  
Of lynage proude and hye;  
And what would he saye if his daughter  
Awaye with a knight should fy?

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,  
Nor his meate should doe him no goode  
Until he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,  
And secne thy deare hearts bloode."



O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,  
And a little space him fro,  
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,  
And once without this walle,  
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
Nor the worst that might befallè.

Faire Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline  
wept,  
And aye her heart was woe:  
At length he seized her lilly-white hand,  
And downe the ladder he drewè:

And thrice he clasp'd her to his breste,  
And kist her tenderlìe:  
The teares that fell from her fair eyes  
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so  
talle,  
And her on a fair palfraye,  
And slung his bugle about his necke,  
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her own damselle,  
In her bed whereas shee ley,  
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,  
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!  
Awake, my noble dame!  
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of  
Elle  
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,  
And call'd his merrye men all:  
"And come thou forth, Sir John the  
knighte,  
Thy ladye is carried to thrall."

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,  
A mile forth of the towne,  
When she was aware of her fathers men  
Come galloping over the downe:

And foremost came the carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye:  
"Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,  
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For she is come of hye linèage,  
And was of a ladye borne,

And ill it beseems thee a false churl's  
sonne  
To carrye her hence to scorne."

Nowe loud thou lighest, Sir John the knight,  
Nowe thou doest lye of mee;  
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,  
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,  
Light downe, and hold my steed,  
While I and this discourteous knighte  
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light nowe downe, my deare ladyè,  
Light downe, and hold my horse;  
While I and this discourteous knight  
Doe trye our valour's force.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline  
wept,  
And aye her heart was woe,  
While 'twixt her love and the carlish  
knight  
Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,  
As his weapon he waved amaine,  
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,  
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron and all his men  
Full fast approachèd nye:  
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?  
'Twerè nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,  
And blew both loud and shrill,  
And soone he saw his owne merry men  
Come ryding over the hill.

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou hold baròn,  
I pray thee hold thy hand,  
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts  
Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved  
Full long and many a day;  
But with such love as holy kirke  
Hath freelye said wee may.

Oh give consent shee may be mine,  
And bless a faithfull paire:  
My lands and livings are not small,  
My house and lineage faire:

My mother she was an earl's daughter,  
And a noble knyght my sire—"The baron he frown'd and turn'd away  
With mickle dole and ire.

Faire Emmeline sigh'd, faire Emmeline  
wept,  
And did all tremblinge stand :  
At lengthe she sprang upon her knee,  
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,  
This fair yong knyght and mee :  
Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,  
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you call'd your Emmeline  
Your darling and your joye ;  
Oh let not then your harsh resolves  
Your Emmeline destroye.

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown  
cheeke,  
And turn'd his heade asyde  
To whipe awaye the starting teare  
He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stooode,  
And mused a little space :  
Then raised faire Emmeline from the  
grounde  
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd,  
And gave her lillye white hand ;  
Here take my deare and only child,  
And with her half my land :

Thy father once mine honour wrongde  
In dayes of youthful pride ;  
Do thou the injurye repayre  
In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,  
Heaven prosper thee and thine :  
And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,  
My loveye Emmeline.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

—♦—  
*HART-LEAP WELL.*

THE Knight had ridden down from Wens-  
ley Moor  
With the slow motion of a summer's  
cloud ;

He turned aside toward a Vassal's door,  
And "Bring another horse!" he cried  
aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the Vassal  
heard,  
And saddled his best steed, a comely  
gray ;  
Sir Walter mounted him ; he was the  
third  
Which he had mounted on that glorious  
day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing Courser's  
eyes ;  
The horse and horseman are a happy  
pair ;  
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon  
flies,  
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's  
Hall,  
That as they gallop'd made the echoes  
roar ;  
But horse and man are vanish'd, one and  
all ;  
Such race, I think, was never seen be-  
fore.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet re-  
main :  
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their  
kind,  
Follow, and up the weary mountain  
strain.

The knight halloo'd, he cheer'd and chid  
them on  
With suppliant gestures and upbraiding  
stern ;  
But breath and eyesight fail ; and, one by  
one,  
The dogs are stretch'd among the moun-  
tain-fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the  
race ?  
The bugles that so joyfully were blown ?  
This chase it looks not like an earthly  
chase ;  
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side;

I will not stop to tell how far he fled,  
Nor will I mention by what death he died:

But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he lean'd against a thorn,

He had no follower, Dog, nor Man, nor Boy:

He neither crack'd his whip, nor blew his horn,

But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter lean'd,

Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;

Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeon'd,  
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretch'd:  
His nostril touch'd a spring beneath a hill,

And with the last deep groan his breath had fetch'd

The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest  
(Never had living man such joyful lot!),  
Sir Walter walk'd all round, north, south,  
and west,

And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill (it was at least  
Nine roods of sheer ascent), Sir Walter found

Three several hoof-marks which the hunted beast

Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now

Such sight was never seen by living eyes:

Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow

Down to the very fountain where he lies.

I'll build a Pleasure-house upon this spot,  
And a small Arbor, made for rural joy;  
'Twill be the Traveller's shed, the Pilgrim's cot,

A place of love for Damsels that are coy.

A cunning Artist will I have to frame  
A basin for that fountain in the dell!  
And they who do make mention of the same

From this day forth shall call it HART-  
LEAP WELL.

And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known,

Another monument shall here be raised;  
Three several Pillars, each a rough-hewn Stone,

And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long,

I will come hither with my Paramour;  
And with the Dancers and the Minstrel's song

We will make merry in that pleasant Bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
My Mansion with its Arbor shall endure;—

The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,

And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart,  
stone-dead,

With breathless nostrils stretch'd above the spring.

—Soon did the Knight perform what he had said,

And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steer'd,

A Cup of stone received the living Well;

Three Pillars of rude stone Sir Walter rear'd,

And built a house of Pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature  
tall

With trailing plants and trees were in-  
tertwined,—

Which soon composed a little sylvan Hall,  
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer-days were  
long,

Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour;  
And with the Dancers and the Minstrel's  
song

Made merriment within that pleasant  
Bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course  
of time,

And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—  
But there is matter for a second rhyme,  
And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND.

THE moving accident is not my trade,  
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;  
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
To pipe a simple song for thinking  
hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,  
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell  
Three Aspens at three corners of a square,  
And one, not four yards distant, near a  
Well.

What this imported I could ill divine,  
And, pulling now the rein my horse to  
stop,

I saw three Pillars standing in a line,  
The last Stone Pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor  
head,  
Half wasted the square Mound of tawny  
green,

So that you just might say, as then I said,  
"Here in old time the hand of man  
hath been."

I look'd upon the hill both far and near;  
More doleful place did never eye survey;  
It seem'd as if the spring-time came not  
here,  
And Nature here were willing to de-  
cay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies  
lost,

When one, who was in Shepherd's garb  
attired,

Came up the Hollow; him did I accost,  
And what this place might be I then in-  
quired.

The Shepherd stopp'd, and that same story  
told

Which in my former rhyme I have re-  
hearsed.

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of  
old,

But something ails it now; the spot is  
curst.

You see these lifeless Stumps of aspen  
wood,—

Some say that they are beeches, others  
elms,—

These were the Bower, and here a Mansion  
stood,

The finest palace of a hundred realms.

The Arbor does its own condition tell;

You see the Stones, the Fountain, and  
the Stream,

But as to the great Lodge, you might as  
well

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor  
sheep,

Will wet his lips within that Cup of  
stone,

And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
This water doth send forth a dolorous  
groan.

Some say that here a murder has been  
done,

And blood cries out for blood; but for  
my part,

I've guess'd, when I've been sitting in the  
sun,

That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the Crea-  
ture's brain have pass'd!

Even from the topmost Stone upon the  
Steep

Are but three bounds; and look, sir, at  
this last;—

Oh, Master! it has been a cruel leap!

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate  
race,

And in my simple mind we cannot tell  
What cause the Hart might have to love  
this place,

And come and make his deathbed near  
the Well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
Lull'd by the Fountain in the summer-  
tide;

This water was perhaps the first he drank  
When he had wander'd from his moth-  
er's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn  
He heard the birds their morning carols  
sing,

And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was  
born

Not half a furlong from that selfsame  
spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant  
shade,

The sun on drearier Hollow never shone;  
So will it be, as I have often said,  
Till Trees, and Stones, and Fountain, all  
are gone."

"Gray-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken  
well;

Small difference lies between thy creed  
and mine;

This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell:  
His death was mourn'd by sympathy di-  
vine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the  
groves,

Maintains a deep and reverential care  
For the unoffending creatures whom He  
loves.

The Pleasure-house is dust,—behind, be-  
fore,

This is no common waste, no common  
gloom,

But Nature, in due course of time, once  
more

Shall here put on her beauty and her  
bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
That what we are, and have been, may  
be known;

But at the coming of the milder day  
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shows, and  
what conceals,

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that  
feels."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,  
All you that love mirth for to hear,  
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,  
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,  
All under the greenwood tree,  
There he was aware of a brave young man,  
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,  
In scarlet fine and gay;  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood  
Amongst the leaves so gay,  
There did he espy the same young man  
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before  
It was clean cast away;  
And at every step he fetch'd a sigh,  
"Alas! and a-well-a-day!"

Then stepp'd forth brave Little John,  
And Midge, the miller's son;  
Which made the young man bend his bow,  
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,  
"What is your will with me?"  
"You must come before our master straight,  
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,  
Robin ask'd him courteously,  
"Oh, hast thou any money to spare,  
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,  
 "But five shillings and a ring;  
 And that I have kept this seven long years,  
 To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
 But she was from me ta'en,  
 And chosen to be an old knight's delight,  
 Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,  
 "Come tell me, without any fail."  
 "By the faith of my body," then said the young man,  
 "My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,  
 "In ready gold or fee,  
 To help thee to thy true love again,  
 And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,  
 "In ready gold nor fee,  
 But I will swear upon a book  
 Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?  
 Come tell me without guile."  
 "By the faith of my body," then said the young man,  
 "It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain;  
 He did neither stint nor lin,  
 Until he came unto the church  
 Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said;  
 "I prithee now tell unto me."  
 "I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,  
 "And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, oh welcome," the bishop he said;  
 "That music best pleaseth-me."  
 "You shall have no music," said Robin Hood,  
 "Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,  
 Which was both grave and old;

And after him a finikin lass,  
 Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,  
 "That you do seem to make here;  
 For since we are come into the church,  
 The bride shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
 And blew blasts two or three;  
 When four-and-twenty yeomen bold  
 Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,  
 Marching all in a row,  
 The first man was Allen-a-Dale,  
 To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,  
 "Young Allen, as I hear say;  
 And you shall be married this same time,  
 Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,  
 "For thy word shall not stand;  
 They shall be three times ask'd in the church,  
 As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,  
 And put it upon Little John;  
 "By the faith of my body," then Robin said,  
 "This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,  
 The people began to laugh;  
 He ask'd them seven times into church,  
 Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John,  
 Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;  
 And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,  
 Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,  
 The bride look'd like a queen;  
 And so they return'd to the merry green wood,  
 Amongst the leaves so green.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

*BETH-GÊLERT; OR, THE GRAVE  
OF THE GREYHOUND.*

THE Spearman heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerily smiled the morn,  
And many a brach and many a hound  
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a lustier cheer :  
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last  
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh! where does faithful Gêlert roam,  
The flow'r of all his race?  
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,  
A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board  
The faithful Gêlert fed;  
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,  
And sentinell'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John;  
But now no Gêlert could be found,  
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells  
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved  
The chase of Hart or Hare,  
And scant and small the booty proved,  
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied:  
When, near the portal seat,  
His truant Gêlert he espied  
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,  
Aghast the chieftain stood:  
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,  
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise:  
Unused such looks to meet,  
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,  
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn pass'd,  
And on went Gêlert too,

And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,  
With blood-stain'd covert rent;  
And all around, the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied;  
He search'd with terror wild;  
Blood, blood he found on ev'ry side;  
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child by thee's de-  
vour'd!"

The frantic father cried;  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell,  
No pity could impart;  
But still his Gêlert's dying yell  
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell  
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh:  
What words the parent's joy could tell  
To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap  
His hurried search had miss'd,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread;  
But the same couch beneath  
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!  
For now the truth was clear;  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe:  
"Best of thy kind, adieu!  
The frantic blow, which laid thee low,  
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
With costly sculpture deckt;  
And marbles, storied with his praise,  
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,  
Or forester, unmoved;

There oft the tear-besprinkled grass  
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his sword and spear,  
And there as evening fell,  
In Fancy's ear he oft would hear  
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,  
And cease the storm to brave,  
The consecrated spot shall hold  
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

*KATHARINE JANFARIE.*

THERE was a may, and a weel-fared may,  
Lived high up in yon glen :  
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,  
She was courted by mony men.

Doun cam' the Laird o' Lamington,  
Doun frae the South Countrie ;  
And he is for this bonnie lass,  
Her bridegroom for to be.

He ask'd no her father and mither,  
Nor the chief o' a' her kin ;  
But he whisper'd the bonny lass hersel',  
And did her favor win.

Doun cam' an English gentleman,  
Doun frae the English border ;  
He is for this bonny lass,  
To keep his house in order.

He ask'd her father and mither,  
And a' the lave o' her kin ;  
But he never ask'd the lassie hersel'  
Till on her wedding-e'en.

But she has wrote a long letter,  
And seal'd it with her hand ;  
And sent it away to Lamington,  
To let him understand.

The first line o' the letter he read,  
He was baith fain and glad ;  
But he has read the letter o'er,  
He's turn'd baith wan and sad.

Then he has sent a messenger,  
To run through all his land ;  
And four and twenty armed men  
Were all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all,  
Left them on the lee ;  
And he's awa' to the wedding-house,  
To see what he could see.

They all rose up to honor him,  
For he was of high renown ;  
They all rose up to welcome him,  
And bade him to sit down.

Oh mickle was the gude red wine  
In silver cups did flow ;  
But aye she drank to Lamington,  
And fain with him would go.

"Oh come ye here to fight, young lord?  
Or come ye here to play ?  
Or come ye here to drink gude wine  
Upon the wedding-day?"

"I come na here to fight," he said,  
"I come na here to play ;  
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,  
And mount and go my way."

He's caught her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve ;  
He's mounted her hie behind himsel',  
At her kinsfolk spier'd na leave.

It's up, it's up the Couden bank,  
It's doun the Couden brae ;  
And aye they made the trumpet sound,  
"It's a' fair play!"

Now, a' ye lords and gentlemen  
That be of England born,  
Come ye na doun to Scotland thus,  
For fear ye get the scorn !

They'll feed ye up wi' flattering words,  
And play ye foul play ;  
They'll dress you frogs instead of fish  
Upon your wedding-day !

AUTHOR UNKNOWN



*FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.*

"OH wha will shoe my fair foot,  
And wha will glove my han' ?  
And wha will lace my middle jimp  
Wi' a new-made London ban' ?

"Or wha will kemb my yellow hair  
Wi' a new-made silver kemb ?  
Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,  
Till love Gregor come hame ?"

"Your father'll shoe your fair foot,  
Your mother glove your han' ;  
Your sister lace your middle jimp  
Wi' a new-made London ban' ;

"Your brethren will kemb your yellow  
hair  
Wi' a new-made silver kemb ;  
And the King o' heaven will father your  
bairn,  
Till love Gregor come hame."

"Oh gin I had a bonny ship,  
And men to sail wi' me,  
It's I would gang to my true love,  
Sin he winna come to me !"

Her father's gien her a bonny ship,  
And sent her to the stran' ;  
She's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
And turn'd her back to the lan'.

She hadna been o' the sea sailin'  
About a month or more,  
Till landed has she her bonny ship  
Near her true love's door.

The nicht was dark, and the wind blew  
cald,  
And her love was fast asleep,  
And the bairn that was in her twa arms  
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true love's door,  
And lang tirl'd at the pin ;  
At length up gat his fause mother,  
Says, "Wha's that wad be in ?"

"Oh it is Annie of Lochroyan,  
Your love, come o'er the sea,  
But and your young son in her arms ;  
So open the door to me."

"Awa', awa', ye ill woman !  
You're nae come here for gude ;  
You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,  
Or mermaid o' the flude."

"I'm nae a witch or vile warlock,  
Or mermaiden," said she ;—  
"I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan ;—  
Oh open the door to me !"

"Oh gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,  
As I trust not ye be,  
What taiken can ye gie that e'er  
I kept your companie ?"

"Oh dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she  
says,  
"Whan we sat at the wine,  
How we changed the napkins frae our  
necks ?  
It's nae sae lang sinsyne."

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,  
But nae sae gude as mine ;  
For yours was o' the cambric clear,  
But mine o' the silk sae fine."

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she  
says,  
"As we twa sat at dine,  
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,  
And I can shew thee thine :

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,  
Yet nae sae gude as mine ;  
For yours was o' the gude red gold,  
But mine o' the diamonds fine."

"Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,  
And open it wi' speed ;  
Or your young son, that is in my arms,  
For cald will soon be dead."

"Awa', awa', ye ill woman !  
Gae frae my door for shame ;  
For I hae gotten anither fair love—  
Sae ye may hie you hame."

"Oh hae ye gotten anither fair love,  
For a' the oaths ye sware ?  
Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor :  
For me ye's never see mair !"

Oh hooly, hooly gaed she back,  
As the day began to peep ;

She set her foot on good shipboard,  
And sair, sair did she weep.

"Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud;  
Set up the mast o' tree;  
Ill sets it a forsaken lady  
To sail sae gallantlie.

"Tak down, tak down, the sails o' silk:  
Set up the sails o' skin;  
Ill sets the outside to be gay,  
Whan there's sic grief within!"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,  
And to his mother did say:  
"I dreamt a dream this night, mithier,  
That maks my heart richt wae;

"I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,  
The flower o' a' her kin,  
Was standin' mournin' at my door;  
But nane wad lat her in."

"Oh there was a woman stood at the door,  
Wi' a bairn intill her arms;  
But I wadna let her within the bower,  
For fear she had done ye harm."

Oh quickly, quickly raise he up,  
And fast ran to the strand;  
And there he saw her, fair Annie,  
Was sailing frae the land.

And "Heigh, Annie!" and "How, Annie!  
O Annie, winna ye bide?"  
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie,"  
The higher rair'd the tide.

And "Heigh, Annie!" and "How, Annie!  
O Annie, speak to me!"  
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie,"  
The louder rair'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew  
rough,  
And the ship was rent in twain;  
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,  
Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,  
Baith toss'd aboon the tide;  
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,  
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,  
And drew her to the strand;

But cald and stiff was every limb,  
Before he reach'd the land.

Oh first he kist her cherry cheek,  
And syne he kist her chin:  
And sair he kist her ruby lips,  
But there was nae breath within.

Oh he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,  
Till the sun was ganging down;  
Syne wi' a sich his heart it brast,  
And his saul to heaven has flown.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR,

"THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

OH! once the harp of Innisfail  
Was strung full high to notes of glad-  
ness;

But yet it often told a tale  
Of more prevailing sadness.  
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,  
As winds that moan at night forlorn  
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,  
When for O'Connor's child to mourn,  
The harper told how lone, how far  
From any mansion's twinkling star,  
From any path of social men,  
Or voice, but from the fox's den,  
The lady in the desert dwelt;  
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt.  
Say, why should dwell in place so wild  
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

Sweet lady! she no more inspires  
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power.  
As in the palace of her sires  
She bloom'd a peerless flower.  
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone.  
The royal brooch, the jewell'd ring,  
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,  
Like dews on lilies of the spring.  
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's  
kerne,

Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,  
While yet in Leinster unexplored,  
Her friends survive the English sword,—  
Why lingers she from Erin's host,  
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast?  
Why wanders she a huntress wild,—  
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

And, fix'd on empty space, why burn  
 Her eyes with momentary wildness ;  
 And wherefore do they then return  
 To more than woman's mildness ?  
 Dishevell'd are her raven locks ;  
 On Connocht Moran's name she calls ;  
 And oft amidst the lonely rocks  
 She sings sweet madrigals.  
 Placed midst the foxglove and the moss,  
 Behold a parted warrior's cross !  
 That is the spot where, evermore,  
 The lady at her shieling door,  
 Enjoys that, in communion sweet,  
 The living and the dead can meet ;  
 For lo ! to love-lorn fantasy,  
 The hero of her heart is nigh.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,  
 In Erin's yellow vesture clad,  
 A son of light, a lovely form,  
 He comes and makes her glad :  
 Now on the grass-green turf he sits,  
 His tassell'd horn beside him laid ;  
 Now o'er the hills in chase he fits,  
 The hunter and the deer a shade !  
 Sweet mourner ! these are shadows vain,  
 That cross the twilight of her brain ;  
 Yet she will tell you she is blest,  
 Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,  
 More richly than in Aghrim's bower,  
 When bards high praised her beauty's  
     power,  
 And kneeling pages offer'd up  
 The morat in a golden cup.

"A hero's bride ! this desert bower,  
 It ill befits thy gentle breeding.  
 And wherefore dost thou love this flower  
 To call 'My love lies bleeding'?"  
 "This purple flower my tears have  
     nursed,—

A hero's blood supplied its bloom :  
 I love it, for it was the first  
 That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.  
 Oh, hearken, stranger, to my voice !  
 This desert mansion is my choice ;  
 And blest, though fatal, be the star  
 That led me to its wilds afar.  
 For here these pathless mountains free  
 Gave shelter to my love and me ;  
 And every rock and every stone  
 Bore witness that he was my own.

"O'Connor's child, I was the bud  
 Of Erin's royal tree of glory ;  
 But woe to them that wrapt in blood  
 The tissue of my story !  
 Still, as I clasp my burning brain,  
 A death-scene rushes on my sight ;  
 It rises o'er and o'er again,—  
 The bloody feud, the fatal night,  
 When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,  
 They call'd my hero basely born,  
 And bade him choose a meaner bride  
 Than from O'Connor's house of pride.  
 Their tribe, they said, their high degree,  
 Was sung in Tara's psaltery ;  
 Witness their Eath's victorious brand,  
 And Cathal of the bloody hand.  
 Glory (they said) and power and honor  
 Were in the mansion of O'Connor ;  
 But he, my loved one, bore in field  
 A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

"Ah ! brothers, what did it avail,  
 That fiercely and triumphantly  
 Ye fought the English of the Pale,  
 And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry ?  
 And what was it to love and me,  
 That barons by your standard rode,  
 Or beal-fires for your jubilee  
 Upon a hundred mountains glow'd ?  
 What though the lords of tower and dome  
 From Shannon to the North Sea foam,—  
 Thought ye your iron hands of pride  
 Could break the knot that love had tied ?  
 No—let the eagle change his plume,  
 The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom ;  
 But ties around this heart were spun  
 That could not, would not, be undone !

"At bleating of the wild watch-fold,  
 Thus sang my love: 'Oh, come with me !  
 Our bark is on the lake, behold !  
 Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.  
 Come far from Castle Connor's clans,  
 Come with thy belted forester ;  
 And I, beside the lake of swans,  
 Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer,  
 And build thy hut, and bring thee home  
 The wild-fowl and the honeycomb,  
 And berries from the wood provide,  
 And play my clarshech by thy side.  
 Then come, my love ! How could I stay !  
 Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,

And I pursued, by moonless skies,  
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

"And fast and far, before the star  
Of day-spring, rush'd we through the  
glade,

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn  
Of Castle Connor fade.

Sweet was to us the hermitage  
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore;  
Like birds all joyous from the cage,

For man's neglect we loved it more.  
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,  
To search the game with hawk and spear;  
While I, his evening food to dress,  
Would sing to him in happiness.  
But oh, that midnight of despair!  
When I was doom'd to rend my hair,—  
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!  
The night, to him, that had no morrow!

"When all was hush'd, at even-tide  
I heard the baying of their beagle.  
'Be hush'd!' my Connocht Moran cried;  
'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.'

Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound;  
Their bloody bands had track'd us out;  
Up listening starts our couchant hound,—  
And hark! again, that nearer shout  
Brings faster on the murderers.

Spare—spare him! Brazil—Desmond fierce!  
In vain!—no voice the adder charms;  
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:  
Another's sword has laid him low—  
Another's, and another's;

And every hand that dealt the blow—  
Ah me! it was a brother's.  
Yes, when his moanings died away,  
Their iron hands had dug the clay,  
And o'er his burial-turf they trod;  
And I beheld—O God! O God!—  
His life-blood oozing from the sod.

"Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,  
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave  
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,  
Lamenting, soothe his grave.  
Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,  
How long in thralldom's grasp I lay  
I knew not, for my soul was black,  
And knew no change of night or day.  
One night of horror round me grew;  
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,

'Twas but when those grim visages,  
The angry brothers of my race,  
Glared on each eyeball's aching throb,  
And check'd my bosom's power to sob,  
Or when my heart, with pulses drear,  
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

"But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse  
Did with a vision bright inspire:  
I woke, and felt upon my lips  
A prophetess's fire.

Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,—  
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,  
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,  
My guilty, trembling brothers round.  
Clad in the helm and shield they came;  
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame  
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,  
And lighted up the midnight skies.  
The standard of O'Connor's sway  
Was in the turret where I lay;  
That standard, with so dire a look,  
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,  
I gave, that every bosom shook  
Beneath its iron mail.

"And go!" I cried, 'the combat seek,  
Ye hearts that unappall'd bore  
The anguish of a sister's shriek,  
Go!—and return no more!  
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand  
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold  
The banner with victorious hand,  
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.'  
O stranger, by my country's loss!  
And by my love! and by the cross!  
I swear I never could have spoke  
The curse that sever'd Nature's yoke,  
But that a spirit o'er me stood,  
And fired me with the wrathful mood;  
And frenzy to my heart was given,  
To speak the malison of Heaven.

"They would have cross'd themselves, all  
mute;  
They would have pray'd to burst the  
spell;  
But at the stamping of my foot,  
Each hand down powerless fell.  
'And go to Athunree!' I cried,  
'High lift the banner of your pride!  
But know that where its sheet unrolls,  
The weight of blood is on your souls!

Go where the havoc of your kerne  
 Shall float as high as mountain-fern !  
 Men shall no more your mansion know ;  
 The nettles on your hearth shall grow ;  
 Dead, as the green oblivious flood  
 That mantles by your walls, shall be  
 The glory of O'Connor's blood !  
 Away ! away to Athunree !  
 Where, downward when the sun shall fall,  
 The raven's wing shall be your pall :  
 And not a vassal shall unlace  
 The visor from your dying face !

"A bolt that overhung our dome,  
 Suspended till my curse was given,  
 Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,  
 Peal'd in the blood-red heaven.  
 Dire was the look that o'er their backs  
 The angry parting brothers threw ;  
 But now, behold ! like cataracts,  
 Come down the hills in view  
 O'Connor's plumed partisans :  
 Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans  
 Were marching to their doom.  
 A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,  
 A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd  
 And all again was gloom.

"Stranger, I fled the home of grief,  
 At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall.  
 I found the helmet of my chief,  
 His bow still hanging on our wall,  
 And took it down, and vow'd to rove  
 This desert place a huntress bold ;  
 Nor would I change my buried love  
 For any heart of living mould.  
 No ! for I am a hero's child ;  
 I'll hunt my quarry in the wild ;  
 And still my home this mansion make,  
 Of all unheeded and unheeding ;  
 And cherish, for my warrior's sake,  
 'The flower of love lies bleeding.' "

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !  
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art,  
 For there thy habitation is the heart—  
 The heart which love of thee alone can  
 bind ;

And when thy sons to fetters are con-  
 sign'd—  
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless  
 gloom—  
 Their country conquers with their mar-  
 tyrdom,  
 And freedom's fame finds wings on every  
 wind.  
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,  
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas  
 trod  
 Until his very steps have left a trace,  
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
 By Bonnivard !—May none those marks  
 efface !  
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

#### I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,  
 Nor grew it white  
 In a single night,  
 As men's have grown from sudden fears ;  
 My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,  
 But rusted with a vile repose ;  
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
 And mine has been the fate of those  
 To whom the goodly earth and air  
 Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare.  
 But this was for my father's faith  
 I suffer'd chains and courted death.  
 That father perish'd at the stake  
 For tenets he would not forsake ;  
 And for the same his lineal race  
 In darkness found a dwelling-place.  
 We were seven, who now are one—  
 Six in youth, and one in age,  
 Finish'd as they had begun,  
 Proud of Persecution's rage ;  
 One in fire, and two in field,  
 Their belief with blood have seal'd :  
 Dying, as their father died,  
 For the God their foes denied.  
 Three were in a dungeon cast,  
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

#### II.

There are seven pillars, of Gothic mould,  
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old ;  
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,  
 Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,  
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,

And through the crevice and the cleft  
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left;  
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp:  
 And in each pillar there is a ring,  
 And in each ring there is a chain;  
 That iron is a cankering thing,  
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
 With marks that will not wear away  
 Till I have done with this new day,  
 Which now is painful to these eyes,  
 Which have not seen the sun so rise  
 For years—I cannot count them o'er;  
 I lost their long and heavy score  
 When my last brother droop'd and died,  
 And I lay living by his side.

## III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone  
 And we were three—yet each alone.  
 We could not move a single pace;  
 We could not see each other's face,  
 But with that pale and livid light  
 That made us strangers in our sight:  
 And thus together, yet apart—  
 Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart;  
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth  
 Of the pure elements of earth,  
 To hearken to each other's speech,  
 And each turn comforter to each  
 With some new hope, or legend old,  
 Or song heroically bold;  
 But even these at length grew cold.  
 Our voices took a dreary tone,  
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,  
 A grating sound—not full and free,  
 As they of yore were wont to be;  
 It might be fancy—but to me  
 They never sounded like our own.

## IV.

I was the eldest of the three;  
 And to uphold and cheer the rest  
 I ought to do, and did, my best—  
 And each did well in his degree.  
 The youngest, whom my father loved,  
 Because our mother's brow was given  
 To him—with eyes as blue as heaven—  
 For him my soul was sorely moved;  
 And truly might it be distress'd  
 To see such bird in such a nest;  
 For he was beautiful as day

(When day was beautiful to me  
 As to young eagles, being free),  
 A polar day, which will not see  
 A sunset till its summer's gone,  
 Its sleepless summer of long light,  
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun:  
 And thus he was as pure and bright,  
 And in his natural spirit gay,  
 With tears for naught but other's ills;  
 And then they flow'd like mountain-rills,  
 Unless he could assuage the woe  
 Which he abhor'd to view below.

## V.

The other was as pure of mind,  
 But form'd to combat with his kind;  
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood  
 Which 'gainst the world in war had  
 stood,  
 And perish'd in the foremost rank  
 With joy; but not in chains to pine.  
 His spirit wither'd with their clank;  
 I saw it silently decline—  
 And so, perchance, in sooth, did mine.  
 But yet I forced it on to cheer  
 Those relics of a home so dear.  
 He was a hunter of the hills,  
 Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;  
 To whom this dungeon was a gulf,  
 And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

## VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls.  
 A thousand feet in depth below,  
 Its massy waters meet and flow;  
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,  
 Which round about the wave entralls;  
 A double dungeon wall and wave  
 Have made—and like a living grave,  
 Below the surface of the lake  
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay;  
 We heard it ripple night and day;  
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;  
 And I have felt the winter's spray  
 Wash through the bars when winds were  
 high,  
 And wanton in the happy sky;  
 And then the very rock hath rocked,  
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,  
 Because I could have smiled to see  
 The death that would have set me free.

## VII.

I said my nearer brother pined ;  
 I said his mighty heart declined.  
 He loathed and put away his food ;  
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude ,  
 For we were used to hunter's fare ,  
 And for the like had little care .  
 The milk drawn from the mountain-goat  
 Was changed for water from the moat ;  
 Our bread was such as captives' tears  
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years ,  
 Since man first pent his fellow-men ,  
 Like brutes , within an iron den .  
 But what were these to us or him ?  
 These wasted not his heart or limb ;  
 My brother's soul was of that mould  
 Which in a palace had grown cold ,  
 Had his free breathing been denied  
 The range of the steep mountain's side .  
 But why delay the truth ?—he died .  
 I saw , and could not hold his head ,  
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead ,  
 Though hard I strove , but strove in vain ,  
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain .  
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain ,  
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave  
 Even from the cold earth of our cave .  
 I begg'd them , as a boon , to lay  
 His corse in dust whereon the day  
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought ;  
 But then within my brain it wrought ,  
 That even in death his freeborn breast  
 In such a dungeon could not rest .  
 I might have spared my idle prayer—  
 They coldly laugh'd , and laid him there ,  
 The flat and turfless earth above  
 The being we so much did love ;  
 His empty chain above it leant—  
 Such murder's fitting monument !

## VIII.

But he , the favorite and the flower ,  
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour ,  
 His mother's image in fair face ,  
 The infant love of all his race ,  
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought ,  
 My latest care—for whom I sought  
 To hoard my life , that his might be  
 Less wretched now , and one day free—  
 He , too , who yet had held untired  
 A spirit natural or inspired—

He , too , was struck , and day by day  
 Was wither'd on the stalk away .  
 O God ! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape , in any mood :  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood ;  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swoln , convulsive mo-  
 tion ;

I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
 Of sin , delirious with its dread ;  
 But these were horrors—this was woe  
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow .  
 He faded , and so calm and meek ,  
 So softly worn , so sweetly weak ,  
 So tearless , yet so tender—kind ,  
 And grieved for those he left behind ;  
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
 Was as a mockery of the tomb ,  
 Whose tints as gently sunk away  
 As a departing rainbow's ray—  
 An eye of most transparent light ,  
 That almost made the dungeon bright ,  
 And not a word of murmur , not  
 A groan o'er his untimely lot—  
 A little talk of better days ,  
 A little hope my own to raise ;  
 For I was sunk in silence—lost  
 In this last loss , of all the most ;  
 And then the sighs he would suppress  
 Of fainting Nature's feebleness ,  
 More slowly drawn , grew less and less .  
 I listen'd , but I could not hear—  
 I call'd , for I was wild with fear ;  
 I knew 'twas hopeless , but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonish'd ;  
 I call'd , and thought I heard a sound—  
 I burst my chain with one strong bound ,  
 And rush'd to him : I found him not ,  
 I only stirr'd in this black spot ,  
 I only lived—I only drew  
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;  
 The last , the sole , the dearest link  
 Between me and the eternal brink ,  
 Which bound me to my failing race ,  
 Was broken in this fatal place .  
 One on the earth and one beneath—  
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe .  
 I took that hand which lay so still—  
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;  
 I had not strength to stir or strive ,  
 But felt that I was still alive—

A frantic feeling, when we know  
That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why

I could not die,

I had no earthly hope—but faith,  
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there

I know not well—I never knew.

First came the loss of light and air,

And then of darkness too.

I had no thought, no feeling—none :

Among the stones I stood a stone ;

And was, scarce conscious what I wist,

As shrubless crags within the mist ;

For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;

It was not night—it was not day ;

It was not even the dungeon-light,

So hateful to my heavy sight ;

But vacancy absorbing space,

And fixedness, without a place ;

There were no stars, no earth, no time,

No check, no change, no good, no crime ;

But silence, and a stirless breath,

Which neither was of life nor death ;

A sea of stagnant idleness,

Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

X.

A light broke in upon my brain—

It was the carol of a bird ;

It ceased, and then it came again—

The sweetest song ear ever heard ;

And mine was thankful till my eyes

Ran over with the glad surprise,

And they that moment could not see

I was the mate of misery ;

But then by dull degrees came back

My senses to their wonted track :

I saw the dungeon walls and floor

Close slowly round me as before ;

I saw the glimmer of the sun

Creeping as it before had done ;

But through the crevice where it came

That bird was perch'd as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree—

A lovely bird with azure wings,

And song that said a thousand things,

And seem'd to say them all for me !

I never saw its like before—

I ne'er shall see its likeness more.

It seem'd, like me, to want a mate,

But was not half so desolate ;

And it was come to love me when

None lived to love me so again.

And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,

Had brought me back to feel and think.

I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine ;

But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine—

Or if it were, in winged guise,

A visitant from Paradise ;

For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the  
while

Which made me both to weep and smile ;

I sometimes deem'd that it might be

My brother's soul come down to me ;

But then at last away it flew,

And then 'twas mortal well I knew ;

For he would never thus have flown,

And left me twice so doubly lone—

Lone as the corpse within its shroud,

Lone as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,

While all the rest of heaven is clear,

A frown upon the atmosphere,

That hath no business to appear

When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate—

My keepers grew compassionate.

I know not what had made them so—

They were inured to sights of woe ;

But so it was—my broken chain

With links unfasten'd did remain ;

And it was liberty to stride

Along my cell from side to side,

And up and down, and then athwart,

And tread it over every part ;

And round the pillars one by one,

Returning where my walk begun—

Avoiding only, as I trod,

My brothers' graves without a sod ;

For if I thought with heedless tread

My step profaned their lowly bed,

My breath came gaspingly and thick,

And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall :

It was not therefrom to escape,



For I had buried one and all  
 Who loved me in a human shape;  
 And the whole earth would henceforth be  
 A wider prison unto me;  
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,  
 No partner in my misery.  
 I thought of this, and I was glad,  
 For thought of them had made me mad;  
 But I was curious to ascend  
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend  
 Once more upon the mountains high  
 The quiet of a loving eye.

## XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same;  
 They were not changed, like me, in frame;  
 I saw their thousand years of snow  
 On high—their wide, long lake below,  
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;  
 I heard the torrents leap and gush  
 O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;  
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,  
 And whiter sails go skimming down;  
 And then there was a little isle,  
 Which in my very face did smile—

The only one in view;

A small, green isle, it seem'd no more,  
 Scarce broader than my dudgeon-floor;  
 But in it there were three tall trees,  
 And o'er it blew the mountain-breeze,  
 And by it there were waters flowing,  
 And on it there were young flow'rs growing  
 Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle-wall,  
 And they seem'd joyous, each and all;  
 The eagle rode the rising blast—  
 Methought he never flew so fast  
 As then to me he seem'd to fly;  
 And then new tears came in my eye,  
 And I felt troubled, and would fain  
 I had not left my recent chain;  
 And when I did descend again  
 The darkness of my dim abode  
 Fell on me as a heavy load;  
 It was as is a new-dug grave,  
 Closing o'er one we sought to save;  
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,  
 Had almost need of such a rest.

## XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days—  
 I kept no count, I took no note—

I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
 And clear them of their dreary mote;  
 At last men came to set me free,  
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;  
 It was at length the same to me,  
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be;  
 I learn'd to love despair.  
 And thus, when they appear'd at last,  
 And all my bonds aside were cast,  
 These heavy walls to me had grown  
 A hermitage—and all my own!  
 And half I felt as they were come  
 To tear me from a second home.  
 With spiders I had friendship made,  
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade;  
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play;  
 And why should I feel less than they?  
 We were all inmates of one place,  
 And I, the monarch of each race,  
 Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell!  
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell.  
 My very chains and I grew friends,  
 So much a long communion tends  
 To make us what we are:—even I  
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

## FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies;  
 Night and day on me she cries;  
 Oh that I were where Helen lies,  
 On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
 And died to succor me!

Oh think na but my heart was sair,  
 When my love dropt down and spak nae  
 mair!

I laid her down wi' meikle care,  
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,  
 None but my foe to be my guide—  
 None but my foe to be my guide,  
 On fair Kirconnell lea—

I lighted down my sword to draw;  
 I hackèd him in pieces sma'—  
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',  
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,  
I'll make a garland of thy hair  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I die!

Oh that I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise—  
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!  
If I were with thee I were blest,  
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,  
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,  
And I in Helen's arms lying,  
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
Since my love died for me.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

#### HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,  
For night and day on me she cries;  
And, like an angel, to the skies  
Still seems to beckon me!  
For me she lived, for me she sigh'd,  
For me she wish'd to be a bride;  
For me in life's sweet morn she died  
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,  
As Helen on my arm reclined,  
A rival with a ruthless mind  
Took deadly aim at me:  
My love, to disappoint the foe,  
Rush'd in between me and the blow;  
And now her corse is lying low  
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,  
I curse the hand by which she fell—  
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,  
And tore my love from me!  
For if, where all the graces shine—  
Oh, if on earth there's aught divine,  
My Helen! all these charms were thine—  
They centred all in thee!

Ah, what avails it that, amain,  
I clove the assassin's head in twain?  
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,  
No resting-place for me:  
I see her spirit in the air—  
I hear the shriek of wild despair,  
When Murder laid her bosom bare  
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Oh! when I'm sleeping in my grave,  
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,  
May He who life and spirit gave  
Unite my love and me!  
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,  
My soul on wings of peace shall rise;  
And, joining Helen in the skies,  
Forget Kirkconnell-Lee!

JOHN MAYNE.

#### ROSABELLE.

OH listen, listen, ladies gay!  
No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew,  
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with  
white;  
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;  
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,  
Whose screams forbode that wreck is  
nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view  
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;  
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;  
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
But that my lady-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide  
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;

'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,  
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,  
Each baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold,  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there  
With candle, with book, and with knell;  
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds  
sung

The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### CARÇAMON.

HIS steed was old, his armor worn,  
And he was old and worn and gray;  
The light that lit his patient eyes,  
It shone from very far away.

Through gay Provence he journeyed on,  
To one high quest his life was true;  
And so they called him Carçamon—  
The knight who seeketh the world  
through.

A pansy blossomed on his shield;  
"A token 'tis," the people say,  
"That still across the world's wide field  
He seeks *la dame de ses pensées*."

For somewhere on a painted wall,  
Or in the city's shifting crowd,

Or looking from a casement tall,  
Or shaped of dream or evening cloud—

Forgotten when, forgotten where—  
Her face had filled his careless eye  
A moment ere he turned and passed,  
Nor knew it was his destiny.

But ever in his dreams it came,  
Divine and passionless and strong,  
A smile upon the imperial lips  
No lover's kiss had dared to wrong.

He took his armor from the wall—  
Ah! gone since then was many a day—  
He led his steed from out the stall  
And sought *la dame de ses pensées*.

The ladies of the Troubadours  
Cameriding through the chestnut grove:  
"Sir Minstrel, string that lute of yours,  
And sing us a gay song of love."

"O ladies of the Troubadours,  
My lute has but a single string;  
Sirventes fit for paramours  
My heart is not in tune to sing.

"The flower that blooms upon my shield,  
It has another soil and spring  
Than that wherein the gaudy rose  
Of light Provence is blossoming.

"The lady of my dreams doth hold  
Such royal state within my mind,  
No thought that comes unclad in gold  
To that high court may entrance find."

So through the chestnut groves he passed,  
And through the land and far away;  
Nor know I whether in the world  
He found *la dame de ses pensées*.

Only I know that in the South  
Long to the harp his tale was told;  
Sweet as new wine within the mouth  
The small, choice words and music old.

To scorn the promise of the Real;  
To seek and seek and not to find;  
Yet cherish still the fair Ideal,—  
It is thy fate, O restless Mind!

HENRY AUGUSTIN BEERS.

### CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the  
hilltops far away,  
Filling all the land with beauty at the close  
of one sad day;

And the last rays kissed the forehead of a  
man and maiden fair,  
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with  
sunny, floating hair;  
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful,  
she with lips all cold and white,  
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Cur-  
few must not ring to-night!"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered,  
pointing to the prison old,  
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its  
walls dark, damp, and cold—  
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this  
very night to die  
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no  
earthly help is nigh.  
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and  
her face grew strangely white  
As she breathed the husky whisper, "Cur-  
few must not ring to-night!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—and his  
accents pierced her heart  
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a dead-  
ly poisoned dart—  
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew  
from that gloomy shadowed tower;  
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told  
the twilight hour;  
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it  
just and right,  
Now I'm old, I still must do it: Curfew,  
girl, must ring to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern  
and white her thoughtful brow,  
And within her secret bosom Bessie made  
a solemn vow.  
She had listened while the judges read,  
without a tear or sigh,  
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Under-  
wood must die."  
And her breath came fast and faster, and  
her eyes grew large and bright,  
As in undertone she murmured, "Curfew  
must not ring to-night!"

With quick step she bounded forward,  
sprang within the old church-door,  
Left the old man threading slowly paths  
he'd trod so oft before;

Not one moment paused the maiden, but  
with eye and cheek aglow  
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the  
bell swung to and fro:  
As she climbed the dusty ladder, on which  
fell no ray of light,  
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew  
shall not ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er  
her hangs the great dark bell,  
Awful is the gloom beneath her like the  
pathway down to hell;  
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis  
the hour of Curfew now,  
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped  
her breath and paled her brow.  
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her  
eyes with sudden light,  
And she springs and grasps it firmly: "Cur-  
few shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a  
speck of light below;  
She 'twixt heaven and earth suspended  
as the bell swung to and fro;  
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and  
deaf, heard not the bell,  
But he thought it still was ringing fair  
young Basil's funeral knell.  
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and,  
with trembling lips and white,  
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating,  
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er: the bell ceased swaying, and  
the maiden stepped once more  
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for  
hundred years before  
Human foot had not been planted; but  
the brave deed she had done  
Should be told long ages after:—often as  
the setting sun  
Should illumine the sky with beauty, aged  
sires, with heads of white,  
Long should tell the little children, "Cur-  
few did not ring that night."

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bes-  
sie sees him, and her brow,  
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no  
anxious traces now.

At his feet she tells her story, shows her  
hands all bruised and torn;  
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet  
with sorrow pale and worn,  
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit  
his eye with misty light;  
“Go, your lover lives!” said Cromwell;  
“Curfew shall not ring to-night!”

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

### GLENLOGIE.

THREESCORE o’ nobles rade up the king’s  
ha’,  
But bonnie Glenlogie’s the flower o’ them  
a’,

Wi’ his milk-white steed and his bonnie  
black e’e,  
“Glenlogie, dearmither, Glenlogie forme!”

“Oh, haud your tongue, daughter, ye’ll get  
better than he.”

“Oh, say naesae, mither, for that canna be;  
Though Doumlie is richer and greater than  
he,

Yet if I maun tak him, I’ll certainly dee.

“Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win  
hose and shoon,  
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again  
soon?”

“Oh, here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose  
and shoon,  
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again  
soon.”

When he gaed to Glenlogie, ’twas “Wash  
and go dine;”

’Twas “Wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and  
go dine.”

“Oh, ’twas ne’er my father’s fashion, and it  
ne’er shall be mine

Te gar a lady’s errand wait till I dine.

“But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee.”  
The first line that he read, a low laugh  
gave he;

The next line that he read, the tear blindit  
his e’e;

But the last line that he read, he gart the  
table flee.

“Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle  
the brown;

Gar saddle the swiftest steed e’er rade frae  
a town:”

But lang ere the horse was drawn and  
brought to the green,

Oh, bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he came to Glenfeldy’s door, little  
mirth was there;

Bonnie Jean’s mother was tearing her hair.

“Ye’re welcome, Glenlogie, ye’re wel-  
come,” said she,—

“Ye’re welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to  
see.”

Pale and wan was she when Glenlogie  
gaed ben,

But red and rosy grew she whene’er he  
sat down;

She turn’d awa’ her head, but the smile  
was in her e’e,

“Oh, binna fear’d, mither, I’ll maybe no  
dee.”

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst eyer come by choice or  
chance

To Modena, where still religiously  
Among her ancient trophies is preserved  
Bologna’s bucket (in its chain it hangs  
Within that reverend tower, the Guir-  
landine)

Stop at a Palace near the Reggio gate,  
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.  
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,  
Will long detain thee; thro’ their archèd  
walks,

Dim at noonday, discovering many a  
glimpse

Of knights and dames, such as in old  
romance,

And lovers, such as in heroic song,  
Perhaps the two, for groves were their  
delight,

That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,  
Venturing together on a tale of love,

Read only part that day.—A summer sun  
Sets ere one half is seen; but ere thou go,

Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—  
And look a while upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,  
The very last of that illustrious race,  
Done by Zampieri—but I care not whom.  
He who observes it, ere he passes on  
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,  
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,  
Her lips half open, and her finger up,  
As tho' she said, "Beware!" her vest of  
gold

Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from  
head to foot,

An emerald stone in every golden clasp;  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart—  
It haunts me still, tho' many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs  
Over a mouldering heirloom, its compan-  
ion,

An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,  
But richly carved by Antony of Trent  
With Scripture stories from the Life of  
Christ;

A chest that came from Venice, and had  
held

The ducal robes of some old Ancestor.  
That by the way—it may be true or false—  
But don't forget the picture; and thou  
wilt not

When thou hast heard the tale they told  
me there.

She was an only child; from infancy  
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Sire.  
Her Mother dying of the gift she gave,  
That precious gift, what else remained to  
him?

The young Ginevra was his all in life,  
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;  
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,  
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,  
Her playmate from her birth, and her first  
love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal  
dress,

She was all gentleness, all gaiety,  
Her pranks the favorite theme of every  
tongue.

But now the day was come, the day, the  
hour;

Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth  
time,

The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd decorum;

And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave  
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the Bridal-  
feast,

When all sat down, the Bride was wanting  
there.

Nor was she to be found! Her Father  
cried,

"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"

And filled his glass to all; but his hand  
shook,

And soon from guest to guest the panic  
spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Fran-  
cesco,

Laughing and looking back and flying  
still,

Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.

But now, alas, she was not to be found;

Nor from that hour could anything be  
guess'd,

But that she was not!

Weary of his life,  
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith  
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.

Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have  
seen

An old man wandering as in quest of some-  
thing,

Something he could not find—he knew not  
what.

When he was gone, the house remain'd  
a while

Silent and tenantless—then went to stran-  
gers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,  
When on an idle day, a day of search

'Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,  
That mouldering chest was noticed: and  
'twas said

By one as young, as thoughtless as Gi-  
nevra,

"Why not remove it from its lurking-  
place?"

'Twas done as soon as said; but on the  
way

It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,  
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald  
 stone,  
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.  
 All else had perish'd—save a nuptial  
 ring,  
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
 Engraven with a name, the name of both,  
 "GINEVRA."

There then had she found a grave!  
 Within that chest had she conceal'd her-  
 self,  
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the  
 happy;  
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush  
 there,  
 Fastēn'd her down for ever!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

### THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

KING ALMANZOR of Granada, he hath bid  
 the trumpet sound,  
 He hath summon'd all the Moorish lords  
 from the hills and plains around;  
 From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and  
 Xenil,  
 They have come with helm and cuirass of  
 gold and twisted steel.

'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in  
 royalty and state,  
 And they have closed the spacious lists,  
 beside the Alhambra's gate;  
 In gowns of black with silver laced, within  
 the tented ring,  
 Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed in  
 presence of the king.

Eight Moorish lords, of valor tried, with  
 stalwart arm and true,  
 The onset of the beasts abide, as they come  
 rushing through:  
 The deeds they've done, the spoils they've  
 won, fill all with hope and trust;  
 Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun,  
 they all have bit the dust.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then  
 clangs the loud tambour:  
 Make room, make room for Gazul!—throw  
 wide, throw wide the door!

Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still! more  
 loudly strike the drum!—  
 The alcaydè of Algava to fight the bull  
 doth come.

And first before the king he pass'd, with  
 reverence stooping low;  
 And next he bow'd him to the queen, and  
 the Infantas all a-row;  
 Then to his lady's grace he turn'd, and she  
 to him did throw  
 A scarf from out her balcony was whiter  
 than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughter'd lords  
 all slippery is the sand,  
 Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en  
 his stand;  
 And ladies look with heaving breast, and  
 lords with anxious eye:  
 But firmly he extends his arm—his look  
 is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed,  
 and two come roaring on:  
 He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching  
 his *rejón*;  
 Each furious beast upon the breast he deals  
 him such a blow,  
 He blindly totters and gives back across  
 the sand to go.

"Turn, Gazul—turn!" the people cry: the  
 third comes up behind;  
 Low to the sand his head holds he, his nos-  
 trils snuff the wind;—  
 The mountaineers that lead the steers  
 without stand whispering low,  
 "Now thinks this proud alcaydè to stun  
 Harpado so?"

From Gaudiana comes he not, he comes  
 not from Xenil,  
 From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves  
 of the hill;  
 But where from out the forest burst Xa-  
 rama's waters clear,  
 Beneath the oak trees was he nursed,—this  
 proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the  
 blood within doth boil,  
 And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as  
 he paws to the turmoil:

His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;  
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,—  
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;  
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old, knotted tree,  
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curl'd ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night;  
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;  
Like some thing molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,  
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the alcaydè's shock.

Now stops the drum: close, close they come; thrice meet, and thrice give back;  
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black,—  
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun;—  
Once more advance upon his lance,—once more, thou fearless one!

Once more, once more!—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel!—  
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel!—  
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast!—I see, I see thee stagger!  
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern alcaydè's dagger!

They have slipp'd a noose around his feet, six horses are brought in,  
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.  
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow  
Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado low.

(From the Spanish.)  
JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

*GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.*

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,  
That in winter the corn was growing yet.  
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,  
For he had a plentiful last year's store,  
And all the neighborhood could tell  
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay;  
He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;  
The great barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,  
And while for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,  
"And the country is greatly obliged to me  
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,  
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace return'd he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily,  
And he slept that night like an innocent man;  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he enter'd the hall  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm,  
He had a countenance white with alarm:



"My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,  
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be.  
"Fly, my lord bishop, fly!" quoth he,  
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way,  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he;

"'Tis the safest place in Germany;  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,  
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,  
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care  
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,  
But soon a scream made him arise;  
He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd,—it was only the cat,  
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,  
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,  
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,  
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,  
And up the tower their way is bent,  
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score;  
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more;

Such numbers had never been heard of before,  
Such a judgment had never been witness'd of yore.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder, drawing near,  
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour;  
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind and before,  
From within and without, from above and below,—  
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they pick the bishop's bones;  
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more  
than love,  
I and my Annabel Lee—  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her high-born kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me,  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men  
know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by  
night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than  
the love  
Of those who were older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we;  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bring-  
ing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the  
bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by  
the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and  
my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

### THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and  
loved a royal sport,  
And one day, as his lions fought, sat look-  
ing on the court.  
The nobles fill'd the benches, with the  
ladies in their pride,  
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge,  
with one for whom he sigh'd:  
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that  
crowning show,  
Valor and love, and a king above, and the  
royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid  
laughing jaws;  
They bit, they glared, gave blows like  
beams, a wind went with their paws,  
With wallowing might and stifled roar  
they roll'd on one another,  
Till all the pit with sand and mane was  
in a thunderous smother;  
The bloody foam above the bars came  
whisking through the air;  
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen,  
we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a  
beauteous, lively dame,  
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes,  
which always seem'd the same;  
She thought, The Count my lover is brave  
as brave can be;  
He surely would do wondrous things to  
show his love of me;  
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the oc-  
casion is divine;  
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great  
glory will be mine.

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love.  
then look'd at him and smiled;  
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among  
the lions wild:  
The leap was quick, return was quick, he  
has regain'd his place,  
Then threw the glove, but not with love,  
right in the lady's face.  
"By heaven," said Francis, "rightly  
done!" and he rose from where he  
sat;  
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets  
love a task like that."

LEIGH HUNT.

### THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

THE sun is bright, the sky is clear,  
Above the crowded course,  
As the mighty moment draweth near  
Whose issue shows the horse.

The fairest of the land are here  
To watch the struggle of the year,  
The dew of beauty and of mirth,  
Lies on the living flowers of earth,

And blushing cheek and kindling eye  
 Lend brightness to the sun on high :  
 And every corner of the north  
 Has poured her hardy yeomen forth ;  
 The dweller by the glistening rills  
 That sound among the Craven hills ;  
 The stalwart husbandman who holds  
 His plough upon the eastern wolds ;  
 The fallow shrivelled artisan,  
 Twisted below the height of man,  
 Whose limbs and life have mouldered down  
 Within some foul and clouded town,  
 Are gathered thickly on the lea,  
 Or streaming from far homes to see  
 If Yorkshire keeps her old renown ;  
 Or if the dreaded Derby horse  
 Can sweep in triumph o'er her course ;  
 With the same look in every face,  
 The same keen feeling, they retrace  
 The legends of each ancient race :  
 Recalling Reveller in his pride,  
 Or Blacklock of the mighty stride,  
 Or listening to some gray-haired sage  
 Full of the dignity of age ;  
 How his old father loved to tell  
 Of that long struggle—ended well,  
 When strong of heart, the Whitworth  
 Bay

From staggering Herod strode away :  
 How Hambletonian beat of yore  
 Such rivals as are seen no more ;  
 How Yorkshire racers, swift as they,  
 Would leave this southern horse half way,  
 But that the creatures of to-day,  
 Are cast in quite a different mould  
 From what he recollects of old.  
 Clear peals the bell ; at that known sound,  
 Like bees, the people cluster round ;  
 On either side upstarting then  
 One close dark wall of breathless men,  
 Far down as eye can stretch, is seen  
 Along yon vivid strip of green,  
 Where, keenly watched by countless eyes,  
 'Mid hopes, and fears, and prophecies,  
 Now fast, now slow, now here, now there,  
 With hearts of fire, and limbs of air,  
 Snorting and prancing—sidling by  
 With arching neck, and glancing eye,  
 In every shape of strength and grace—  
 The horses gather for the race ;  
 Soothed for a moment all, they stand  
 Together, like a sculptured band,

Each quivering eyelid flutters thick,  
 Each face is flushed, each heart beats quick ;  
 And all around dim murmurs pass,  
 Like low winds moaning on the grass.  
 Again—the thrilling signal sound—  
 And off at once, with one long bound,  
 Into the speed of thought they leap,  
 Like a proud ship rushing to the deep.

A start ! a start ! they're off, by heaven,  
 Like a single horse, though twenty-seven,  
 And 'mid the flash of silks we scan  
 A Yorkshire jacket in the van ;  
 Hurrah ! for the bold bay mare !

I'll pawn my soul her place is there  
 Unheaded to the last,  
 For a thousand pounds, she wins unpast—  
 Hurrah ! for the matchless mare !

A hundred yards have glided by  
 And they settle to the race,  
 More keen becomes each straining eye,  
 More terrible the pace.  
 Unbroken yet o'er the gravel road  
 Like maddening waves the troop has flowed,  
 But the speed begins to tell.  
 And Yorkshire sees, with eye of fear,  
 The Southron stealing from the rear.  
 Ay ! mark his action well !  
 Behind he is, but what repose !  
 How steadily and clean he goes !  
 What latent speed his limbs disclose !  
 What power in every stride he shows !  
 They see, they feel ; from man to man  
 The shivering thrill of terror ran,  
 And every soul instinctive knew  
 It lay between the mighty two.  
 The world without, the sky above,  
 Have glided from their straining eyes—  
 Future and past, and hate and love,  
 The life that wanes, the friend that dies,  
 E'en grim remorse, who sits behind  
 Each thought and motion of the mind,—  
 These now are nothing, Time and Space  
 Lie in the rushing of the race,  
 As with keen shouts of hope and fear  
 They watch it in its wild career.  
 Still far ahead of the glittering throng,  
 Dashes the eager mare along,  
 And round the turn, and past the hill,  
 Slides up the Derby winner still.

The twenty-five that lay between  
Are blotted from the stirring scene,  
And the wild cries which rang so loud,  
Sink by degrees throughout the crowd,  
To one deep humming, like the tremulous  
    roar

Of seas remote along a northern shore.

In distance dwindling to the eye  
Right opposite the stand they lie,  
And scarcely seem to stir;  
Though an Arab scheich his wives would  
    give  
For a single steed, that with them could  
    live

Three hundred yards without a spur.  
But though so indistinct and small  
You hardly see them move at all,  
There are not wanting signs, which show  
Defeat is busy as they go.  
Look how the mass, which rushed away  
As full of spirit as the day,  
So close compacted for a while,  
Is lengthening into single file.  
Now inch by inch it breaks, and wide  
And spreading gaps the line divide.  
As forward still, and far away  
Undulates on the tired array.  
Gay colors, momentarily less bright,  
Fade flickering on the gazer's sight,  
Till keenest eyes can scarcely trace  
The homeward ripple of the race.  
Care sits on every lip and brow.  
"Who leads? who fails? how goes it now?"  
One shooting spark of life intense,  
One throb of reflux suspense,  
And a fair rainbow-colored light  
Trembles again upon the sight.  
Look to yon turn! Already there  
Gleams the pink and black of the fiery  
    mare,  
And through *that*, which was but now a  
    gap,  
Creeps on the terrible white cap.  
Half strangled in each throat a shout  
Wrung from their fevered spirits out,  
Booms through the crowd like muffled  
    drums,  
"His jockey moves on him. He comes."  
Then momentarily like gusts you heard,  
"He's sixth—he's fifth—he's fourth—he's  
    third;"

And on, like some glancing meteor-flame,  
The stride of the Derby winner came.

And during all that anxious time  
(Sneer as it suits you at my rhyme)  
The earnestness became sublime;  
Common and trite as is the scene,  
At once so thrilling, and so mean,  
To him who strives his heart to scan,  
And feels the brotherhood of man,  
That needs *must* be a mighty minute,  
When a crowd has but one soul within it.  
As some bright ship with every sail,  
Obedient to the urging gale,  
Darts by vexed hulls, which side by side,  
Dismasted on the raging tide,  
Are struggling onward, wild and wide,  
Thus, through the reeling field he flew,  
And near, and yet more near he drew;  
Each leap seems longer than the last,  
Now—now—the second horse is past,  
And the keen rider of the mare,  
With haggard looks of feverish care,  
Hangs forward on the speechless air,  
By steady stillness nursing in  
The remnant of her speed to win.  
One other bound—one more—'tis done;  
Right up to her the horse has run,  
And head to head, and stride for stride  
Newmarket's hope, and Yorkshire's pride,  
Like horses harnessed side by side,  
Are struggling to the goal.  
Ride! gallant son of Ebor, ride!  
For the dear honor of the north,  
Stretch every bursting sinew forth  
Put out thy inmost soul,—  
And with knee, and thigh, and tightened  
    rein,  
Lift in the mare by might and main;  
The feelings of the people reach,  
What lies beyond the springs of speech,  
So that there rises up no sound  
From the wide human life around;  
One spirit flashes from each eye,  
One impulse lifts each heart throat-high,  
One short and panting silence broods,  
O'er the wildly-working multitudes,  
As on the struggling coursers press,  
So deep the eager silentness,  
That underneath their feet the turf  
Seems shaken, like the eddying surf  
When it tastes the rushing gale,

And the singing fall of the heavy whips,  
Which tear the flesh away in strips,

As the tempest tears the sail,  
On the throbbing heart and quivering ear,  
Strike vividly distinct, and near.  
But mark what an arrowy rush is there,  
"He's beat! he's beat!—by heaven, the  
mare!"

Just on the post her spirit rare  
When Hope herself might well despair;  
When Time had not a breath to spare;  
With bird-like dash shoots clean away  
And by half a length has gained the day.  
Then how to life that silence wakes!  
Ten thousand hats thrown up on high  
Send darkness to the echoing sky,  
And like the crash of hill-pent lakes,  
Out bursting from their deepest fountains,  
Among the rent and reeling mountains,  
At once, from thirty thousand throats  
Rushes the Yorkshire roar,  
And the name of their northern winner  
floats

A league from the course, and more.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

### THE TWA CORBIES.

As I gaed down by yon house-en'  
Twa corbies there were sittan their lane:  
The tane unto the tother sae,  
"Oh where shall we gae dine to-day?"

"Oh down beside yon new-faun birk  
There lies a new-slain knight;  
Nae livin kens that he lies there,  
But his horse, his hounds, and his lady  
fair.

"His horse is to the huntin gane,  
His hounds to bring the wild deer hame;  
His lady's ta'en another mate;  
Sae we may make our dinner swate.

"Oh we'll sit on his bonnie brierst-bane,  
And we'll pyke out his bonnie gray een;  
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair  
We'll theek our nest when it blows bare.

"Mony a ane for him maks mane,  
But nane sall ken where he is gane;  
Ower his banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair!"

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

"THEY made her a grave too cold and  
damp

For a soul so warm and true;  
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal  
Swamp,

Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,  
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,  
And her paddle I soon shall hear;  
Long and loving our life shall be,  
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,  
When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,—  
His path was rugged and sore,

Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fen where the serpent  
feeds,

And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sank to sleep,  
If slumber his eyelids knew,  
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep  
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep  
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the  
brake,

And the copper-snake breathed in his  
ear,

Till he starting cried, from his dream  
awake,

"Oh when shall I see the dusky Lake,  
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright  
Quick over its surface play'd,—

"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's  
light!"

And the dim shore echo'd for many a  
night

The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen  
bark,

Which carried him off from shore;  
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,  
The wind was high and the clouds were  
dark,

And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,  
This lover and maid so true

Are seen at the hour of midnight damp  
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,  
And paddle their white canoe!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF  
LINCOLNSHIRE. (1571.)

THE old mayor climb'd the belfry tower,  
The ringers rang by two, by three;  
"Pull, if ye never pull'd before;  
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he,  
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!  
Ply all your changes, all your swells,  
Play up, 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—  
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall:  
And there was naught of strange, beside  
The flights of mews and peewits pied  
By millions crouch'd on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,  
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;  
The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies;  
And dark against day's golden death  
She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dews were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song.  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth  
Faintly came her milking-song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
"For the dews will soon be falling;  
Leave your meadow-grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Light-  
foot;  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow;  
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head;

Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot.  
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,  
When I beginne to think howe long,  
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrowe sharp and strong;  
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
Save where full fyve good miles away  
The steeple tower'd from out the greene;  
And lo! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the country side  
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
The shepherd-lads I heard afarre,  
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
Came downe that kindly message free,  
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some look'd uppe into the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steeple shows.  
They sayde, "And why should this thing  
be?  
What danger lowers by land or sea?  
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping down;  
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
They have not spared to wake the towne:  
But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I look'd without, and lo! my sonne  
Came riding down with might and main;  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again,  
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"  
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall," he cried, "is downe,  
The rising tide comes on apace,  
And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing uppe the market-place."  
He shook as one that looks on death:  
"God, save you, mother!" straight he saith;  
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way,  
With her two bairns I mark'd her long,  
And ere yon bells beganne to play  
Afar I heard her milking song."  
He look'd across the grassy lea,  
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"  
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;  
For, lo! along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre rear'd his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
It swept with thunderous noises loud,  
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud  
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward press'd  
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,  
Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.  
Then bankes came down with ruin and  
rout,  
Then beaten foam flew round about,  
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobb'd in the grasses at oure feet;  
The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sate that night,  
The noise of bells went sweeping by;  
I mark'd the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church tower, red and  
high;  
A lurid mark and dread to see;  
And awesome bells they were to mee,  
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
From roofe to roofe who fearless row'd;  
And I—my sonne was at my side,  
And yet the ruddy beacon glow'd;

And yet he moan'd beneath his breath,  
"Oh come in life, or come in death,  
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?  
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter  
deare;  
The waters laid thee at his doore,  
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strew'd wrecks about the grass,  
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;  
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!  
To manye more than myne and mee;  
But each will mourn his own (she saith),  
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more  
By the reedy Lindis shore,  
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dews be falling;  
I shall never hear her song,  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along  
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
Goeth, floweth;  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
When the water winding down,  
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more  
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
Shiver, quiver;  
Stand beside the sobbing river,  
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling  
To the sandy, lonesome shore;  
I shall never hear her calling,  
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Light-  
foot,  
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow;  
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow,  
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,  
From your clovers lift the head;  
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,  
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

JEAN INGELÖW.

*THE SANDS OF DEE.*

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee."  
The western wind was wild and dank with  
foam,  
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see.  
The rolling mist came down and hid the  
land:  
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
A tress of golden hair,  
A drown'd maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea?"  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes on Dee.

They row'd her in across the rolling  
foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea.  
But still the boatmen hear her call the  
cattle home  
Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

*BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.*

ALL in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swelling,  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay  
For love o' Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,  
To the town where she was dwelling:  
"Oh haste and come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Slowly, slowly rase she up,  
And she cam' where he was lying;  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
Says, "Young man, I think you're  
dying."

"Oh, it's I am sick, and very, very sick,  
And it's a' for Barbara Allen.

"Oh the better for me ye'se never be,  
Tho' your heart's blude were a-spilling!"

"O, dinna ye min', young man," she says,  
"When the red wine ye were filling.  
That ye made the healths gae round and  
round,  
And ye slighted Barbara Allen?"

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
And death was wi' him dealing:  
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a';  
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the dead-bell knelling;  
And every jow the dead-bell gave,  
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allen!"

"O mother, mother, mak' my bed,  
To lay me down in sorrow.  
My love has died for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

*LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.*

My love he built me a bonny bower.  
And clad it a' wi' lily flower;  
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,  
Than my true-love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,  
He spied his sport, and went away;  
And brought the king that very night,  
Who brake my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;  
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear:  
My servants all for life did flee,  
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;  
I watch'd the corpse mysell alane;  
I watch'd his body night and day;  
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,  
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;  
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,  
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think nae ye my heart was sair,  
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?



Oh, think nae ye my heart was wae,  
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,  
Since that my lovely knight is slain;  
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair  
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE CRUEL SISTER.

THERE were two sisters sat in a bour,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
There came a knight to be their wooer;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
And sore envied her sister fair;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
"Will ye go and see our father's ships  
come in?"  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
And led her down to the river strand;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
The eldest came and push'd her in;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma',  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And ye shall be heir of half my land."—  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
And I'll be heir of all your land;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie:  
It's twinèd me and my world's make."—  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
And sweet William shall be your love."—  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
And sweet William shall better be my  
love,  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow  
hair,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
Garr'd me gang maiden evermair."  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she  
swam,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
Until she cam to the miller's dam;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white  
swan."  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam!  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
And there he found a drown'd woman;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her middle sma',  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
Her gowden girdle was sae' bra';  
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
 The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;  
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he look'd that lady on,  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
 He sigh'd and made a heavy moan;  
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
 Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;  
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
 Whose notes made sad the listening ear;  
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall,  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
 And there was the court assembled all;  
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
 And straight it began to play alone;  
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Oh yonder sits my father, the king,  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
 And yonder sits my mother, the queen;  
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
 And by him my William, sweet and true."  
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp play'd  
 then,  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
 Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"  
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE LAST BUCCANEER.

OH, England is a pleasant place for them  
 that's rich and high;  
 But England is a cruel place for such poor  
 folks as I;

And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall  
 see again  
 As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the  
 Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were  
 both swift and stout,  
 All furnish'd well with small-arms and  
 cannons round about;  
 And a thousand men in Avès made laws  
 so fair and free  
 To choose their valiant captains and obey  
 them loyally.

Thence we sail'd against the Spaniard with  
 his hoards of plate and gold,  
 Which he wrung with cruel tortures from  
 the Indian folk of old;  
 Likewise the merchant captains, with  
 hearts as hard as stone,  
 Who flog men and keel-haul them and  
 starve them to the bone.

Oh the palms grew high in Avès and fruits  
 that shone like gold,  
 And the colibris and parrots they were  
 gorgeous to behold;  
 And the negro maids to Avès from bondage  
 fast did flee,  
 To welcome gallant sailors a-sweeping in  
 from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the land-  
 ward breeze  
 A-swing with good tobacco in a net be-  
 tween the trees,  
 With a negro lass to fan you while you lis-  
 ten'd to the roar  
 Of the breakers on the reef outside that  
 never touch'd the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine  
 things must be,  
 So the King's ships sail'd on Avès, and  
 quite put down were we.  
 All day we fought like bulldogs, but they  
 burst the booms at night;  
 And I fled in a piragua sore wounded from  
 the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro  
 lass beside,  
 Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor  
 young thing she died;

But as I lay a-gasping a Bristol sail came  
by,  
And brought me home to England here to  
beg until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I  
can't tell where;  
One comfort is, this world's so hard I can't  
be worse off there:  
If I might but be a sea-dove I'd fly across  
the main,  
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it  
once again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

### THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king  
(Hurry!)  
That the love of his heart lay suffering  
And pined for the comfort his voice would  
bring;  
(Oh ride as though you were flying!)  
Better he loves each golden curl  
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl  
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and  
pearl;  
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;  
(Hurry!)  
Each one mounting a gallant steed  
Which he kept for battle and days of  
need;

(Oh ride as though you were flying!)  
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;  
Worn-out chargers stagger'd and sank;  
Bridles were slacken'd, and girths were  
burst;

But ride as they would, the king rode  
first,  
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten one by one;  
(Hurry!)

They have fainted, and falter'd, and home-  
ward gone;

His little fair page now follows alone,  
For strength and for courage trying.

The king look'd back at that faithful child;  
Wan was the face that answering smiled;  
They pass'd the drawbridge with clattering  
din,

Then he dropp'd; and only the king rode in  
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;  
(Silence!)

No answer came; but faint and forlorn  
An echo return'd on the cold gray morn,  
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.  
The castle portal stood grimly wide;  
None welcomed the king from that weary  
ride;  
For dead, in the light of the dawning  
day,  
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,  
Who had yearn'd for his voice while  
dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,  
Stood weary.

The king return'd from her chamber of  
rest,

The thick sobs choking in his breast;  
And, that dumb companion eying,  
The tears gush'd forth which he strove to  
check;

He bow'd his head on his charger's neck:  
"O steed—that every nerve didst strain,  
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain  
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE NORTON.

### A SONG OF THE NORTH.

"AWAY! away!" cried the stout Sir  
John,

"While the blossoms are on the trees;  
For the summer is short and the time  
speeds on,

As we sail for the northern seas.  
Ho! gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James!

We will startle the world, I trow,  
When we find a way through the North-  
ern seas

That never was found till now!  
A good stout ship is the Erebus  
As ever unfurl'd a sail,  
And the Terror will match with as brave a  
one  
As ever outrode a gale."

So they bade farewell to their pleasant  
homes,

To the hills and the valleys green,  
With three hearty cheers for their native  
isle,  
And three for the English queen.

They sped them away beyond cape and bay,

Where the day and the night are one—  
Where the hissing light in the heavens  
grew bright

And flamed like a midnight sun.

There was naught below save the fields of  
snow,

That stretch'd to the icy Pole ;

And the Esquimaux, in his strange canoe,  
Was the only living soul !

Along the coast like a giant host

The glittering icebergs frown'd,

Or they met on the main like a battle-  
plain,

And crash'd with a fearful sound !

The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,

Look'd down from the frozen heights,

And the stars in the skies with their great  
wild eyes,

Peer'd out from the Northern Lights.

The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz  
James,

And even the stout Sir John,

Felt a doubt like a chill through their  
warm hearts thrill

As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away, beyond cape and  
bay,

Where even the tear-drops freeze ;

But no way was found by a strait or sound,  
To sail through the Northern seas ;

They sped them away, beyond cape and  
bay,

And they sought, but they sought in  
vain,

For no way was found, through the ice  
around,

To return to their homes again.

Then the wild waves rose, and the waters  
froze

Till they closed like a prison-wall ;

And the icebergs stood, in the sullen flood,  
Like their jailers grim and tall.

O God ! O God !—it was hard to die

In that prison-house of ice !

For what was fame, or a mighty name,

When life was the fearful price ?

The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James,

And even the stout Sir John,

Had a secret dread and their hopes all  
fled,

As the weeks and the months pass'd on.

Then the Ice King came, with his eyes of  
flame,

And look'd on that fated crew ;

His chilling breath was as cold as death,

And it pierced their warm hearts  
through.

A heavy sleep, that was dark and deep,

Came over their weary eyes,

And they dream'd strange dreams of the  
hills and streams,

And the blue of their native skies.

The Christmas chimes of the good old  
times

Were heard in each dying ear,

And the dancing feet and the voices sweet

Of their wives and their children dear !

But it faded away—away—away !

Like a sound on a distant shore ;

And deeper and deeper grew the sleep,

Till they slept to wake no more !

Oh, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child !

They will weep and watch and pray ;

And the Lady Jane, she will hope in  
vain

As the long years pass away !

The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James.

And the good Sir John have found

An open way to a quiet bay,

And a port where we all are bound.

Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore

That circles the frozen Pole,

But there is no sleep and no grave so  
deep

That can hold a human soul.

ELIZABETH DOTEN.

#### RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY.

To the belfry, one by one, went the ringers  
from the sun,

*Toll slowly.*

And the oldest ringer said, "Ours is music  
for the Dead,

When the Rebecks are all done."

Six abeles i' the churchyard grow on the  
northside in a row,

*Toll slowly.*

And the shadows of their tops rock across  
the little slopes  
Of the grassy graves below.

On the south side and the west, a small  
river runs in haste,  
*Toll slowly.*

And between the river flowing and the fair  
green trees a-growing  
Do the dead lie at their rest.

On the east I sate that day, up against a  
willow gray :  
*Toll slowly.*

Through the rain of willow-branches, I  
could see the low hill-ranges,  
And the river on its way.

There I sate beneath the tree, and the bell  
tollèd solemnly,  
*Toll slowly.*

While the trees and river's voices flowed  
between the solemn noises,—  
Yet death seemed more loud to me.

There I read this ancient rhyme, while the  
bell did all the time  
*Toll slowly.*

And the solemn knell fell in with the tale  
of life and sin,  
Like a rhythmic fate sublime.

### THE RHYME.

Broad the forest stood (I read) on the hills  
of Linteged,—  
*Toll slowly.*

And three hundred years had stood mute  
adown each hoary wood,  
Like a full heart having prayed.

And the little birds sang east, and the little  
birds sang west,  
*Toll slowly.*

And but little thought was theirs of the  
silent antique years,  
In the building of their nest.

Down the sun dropt large and red on the  
towers of Linteged—  
*Toll slowly.*

Lance and spear upon the height, bristling  
strange in fiery light,  
While the castle stood in shade.

There, the castle stood up black, with the  
red sun at its back,—  
*Toll slowly.*

Like a sullen smoldering pyre, with a top  
that flickers fire,  
When the wind is on its track.

And five hundred archers tall did besiege  
the castle wall,  
*Toll slowly.*

And the castle, seethed in blood, fourteen  
days and nights had stood,  
And to-night was near its fall.

Yet thereunto, blind to doom, three months  
since a bride did come,—  
*Toll slowly.*

One who proudly trod the floors, and softly  
whispered in the doors,  
“May good angels bless our home.”

Oh, a bride of queenly eyes, with a front  
of constancies;  
*Toll slowly.*

Oh, a bride of cordial mouth,—where the  
untired smile of youth  
Did light outward its own sighs.

’Twas a Duke’s fair orphan-girl, and her  
uncle’s ward, the Earl,  
*Toll slowly.*

Who betrothed her, twelve years old, for  
the sake of dowry gold,  
To his son Lord Leigh, the churl.

But what time she had made good all her  
years of womanhood,  
*Toll slowly.*

Unto both those Lords of Leigh spake she  
out right sovrانly,  
“My will runneth as my blood.

“And while this same blood makes red this  
same right hand’s veins,” she said,  
*Toll slowly.*

“’Tis my will as lady free not to wed a  
Lord of Leigh,  
But Sir Guy of Linteged.”

The old Earl he smiled smooth, then he  
sighed for wilful youth,—  
*Toll slowly.*

“Good my niece, that hand withal looketh  
somewhat soft and small,  
For so large a will, in sooth.”

She, too, smiled by that same sign,—but  
her smile was cold and fine,—

*Toll slowly.*

“Little hand clasps muckle gold, or it were  
not worth the hold  
Of thy son, good uncle mine!”

Then the young lord jerked his breath, and  
sware thickly in his teeth,

*Toll slowly.*

“He would wed his own betrothed, an she  
loved him, an she loathed,  
Let the life come or the death.”

Up she rose with scornful eyes, as her  
father’s child might rise,

*Toll slowly.*

“Thy hound’s blood, my Lord of Leigh,  
stains thy knightly heel,” quoth she,  
“And he noans not where he lies:

“But a woman’s will dies hard, in the hall  
or on the sward!—

*Toll slowly.*

By that grave, my lords, which made me  
orphaned girl and dowered lady,  
I deny you wife and ward.”

Unto each she bowed her head, and swept  
past with lofty tread.

*Toll slowly.*

Ere the midnight-bell had ceased, in the  
chapel had the priest  
Blessed her, bride of Linteged.

Fast and fain the bridal train along the  
night-storm rode amain:

*Toll slowly.*

Hard the steeds of lord and serf struck their  
hoofs out on the turf,  
In the pauses of the rain.

Fast and fain the kinsmen’s train, along  
the storm pursued amain—

*Toll slowly.*

Steed on steed-track, dashing off—thicken-  
ing, doubling hoof on hoof,  
In the pauses of the rain.

And the bridegroom led the flight on his  
red-roan steed of might,

*Toll slowly.*

And the bride lay on his arm, still as if she  
feared no harm,  
Smiling out into the night.

“Dost thou fear?” he said at last;—“Nay!”  
she answered him in haste,—

*Toll slowly.*

“Not such death as we could find—only  
life with one behind—  
Ride on as fast as fear—ride fast!”

Up the mountain wheeled the steed—girth  
to ground, and fetlocks spread,—

*Toll slowly.*

Headlong bounds, and rocking flanks,—  
down he staggered—down the banks,  
To the towers of Linteged.

High and low the serfs looked out, red the  
flambeaux tossed about,—

*Toll slowly.*

In the courtyard rose the cry—“Live the  
Duchess and Sir Guy!”  
But she never heard them shout.

On the steed she dropt her cheek, kissed  
his mane and kissed his neck,—

*Toll slowly.*

“I had happier died by thee than lived on  
a Lady Leigh,”  
Were the first words she did speak.

But a three months’ joyaunce lay ’twixt  
that moment and to-day,

*Toll slowly.*

When five hundred archers tall stand be-  
side the castle wall,  
To recapture Duchess May.

And the castle standeth black, with the red  
sun at its back,—

*Toll slowly.*

And a fortnight’s siege is done—and, ex-  
cept the Duchess, none  
Can misdoubt the coming wrack.

Then the captain, young Lord Leigh, with  
his eyes so gray of blee,

*Toll slowly.*

And thin lips that scarcely sheath the cold  
white gnashing of his teeth,  
Gnashed in smiling, absently,

Cried aloud—“So goes the day, bridegroom  
fair of Duchess May!—

*Toll slowly.*

Look thy last upon that sun! if thou seest  
to-morrow’s one,  
’Twill be through a foot of clay.

- "Ha, fair bride! Dost hear no sound save  
that moaning of the hound?—  
*Toll slowly.*
- Thou and I have parted troth,—yet I keep  
my vengeance oath,  
And the other may come round.
- "Ha! thy will is brave to dare, and thy new  
love past compare,—  
*Toll slowly.*
- Yet thine old love's falchion brave is as  
strong a thing to have  
As the will of lady fair.
- "Peck on blindly, netted dove!—if a wife's  
name thee behove,  
*Toll slowly.*
- Thou shalt wear the same to-morrow, ere  
the grave has hid the sorrow  
Of thy last ill-mated love.
- "O'er his fixed and silent mouth thou and  
I will call back troth,  
*Toll slowly.*
- He shall altar be and priest,—and he will  
not cry at least,  
'I forbid you,—I am loath!'
- "I will wring thy fingers pale in the gaunt-  
let of my mail :  
*Toll slowly.*
- 'Little hand and muckle gold' close shall  
lie within my hold,  
As the sword did to prevail."
- O the little birds sang east, and the little  
birds sang west,  
*Toll slowly.*
- O, and laughed the Duchess May, and her  
soul did put away  
All his boasting for a jest.
- In her chamber did she sit, laughing low  
to think of it,—  
*Toll slowly.*
- "Tower is strong and will is free—thou  
canst boast; my Lord of Leigh,  
But thou boastest little wit."
- In her tire-glass gazed she, and she blushed  
right womanly,  
*Toll slowly.*
- She blushed half from her disdain—half,  
her beauty was so plain,  
—"Oath for oath, my Lord of Leigh!"
- Straight she called her maidens in—"Since  
ye gave me blame herein,  
*Toll slowly.*
- That a bridal such as mine should lack  
gauds to make it fine,  
Come and shrive me from that sin.
- "It is three months gone to-day, since I  
gave mine hand away,  
*Toll slowly.*
- Bring the gold and bring the gem, we will  
keep bride state in them,  
While we keep the foe at bay.
- "On your arms I loose your hair;—comb  
it smooth and crown it fair,  
*Toll slowly.*
- I would look in purple-pall from this  
lattice down the wall,  
And throw scorn to one that's there!"
- O, the little birds sang east, and the little  
birds sang west,  
*Toll slowly.*
- On the tower the castle's lord leant in  
silence on his sword,  
With an anguish in his breast.
- With a spirit-laden weight, did he lean  
down passionate.  
*Toll slowly.*
- They have almost sapped the wall,—they  
will enter there withal,  
With no knocking at the gate.
- Then the sword he leant upon, shivered—  
snapped upon the stone,  
*Toll slowly.*
- "Sword," he thought, with inward laugh,  
"ill thou servest for a staff  
When thy nobler use is done!
- "Sword, thy nobler use is done!—tower is  
lost, and shame begun;  
*Toll slowly.*
- If we met them in the breach, hilt to hilt  
or speech to speech,  
We should die there, each for one.
- "If we met them at the wall, we should  
singly, vainly fall,—  
*Toll slowly.*
- But if I die here alone,—then I die, who  
am but one,  
And die nobly for them all.

"Five true friends lie for my sake—in the  
moat and in the brake,—

*Toll slowly.*

Thirteen warriors lie at rest, with a black  
wound in the breast,  
And not one of these will wake.

"And no more of this shall be!—heart-  
blood weighs too heavily—

*Toll slowly.*

And I could not sleep in grave, with the  
faithful and the brave  
Heaped around and over me.

"Since young Clare a mother hath, and  
young Ralph a plighted faith;

*Toll slowly.*

Since my pale young sister's cheeks blush  
like rose when Ronald speaks,  
Albeit never a word she saith—

"These shall never die for me—life-blood  
falls too heavily:

*Toll slowly.*

And if I die here apart—o'er my dead and  
silent heart

They shall pass out safe and free.

"When the foe hath heard it said—'Death  
holds Guy of Linteged,'—

*Toll slowly.*

That new corse new peace shall bring; and  
a blessed, blessed thing  
Shall the stone be at its head.

"Then my friends shall pass out free, and  
shall bear my memory,—

*Toll slowly.*

Then my foes shall sleek their pride, sooth-  
ing fair my widowed bride

Whose sole sin was love of me.

"With their words all smooth and sweet  
they will front her and entreat,

*Toll slowly.*

And their purple pall will spread under-  
neath her fainting head,  
While her tears drop over it.

"She will weep her woman's tears, she will  
pray her woman's prayers,—

*Toll slowly.*

But her heart is young in pain, and her  
hopes will spring again  
By the suntime of her years.

"Ah! sweet May—ah, sweetest grief!—once  
I vowed thee my belief,

*Toll slowly.*

That thy name expressed thy sweetness—  
May of poets, in completeness!  
Now my May-day seemeth brief."

All these silent thoughts did swim o'er his  
eyes grown strange and dim,—

*Toll slowly.*

Till his true men in the place wished they  
stood there face to face  
With the foe instead of him.

"One last oath, my friends that wear faith-  
ful hearts to do and dare!—

*Toll slowly.*

Tower must fall, and bride be lost!—swear  
me service worth the cost:"

—Bold they stood around to swear.

"Each man clasp my hand and swear, by  
the deed we failed in there,

*Toll slowly.*

Not for vengeance, not for right, will ye  
strike one blow to-night!"

Pale they stood around—to swear.

"One last boon, young Ralph and Clare!  
faithful hearts to do and dare!

*Toll slowly.*

Bring that steed up from his stall, which  
she kissed before you all:

Guide him up the turret stair.

"Ye shall harness him aright, and lead up-  
ward to this height!

*Toll slowly.*

Once in love and twice in war, hath he  
borne me strong and far,

He shall bear me far to-night."

Then his men looked to and fro, when they  
heard him speaking so.

*Toll slowly.*

—"Las! the noble heart!" they thought,  
—"he in sooth is grief-distraught.

Would we stood here with the foe!"

But a fire flashed from his eye, 'twixt their  
thought and their reply,—

*Toll slowly.*

"Have ye so much time to waste? We  
who ride here, must ride fast,  
As we wish our foes to fly."



They have fetched the steed with care, in  
the harness he did wear,

*Toll slowly.*

Past the court and through the doors,  
across the rushes of the floors;  
But they goad him up the stair.

Then from out her bower chambère, did the  
Duchess May repair.

*Toll slowly.*

"Tell me now what is your need," said the  
lady, "of this steed,  
That ye goad him up the stair?"

Calm she stood; unbodkined through, fell  
her dark hair to her shoe,—

*Toll slowly.*

And the smile upon her face, ere she left  
the tiring-glass,  
Had not time enough to go.

"Get thee back, sweet Duchess May! hope  
is gone like yesterday,—

*Toll slowly.*

One half-hour completes the breach; and  
thy lord grows wild of speech:  
Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray.

"In the east tower, highest of all,—loud  
he cries for steed from stall.

*Toll slowly.*

'He would ride as far,' quoth he, 'as for  
love and victory,  
Though he rides the castle wall.'

"And we fetch the steed from stall, up  
where never a hoof did fall.

*Toll slowly.*

Wifely prayer meets deathly need! may the  
sweet Heavens hear thee plead,  
If he rides the castle-wall."

Low she dropt her head, and lower, till her  
hair coiled on the floor,

*Toll slowly.*

And tear after tear you heard fall distinct  
as any word  
Which you might be listening for.

"Get thee in, thou soft ladie!—here is  
never a place for thee!—

*Toll slowly.*

Braid thy hair and clasp thy gown, that thy  
beauty in its moan  
May find grace with Leigh of Leigh."

She stood up in bitter case, with a pale yet  
stately face,

*Toll slowly.*

Like a statue thunderstruck, which, though  
quivering, seems to look  
Right against the thunder-place.

And her foot trod in, with pride, her own  
tears i' the stone beside,—

*Toll slowly.*

"Go to, faithful friends, go to!—Judge no  
more what ladies do,—  
No, nor how their lords may ride!"

Then the good steed's rein she took, and  
his neck did kiss and stroke:

*Toll slowly.*

Soft he neighed to answer her; and then  
followed up the stair,  
For the love of her sweet look.

Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up the nar-  
row stair around,—

*Toll slowly.*

Oh, and closely, closely speeding, step by  
step beside her treading,  
Did he follow, meek as hound.

On the east tower, high'st of all,—there,  
where never a hoof did fall,—

*Toll slowly.*

Out they swept, a vision steady—noble  
steed and lovely lady,  
Calm as if in bower or stall!

Down she knelt at her lord's knee, and she  
looked up silently,—

*Toll slowly.*

And he kissed her twice and thrice, for that  
look within her eyes  
Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, "Get thee from this strife,—and  
the sweet saints bless thy life!

*Toll slowly.*

In this hour I stand in need of my noble  
red-roan steed—  
But no more of my noble wife."

Quoth she, "Meekly have I done all thy  
biddings under sun:

*Toll slowly.*

But by all my womanhood,—which is  
proved so true and good,  
I will never do this one.

"Now, by womanhood's degree, and by  
wifehood's verity,

*Toll slowly.*

In this hour if thou hast need of thy noble  
red-roan steed,  
Thou hast also need of *me*.

"By this golden ring ye see on this lifted  
hand pardie,

*Toll slowly.*

If, this hour, on castle-wall can be room  
for steed from stall,  
Shall be also room for *me*.

"So the sweet saints with me be" (did she  
utter solemnly),

*Toll slowly.*

"If a man, this eventide, on this castle wall  
will ride,  
He shall ride the same with *me*."

Oh, he sprang up in the selle, and he  
laughed out bitter well,—

*Toll slowly.*

"Wouldst thou ride among the leaves, as  
we used on other eves,  
To hear chime a vesper bell?"

She clang closer to his knee—"Ay, beneath  
the cypress tree!—

*Toll slowly.*

Mock me not; for elsewhere than along  
the green-wood fair,  
Have I ridden fast with thee!

"Fast I rode, with new-made vows, from  
my angry kinsman's house!

*Toll slowly.*

What! and would you men should reck  
that I dared more for love's sake  
As a bride than as a spouse?

"What, and would you it should fall, as a  
proverb, before all,

*Toll slowly.*

That a bride may keep your side while  
through castlegate you ride,  
Yet eschew the castle-wall?"

Ho! the breach yawns into ruin, and roars  
up against her suing,—

*Toll slowly.*

With the inarticulate din, and the dreadful  
falling in—  
Shrieks of doing and undoing!

Twice he wrung her hands in twain; but  
the small hands closed again.

*Toll slowly.*

Back he reined the steed—back, back! but  
she trailed along his track  
With a frantic clasp and strain!

Evermore the foemen pour through the  
crash of window and door,—

*Toll slowly.*

And the shouts of Leigh of Leigh, and the  
shrieks of "Kill!" and "Flee!"  
Strike up clear amid the roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain,—but  
they closed and clung again,—

*Toll slowly.*

Wild she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a  
Christ upon the rood,  
In a spasm of deathly pain.

She clung wild and she clung mute,—with  
her shuddering lips half shut,

*Toll slowly.*

Her head fallen as half in swoond,—hair  
and knee swept on the ground,  
She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

Back he reined his steed back-thrown on  
the slippery coping-stone.

*Toll slowly.*

Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battle-  
ment behind,  
Whence a hundred feet went down.

And his heel did press and goad on the  
quivering flank bestrode,

*Toll slowly.*

"Friends and brothers, save my wife!—  
Pardon, sweet, in change for life,—  
But I ride alone to God."

Straight as if the Holy name had up-  
breathed her like a flame,

*Toll slowly.*

She upsprang, she rose upright,—in his  
selle she sat in sight;  
By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast, where she  
smiled as one at rest,—

*Toll slowly.*

"Ring," she cried, "O vesper-bell, in the  
beech-wood's old chapelle!  
But the passing-bell rings best."

They have caught out at the rein which Sir  
Guy threw loose—in vain,—

*Toll slowly.*

For the horse in stark despair, with his  
front hoofs poised in air,  
On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between—and his  
nostrils curdle in,—

*Toll slowly.*

And he shivers head and hoof—and the  
flakes of foam fall off;  
And his face grows fierce and thin!

And a look of human woe from his staring  
eyes did go,

*Toll slowly.*

And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold  
agony  
Of the headlong death below.

And "Ring, ring,—thou passing bell," still  
she cried, "i' the old chapelle!"—

*Toll slowly.*

Then back-toppling, crushing back, a dead  
weight flung out to wrack,  
Horse and riders overfell.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little  
birds sang west,—

*Toll slowly.*

And I read this ancient Rhyme in the  
churchyard, while the chime  
Slowly tolled for one at rest.

The abeles moved in the sun, and the river  
smooth did run,

*Toll slowly.*

And the ancient Rhyme rang strange, with  
its passion and its change,  
Here, where all done lay undone.

And beneath a willow tree I a little grave  
did see,

*Toll slowly.*

Where was graved,—**HERE UNDEFILED, LI-  
ETH MAUD, A THREE-YEAR CHILD,  
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE.**

Then, O Spirits—did I say—ye who rode  
so fast that day,—

*Toll slowly.*

Did star-wheels and angel-wings, with their  
holy winnowings,  
Keep beside you all the way?

Though in passion ye would dash, with a  
blind and heavy crash,

*Toll slowly.*

Up against the thick-bossed shield of God's  
judgment in the field,

Though your heart and brain wererash,

Now, your will is all unwilling—now your  
pulses are all stilled,—

*Toll slowly.*

Now, ye lie as meek and mild (whereso  
laid) as Maud the child,  
Whose small grave was lately filled.

Beating heart and burning brow, ye are  
very patient now,

*Toll slowly.*

And the children might be bold to pluck  
the kingcups from your mold  
Ere a month had let them grow.

And you let the goldfinch sing in the alder  
near in spring,

*Toll slowly.*

Let her build her nest and sit all the three  
weeks out on it,  
Murmuring not at anything.

In your patience ye are strong; cold and  
heat ye take not wrong:

*Toll slowly.*

When the trumpet of the angel blows  
eternity's evangel,  
Time will seem to you not long.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little  
birds sang west,

*Toll slowly.*

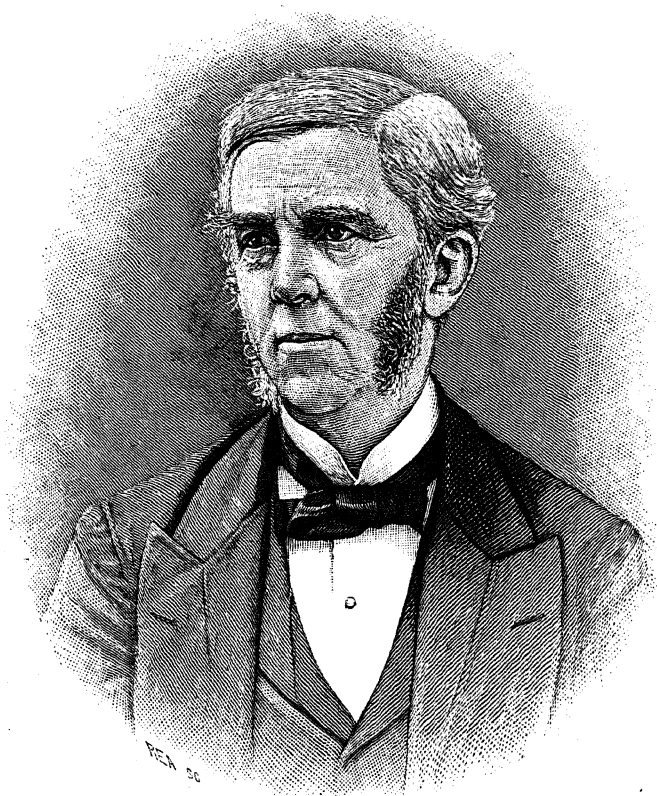
And I said in underbreath,—all our life is  
mixed with death,  
And who knoweth which is best?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little  
birds sang west,

*Toll slowly.*

And I smiled to think: God's greatness  
flowed around our incompleteness,—  
Round our restlessness, His rest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.



# POEMS OF NATURE.

---

## A HYMN.

### THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father,  
these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling  
year  
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing  
spring  
Thy Beauty walks, thy Tenderness and  
Love.  
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is  
balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest  
smiles;  
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.  
Then comes thy Glory in the summer  
months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy  
Sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swell-  
ing year;  
And oft thy Voice in dreadful thunder  
speaks,  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling  
eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisper-  
ing gales.  
Thy Bounty shines in autumn unconfined,  
And spreads a common feast for all that  
lives.  
In winter awful Thou! with clouds and  
storms  
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest  
roll'd,  
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's  
wing,  
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the World  
adore,  
And humblest Nature with thy northern  
blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what  
force divine,  
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind  
art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combined;  
Shade, unperceived, so softening into  
shade;  
And all so forming an harmonious whole,  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish  
still.  
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious  
gaze,  
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty  
Hand,  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steam-  
ing, thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the  
spring;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming  
day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest  
forth;  
And, as on earth this grateful change re-  
volves,  
With transport touches all the springs of  
life.  
Nature, attend! join, every living soul  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
One general song! To Him, ye vocal  
gales,  
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness  
breathes:  
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms;  
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving  
pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious  
awe.  
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,

Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high  
to heaven  
The impetuous song, and say from whom  
you rage.  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling  
rills ;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.  
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and pro-  
found ;  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid  
maze  
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater  
voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings  
fall.  
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits,  
and flowers,  
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun  
exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose  
pencil paints.  
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him ;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's  
heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous  
moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth  
asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest  
beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day ! best image here be-  
low  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean  
round,  
On Nature write with every beam His  
praise.  
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate  
world,  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn  
hymn.  
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound ; the broad responsive  
low,  
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd  
reigns,  
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will  
come.

Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless  
song  
Burst from the groves ; and when the rest-  
less day,  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night  
His praise.  
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation  
smiles,  
At once the head, the heart, and tongue  
of all,  
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities  
vast,  
Assembled men to the deep organ join  
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking  
clear,  
At solemn pauses, through the swelling  
bass ;  
And, as each mingling flame increases  
each,  
In one united ardor rise to heaven.  
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
And find a fane in every sacred grove,  
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's  
lay,  
The prompting seraph, and the poet's  
lyre,  
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they  
roll.  
For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the blossom blows, the summer  
ray  
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,  
Or winter rises in the blackening east,  
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no  
more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !  
Should fate command me to the farthest  
verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous  
climes,  
Rivers unknown to song,—where first the  
sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting  
beam  
Flames on the Atlantic isles,—'tis naught  
to me :  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste, as in the city full,  
And where He vital breathes, there must  
be joy.

When even at last the solemn hour shall  
 come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future  
 worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new  
 powers,  
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go  
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their  
 suns;  
 From seeming evil still educing good,  
 And better thence again, and better still,  
 In infinite progression. But I lose  
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!  
 Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His  
 praise.

JAMES THOMSON.

—♦—  
*TO PAN.*

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,  
 All ye virtues and ye powers  
 That inhabit in the lakes,  
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,

Move your feet  
 To our sound,  
 Whilst we greet  
 All this ground

With his honor and his name  
 That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,  
 He is ever good, and must  
 Thus be honor'd. Daffodillies,  
 Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,

Let us fling,  
 Whilst we sing,  
 Ever holy,  
 Ever holy,

Ever honor'd, ever young!  
 Thus great Pan is ever sung.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

—♦—  
*DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.*

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth  
 brings,

With green hath clad the hill, and eke  
 the vale;

The nightingale with feathers new she  
 sings;

The turtle to her make hath told her  
 tale.

28

Summer is come, for every spray now  
 springs;

The hart hath hung his old head on the  
 pale,

The buck in brake his winter coat he  
 slings;

The fishes flete with new repaired  
 scale;

The adder all her slough away she flings;  
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies  
 smale;

The busy bee her honey now she mings;  
 Winter is worn that was the flowres'  
 bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant  
 things

Each care decays, and yet my sorrow  
 springs.

HENRY HOWARD  
 (Earl of Surrey).

—♦—  
*TO SPRING.*

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy  
 goodly train,

Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright  
 with flowers;

The zephyrs curl the green locks of the  
 plain,

The clouds for joy in pearls weep down  
 their showers.

Thou turn'st, sweet youth—but, ah! my  
 pleasant hours

And happy days, with thee come not  
 again;

The sad memorials only of my pain  
 Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets  
 in sours.

Thou art the same which still thou wast  
 before,

Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair;  
 But she whose breath embalm'd thy whole-  
 some air

Is gone; nor gold nor gems her can re-  
 store.

Neglected Virtue, seasons go and come,  
 When thine forgot lie closèd in a tomb.

What doth it serve to see sun's burning  
 face?

And skies enamell'd with both Indies'  
 gold?



Or moon at night in jetty chariot roll'd,  
 And all the glory of that starry place?  
 What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,  
 The mountain's pride, the meadow's  
 flowery grace;  
 The stately comeliness of forests old,  
 The sport of floods which would them-  
 selves embrace?  
 What doth it serve to hear the sylvans'  
 songs,  
 The wanton merle, the nightingale's sad  
 strains,  
 Which in dark shades seem to deplore my  
 wrongs?  
 For what doth serve all that this world  
 contains,  
 Sith she, for whom those once to me were  
 dear,  
 No part of them can have now with me here?

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

### CHORUS.

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

WHEN the hounds of spring are on win-  
 ter's traces,  
 The mother of months in meadow or  
 plain  
 Fills the shadows and windy places  
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign  
 faces;  
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.  
 Come with bows bent and with emptying  
 of quivers,  
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
 With a clamor of waters, and with  
 might;  
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
 Over the splendor and speed of thy feet!  
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west  
 shivers,  
 Round the feet of the day and the feet  
 of the night.  
 Where shall we find her, how shall we sing  
 to her,  
 Fold our hands round her knees and  
 cling?

Oh that man's heart were as fire, and could  
 spring to her,  
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that  
 spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her  
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;  
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to  
 her,  
 And the south-west wind and the west  
 wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
 And all the season of snows and sins;  
 The days dividing lover and lover,  
 The light that loses, the night that  
 wins;

And time remember'd is grief forgotten,  
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
 And in green underwood and cover  
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
 The faint fresh flame of the young year  
 flushes

From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;  
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
 And the hoof'd heel of a satyr crushes  
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,  
 Follow with dancing and fill with de-  
 light

The Mænad and the Bassarid;  
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide,  
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight  
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
 Over her eyebrows, shading her eyes;  
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs;  
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its  
 leaves,

But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that  
 scare

The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## ODE.

## ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Fair Venus' train, appear,  
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers  
 And wake the purple year!  
 The Attic warbler pours her throat  
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
 The untaught harmony of spring:  
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
 Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
 A broader, browner shade,  
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
 O'er-canopies the glade,  
 Beside some water's rushy brink  
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)  
 How vain the ardor of the crowd,  
 How low, how little are the proud,  
 How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;  
 The panting herds repose:  
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air  
 The busy murmur glows!  
 The insect youth are on the wing,  
 Eager to taste the honey'd spring  
 And float amid the liquid noon:  
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some show their gayly-gilded trim  
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
 Such is the race of man;  
 And they that creep, and they that fly  
 Shall end where they began.  
 Alike the busy and the gay  
 But flutter thro' life's little day,  
 In Fortune's varying colors drest:  
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance  
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance  
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low  
 The sportive kind reply:  
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?  
 A solitary fly!  
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display:  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown;  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—  
 We frolic while 'tis May.

THOMAS GRAY.

## SPRING.

SPRING, the sweet spring, is the year's  
 pleasant king;  
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance  
 in a ring.  
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do  
 sing,  
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses  
 gay,  
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe  
 all day,  
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry  
 lay,  
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss  
 our feet,  
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning  
 sit,  
 In every street these tunes our ears do  
 greet,  
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
 Spring! the sweet spring!

THOMAS NASH.

## SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's har-  
 binger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads  
 with her  
 The flowery May, who from her green lap,  
 throws  
 The yellow cowslip and the pale prim-  
 rose.

Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire  
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

## SONG TO MAY.

MAY! queen of blossoms  
 And fulfilling flowers,  
 With what pretty music  
 Shall we charm the hours?  
 Wilt thou have pipe and reed,  
 Blown in the open mead?  
 Or to the lute give heed  
 In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,  
 Or pipe or wire,  
 That hast the golden bee  
 Ripen'd with fire;  
 And many thousand more  
 Songsters, that thee adore,  
 Filling earth's grassy floor  
 With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,  
 Tame, and free livers;  
 Doubt not, thy music too  
 In the deep rivers;  
 And the whole plumy flight,  
 Warbling the day and night—  
 Up at the gates of light,  
 See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth  
 Coy fountains are tress'd:  
 And for the mournful bird  
 Green woods are dress'd,  
 That did for Tereus pine;  
 Then shall our songs be thine,  
 To whom our hearts incline:  
 May, be thou bless'd!

LORD THURLOW.

## SONNET.

MAY.

WHEN May is in his prime, and youthful  
 Spring  
 Doth clothe the tree with leaves and  
 ground with flowers,  
 And time of year reviveth everything,  
 And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing  
 lowers;  
 Then Philomela most doth strain her  
 breast  
 With night-complaints, and sits in little  
 rest.

This bird's estate I may compare with  
 mine,  
 To whom fond Love doth work such  
 wrongs by day,  
 That in the night my heart must needs re-  
 pine,  
 And storm with sighs to ease me as I  
 may;  
 Whilst others are becalm'd or lie them  
 still,  
 Or sail secure with tide and wind at  
 will.  
 And as all those which hear this bird com-  
 plain,  
 Conceive in all her tunes a sweet de-  
 light,  
 Without remorse or pitying her pain;  
 So she, for whom I wail both day and  
 night,  
 Doth sport herself in hearing my com-  
 plaint;  
 A just reward for serving such a saint!

THOMAS WATSON.

## CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

GET up, get up, for shame! the blooming  
 morn  
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.  
 See how Aurora throws her fair  
 Fresh-quilted colors through the air!  
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see  
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.  
 Each flower has wept and bow'd toward  
 the east,  
 Above an hour since, yet you not drest—  
 Nay, not so much as out of bed,  
 When all the birds have matins said,  
 And sung their thankful Hymns: 'tis  
 sin,  
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,  
 Whenas a thousand virgins on this day  
 Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in  
 May.  
 Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen  
 To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh  
 and green,  
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
 For jewels for your gown or hair:  
 Fear not, the leaves will strew  
 Gems in abundance upon you;

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
Against you come, some orient pearls un-  
wept.

Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;  
And Titan on the eastern hill  
Retires himself, or else stands still  
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief  
in praying:  
Few beads are best, when once we go a-  
Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come! and, coming,  
mark

How each field turns a street, each street  
a park

Made green and trimm'd with trees; see  
how

Devotion gives each house a bough  
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere  
this

An ark, a tabernacle is,  
Made up of white thorn neatly inter-  
wove,

As if here were those cooler shades of  
love.

Can such delights be in the street  
And open fields, and we not see 't?  
Come! we'll abroad, and let's obey  
The proclamation made for May;  
And sin no more, as we have done, by  
staying,  
But, my Corinna, come! let's go a-May-  
ing.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this  
day,

But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
A deal of youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with white thorn 'laden  
home.

Some have despatch'd their cakes and  
cream

Before that we have left to dream;  
And some have wept and woo'd and  
plighted troth,  
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off  
sloth.

Many a green gown has been given;  
Many a kiss, both odd and even;  
Many a glance, too, has been sent  
From out the eye, love's firmament;

Many a jest told of the key's betraying  
This night, and locks pick'd: yet w' are  
not a-Maying.

Come! let us go while we are in our  
prime,

And take the harmless folly of the time:  
We shall grow old apace, and die  
Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our days run  
As fast away as does the sun;  
And as a vapor, or a drop of rain  
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,  
So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,  
All love, all liking, all delight  
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.  
Then, while time serves, and we are but  
decaying,

Come, my Corinna, come! let's go a-May-  
ing.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### SUMMER LONGINGS.

Las mañanas floridas  
De Abril y Mayo.

CALDERON.

AH! my heart is weary waiting—  
Waiting for the May—  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,  
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,  
With the woodbine alternating,  
Scent the dewy way.  
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—  
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May—  
Longing to escape from study,  
To the young face fair and ruddy,  
And the thousand charms belonging  
To the summer's day.  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May—  
Sighing for their sure returning,  
When the summer beams are burning,  
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,  
All the winter lay.  
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pain'd with throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May—  
Throbbing for the seaside billows,  
Or the water-wooing willows;  
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,  
Glide the streams away.  
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
Waiting for the May:  
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—  
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—  
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
Life still ebbs away;  
Man is ever weary, weary,  
Waiting for the May!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

### THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months  
of beauty, song, and flowers;  
They come! the gladsome months that  
bring thick leafiness to bowers.  
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling  
cark and care aside;  
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where  
peaceful waters glide;  
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patri-  
archal tree,  
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky  
in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grate-  
ful to the hand;  
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the  
breeze is sweet and bland;  
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding  
courteously;  
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to  
bless and welcome thee;  
And mark how with thine own thin locks  
—they now are silvery gray—  
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and  
whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the  
ocean of yon sky  
But hath its own wing'd mariners to give  
it melody;

Thou seest their glittering fans outspread,  
all gleaming like red gold;  
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their  
merry course they hold.  
God bless them all, those little ones, who,  
far above this earth,  
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and  
vent a nobler mirth!

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—  
from yonder wood it came!  
The spirit of the dim green glade did  
breathe his own glad name;—  
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart  
from all his kind,  
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the  
soft western wind;  
Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again,—his  
notes are void of art;  
But simplest strains do soonest sound the  
deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for  
thought-crazed wight like me  
To smell again these summer flowers be-  
neath this summer tree!  
To suck once more in every breath their  
little souls away,  
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of  
youth's bright summer day,  
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the  
reckless, truant boy  
Wander'd through greenwoods all day  
long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now,—I have had cause; but  
oh, I'm proud to think  
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I  
yet delight to drink;—  
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,  
the calm, unclouded sky,  
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in  
the days gone by.  
When summer's loveliness and light fall  
round me dark and cold,  
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—a  
heart that hath wax'd old!

WILLIAM MOTTERWELL.

*THE FIRST SPRING DAY.*

BUT one short week ago the trees were  
bare;  
And winds were keen, and violets pinched  
with frost;  
Winter was with us; but the larches tossed  
Lightly their crimson buds, and here and  
there  
Rooks cawed. To-day the Spring is in the  
air  
And in the blood: sweet sun-gleams come  
and go  
Upon the hills; in lanes the wild flowers  
blossom,  
And tender leaves are bursting everywhere.  
About the hedge the small birds peer and  
dart,  
Each bush is full of amorous flutterings  
And little rapturous cries. The thrush  
apart  
Sits throned, and loud his ripe contralto  
rings.  
Music is on the wind,—and, in my heart,  
Infinite love for all created things.

JOHN TODD HUNTER.

*LINES,*

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.  
  
To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.  
  
Through primrose tufts, in that sweet  
bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.  
  
The birds around me hopped and played;  
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.  
  
The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;

And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

From heaven if this belief be sent,  
If such be Nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.*

THE rain is o'er. How dense and bright  
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!  
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,  
Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives  
The general blessing; fresh and fair,  
Each flower expands its little leaves,  
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around  
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;  
The wind flows cool; the scented ground  
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,  
Methinks some spirit of the air  
Might rest, to gaze below a while,  
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the scene  
Its floating veil of mist is flung;  
And all the wilderness of green  
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on Nature,—yet the same,—  
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,  
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,  
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,  
Which sounds from all below, above;  
She calls her children to rejoice,  
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence; low-born care,  
And all the train of mean desire,  
Refuse to breathe this holy air,  
And 'mid this living light expire.

ANDREWS NORTON.

*SPRING.*

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the  
air  
Which dwells with all things fair,  
Spring, with her golden suns and silver  
rain,  
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns  
Its fragrant lamps, and turns  
Into a royal court with green festoons  
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree  
The blood is all aglee,  
And there's a look about the leafless bowers  
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand  
Of Winter in the land,  
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,  
Flushed by the season's dawn ;

Or where, like those strange semblances we  
find  
That age to childhood bind,  
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,  
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know  
That, not a span below,  
A thousand germs are groping through the  
gloom,  
And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth,  
The crocus breaking earth ;  
And near the snowdrop's tender white and  
green,  
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must  
pass  
Along the budding grass,  
And weeks go by, before the enamored  
South  
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still, there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn  
In the sweet airs of morn ;  
One almost looks to see the very street  
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating  
by,  
And brings, you know not why,  
A feeling as when eager crowds await  
Before a palace-gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce  
would start,  
If from a beech's heart  
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should  
say,  
"Behold me! I am May!"

HENRY TIMROD.

*THE AIRS OF SPRING.*

SWEETLY breathing, vernal air,  
That with kind warmth doth repair  
Winter's ruins; from whose breast  
All the gums and spice of th' East  
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye  
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky ;  
Whose dishevelled tresses shed  
Pearls upon the violet bed ;  
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest,  
The halcyon sits and builds her nest ;  
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,  
Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws  
Down whole forests when he blows,  
With a pregnant, flowery birth,  
Canst refresh the teeming earth.  
If he nip the early bud ;  
If he blast what's fair or good ;  
If he scatter our choice flowers ;  
If he shake our halls or bowers ;  
If his rude breath threaten us,—  
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,  
And from him the grace obtain,  
To bind him in an iron chain.

THOMAS CAREW.

*SONG TO MAY.*

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,  
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,  
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,  
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,  
 For thee descends the sunny shower;  
 The rills in softer murmurs flow,  
 And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths,  
 And tiptoe joys their hands combine;  
 And Love his sweet contagion breathes,  
 And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng  
 On quivering fin and rustling wing,  
 Delighted join their votive song,  
 And hail thee Goddess of the Spring!

ERASMUS DARWIN.

### THE REIGN OF MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;  
 The winds that fan the flowers,  
 And with their welcome breathings fill the  
 sail,

Tell of serenest hours,—  
 Of hours that glide unfelt away  
 Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls  
 From his blue throne of air,  
 And where his whispering voice in music  
 falls,  
 Beauty is budding there;  
 The bright ones of the valley break  
 Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,  
 And the wide forest weaves,  
 To welcome back its playful mates again,  
 A canopy of leaves;  
 And from its darkening shadow floats  
 A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of  
 May;

The tresses of the woods  
 With the light dallying of the west wind  
 play;  
 And the full-brimming floods,  
 As gladly to their goal they run,  
 Hail the returning sun.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

### JULY.

LOUD is the Summer's busy song,  
 The smallest breeze can find a tongue,  
 While insects of each tiny size  
 Grow teasing with their melodies,  
 Till noon burns with its blistering breath  
 Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute  
 Is on a sudden lost and mute;  
 Even the brook that leaps along,  
 Seems weary of its bubbling song,  
 And, so soft its waters creep,  
 Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep;

The cricket on its bank is dumb;  
 The very flies forget to hum;  
 And, save the wagon rocking round,  
 The landscape sleeps without a sound.  
 The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough  
 Hath not a leaf that danceth now;

The taller grass upon the hill,  
 And spider's threads, are standing still;  
 The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing  
 Which to the water's surface cling,  
 Are steadfast, and as heavy seem  
 As stones beneath them in the stream;

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs  
 Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;  
 And in the overheated air  
 Not one light thing is floating there,  
 Save that to the earnest eye  
 The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,  
 And flowers e'en within the shade;  
 Until the sun slopes in the west,  
 Like weary traveller, glad to rest  
 On pillowed clouds of many hues.  
 Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain  
 Hum with their summer songs again,  
 A requiem to the day's decline,  
 Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine  
 As welcome to day's feeble powers  
 As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

JOHN CLARE.



## SONNET.

## SUMMER.

THE Summer, the divinest Summer burns,  
 The skies are bright with azure and  
 with gold,  
 The mavis and the nightingale by turns  
 Amid the woods a soft enchantment  
 hold:  
 The flowering woods, with glory and de-  
 light,  
 Their tender leaves unto the air have  
 spread;  
 The wanton air, amid their alleys bright,  
 Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance  
 shed:  
 The nymphs within the silver fountains  
 play,  
 The angels on the golden banks recline,  
 Wherein great Flora, in her bright array,  
 Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets  
 divine:  
 Or, else, I gaze upon that beauteous face,  
 O Amoret! and think these sweets have  
 place.

—  
 LORD THURLOW.

## SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

UP the dale and down the bourne,  
 O'er the meadow swift we fly;  
 Now we sing, and now we mourn,  
 Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,  
 Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;  
 'Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,  
 To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing  
 At the frolic things we say,  
 While aside her cheek we're rushing,  
 Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,  
 Kissing every bud we pass,—  
 As we did it in the bustle,  
 Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,  
 O'er the yellow heath we roam,  
 Whirling round about the fountain,  
 Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,  
 While our vesper hymn we sigh:  
 Then unto our rosy pillows  
 On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,  
 Scarce from waking we refrain,  
 Moments long as ages deeming  
 Till we're at our play again.

—  
 GEORGE DARLEY.

## REVE DU MIDI.

WHEN o'er the mountain-steeps  
 The hazy noontide creeps,  
 And the shrill cricket sleeps  
 Under the grass;  
 When soft the shadows lie,  
 And clouds sail o'er the sky,  
 And the idle winds go by  
 With the heavy scent of blossoms as they  
 pass—

Then, when the silent stream  
 Lapses as in a dream,  
 And the water-lilies gleam  
 Up to the sun;  
 When the hot and burden'd day  
 Rests on its downward way,  
 When the moth forgets to play  
 And the plodding ant may dream her work  
 is done—

Then, from the noise of war  
 And the din of earth afar,  
 Like some forgotten star  
 Dropt from the sky—  
 The sounds of love and fear,  
 All voices sad and clear,  
 Banish'd to silence drear—  
 The willing thrall of trances sweet I  
 lie.

Some melancholy gale  
 Breathes its mysterious tale,  
 Till the rose's lips grow pale  
 With her sighs;  
 And o'er my thoughts are cast  
 Tints of the vanish'd past,  
 Glories that faded fast,  
 Renew'd to splendor in my dreaming  
 eyes.

As poised on vibrant wings,  
Where its sweet treasure swings,  
The honey-lover clings  
To the red flowers;  
So, lost in vivid light,  
So, rapt from day and night,  
I linger in delight,  
Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

### A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.

In such a night, when every louder wind  
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,  
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,  
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;  
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's de-  
light,  
She, holloaing clear, directs the wanderer  
right:  
In such a night, when passing clouds give  
place,  
Or thinly veil the heavens' mysterious face;  
When in some river overhung with green  
The waving moon and trembling leaves are  
seen;  
When freshen'd grass now bears itself up-  
right,  
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest in-  
vite,  
Whence springs the woodbine, and the  
bramble rose,  
And where the sleepy cowslip shelter'd  
grows;  
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,  
Yet checkers still with red the dusky  
brakes;  
When scatter'd glow-worms, but in twi-  
light fine,  
Show trivial beauties, watch their hour to  
shine;  
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every  
light,  
In perfect charms and perfect virtue  
bright;  
When odors which declined repelling day  
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;  
When darken'd groves their softest shad-  
ows wear,  
And falling waters we distinctly hear;  
When through the gloom more venerable  
shows  
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;

While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks  
conceal,  
And swelling haycocks thicken up the  
vale;  
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture  
leads,  
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoin-  
ing meads,  
Whose stealing pace and lengthen'd shade  
we fear,  
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;  
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their  
food,  
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;  
When curlews cry beneath the village  
walls,  
And to her straggling brood the partridge  
calls;  
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures  
keep,  
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does  
sleep;  
When a sedate content the spirit feels,  
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it re-  
veals;  
But silent musings urge the mind to seek  
Something too high for syllables to speak;  
Till the free soul to a composedness  
charm'd,  
Finding the elements of rage disarm'd,  
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,  
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it  
like her own:  
In such a night let me abroad remain,  
Till morning breaks, and all's confused  
again;  
Our cares, our toils, our clamors are re-  
new'd,  
Our pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pur-  
sued.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

### MIDSUMMER.

AROUND the lovely valley rise  
The purple hills of Paradise.

O, softly on yon banks of haze  
Her rosy face the Summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky,  
The argosies of cloudland lie,

Whose shores, with many a shining rift,  
Far-off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day  
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.  
I seek the coolest sheltered seat  
Just where the field and forest meet,—  
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,  
The ancient oaks austere and grand,  
And fringy roots and pebbles fret  
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go  
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;  
With even strokes their scythes they swing,  
In tune their merry whetstones ring;  
Behind the nimble youngsters run  
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;  
The cattle graze; while, warm and still,  
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,  
And bright, when summer breezes break,  
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumble-bee  
Come to the pleasant woods with me;  
Quickly before me runs the quail,  
The chickens skulk behind the rail,  
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,  
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.  
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,  
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,  
The swarming insects drone and hum,  
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,  
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,  
And chatters in his leafy house,  
The oriole flashes by; and, look!  
Into the mirror of the brook,  
Where the vain blue-bird trims his coat,  
Two tiny feathers fall and float,  
As silently, as tenderly,  
The down of peace descends on me.  
Oh, this is peace! I have no need  
Of friend to talk, of book to read:  
A dear Companion here abides;  
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;  
The holy silence is His voice:  
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

### BIRDS.

THE woosel-cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill;  
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer, nay.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing  
sun!  
Conspiring with him how to load and  
bless  
With fruit the vines that round the  
thatch-eaves run—  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage  
trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the  
core—  
To swell the gourd, and plump the  
hazel-shells  
With a sweet kernel—to set budding  
more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never  
cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their  
clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy  
store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may  
find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary-floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing  
wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies,  
while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its  
twined flowers;  
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost  
keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours  
by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay,  
where are they?

Think not of them—thou hast thy music  
too,

While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying  
day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy  
hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats  
mourn

Among the river-sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or  
dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from  
hilly bourn;

Hedge-crickets sing; and now with  
treble soft

The red-breast whistles from a garden-  
croft,

And gathering swallows twitter in the  
skies.

JOHN KEATS.

### AUTUMN.

#### A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is  
wailing,

The bare boughs are sighing, the pale  
flowers are dying,

And the year

On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud of  
leaves dead,

Is lying.

Come, months, come away,

From November to May,

In your saddest array;

Follow the bier

Of the dead cold year.

And like dim shadows watch by her  
sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is  
crawling,

The rivers are swelling, the thunder is  
knelling

For the year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the  
lizards each gone

To his dwelling;

Come, months, come away,

Put on white, black, and gray,

Let your light sisters play—

Ye follow the bier  
Of the dead cold year,  
And make her grave green with tear on  
tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

#### I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of au-  
tumn's being,

Thou from whose unseen presence the  
leaves dead

Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter  
fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic  
red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and  
low,

Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the spring shall  
blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and  
fill

(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in  
air)

With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

#### II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's  
commotion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves  
are shed,

Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven  
and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning; 'there are  
spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim  
verge

Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou  
dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing  
night

Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain and fire and hail will burst: oh  
hear!

### III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer  
dreams

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!  
Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far  
below

The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which  
wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with  
fear,

And tremble, and despoil themselves: oh  
hear!

### IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and  
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over  
heaven,

As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have  
striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore  
need.

Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and  
bow'd

One too like thee: tameless and swift and  
proud.

### V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit  
fierce,

My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new  
birth;

And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among man-  
kind!

Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



### THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roof'd with Carrara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails were soften'd to swan's-down  
And still flutter'd down the snow.

I stood and watch'd by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
 Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
 And I told of the good All-father  
 Who cares for us here below.

Again I look'd at the snow-fall,  
 And thought of the leaden sky  
 That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,  
 When that mound was heap'd so high.

I remember'd the gradual patience  
 That fell from that cloud like snow,  
 Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
 The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whisper'd,  
 "The snow that husheth all,  
 Darling, the merciful Father  
 Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kiss'd  
 her;

And she, kissing back, could not know  
 That *my* kiss was given to her sister,  
 Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 To-who;  
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 To-who;  
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green  
 holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
 mere folly:  
 Then, heigh-ho! the holly!  
 This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 Thou dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remember'd not.  
 Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green  
 holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
 mere folly:  
 Then, heigh-ho! the holly!  
 This life is most jolly!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
 And the winter winds are wearily sigh-  
 ing:  
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
 And tread softly and speak low,  
 For the Old year lies a-dying.  
 Old year, you must not die;  
 You came to us so readily,  
 You lived with us so steadily,  
 Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:  
 He will not see the dawn of day.  
 He hath no other life above.  
 He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,  
 And the New year will take 'em away.  
 Old year, you must not go;  
 So long as you have been with us,  
 Such joy as you have seen with us,  
 Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;  
 A jollier year we shall not see.  
 But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
 And though his foes speak ill of him,  
 He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die ;  
 We did so laugh and cry with you,  
 I've half a mind to die with you,  
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
 But all his merry quips are o'er.  
 To see him die, across the waste  
 His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
 But he'll be dead before.  
 Every one for his own.  
 The night is starry and cold, my  
 friend,  
 And the New year blithe and bold,  
 my friend,  
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! Over the snow  
 I heard just now the crowing cock.  
 The shadows flicker to and fro :  
 The cricket chirps : the light burns low :  
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
 Shake hands before you die.  
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :  
 What is it we can do for you ?  
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
 Alack ! our friend is gone.  
 Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :  
 Step from the corpse and let him in  
 That standeth there alone,  
 And waiteth at the door.  
 There's a new foot on the floor, my  
 friend,  
 And a new face at the door, my  
 friend,  
 A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### MORNING.

HARK—hark ! the lark at heaven's gate  
 sings,  
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies :

And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes ;  
 With everything that pretty bin,  
 My lady sweet, arise ;  
 Arise, arise !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### SONNET.

FULL many a glorious morning have I  
 seen  
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sov-  
 ereign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows  
 green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly al-  
 chemy ;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this dis-  
 grace.  
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
 With all triumphant splendor on my  
 brow ;  
 But out, alack ! he was but one hour  
 mine,  
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from  
 me now.  
 Yet him for this my love no whit dis-  
 daineth ;  
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's  
 sun staineth.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### THE SABBATH MORNING.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
 That slowly wakes while all the fields  
 are still !  
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne ;  
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill ;  
 And Echo answers softer from the hill ;  
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn ;  
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.  
 Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath  
 morn !  
 The rooks float silent by in airy drove ;  
 The sun a placid yellow lustre throws ;  
 The gales that lately sigh'd along the  
 grove,

Have hush'd their downy wings in dead  
 repose ;  
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to  
 move—  
 So smiled the day when the first morn  
 arose !

JOHN LEYDEN.

---

*ODE TO EVENING.*

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine  
 ear,  
 Like thy own brawling springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-  
 hair'd sun  
 Sits in yon western tent whose cloudy  
 skirts,  
 With brede ethereal wove,  
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-  
 eyed bat,  
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern  
 wing,  
 Or where the beetle winds  
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in needless  
 hum :  
 Now teach me, maid composed,  
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy dark-  
 ening vale  
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;  
 As musing slow I hail  
 Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding star arising shows  
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
 The fragrant Hours and Elves  
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her  
 brows with sedge,  
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, love-  
 lier still,  
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy  
 scene,  
 Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,  
 Whose walls more awful nod  
 By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving  
 rain,  
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
 That from the mountain's side  
 Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd  
 spires,  
 And hears their simple bell, and marks  
 o'er all  
 Thy dewy fingers draw  
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as  
 oft he wont,  
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest  
 Eve !  
 While Summer loves to sport  
 Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with  
 leaves ;  
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous  
 air,  
 Affrights thy shrinking train,  
 And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling  
 Peace  
 Thy gentlest influence own,  
 And love thy favorite name.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

---

*THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE  
 BURN.*

THE midges dance aboon the burn ;  
 The dewes begin to fa' ;  
 The pairtricks down the rushy holm  
 Set up their e'enin' ca'.  
 Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang  
 Rings through the briery shaw,  
 While, fitting gay, the swallows play  
 Around the castle-wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky  
 The mavis mends her lay ;



The redbreast pours his sweetest strains  
To charm the lingering day;  
While weary yeldrins seem to wail  
Their little nestlings torn,  
The merry wren, frae den to den,  
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,  
The foxglove shuts its bell;  
The honeysuckle and the birk  
Spread fragrance through the dell.  
Let others crowd the giddy court  
Of mirth and revelry,  
The simple joys that Nature yields  
Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

---

SONNET.

It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea:  
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest  
with me here,  
If thou appear'st untouch'd by solemn  
thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the  
year;

And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner  
shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it  
not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

---

SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun!  
Yet twilight lingers still;  
And beautiful as dream of heaven  
It slumbers on the hill;  
Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,  
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,  
And, rendering back the hues above,  
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest trees  
In shadowy groups recline,

Like saints at evening bow'd in prayer  
Around their holy shrine;  
And through their leaves the night-winds  
blow,

So calm and still, their music low  
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,  
Soft echo'd on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,  
Retiring from the sky,  
So calmly move, so softly glow,  
They seem to Fancy's eye  
Bright creatures of a better sphere,  
Come down at noon to worship here,  
And, from their sacrifice of love,  
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,  
The night-arch floating high,  
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,  
The bright streams leaping by,  
Are living with religion—deep  
On earth and sea its glories sleep,  
And mingle with the starlight rays,  
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve  
Comes through the silent air  
To Feeling's hidden spring, and wakes  
A gush of music there!  
And the far depths of ether beam  
So passing fair, we almost dream  
That we can rise and wander through  
Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is fill'd with glorious dreams,  
Each pulse is beating wild;  
And thought is soaring to the shrine  
Of glory undefiled!

And holy aspirations start,  
Like blessed angels, from the heart,  
And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—  
Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

---

TO NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent  
knew

Thee from report divine, and heard thy  
name,

Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?

Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting  
flame,

Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! creation widen'd in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay  
conceal'd

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could  
find,

While fly, and leaf, and insect lay reveal'd,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st  
us blind!

Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious  
strife?—

If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not  
Life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

### TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,  
Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where all the long and lone daylight  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear  
Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray  
Star-inwrought!  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sigh'd for thee;  
When light rode high, and the dew was  
gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
Wouldst thou me?  
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,  
Shall I nestle near thy side?  
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,  
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead.

Soon, too soon—

Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, beloved Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided  
snow;

Long had I watch'd the glory moving on  
O'er the still radiance of the lake be-  
low.

Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated  
slow!

Even in its very motion there was rest;  
While every breath of eve that chanced to  
blow

Wafted the traveller to the beauteous  
west.

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss  
is given

And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onward to the golden gates of  
heaven,

Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

### THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice;  
thou

That cool'st the twilight of the sultry  
day!

Gratefully flows thy freshness round my  
brow;

Thou hast been out upon the deep at  
play,

Riding all day the wild blue waves till  
now,

Roughening their crests, and scattering  
high their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome  
thee

To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the  
sea!

Nor I alone,—a thousand bosoms round  
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;  
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses  
 bound

Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;  
 And languishing to hear thy welcome  
 sound,

Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond  
 the sight.

Go forth into the gathering shade; go  
 forth,—

God's blessing breathed upon the fainting  
 earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest;  
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars;  
 and rouse

The wide old wood from his majestic rest,  
 Summoning, from the innumerable  
 boughs,

The strange deep harmonies that haunt his  
 breast.

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly  
 bows

The shutting flower, and darkling waters  
 pass,

And where the o'ershadowing branches  
 sweep the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly  
 sway

The sighing herbage by the gleaming  
 stone,

That they who near the churchyard wil-  
 lows stray,

And listen in the deepening gloom,  
 alone,

May think of gentle souls that pass'd  
 away,

Like thy pure breath, into the vast un-  
 known,

Sent forth from heaven among the sons of  
 men,

And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver  
 head

To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child  
 asleep,

And dry the moisten'd curls that over-  
 spread

His temples, while his breathing grows  
 more deep;

And they who stand about the sick man's  
 bed

Shall joy to listen to thy distant  
 sweep,

And softly part his curtains to allow  
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go,—but the circle of eternal change,  
 Which is the life of Nature, shall re-  
 store,

With sounds and scents from all thy  
 mighty range,

Thee to thy birthplace of the deep  
 once more.

Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and  
 strange,

Shall tell the homesick mariner of the  
 shore;

And, listening to thy murmur, he shall  
 deem

He hears the rustling leaf and running  
 stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine, but what is still in  
 view

We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh  
 and new.

How bright wert thou, when Shem's ad-  
 miring eye

Thy burnish'd, flaming arch did first de-  
 cry!

When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram,  
 Lot,

The youthful world's gray fathers, in one  
 knot

Did with intentive looks watch every  
 hour

For thy new light, and trembled at each  
 shower!

When thou dost shine, darkness looks  
 white and fair,

Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and  
 air:

Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and  
 pours

Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass  
 and flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the  
 sure tie  
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!  
 When I behold thee, though my light be  
 dim,  
 Distinct, and low, I can in thine see Him,  
 Who looks upon thee from His glorious  
 throne,  
 And minds the covenant betwixt all and  
 One.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

---

*TO THE RAINBOW.*

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky  
 When storms prepare to part,  
 I ask not proud Philosophy  
 To teach me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
 A mid-way station given  
 For happy spirits to alight  
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold  
 Thy form to please me so,  
 As when I dream'd of gems and gold  
 Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face  
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
 What lovely visions yield their place  
 To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams  
 But words of the Most High,  
 Have told why first thy robe of beams  
 Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth  
 Heaven's covenant thou did'st shine,  
 How came the world's gray fathers forth  
 To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
 O'er mountains yet untrod,  
 Each mother held aloft her child  
 To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
 The first-made anthem rang  
 On earth, deliver'd from the deep,  
 And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
 Unraptured greet thy beam;  
 Theme of primeval prophecy,  
 Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
 The lark thy welcome sings,  
 When, glittering in the freshen'd fields,  
 The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
 Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,  
 A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
 As young thy beauties seem,  
 As when the eagle from the ark  
 First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
 That first spoke peace to man.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

---

*THE RAINBOW.*

My heart leaps up when I behold  
 A Rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;  
 So is it now I am a Man;  
 So be it when I shall grow old,  
 Or let me die!

The Child is Father of the Man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

---

*THE CLOUD.*

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting  
 flowers,

From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when  
 laid

In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that  
 waken

The sweet birds every one,

When rock'd to rest on their mother's  
 breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under;  
And then again I dissolve it in rain;  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers  
Lightning, my pilot, sits;  
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder;  
It struggles and howls at fits.  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead.  
As, on the jag of a mountain-crag  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings;  
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
Its ardors of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor  
By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch, through which I march  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,  
Is the million-color'd bow;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of air—  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

*FANCY IN NUBIBUS;*

OR, THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

OH, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
To make the shifting clouds be what you  
please,

Or let the easily-persuaded eyes  
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the  
mould

Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent  
low

And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold  
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a trav-  
veller, go

From mount to mount through Cloudland,  
gorgeous land!

Or list'ning to the tide, with closèd sight,  
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand

By those deep sounds possess'd with in-  
ward light,

Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey

Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

*DRINKING.*

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;  
The plants suck in the earth, and are,  
With constant drinking, fresh and fair;  
The sea itself (which one would think  
Should have but little need of drink)  
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,  
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.  
The busie sun (and one would guess  
By 's drunken fiery face no less)  
Drinks up the sea, and when he 'as done,  
The moon and stars drink up the sun:  
They drink and dance by their own light;  
They drink and revel all the night.  
Nothing in Nature's sober found,  
But an eternal "health" goes round.  
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high—  
Fill all the glasses there; for why  
Should every creature drink but I;  
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

ANACREON (Greek).

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

*TO CYNTHIA.*

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,

Seated in thy silver chair  
State in wonted manner keep:  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heaven to clear when day did close:  
Bless us, then, with wishèd sight,  
Goddess excellently bright!

BEN JONSON.

*TO THE MOON.*

ART thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different  
birth,—

And ever changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

*SONNET.*

TO THE MOON.

O MOON, that shinest on this heathy  
wild,  
And light'st the hill of Hastings with  
thy ray,  
How am I with thy sad delight beguiled!  
How hold with fond imagination play!  
By thy broad taper I call up the time  
When Harold on the bleeding verdure  
lay;  
Though great in glory, overstain'd with  
crime,  
And fallen by his fate from kingly sway!  
On bleeding knights, and on war-broken  
arms,  
Torn banners, and the dying steeds you  
shone,  
When this fair England, and her peerless  
charms,  
And all, but honor, to the foe were gone!

Here died the king, whom his brave sub-  
jects chose,  
But, dying, lay amid his Norman foes !  
LORD THURLOW.

—♦—  
*TO THE EVENING STAR.*

How sweet thy modest light to view,  
Fair star, to love and lovers dear,  
While trembling on the falling dew,  
Like beauty shining through a tear !

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream,  
To mark that image trembling there,  
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,  
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,  
The moon thy timid beams outshine  
As far as thine each starry light,—  
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours  
When twilight lingers on the plain,  
And whispers to the closing flowers  
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland  
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,  
And bids the yielding heart expand  
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star ! though I be doom'd to prove  
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain,  
Ah ! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,—  
But sweeter to be loved again.

JOHN LEYDEN.

—♦—  
*SONG.*

*TO THE EVENING STAR.*

STAR that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary laborer free !  
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou  
That send'st it from above,  
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow  
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies  
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,  
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,  
And songs, when toil is done,  
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd  
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews !  
Parted lovers on thee muse ;  
Their remembrancer in Heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be riven  
By absence from the heart.  
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

—♦—  
*ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.*

FLOWER of the waste ! the heathfowl shuns  
For thee the brake and tangled wood—  
To thy protecting shade she runs,  
Thy tender buds supply her food ;  
Her young forsake her downy plumes  
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art !  
The deer that range the mountain free,  
The graceful doe, the stately hart,  
Their food and shelter seek from thee ;  
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,  
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath ! whose modest bloom  
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor,  
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,  
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,  
Both valor's crest and beauty's bower  
Oft hast thou decked, a favorite flower.

Flower of the wild ! whose purple glow  
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,  
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,  
Nor garden's artful varied pride,  
With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer,  
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart ! thy fragrance mild  
Of peace and freedom seems to breathe ;  
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,  
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,  
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,  
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land !  
Alas, when distant, far more dear !  
When he from some cold foreign strand  
Looks homeward through the blinding  
tear,  
How must his aching heart deplore,  
That home and thee he sees no more !

—♦—  
ANNE GRANT.

## FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,

One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he call'd the flowers, so blue and golden,

Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,

As astrologers and seers of eld;  
Yet not wrapp'd about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,

God hath written in those stars above;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us

Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of ours—

Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the self-same, universal being  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,

Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,

Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,

Flaunting gayly in the golden light;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
Tender-wishes, blossoming at night;

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;

Workings are they of the self-same powers

Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing—  
Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,

Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green-embazon'd field,

But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,

In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequester'd pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant;  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,

Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,  
We behold their tender buds expand—  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

---

 FLOWERS.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,  
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew  
What more than magic in you lies  
To fill the heart's fond view!

In childhood's sports companions gay;  
In sorrow, on life's downward way,  
How soothing! in our last decay,  
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,  
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,



As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours  
Of happy wanderers there.  
Fall'n all beside,—the world of life  
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!  
In reason's world what storms are rife,  
What passions rage and glare!

But cheerful, and unchanged the while,  
Your first and perfect form ye show,  
The same that won Eve's matron smile  
In the world's opening glow.  
The stars of heaven a course are taught,  
Too high above our human thought;—  
Ye may be found if ye are sought,  
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths, and homes,  
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,  
And guilty man, where'er he roams,  
Your innocent mirth may borrow.  
The birds of air before us fleet,  
They cannot brook our shame to meet,—  
But we may taste your solace sweet,  
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide;  
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,  
Your silent lessons, undescried  
By all but lowly eyes;  
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze  
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys;  
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,  
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,  
As when He paused, and own'd you  
good,  
His blessing on earth's primal bower,  
Ye felt it all renew'd.  
What care ye now, if winter's storm  
Sweep restless o'er each silken form?  
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,  
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,  
That daily court you, and caress,  
How few the happy secret find  
Of your calm loveliness!  
"Live for to-day!" to-morrow's light  
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.  
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,  
And Heaven thy morn will bless.

JOHN KEELE.

### CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

We are the sweet Flowers,  
Born of sunny showers,  
Think, whene'er you see us, what our  
beauty saith;  
Utterance mute and bright  
Of some unknown delight,  
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple  
breath:  
All who see us love us;  
We befit all places;  
Unto sorrow we give smiles; and unto  
graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless  
All, and sweetly voiceless,  
Though the March-winds pipe to make our  
passage clear;  
Not a whisper tells  
Where our small seed dwells,  
Nor is known the moment green when our  
tips appear.  
We thread the earth in silence,  
In silence build our bowers;  
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we  
laugh atop, sweet Flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,  
Humming with the May bee,  
Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling  
through the grass;  
The honey-dropping moon,  
On a night in June,  
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt  
the bridegroom pass.  
Age, the wither'd clinger,  
On us mutely gazes,  
And wraps the thought of his last bed in  
his childhood's daisies.

See, and scorn all duller  
Taste, how Heaven loves color;  
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and  
green;  
What sweet thoughts she thinks  
Of violets and pinks,  
And a thousand flashing hues made solely  
to be seen;  
See her whitest lilies  
Chill the silver showers,  
And what a red mouth has her rose, the  
woman of the Flowers.

Uselessness divinest,  
 Of a use the finest,  
 Painteth us, the teachers of the end of  
     use;  
 Travellers, weary-eyed,  
 Bless us, far and wide;  
 Unto sick and prison'd thoughts we give  
     sudden truce;  
 Not a poor town-window  
 Loves its sickliest planting,  
 But its wall speaks loftier truth than  
     Babylon's whole vaunting.

Sage are yet the uses  
 Mix'd with our sweet juices,  
 Whether man or May-fly profits of the  
     balm;  
 As fair fingers heal'd  
 Knights from the olden field,  
 We hold cups of mightiest force to give  
     the wildest calm.  
 E'en the terror, poison,  
 Hath its plea for blooming;  
 Life it gives to reverent lips, though death  
     to the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,  
 That thief, the honey-maker,  
 What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!  
 In his talking rooms  
 How the feasting fumes,  
 Till his gold cups overflow to the mouths  
     of men!  
 The butterflies come aping  
 Those fine thieves of ours,  
 And flutter round our rifled tops, like  
     tickled flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!  
 What fair service duteous  
 Round some idol waits, as on their lord the  
     Nine?  
 Elfin court 'twould seem,  
 And taught, perchance, that dream  
 Which the old Greek mountain dreamt  
     upon nights divine.  
 To expound such wonder  
 Human speech avails not,  
 Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such  
     a glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,  
 Matchless works and pleasures,

Every one a marvel, more than thought  
     can say;  
 Then think in what bright showers  
 We thicken fields and bowers,  
 And with what heaps of sweetness hair  
     stifle wanton May;  
 Think of the mossy forests  
 By the bee-birds haunted,  
 And all those Amazonian plains, long  
     lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;  
 Fruits are born of flowers;  
 Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in  
     the Spring;  
 The lusty bee knows well  
 The news, and comes pell-mell,  
 And dances in the bloomy thickets with  
     darksome antheming.  
 Beneath the very burthen  
 Of planet-pressing ocean  
 We wash our smiling cheeks in peace, a  
     thought for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus—missings  
 Of Cytherea's kissings,  
 Have in us been found, and wise men find  
     them still;  
 Drooping grace unfurls  
 Still Hyacinthus' curls,  
 And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish  
     rill;  
 Thy red lip, Adonis,  
 Still is wet with morning;  
 And the step that bled for thee the rosy  
     brier adorning.

Oh! true things are fables,  
 Fit for sagest tables,  
 And the flowers are true things, yet no fa-  
     bles they;  
 Fables were not more  
 Bright, nor loved of yore—  
 Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by  
     every old pathway;  
 Grosset hand can test us;  
 Fools may prize us never;  
 Yet we rise, and rise, and rise, marvels  
     sweet for ever.

Who shall say that flowers  
 Dress not heaven's own bowers?

Who its love, without them, can fancy—or  
sweet floor?

Who shall even dare

To say we sprang not there,  
And came not down, that Love might bring  
one piece of heaven the more?

Oh! pray believe that angels

From those blue dominions

Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt  
their golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

### HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with morn  
to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's crea-  
tion,

And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprin-  
kle

As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending  
lowly

Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless  
eye—

Throw from your chalices a sweet and  
holy

Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied  
beauty

The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,  
What numerous emblems of instructive  
duty

Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell  
that swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever  
ringeth

A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch  
and column

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,  
Which God hath plann'd;

To that cathedral, boundless as our won-  
der,

Whose quenchless lamps the sun and  
moon supply—

Its choir the winds and waves, its organ  
thunder,

Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I wander  
Through the green aisles, or, stretch'd  
upon the sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living  
preachers,

Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor

"Weep without woe, and blush without  
a crime,"

Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surren-  
der,

Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy  
glory,

Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like  
ours;

How vain your grandeur! Ah, how tran-  
sitory

Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly  
Artist!

With which thou paintest Nature's wide-  
spread hall,

What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made  
for pleasure;

Blooming o'er field and wave, by day  
and night,

From every source your sanction bids me  
treasure

Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary  
For such a world of thought could fur-  
nish scope?

Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!  
Upraised from seed or bulb interr'd in  
earth,

Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers and  
divines,  
My soul would find, in flowers of God's or-  
daining,

Priests, sermons, shrines!  
HORACE SMITH.

—♦—  
*TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.*

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!  
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms,  
And cradled in the winds,

Thee, when young Spring first question'd  
Winter's sway,  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,  
Thee on this bank he threw  
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the  
storms  
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her  
blows  
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene the ills of life.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

—♦—  
*TO PRIMROSES,*

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can  
tears  
Speak grief in you,  
Who were but born  
Just as the modest morn  
Teem'd her refreshing dew?  
Alas! you have not known that shower  
That mars a flower;

Nor felt th' unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind;  
Nor are ye worn with years;  
Or warp'd, as we,  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make  
known

The reason why  
Ye droop and weep.  
Is it for want of sleep,  
Or childish lullaby?

Or, that ye have not seen as yet  
The violet?

Or brought a kiss  
From that sweetheart to this?  
No, no; this sorrow, shown  
By your tears shed,  
Would have this lecture read:—  
"That things of greatest, so of meanest  
worth,  
Conceived with grief are, and with tears  
brought forth."

ROBERT HERRICK.

—♦—  
*DAFFODILS.*

I WANDER'D lonely as a Cloud  
That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden Daffodils,  
Beside the Lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretch'd in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye,  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the Daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—♦—  
*TO DAFFODILS.*

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon :  
As yet the early-rising Sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song ;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a Spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
As you, or any thing.  
We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away  
Like to the Summer's rain ;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

—♦—  
*THE VIOLET.*

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet!  
Thine odor, like a key,  
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let  
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow  
Blows through that open door  
The sound of wind-borne bells, more  
sweet and low,  
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place  
And that beloved hour,  
When life hung ripening in love's golden  
grace,  
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy  
grass ;  
The lark sings o'er my head,

Drown'd in the sky—oh pass, ye visions,  
pass!

I would that I were dead!—

Why hast thou open'd that forbidden door  
From which I ever flee?

O vanish'd Joy! O Love, that art no  
more,

Let my vex'd spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain  
Hath search'd, and stung to grief  
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain  
Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

—♦—  
*TO THE DAISY.*

WITH little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Sweet Daisy, oft I talk to thee,  
For thou art worthy,  
Thou unassuming Commonplace  
Of Nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace,  
Which Love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
I sit, and play with similes,  
Loose types of things through all degrees,  
Thoughts of thy raising :  
And many a fond and idle name  
I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
As is the humor of the game,  
While I am gazing.

A Nun demure, of lowly port ;  
Or sprightly Maiden of Love's Court,  
In thy simplicity the sport  
Of all temptations ;  
A Queen in crown of rubies drest ;  
A Starveling in a scanty vest ;  
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye  
Staring to threaten and defy,  
That thought comes next—and instantly  
The freak is over,  
The shape will vanish, and behold  
A silver Shield with boss of gold,  
That spreads itself, some Faery bold  
In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar ;—  
 And then thou art a pretty Star ;  
 Not quite so fair as many are  
     In heaven above thee !  
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—  
 May peace come never to his nest,  
     Who shall reprove thee !

Sweet Flower ! for by that name at last,  
 When all my reveries are past,  
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
     Sweet silent Creature !  
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
 My heart with gladness, and a share  
     Of thy meek nature !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—♦—  
*TO THE DAISY.*

BRIGHT flower, whose home is everywhere !  
 A Pilgrim bold in Nature's care,  
 And oft, the long year through, the heir  
     Of joy or sorrow,  
 Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other Flower I see  
     The forest through !

And wherefore ? Man is soon deprest ;  
 A thoughtless Thing ! who, once unblest,  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason ;  
 But Thou wouldst teach him how to find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind  
     And every season.

Thou wander'st this wide world about,  
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,  
     Yet pleased and willing ;  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all,  
 Thy function apostolical  
     In peace fulfilling.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.*

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,  
 IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour,  
 For I maun crush amang the stoure  
     Thy slender stem ;  
 To spare thee now is past my power,  
     Thou bonny gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neibor sweet,  
 The bonny lark, companion meet,  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,  
     Wi' speckled breast,  
 When upward springing, blithe, to greet  
     The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter biting north  
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
     Amid the storm,  
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
     Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield.  
 High sheltering woods and wa's mair  
     shield :  
 But thou beneath the random bield  
     O' clod or stane,  
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
     Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
     In humble guise ;  
 But now the share uptears thy bed,  
     And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !  
 By love's simplicity betray'd,  
     And guileless trust,  
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid  
     Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !  
 Unskilful he to note the card  
     Of prudent lore,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
     And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
 By human pride or cunning driven  
     To misery's brink,  
 Till, wretch'd of every stay but Heaven,  
     He, ruin'd, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
 That fate is thine,—no distant date :  
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
     Full on thy bloom,  
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight  
     Shall be thy doom !

ROBERT BURNS.

---

### THE RHODORA.

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE  
 FLOWER ?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our soli-  
     tudes,  
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods  
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp  
     nook,  
 To please the desert and the sluggish  
     brook :  
 The purple petals fallen in the pool  
     Made the black water with their beauty  
     gay,—  
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes  
     to cool,  
 And court the flower that cheapens his  
     array.  
 Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why  
 This charm is wasted on the earth and  
     sky,  
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for  
     seeing,  
 Then beauty is its own excuse for being.  
     Why thou wert there, O rival of the  
     rose !  
 I never thought to ask, I never knew ;  
     But in my simple ignorance suppose  
 The self-same Power that brought me there  
     brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

---

### TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,  
 And color'd with the heaven's own blue,

That openest when the quiet light  
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night ;

Thou comest not when violets lean  
 O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
 Or columbines, in purple dress'd,  
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
 When woods are bare and birds are flown.  
 And frosts and shortening days portend  
 The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
 Look through its fringes to the sky,  
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall  
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
 The hour of death draw near to me,  
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
 May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

---

### THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth  
     Enough for great and small,  
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,  
     Without a flower at all.  
 We might have had enough, enough,  
     For every want of ours,  
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
     And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
     All dyed with rainbow-light,  
 All fashion'd with supremest grace,  
     Upspringing day and night :—  
 Springing in valleys green and low,  
     And on the mountains high,  
 And in the silent wilderness  
     Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not,—  
     Then wherefore had they birth ?—  
 To minister delight to man,  
     To beautify the earth ;  
 To comfort man,—to whisper hope,  
     Whene'er his faith is dim,  
 For Who so careth for the flowers  
     Will care much more for him !

MARY HOWITT

*A THOUGHT AMONG THE ROSES.*

THE roses grew so thickly,  
 I never saw the thorn,  
 Nor deem'd the stem was prickly  
 Until my hand was torn.

Thus worldly joys invite us  
 With rosy-color'd hue,  
 But, ere they long delight us,  
 We find they prick us too.

PETER SPENCER.

*'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.*

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
 Left blooming alone;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred,  
 No rosebud, is nigh  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go sleep thou with them.  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away.  
 When true hearts lie wither'd,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh, who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

*THE IVY GREEN.*

OH! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,  
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!  
 Of right choice food are his meals, I  
 ween,  
 In his cell so lone and cold.  
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones  
 decay'd,  
 To pleasure his dainty whim;

30

And the mouldering dust that years have  
 made  
 Is a merry meal for him.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no  
 wings,  
 And a staunch old heart has he!  
 How closely he twineth, how tight he  
 clings  
 To his friend, the huge oak tree!  
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,  
 And his leaves he gently waves,  
 And he joyously twines and hugs around  
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works  
 decay'd,  
 And nations scatter'd been;  
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade  
 From its hale and hearty green.  
 The brave old plant in its lonely days  
 Shall fatten upon the past;  
 For the stateliest building man can raise  
 Is the Ivy's food at last.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

*THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.*

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest  
 of the year,  
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and  
 meadows brown and sere.  
 Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the  
 autumn leaves lie dead;  
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the  
 rabbit's tread.  
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from  
 the shrubs the jay,  
 And from the wood-top calls the crow  
 through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flow-  
 ers, that lately sprang and stood  
 In brighter light and softer airs, a beaute-  
 ous sisterhood?



Alas! they all are in their graves; the  
gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair  
and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie; but the  
cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the  
lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they per-  
ish'd long ago,

And the brier-rose and the orchis died  
amid the summer glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the  
aster in the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in  
autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold  
heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone  
from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day,  
as still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out  
their winter home;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
though all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters  
of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers  
whose fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by  
the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youth-  
ful beauty died,

The fair meek blossom that grew up and  
faded by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her when  
the forest cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should  
have a life so brief;

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that  
young friend of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish  
with the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past

But you may stay yet here a while  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave;  
And, after they have shown their pride  
Like you a while, they glide  
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### ALMOND-BLOSSOM.

BLOSSOM of the almond trees,  
April's gift to April's bees,  
Birthday ornament of spring,  
Flora's fairest daughterling;—  
Coming when no flowerets dare  
Trust the cruel outer air,  
When the royal king-cup bold  
Dares not don his coat of gold,  
And the sturdy blackthorn spray  
Keeps his silver for the May;—  
Coming when no flowerets would,  
Save thy lowly sisterhood,  
Early violets, blue and white,  
Dying for their love of light,—  
Almond-blossom, sent to teach us  
That the spring days soon will reach us,  
Lest, with longing' over-tried,  
We die as the violets died,—  
Blossom, clouding all the tree  
With thy crimson 'broidery,  
Long before a leaf of green  
On the bravest bough is seen,—  
Ah! when winter winds are swinging  
All thy red bells into ringing,  
With a bee in every bell,  
Almond-bloom, we greet thee well.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

### SONG.

UNDER the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me

And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
     Here shall he see  
     No enemy

But Winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
 And loves to live i' the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
     Here shall he see  
     No enemy

But Winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see  
 The holly tree?  
 The eye that contemplates it well, per-  
     ceives  
     Its glossy leaves,  
 Ordered by an intelligence so wise  
 As might confound the atheist's sophis-  
     tries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
     Wrinkled and keen;  
 No grazing cattle, through their prickly  
     round,  
     Can reach to wound;  
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves  
     appear.

I love to view these things with curious  
     eyes,  
     And moralize;  
 And in this wisdom of the holly tree  
     Can emblems see  
 Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant  
     rhyme,  
 One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance I might  
     appear  
     Harsh and austere  
 To those who on my leisure would intrude,  
     Reserved and rude;  
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I  
     know,

    Some harshness show,  
 All vain asperities I, day by day,  
     Would wear away,  
 Till the smooth temper of my age should  
     be  
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are  
     seen  
     So bright and green,  
 The holly-leaves their fadeless hues dis-  
     play  
     Less bright than they;  
 But when the bare and wintry woods we  
     see,  
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among  
     The thoughtless throng;  
 So would I seem, amid the young and gay,  
     More grave than they;  
 That in my age as cheerful I might be  
 As the green winter of the holly tree.

ROBERT SOUTHY.

### THE RIVER.

DOWN-TRICKLING, soft and slow,  
 Where the green mosses grow,  
 The baby streamlet hardly wakes the hush  
 That broods o'er yonder height,  
 Where falls the calm, low light,  
 And moor and peak give back the crimson  
     flush.

Then, as its waters swell,  
 O'er crag, and rock, and fell,  
 They pour in many a thread of silver sheen;  
 And now their clearer voice  
 Bids hill and vale rejoice,  
 And sweet, low echoes pierce the still  
     serene.

Wider and wider still,  
 Half river and half rill,  
 The calmer current gladdens all the fields;  
 The banks are green and fair,  
 And many a flow'ret bear,  
 And every breeze Æolian murmurs yields.

There, in its golden bloom,  
 The cowslip breathes perfume,  
 Gray willows twist their branches hoar and  
   brown ;  
 There sails in order meet  
 The duckling's velvet fleet,  
 Or cygnet's argosy of golden down.

Past pleasant village-spire,  
 Past cheerful cottage fire,  
 In tranquil course flows on the nobler  
   stream,  
 Spanned in its statelier march  
 By many a moss-grown arch,  
 Through which the sparkling ripples glance  
   and gleam.

Now on its bosom float  
 White sails of fisher's boat,  
 Young swimmers stem the current swift  
   and strong ;  
 Clear through the silent air  
 Ring voices free from care,  
 Youth's laughing shout and maiden's joy-  
   ous song.

Onward past ancient halls,  
 Onward past castle-walls,  
 Each with wild legends of an earlier time,—  
 Stories of red-cross knight,  
 True to the death in fight,  
 Lay of true love, or darker tale of crime.

And now on either side  
 Rise, in exulting pride,  
 A city's turrets, palaces of state ;  
 The minster's glorious tower  
 Looks down on hall and bower,  
 On fortress, market, churches, quay, and  
   gate.

Broad sweeps the mightier flood,  
 Where once a forest stood,  
 Now all waste marish, fen, and reed-grown  
   shore ;  
 And far on either hand  
 We see the distant sand,  
 And hear the sea's loud murmurs evermore.

Tall ships at anchor ride,  
 Their country's joy and pride,  
 And bring from East and West their price-  
   less freight ;

All store of Nature's gifts  
 On that broad current drifts,  
 The decks are laden with the glorious  
   weight.

Then, flowing far and free  
 Into the boundless sea,  
 The yellow waters stain the crystal blue ;  
 At last its course is done,  
 And lo ! the westering sun  
 Floods sea and river with one roseate hue.

Flow on, ye rivers wide,  
 Welcome the changing tide,  
 Bear on your breast the costly argosy ;  
 Flow, fountains, from the hill ;  
 Flow, through thy meadow, rill ;  
 Flow, baby streamlet, flow to yonder sea.

So flows our human life,  
 With mightier issues rife,  
 Onward and onward to a wider sea ;  
 We note its feeble source,  
 We track its wandering course,  
 We know not what its destiny shall be.

Ah ! well if it shall go,  
 With clear and crystal flow,  
 Rejoicing, gladdening, blessing still and  
   blest ;  
 In childhood, youth, and age,  
 Through all its pilgrimage,  
 Still hastening to the Ocean of its Rest.

But ah ! if it shall waste,  
 Its strength in reckless haste,  
 The wild stream dashing to the depths  
   below ;  
 Or see, in dull decay,  
 All brightness fade away,  
 In marsh and fen half stagnate, foul, and  
   slow.

Oh ! that our life might bear,  
 Sweet music to His ear  
 Whom the great waters praise for evermore,  
 Attuned to anthems high,  
 In glorious harmony,  
 Till it too break upon the Eternal shore.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE.

#### SONNET: NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close ;  
 The little birds have almost sung their last,

Their small notes twitter in the dreary  
 blast—  
 That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;  
 The patient beauty of the scentless rose,  
 Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly  
 glassed,  
 Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,  
 And makes a little summer where it grows:  
 In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day  
 The dusky waters shudder as they shine,  
 The russet leaves obstruct the straggling  
 way  
 Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks de-  
 fine,  
 And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant  
 array,  
 Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy  
 twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

---

*SONG OF THE BROOK.*

I COME from haunts of coot and hern :  
 I make a sudden sally  
 And sparkle out among the fern,  
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
 Or slip between the ridges;  
 By twenty thorps, a little town,  
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
 To join the brimming river;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
 In little sharps and trebles;  
 I bubble into eddying bays,  
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
 By many a field and fallow,  
 And many a fairy foreland set  
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
 To join the brimming river;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
 With here a blossom sailing,

And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake  
 Upon me, as I travel,  
 With many a silvery waterbreak  
 Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow  
 To join the brimming river;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;  
 I slide by hazel covers;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
 Among my skimming swallows,  
 I make the netted sunbeam dance  
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
 In brambly wildernesses;  
 I linger by my shingly bars;  
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

---

*ARETHUSA.*

ARETHUSA arose  
 From her couch of snows  
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—  
 From cloud and from crag  
 With many a jag,  
 Shepherding her bright fountains.  
 She leapt down the rocks  
 With her rainbow locks  
 Streaming among the streams;—  
 Her steps paved with green  
 The downward ravine

Which slopes to the western gleams :  
 And, gliding and springing,  
 She went, ever singing  
 In murmurs as soft as sleep;  
 The Earth seem'd to love her,  
 And Heaven smiled above her,  
 As she linger'd toward the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,  
On his glacier cold,  
With his trident the mountains strook;  
And open'd a chasm  
In the rocks;—with the spasm  
All Erymanthus shook.  
And the black south wind  
It conceal'd behind  
The urns of the silent snow,  
And earthquake and thunder  
Did rend in sunder  
The bars of the springs below:  
The beard and the hair  
Of the river-god were  
Seen through the torrent's sweep,  
As he follow'd the light  
Of the fleet nymph's flight  
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!  
And bid the deep hide me,  
For he grasps me now by the hair!”  
The loud Ocean heard,  
To its blue depth stirr'd,  
And divided at her prayer;  
And under the water  
The Earth's white daughter  
Fled like a sunny beam;  
Behind her descended,  
Her billows unblended  
With the brackish Dorian stream.  
Like a gloomy stain  
On the emerald main,  
Alpheus rush'd behind,—  
As an eagle pursuing  
A dove to its ruin  
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers  
Where the Ocean Powers  
Sit on their pearly thrones;  
Through the coral woods  
Of the weltering floods,  
Over heaps of unvalued stones;  
Through the dim beams  
Which amid the streams  
Weave a network of color'd light;  
And under the caves,  
Where the shadowy waves  
Are as green as the forest's night—  
Outspeeding the shark,  
And the sword-fish dark,

Under the ocean foam;  
And up through the rifts  
Of the mountain-cliffs  
They pass'd to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains  
In Enna's mountains,  
Down one vale where the morning basks  
Like friends once parted,  
Grown single-hearted,  
They ply their watery tasks.  
At sunrise they leap  
From their cradles steep  
In the cave of the shelving hill;  
At noontide they flow  
Through the woods below,  
And the meadows of asphodel;  
And at night they sleep  
In the rocking deep  
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—  
Like spirits that lie  
In the azure sky,  
When they love, but live no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

—♦—  
*SONNET: THE LESSONS OF NATURE.*

Of this fair volume which we World do  
name  
If we the sheets and leaves could turn  
with care,  
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,  
We clear might read the art and wisdom  
rare:  
Find out his power which wildest powers  
doth tame,  
His providence extending everywhere,  
His justice which proud rebels doth not  
spare,  
In every page, no period of the same.  
But silly we, like foolish children, rest  
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves  
of gold,  
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is  
best,  
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking  
hold;  
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,  
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

—♦—

## INVITATION TO IZAAK WALTON.

WHILST in this cold and blustering clime,  
Where bleak winds howl and tempests  
roar,

We pass away the roughest time  
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks  
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,  
And by great rains our smallest brooks  
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved  
Of this dead quarter of the year,  
That even you, so much beloved,  
We would not now wish with us here,—

In this estate, I say, it is  
Some comfort to us to suppose  
That in a better clime than this  
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,  
Though Nature now does weep in rain,  
To think that I have seen her smile,  
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please  
We live to see another May,  
We'll recompense an age of these  
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,  
Perhaps a week, wherein to try  
What the best master's hand can do  
With the most deadly killing fly—

A day with not too bright a beam;  
A warm, but not a scorching sun;  
A southern gale to curl the stream;  
And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait  
The scaly people to betray,  
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,  
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,  
Happier than those, though not so high,  
Who, like leviathans, devour  
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,  
Shall be our pastime and our theme;  
But then, should you not deign to come,  
You make all this a flattering dream.

CHARLES COTTON.

## THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be,  
These crystal streams should solace me;  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
I, with my angle, would rejoice,  
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind  
Breathe health and plenty; please my  
mind,

To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,  
And then wash'd off by April showers;  
Here, hear my kenna sing a song:  
There, see a blackbird feed her young.

Or a laverock build her nest;  
Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above  
Earth, or what poor mortals love.  
Thus, free from lawsuits, and the  
noise  
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,  
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;  
There sit by him, and eat my meat;  
There see the sun both rise and set;  
There bid good-morning to next day;  
There meditate my time away;  
And angle on; and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAAK WALTON.

## VERSES IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,  
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,  
Fly, fly to courts,  
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,  
Where strain'd sardonic smiles are glosing  
still,  
And Grief is forced to laugh against her  
will,  
Where mirth's but mummery,  
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,  
Sad troops of human misery,  
Come, serene looks,  
Clear as the crystal brooks,

Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see

The rich attendance on our poverty ;  
Peace and a secure mind,  
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know  
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,  
You'd scorn proud towers,  
And seek them in these bowers,  
Where winds, sometimes, our woods per-  
haps may shake,  
But blustering care could never tempest  
make ;  
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,  
But of our kids that frisk and prance ;  
Nor wars are seen,  
Unless upon the green  
Two harmless lambs are butting one the  
other,  
Which done, both bleating run, each to  
his mother ;  
And wounds are never found,  
Save what the ploughshare gives the  
ground.

Here are no entrapping baits  
To hasten too, too hasty fates ;  
Unless it be  
The fond credulity  
Of silly fish, which (worldling-like) still  
look  
Upon the bait, but never on the hook ;  
Nor envy, 'less among  
The birds, for price of their sweet  
song.

Go, let the diving negro seek  
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek ;  
We all pearls scorn  
Save what the dewy morn  
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
Which careless shepherds beat down as  
they pass ;  
And gold ne'er here appears,  
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, oh may you be,  
For ever, mirth's best nursery !  
May pure contents  
For ever pitch their tents

Upon these downs, these meads, these  
rocks, these mountains ;  
And peace still slumber by these purling  
fountains,

Which we may every year  
Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

### THE ANGLER.

OH the gallant fisher's life !  
It is the best of any :  
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,  
And 'tis beloved by many ;  
Other joys  
Are but toys ;  
Only this  
Lawful is ;  
For our skill  
Breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,  
Ere Aurora's peeping ;  
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,  
Leave the sluggard sleeping ;  
Then we go,  
To and fro,  
With our knacks  
At our backs,  
To such streams  
As the Thames,  
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad  
For our recreation,  
In the fields is our abode,  
Full of delectation,  
Where, in a brook,  
With a hook—  
Or a lake,—  
Fish we take ;  
There we sit  
For a bit,  
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,  
We have paste and worms too ;  
We can watch both night and morn,  
Suffer rain and storms too ;  
None do here  
Use to swear :

Oaths do fray  
Fish away;  
We sit still,  
Watch our quill:  
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat  
Make our bodies swelter,  
To an osier hedge we get,  
For a friendly shelter;  
Where—in a dyke,  
Perch or pike,  
Roach or dace,  
We do chase,  
Bleak or gudgeon,  
Without grudging;  
We are still contented.

Or, we sometimes pass an hour  
Under a green willow  
That defends us from a shower,  
Making earth our pillow;  
Where we may  
Think and pray,  
Before death  
Stops our breath;  
Other joys  
Are but toys,  
And to be lamented.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

#### THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Meet the morn upon the lea;  
Are the emeralds of the spring  
On the angler's trysting-tree?  
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
Are there buds on our willow tree?  
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Have you met the honey-bee,  
Circling upon rapid wing,  
'Round the angler's trysting-tree?  
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!  
Are there bees at our willow tree?  
Birds and bees at the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Are the fountains gushing free?  
Is the south wind wandering  
Through the angler's trysting-tree?

Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
Is there wind up our willow tree?  
Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Wile us with a merry glee;  
To the flowery haunts of spring—  
To the angler's trysting-tree.  
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
Are there flow'rs 'neath our willow tree?  
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

#### ADDRESS TO CERTAIN GOLD- FISHES.

RESTLESS forms of living light  
Quivering on your lucid wings,  
Cheating still the curious sight  
With a thousand shadowings;  
Various as the tints of even,  
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,  
Reflected on your native streams  
In fitting, flashing, billowy gleams!  
Harmless warriors, clad in mail  
Of silver breastplate, golden scale—  
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,  
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing—  
Fleet are ye as fleetest galley  
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;  
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,  
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire?  
Were ye born of vital fire?  
Or of the shade of golden flowers  
Such as we fetch from Eastern bours,  
To mock this murky clime of ours?  
Upward, downward, now ye glance,  
Weaving many a mazy dance;  
Seeming still to grow in size  
When ye would elude our eyes—  
Pretty creatures! we might deem  
Ye were happy as ye seem—  
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,  
As light, as loving, and as lithe,  
As gladly earnest in your play,  
As when ye gleam'd in far Cathay:

And yet since on this hapless earth  
There's small sincerity in mirth,  
And laughter oft is but an art  
To drown the outcry of the heart;



It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,  
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,  
Your restless roving round and round  
The circuit of your crystal bound—  
Is but the task of weary pain,  
An endless labor, dull and vain;  
And while your forms are gayly shining,  
Your little lives are inly pining!  
Nay—but still I fain would dream,  
That ye are happy as ye seem.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

### THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadow'd main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their  
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!  
And every chamber'd cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to  
dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing  
shell,  
Before thee lies reveal'd,—  
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt  
unseal'd!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway  
through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew  
the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought  
by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreath'd horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear  
a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my  
soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-  
resting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,  
Tossing about on the stormy sea—  
From billow to bounding billow cast,  
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.  
The sails are scatter'd abroad like weeds;  
The strong masts shake like quivering  
reeds;  
The mighty cables and iron chains,  
The hull, which all earthly strength dis-  
dains,—  
They strain and they crack; and hearts  
like stone  
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!  
From the base of the wave to the billow's  
crown,  
And amidst the flashing and feathery  
foam  
The stormy petrel finds a home,—  
A home, if such a place may be  
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,  
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
And only seeketh her rocky lair  
To warm her young, and to teach them to  
spring  
At once o'er the waves on their stormy  
wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!  
Where the whale and the shark and the  
swordfish sleep,—  
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;  
For the mariner curseth the warning bird  
Which bringeth him news of the storm  
unheard!

Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill  
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth  
still;

Yet he ne'er falters,—so, petrel, spring  
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy  
wing!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
(BARRY CORNWALL).

### THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the  
sea,

Why takest thou its melancholy voice,  
And with that boding cry  
O'er the waves dost thou fly?

Oh! rather, bird, with me  
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy fitting form comes ghostly dim and  
pale,

As driven by a beating storm at sea;  
Thy cry is weak and scared,  
As if thy mates had shared

The doom of us. Thy wail—  
What does it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st  
the surge,

Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord  
With the motion and the roar  
Of waves that drive to shore,

One spirit did ye urge—  
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands thou both sepulchre and  
pall,

Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the  
dead

From out thy gloomy cells

A tale of mourning tells—

Tells of man's woe and fall,  
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy  
flight

Where the complaining sea shall sadness  
bring

Thy spirit never more.

Come, quit with me, the shore

For gladness, and the light

Where birds of summer sing.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

### TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last  
steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou  
pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee  
wrong,

As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and  
sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless  
coast,

The desert and illimitable air,  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmo-  
sphere,

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome  
land,

Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and  
rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds  
shall bend

Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my  
heart,

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast  
given,

And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy cer-  
tain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## TO A BIRD

THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAAKEN  
IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird ! a winter's day  
Thou standest by the margin of the  
pool,  
And, taught by God, dost thy whole  
being school

To patience, which all evil can allay.  
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,  
And given thyself a lesson to the fool  
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,  
And his unthinking course by thee to  
weigh.

There need not schools nor the profes-  
sor's chair,  
Though these be good, true wisdom to im-  
part;

He who has not enough for these to  
spare

Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,  
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers  
fair,—

Nature is always wise in every part.

LORD THURLOW.

## SONG.

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,  
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings ;  
He takes this window for the east ;  
And to implore your light, he sings,—  
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,  
Till she can dress her beauty at your  
eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's  
star,

The ploughman from the sun his season  
takes,

But still the lover wonders what they are  
Who look for day before his mistress  
wakes.

Awake, awake, break through your veils  
of lawn,

Then draw your curtains, and begin the  
dawn.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

## PHILOMELA.

HARK ! ah, the nightingale !

The tawny-throated !

Hark ! from that moonlit cedar what a  
burst !

What triumph ! hark—what pain !

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
Still—after many years, in distant lands—  
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain  
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-  
world pain—

Say, will it never heal ?

And can this fragrant lawn,  
With its cool trees, and night,  
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
And moonshine, and the dew,  
To thy racked heart and brain

Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold,  
Here, through the moonlight on this Eng-  
lish grass,

The unfriendly palace in the Thracian  
wild ?

Dost thou again peruse,  
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes,  
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's  
shame ?

Dost thou once more assay  
Thy flight ; and feel come over thee,  
Poor fugitive, the feathery change  
Once more ; and once more seem to make  
resound

With love and hate, triumph and agony,  
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian  
vale ?

Listen, Eugenia—

How thick the bursts come crowding  
through the leaves !

Again—thou hearest ?

Eternal passion !

Eternal pain !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## SONG.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,  
That bids a blithe good-morrow ;

But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,  
 To the soothing song of sorrow.  
 O nightingale! What doth she ail?  
 And is she sad or jolly?  
 For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth  
 So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,  
 No worldly thought o'ertakes him;  
 He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,  
 And the daylight that awakes him.  
 As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,  
 The nightingale is trilling;  
 With feeling bliss, no less than his,  
 Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh  
 Peers through her lavish mirth;  
 For the lark's bold song is of the sky,  
 And her's is of the earth.  
 By night and day, she tunes her lay,  
 To drive away all sorrow;  
 For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,  
 And woe may come to-morrow.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

---

*TO A SKYLARK.*

UP with me! up with me into the clouds!  
 For thy song, Lark, is strong;  
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds!  
 Singing, singing,  
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing,  
 Lift me, guide me till I find  
 That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walk'd through wildernesses dreary,  
 And to-day my heart is weary;  
 Had I now the wings of a Faery,  
 Up to thee would I fly.  
 There's madness about thee, and joy divine  
 In that song of thine;  
 Lift me, guide me high and high  
 To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,  
 Thou art laughing and scorning;  
 Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,  
 And, though little troubled with sloth,  
 Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth  
 To be such a Traveller as I.

Happy, happy Liver,  
 With a soul as strong as a mountain River  
 Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,  
 Joy and jollity be with us both!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

---

*TO A SKYLARK.*

ETHEREAL Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares  
 abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and  
 eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy  
 ground?—

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at  
 will,

Those quivering wings composed, that  
 music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
 Mount, daring Warbler! that love-  
 prompted strain

('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing  
 bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the  
 plain:

Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege!  
 to sing

All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a  
 flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never  
 roam;

True to the kindred points of Heaven and  
 Home!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

---

*THE SKYLARK.*

BIRD of the wilderness,  
 Blithesome and cumberless,  
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and  
 lea!

Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!  
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
 Far in the downy cloud;

Love gives it energy—love gave it birth.  
 Where, on thy dewy wing—  
 Where art thou journeying?  
 Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
 Then, when the gloaming comes,  
 Low in the heather blooms,  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love  
 be!

Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

#### TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit—  
 Bird thou never wert—  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
 From the earth thou springest,  
 Like a cloud of fire;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring  
 ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the setting sun,  
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
 Thou dost float and run;  
 Like an embodied joy whose race is just  
 begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight;  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill  
 delight—

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven  
 is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;  
 What is most like thee?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of  
 melody.

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it  
 heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which overflows  
 her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden,  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its ærial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass which screen  
 it from the view;

Like a rose embower'd  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflower'd,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these  
 heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous and fresh and clear, thy music doth  
 surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine;  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so  
 divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
 Or triumphant chaunt,  
 Match'd with thine, would be all  
 But an empty vaunt,—  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some  
 hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
 What shapes of sky or plain?  
 What love of thine own kind? What  
 ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be;  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee;  
 Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad  
 satiety.

Waking, or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a  
 crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not;  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of  
 saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate and pride and fear,  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever should  
 come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the  
 ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am lis-  
 tening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### SONNET: TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

WINGED mimic of the woods! thou motley  
 fool!  
 Who shall ever thy gay buffoonery de-  
 scribe?

Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule  
 Pursue thy fellows still with jest and  
 gibe:

Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,  
 Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;  
 To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,  
 Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!  
 For such thou art by day,—but all night  
 long

Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, sol-  
 emn strain,  
 As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song  
 Like to the melancholy Jacques com-  
 plain,

Musing on falsehood, folly, vice and wrong,  
 And sighing for thy motley coat again.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

### ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The spar-  
 row, the dove,  
 The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I  
 love!"

In the winter they're silent—the wind is so  
 strong;

What it says, I don't know, but it sings a  
 loud song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny  
 warm weather,

And singing, and loving—all come back  
 together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and  
 love,

The green fields below him, the blue sky  
 above,

That he sings, and he sings; and for ever  
 sings he—

"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### THE BLUE-BIRD.

WHEN winter's cold tempests and snows  
 are no more,

Green meadows and brown-furrowed  
 fields reappearing,

The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,  
And cloud-cleaving geese to the Lakes  
are a-steering;

When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing;

When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,

Oh then comes the blue-bird, the HERALD OF SPRING!

And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring;

Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;

The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,

And spicewood and sassafras budding together:

Oh then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair!

Your walks border up; sow and plant at your leisure;

The blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,

That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,

The red-flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;

He snaps up *destroyers* wherever they be,  
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;

He drags the vile *grub* from the corn he devours,

The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;

His song and his services freely are ours,  
And all that he asks is in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,

Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him;

The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,

And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;

The slow-lingering schoolboys forget they'll be chid,

While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em

In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,

That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,

And autumn slow enters so silent and fallow,

And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,

Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow,

The blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,

Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,

Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,

He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,

The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,

Or love's native music have influence to charm,

Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is given,

Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be;

His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;

For, through bleakest storms if a calm he but see,

He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

ALEXANDER WILSON.

### THE THRUSH'S NEST.

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,

That overhung a molehill large and round,

I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush  
 Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank  
 the sound  
 With joy, and oft, an unintruding guest,  
 I watch'd her secret toils from day to  
 day ;  
 How true she warp'd the moss to form her  
 nest,  
 And modell'd it within with wood and  
 clay.  
 And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with  
 dew,  
 There lay her shining eggs as bright as  
 flowers,  
 Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue :  
 And there I witness'd in the summer  
 hours  
 A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and  
 fly,  
 Glad as the sunshine and the laughing  
 sky.

JOHN CLARE.

---

*SONNET*

TO THE REDBREAST.

WHEN that the fields put on their gay  
 attire,  
 Thou silent sitt'st near brake or river's  
 brim,  
 Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from  
 covert dim ;  
 But when pale Winter lights the social  
 fire,  
 And meads with slime are sprent and  
 ways with mire,  
 Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn  
 hymn,  
 From battlement or barn, or haystack trim ;  
 And now not seldom tun'st, as if for hire,  
 Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to  
 catch  
 The pittance due to thy well-warbled song :  
 Sweet bird, sing on ! for oft near lonely  
 hatch,  
 Like thee, myself have pleased the rustic  
 throng,  
 And oft for entrance, 'neath the peaceful  
 thatch,  
 Full many a tale have told and ditty  
 long.

JOHN BAMFFYLDE.

*ROBIN REDBREAST.*

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer !  
 For Summer's nearly done ;  
 The garden smiling faintly,  
 Cool breezes in the sun ;  
 Our thrushes now are silent,  
 Our swallows flown away,—  
 But Robin's here in coat of brown,  
 And scarlet breast-knot gay.  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear !  
 Robin sings so sweetly  
 In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
 The leaves come down in hosts ;  
 The trees are Indian princes,  
 But soon they'll turn to ghosts ;  
 The leathery pears and apples  
 Hang russet on the bough ;  
 It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,  
 'Twill soon be winter now.  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear !  
 And what will this poor Robin do ?  
 For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,  
 The wheat-stack for the mouse,  
 When trembling night-winds whistle  
 And moan all round the house.  
 The frosty ways like iron,  
 The branches plumed with snow,—  
 Alas ! in winter dead and dark,  
 Where can poor Robin go ?  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear !  
 And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
 His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

---

*TO A NIGHTINGALE.*

SWEET bird ! that sing'st away the early  
 hours  
 Of winters past or coming, void of  
 care ;  
 Well pleased with delights which pres-  
 ent are,  
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smell-  
 ing flowers—



To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy  
bowers  
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost de-  
clare,  
And what dear gifts on thee He did not  
spare,  
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.  
What soul can be so sick which by thy  
songs  
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not  
driven  
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites,  
and wrongs,  
And lift a reverend eye and thought to  
Heaven!  
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind  
dost raise  
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels'  
lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

#### TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows  
sends—  
Ere that the blushing morn dare show  
her light—  
Such sad lamenting strains, that night at-  
tends,  
Become all ear, stars stay to hear thy  
plight:  
If one whose grief e'en reach of thought  
transcends,  
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste  
delight,  
May thee importune who like case pre-  
tends,  
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's de-  
spite;  
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,  
And long, long, sing!) for what thou thus  
complains,  
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled  
sky  
Enamord smiles on woods and flowery  
plains?  
The bird, as if my questions did her  
move,  
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, "I  
love, I love."

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

#### TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy  
spray,  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are  
still,  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart  
dost fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious  
May.  
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of  
day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's  
bill,  
Portend success in love. Oh, if Jove's  
will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy  
soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of  
hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove  
nigh;  
As thou from year to year hast sung too  
late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.  
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his  
mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I,

JOHN MILTON.

#### ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness  
pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had  
drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-ward had  
sunk.  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness,  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows number-  
less,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.  
Oh, for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep delv'd  
earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-  
burn'd mirth!

Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South,  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippo-  
 crene,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
 And purple-stained mouth,—  
 That I might drink, and leave the world  
 unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim!

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never  
 known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
 Here, where men sit and hear each other  
 groan,  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray  
 hairs,  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-  
 thin, and dies,  
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
 And leaden-eyed despairs,  
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous  
 eyes,  
 Or new love pine at them beyond to-mor-  
 row.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
 Though the dull brain perplexes and re-  
 tards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,  
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her  
 throne,  
 Cluster'd around by all her starry fays;  
 But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is with the  
 breezes blown  
 Through verdurous glooms and winding  
 mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the  
 boughs;  
 But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each  
 sweet  
 Wherewith the seasonable month en-  
 dows  
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree  
 wild,—  
 White hawthorn and the pastoral eglan-  
 tine;

Fast-fading violets, cover'd up in leaves,  
 And mid-May's eldest child,  
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy  
 wine,  
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer  
 eves.

Darkling I listen, and for many a time  
 I have been half in love with easeful  
 Death,  
 Call'd him soft names in many a mus'd  
 rhyme,  
 To take into the air my quiet breath:  
 Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,  
 To cease upon the midnight, with no  
 pain,  
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul  
 abroad  
 In such an ecstasy!  
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears  
 in vain,—  
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal  
 bird!  
 No hungry generations tread thee down;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was  
 heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown;  
 Perhaps the selfsame song that found a  
 path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,  
 sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
 The same that ofttimes hath  
 Charm'd magic casements opening on  
 the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole  
 self?

Adieu! the Fancy cannot cheat so well  
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still  
 stream,  
 Up the hillside, and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades;  
 Was it a vision or a waking dream?  
 Fled is that music,—do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

*THE NIGHTINGALE.*

As it fell upon a day  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Sitting in a pleasant shade  
 Which a grove of myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow and plants did spring,  
 Everything did banish moan  
 Save the nightingale alone.  
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
 Lean'd her breast against a thorn,  
 And there sung the dolefullest ditty  
 That to hear it was great pity.  
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;  
 Tereu, tereu, by and by:  
 That to hear her so complain  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;  
 For her griefs so lively shown  
 Made me think upon mine own.  
 —Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,  
 None takes pity on thy pain:  
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,  
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;  
 King Pandion, he is dead,  
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:  
 All thy fellow-birds do sing  
 Careless of thy sorrowing:  
 Even so, poor bird, like thee  
 None alive will pity me.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD.

*THE SONGS OF BIRDS.*

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?  
 Oh 'tis the ravish'd nightingale—  
 Jug, jug, jug, jug,—teru—she cries,  
 And still her woes at midnight rise.  
 Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?  
 None but the lark so shrill and clear;  
 Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,  
 The morn not waking till she sings.  
 Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat  
 Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note;  
 Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing  
 "Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring.

JOHN LYLY.

*ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE  
NIGHTINGALE.*

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu!  
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!

Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing  
 anew,  
 And pour thy music on "the night's  
 dull ear."  
 Whether on Spring thy wandering flights  
 await,  
 Or whether silent in our groves you  
 dwell,  
 The pensive Muse shall own thee for her  
 mate,  
 And still protect the song she loves so  
 well.  
 With cautious step the love-lorn youth  
 shall glide  
 Through the long brake that shades thy  
 mossy nest;  
 And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall  
 hide  
 The gentle bird who sings of pity best:  
 For still thy voice shall soft affections  
 move,  
 And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

*TO THE CUCKOO.*

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice.  
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
 Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy twofold shout I hear,  
 That seems to fill the whole air's space,  
 As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No Bird: but an invisible Thing,  
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my Schoolboy days  
 I listen'd to; that Cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways  
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
 Through woods and on the green;

And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place;  
That is fit home for Thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
Thou messenger of Spring!  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear.  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
I hail the time with flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the  
wood  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fliest thy vocal vail,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
We'd make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Attendants on the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

### THE BLACK COCK.

GOOD-MORROW to thy sable beak,  
And glossy plumage dark and sleek,  
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,  
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!  
I see thee, slyly cowering, through  
That wiry web of silvery dew,  
That twinkles in the morning air,  
Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,  
Who, peeping from her early bower,  
Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,  
Her braided hair and morning smile.  
The rarest things, with wayward will,  
Beneath the covert hide them still;  
The rarest things to light of day  
Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

One fleeting moment of delight  
I sunn'd me in her cheering sight;  
And short, I ween, the term will be  
That I shall parley hold with thee.  
Through Snowdon's mist red beams the  
day,  
The climbing herd-boy chants his lay,  
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring,—  
Thou art already on the wing.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

### SONG.

OH welcome, bat and owlet gray,  
Thus winging low your airy way!  
And welcome, moth and drowsy fly,  
That to mine ear come humming by!  
And welcome, shadows dim and deep,  
And stars that through the pale sky  
peep!  
Oh welcome all! to me ye say,  
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair;  
Her breath is in the dewy air;  
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound  
That steals along the stilly ground.  
O dawn of day, in rosy bower,  
What art thou to this witching hour?  
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,  
What art thou to the fall of night?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

*TO THE BUTTERFLY.*

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous  
flight,  
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of  
light;  
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,  
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of  
gold.  
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening  
sky,  
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!  
—Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that  
crept  
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb  
and slept.  
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay  
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

*ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND  
CRICKET.*

THE poetry of earth is never dead:  
When all the birds are faint with the hot  
sun  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown  
mead.  
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the  
lead  
In summer luxury,—he has never done  
With his delights; for, when tired out with  
fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant  
weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove  
there shrills  
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing  
ever,  
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy  
hills.

JOHN KEATS.

*TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND  
CRICKET.*

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of  
June—

Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy  
noon  
When even the bees lag at the summoning  
brass;  
And you, warm little housekeeper, who  
class  
With those who think the candles come  
too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome  
tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they  
pass;

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the  
hearth,  
Both have your sunshine: both, though  
small, are strong  
At your clear hearts; and both seem  
given to earth  
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural  
song—  
In doors and out, summer and winter,  
Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

*THE HUMBLE-BEE.*

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me.  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek;—  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid zone!  
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines:  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
Joy of thy dominion!  
Sailor of the atmosphere,  
Swimmer through the waves of air,  
Voyager of light and noon,  
Epicurean of June,  
Wait, I prithee, till I come  
Within earshot of thy hum,—  
All without is martyrdom,

When the south wind, in May days,  
With a net of shining haze  
Silvers the horizon wall;  
And, with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance  
 With the color of romance ;  
 And infusing subtle heats  
 Turns the sod to violets,—  
 Thou in sunny solitudes,  
 Rover of the underwoods,  
 The green silence dost displace  
 With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone,  
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
 Tells of countless sunny hours,  
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;  
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
 In Indian wildernesses found ;  
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
 Hath my insect never seen ;  
 But violets, and bilberry bells,  
 Maple sap, and daffodils,  
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
 Succory to match the sky,  
 Columbine with horn of honey,  
 Scented fern, and agrimony,  
 Clover, catch-fly, adder's-tongue,  
 And brier-roses, dwelt among :  
 All beside was unknown waste,  
 All was picture as he pass'd.  
 Wiser far than human seer,  
 Yellow-breech'd philosopher !  
 Seeing only what is fair,

Sipping only what is sweet,  
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat.  
 When the fierce north-western blast  
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,  
 Thou already slumberest deep ;  
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;  
 Want and woe, which torture us,  
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### SONG,

MADE EXTEMPORE BY A GENTLEMAN, OCCASIONED BY A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP OF ALE.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I ;  
 Freely welcome to my cup,  
 Could'st thou sip and sip it up.

Make the most of life you may ;  
 Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hastening quick to their decline ;  
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
 Though repeated to threescore ;  
 Threescore summers, when they're gone  
 Wilt appear as short as one.

WILLIAM OLDYS.

### SONNET TO THE GLOW-WORM.

TASTEFUL illumination of the night,  
 Bright scatter'd, twinkling star of span-  
 gled earth !

Hail to the nameless color'd dark and light.  
 The witching nurse of thy illumined  
 birth.

In thy still hour how dearly I delight  
 To rest my weary bones, from labor free ;  
 In lone spots out of hearing, out of sight,  
 To sigh day's smother'd pains ; and  
 pause on thee,

Bedecking dangling brier and ivied tree,  
 Or diamonds tipping on the grassy spear :  
 Thy pale-faced glimmering light I love to  
 see,

Gilding and glistening in the dew-drop,  
 near :

O still-hour's mate ! my easing heart sobs  
 free,

While tiny bents low bend with many  
 an added tear.

JOHN CLARE.

### TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH  
 THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'r'in', tim'rous beastie,  
 Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie !  
 Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle !

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
 Has broken Nature's social union,  
 An' justifies that ill opinion  
 Which makes thee startle  
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;  
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
 A daimen icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request:

I'll get a biessin' wi' the lave,  
 And never miss 't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!  
 An' naething now to big a new ane  
 O' foggage green!  
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',  
 Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
 An' weary winter comin' fast,  
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
 Thou thought to dwell,  
 'Till, crash! the cruel coulter past  
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
 But house or hald,  
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
 In proving foresight may be vain:  
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
 Gang aft agley,  
 An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain,  
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!  
 The present only toucheth thee:  
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e  
 On prospects drear!  
 An' forward, though I canna see,  
 I guess an' fear.

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE KITTEN.

WANTON droll, whose harmless play  
 Beguiles the rustic's closing day,  
 When, drawn the evening fire about,  
 Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,  
 And child upon his three-foot stool,  
 Waiting until his supper cool;  
 And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the  
 rose,  
 As bright the blazing fagot glows,

Who, bending to the friendly light,  
 Plies her task with busy sleight;  
 Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,  
 Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching low,  
 With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,  
 The housewife's spindle whirling round,  
 Or thread, or straw, that on the ground  
 Its shadow throws, by urchin sly  
 Held out to lure thy roving eye;  
 Then onward stealing, fiercely spring  
 Upon the tempting, faithless thing.  
 Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,  
 Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,  
 As still beyond thy curving side  
 Its jetty tip is seen to glide;  
 Till, from thy centre starting far,  
 Thou sidelong veer'st, with rump in air,  
 Erected stiff, and gait awry,  
 Like madam in her tantrums high,  
 Though ne'er a madam of them all,  
 Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,  
 More varied trick and whim displays  
 To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

Doth power in measured verses dwell,  
 All thy vagaries wild to tell?  
 Ah, no! the start, the jet, the bound,  
 The giddy scamper round and round,  
 With leap and toss and high curvet,  
 And many a whirling somerset  
 (Permitted by the modern Muse  
 Expression technical to use),  
 These mock the deftest rhymester's skill,  
 But poor in art, though rich in will.

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,  
 To thee is but a clumsy wight,  
 Who every limb and sinew strains  
 To do what costs thee little pains;  
 For which, I trow, the gaping crowd  
 Requite him oft with plaudits loud.

But, stopp'd the while thy wanton play,  
 Applauses, too, *thy* feats repay;  
 For then beneath some urchin's hand  
 With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,  
 While many a stroke of kindness glides  
 Along thy back and tabby sides.  
 Dilated swells thy glossy fur,  
 And loudly croons thy busy purr,  
 As, timing well the equal sound,  
 Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,

And all their harmless claws disclose,  
Like prickles of an early rose;  
While softly from thy whisker'd cheek  
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage fire  
Do rustics rude thy feats admire;  
The learnèd sage, whose thoughts explore  
The widest range of human lore,  
Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly  
Through airy heights of poesy,  
Pausing, smiles with alter'd air  
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,  
Or, struggling on the mat below,  
Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.  
The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,  
Who in the still but cheerless shade  
Of home unsocial spends her age,  
And rarely turns a letter'd page,  
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall  
The rounded cork or paper ball,  
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch  
The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,  
But lets thee have thy wayward will,  
Perplexing oft her better skill.

E'en he, whose mind of gloomy bent,  
In lonely tower or prison pent,  
Reviews the coil of former days,  
And loathes the world and all its ways,  
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam  
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,  
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,  
His heart of pride less fiercely beat,  
And smiles, a link in thee to find  
That joins it still to living kind.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless Puss,  
The magic power to charm us thus?  
Is it that in thy glaring eye  
And rapid movements we descry—  
Whilst we at ease, secure from ill,  
The chimney-corner snugly fill—  
A lion darting on his prey,  
A tiger at his ruthless play?  
Or is it that in thee we trace,  
With all thy varied wanton grace,  
An emblem, view'd with kindred eye,  
Of tricky, restless infancy?  
Ah, many a lightly sportive child,  
Who hath like thee our wits beguiled,  
To dull and sober manhood grown,  
With strange recoil our hearts disown.

And so, poor Kit, must thou endure  
When thou becom'st a cat demure,  
Full many a cuff and angry word,  
Chased roughly from the tempting board.  
But yet, for that thou hast, I ween,  
So oft our favor'd playmate been;  
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove!  
When time hath spoil'd thee of our love,  
Still be thou deem'd by housewife fat  
A comely, careful, mousing cat,  
Whose dish is, for the public good,  
Replenish'd oft with savory food.  
Nor, when thy span of life is past,  
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast,  
But, gently borne on good man's spade,  
Beneath the decent sod be laid,  
And children show, with glistening eyes,  
The place where poor old Pussy lies.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

#### THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my Infant, lo!  
What a pretty baby-show!  
See the Kitten on the Wall,  
Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
Wither'd leaves—one—two—and three—  
From the lofty Elder tree!  
Through the calm and frosty air,  
Of this morning bright and fair,  
Eddying round and round they sink  
Softly, slowly: one might think,  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf convey'd  
Sylph or Faery hither tending,—  
To this lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute,  
In his wavering parachute.  
—But the Kitten, how she starts,  
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!  
First at one, and then its fellow  
Just as light and just as yellow;  
There are many now—now one—  
Now they stop, and there are none;  
What intenseness of desire  
In her upward eye of fire!  
With a tiger-leap half way  
Now she meets the coming prey,  
Lets it go as fast, and then  
Has it in her power again:



Now she works with three or four,  
 Like an Indian Conjuror;  
 Quick as he in feats of art,  
 Far beyond in joy of heart.  
 Were her antics play'd in the eye  
 Of a thousand standers-by,  
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
 What would little Tabby care  
 For the plaudits of the crowd?  
 Over-happy to be proud,  
 Over-wealthy in the treasure  
 Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty Baby-treat;  
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;  
 Here, for neither Babe nor me,  
 Other playmate can I see.  
 Of the countless living things,  
 That with stir of feet and wings  
 (In the sun or under shade,  
 Upon bough or grassy blade)  
 And with busy revellings,  
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
 Made this Orchard's narrow space,  
 And this Vale so blithe a place;  
 Multitudes are swept away,  
 Never more to breathe the day:  
 Some are sleeping; some in Bands  
 Travell'd into distant Lands;  
 Others slunk to moor and wood,  
 Far from human neighborhood;  
 And, among the Kinds that keep  
 With us closer fellowship,  
 With us openly abide,  
 All have laid their mirth aside.  
 —Where is he, that giddy Sprite,  
 Blue cap, with his colors bright,  
 Who was blest as bird could be,  
 Feeding in the apple tree:  
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
 Turning blossoms inside out;  
 Hung with head toward the ground,  
 Flutter'd, perch'd, into a round  
 Bound himself, and then unbound:  
 Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!  
 Prettiest Tumbler ever seen!  
 Light of heart and light of limb;  
 What is now become of him?  
 Lambs, that through the mountains went  
 Frisking, bleating merriment,  
 When the year was in its prime,  
 They are sober'd by this time.

If you look to vale or-hill,  
 If you listen, all is still,  
 Save a little neighboring Rill,  
 That from out the rocky ground  
 Strikes a solitary sound.  
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,  
 And the air is calm in vain;  
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure  
 Of a sky serene and pure;  
 Creature none can she decoy  
 Into open sign of joy:  
 Is it that they have a fear  
 Of the dreary season near?  
 Or that other pleasures be  
 Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
 In the impenetrable cell  
 Of the silent heart which Nature  
 Furnishes to every Creature;  
 Whatsoe'er we feel and know  
 Too sedate for outward show,  
 Such a light of gladness breaks,  
 Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—  
 Spreads with such a living grace  
 O'er my little Laura's face;  
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,  
 That almost I could repine  
 That your transports are not mine,  
 That I do not wholly fare  
 Even as ye do, thoughtless Pair!  
 And I will have my careless season  
 Spite of melancholy reason,  
 Will walk through life in such a way  
 That, when time brings on decay,  
 Now and then I may possess  
 Hours of perfect gladness.  
 —Pleased by any random toy;  
 By a Kitten's busy joy,  
 Or an Infant's laughing eye  
 Sharing in the ecstasy;  
 I would fare like that or this,  
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;  
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
 And have faculties to take,  
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
 Matter for a jocund thought,  
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
 To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*THE PET LAMB.*

## A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began  
to blink;

I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty  
Creature, drink!"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I  
espied

A snow-white mountain Lamb with a  
Maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the Lamb was  
all alone,

And by a slender cord was tether'd to a  
stone;

With one knee on the grass did the little  
Maiden kneel,

While to that Mountain Lamb she gave its  
evening meal.

The Lamb, while from her hand he thus  
his supper took,

Seem'd to feast with head and ears; and  
his tail with pleasure shook.

"Drink, pretty Creature, drink," she said  
in such a tone

That I almost received her heart into my  
own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a Child  
of beauty rare!

I watch'd them with delight, they were a  
lovely pair.

Now with her empty Can the Maiden  
turn'd away:

But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps  
did she stay.

Right toward the Lamb she look'd; and  
from a shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of  
her face:

If Nature to her tongue could measured  
numbers bring,

Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that little  
Maid might sing:

"What ails thee, Young One? what?  
Why pull so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed  
and board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as  
grass can be;

Rest, little Young One, rest; what is't that  
aileth thee?

"What is it thou would'st seek? What  
is wanting to thy heart?

Thy limbs are they not strong? And beau-  
tiful thou art:

This grass is tender grass; these flowers  
they have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling in  
thy ears!

"If the Sun be shining hot, do but stretch  
thy woollen chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert thou  
canst gain;

For rain and mountain-storms, the like  
thou needest not fear—

The rain and storm are things that scarcely  
can come here.

"Rest, little Young One, rest; thou hast  
forgot the day

When my Father found thee first in places  
far away;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou  
wert own'd by none,

And thy mother from thy side for ever-  
more was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity  
brought thee home:

A blessed day for thee! then whither  
wouldst thou roam?

A faithful Nurse thou hast; the dam that  
did thee rear

Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could  
have been.

"Thou knowest that twice a day I brought  
thee in this Can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as  
ever ran;

And twice in the day, when the ground is  
wet with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk  
it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout  
as they are now,

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony  
in the plough;

My Playmate thou shalt be; and when the  
wind is cold  
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house  
shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor Creature,  
can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is work-  
ing so in thee?  
Things that I know not of belike to thee  
are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst  
neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so  
green and fair!  
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness  
that come there;  
The little brooks that seem all pastime and  
all play,  
When they are angry, roar like Lions for  
their prey.

"Here thou needest not dread the raven in  
the sky;  
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage  
is hard by.  
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at  
thy chain?  
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to  
thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went  
with lazy feet,  
This song to myself did I oftentimes re-  
peat;  
And it seem'd, as I retraced the ballad  
line by line,  
That but half of it was hers, and one half  
of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the  
song;  
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the  
*Damsel* must belong,  
For she look'd with such a look, and she  
spake with such a tone,  
That I almost received her heart into my  
own."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,  
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,  
Full of fire, and full of bone,  
With all his line of fathers known;  
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,  
But blown abroad by the pride within!  
His mane is like a river flowing,  
And his eyes like embers glowing  
In the darkness of the night,  
And his pace as swift as light.

Look,—how round his straining throat  
Grace and shifting beauty float;  
Sinevy strength is in his reins,  
And the red blood gallops through his  
veins,—  
Richer, redder, never ran  
Through the boasting heart of man.  
He can trace his lineage higher  
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—  
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,  
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born  
Here, upon a red March morn;  
But his famous fathers dead  
Were Arabs all, and Arab-bred,  
And the last of that great line  
Trode like one of a race divine!  
And yet, he was but friend to one,  
Who fed him at the set of sun  
By some lone fountain fringed with green;  
With him, a roving Bedouin,  
He lived (none else would he obey  
Through all the hot Arabian day),  
And died untamed upon the sands  
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
(BARRY CORNWALL).

### THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the  
sports are begun;  
The confusion but hear: "I'll bet you,  
sir." "Done, done!"  
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound  
far and near,  
Lords, hawkers, and jockeys assail the  
tired ear,

While with neck like a rainbow, erecting  
his crest,  
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleased, his head  
touching his breast,  
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and  
elate,  
The high-mettled racer first starts for the  
plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge  
and ditch rush  
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at  
his brush;  
They run him at length, and they have  
him at bay,  
And by scent and by view cheat a long,  
tedious way,  
While, alike born for sports of the field  
and the course,  
Always sure to come thorough a stanch and  
fleet horse,  
When fairly run down the fox yields up  
his breath,  
The high-mettled racer is in at the  
death.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of  
the stud,  
Lame, spavin'd, and windgall'd, but yet  
with some blood;  
While knowing postillions his pedigree  
trace,  
Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his  
sire gain'd that race,  
And what matches he won to the ostlers  
count o'er,  
As they loiter their time at some hedge  
ale-house door,  
While the harness sore galls, and the  
spurs his sides goad,  
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the  
road.

Till at last, having labor'd, drudged early  
and late,  
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to  
his fate!  
Blind, old, lean and feeble, he tugs round  
a mill,  
Or draws sand till the sand of his hour-  
glass stands still;

And now, cold and lifeless, exposed to the  
view  
In the very same cart which he yesterday  
drew,  
While a pitying crowd his sad relics sur-  
rounds,  
The high-mettled racer is sold for the  
hounds!

CHARLES DIBDIN.

### THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

WHEN troubled in spirit, when weary of  
life,  
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink  
from its strife,  
When its fruits, turn'd to ashes, are mock-  
ing my taste,  
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate  
waste,  
Then come ye not near me, my sad heart  
to cheer  
With friendship's soft accents or sympa-  
thy's tear.  
No pity I ask, and no counsel I need,  
But bring me, oh, bring me my gallant  
young steed,  
With his high arch'd neck, and his nostril  
spread wide,  
His eye full of fire, and his step full of  
pride!  
As I spring to his back, as I seize the  
strong rein,  
The strength to my spirit returneth  
again!  
The bonds are all broken that fetter'd my  
mind,  
And my cares borne away on the wings of  
the wind;  
My pride lifts its head, for a season bow'd  
down,  
And the queen in my nature now puts on  
her crown!

Now we're off—like the winds to the plains  
whence they came;  
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my  
frame!  
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing  
the sod,  
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he  
trod!

On, on like a deer, when the hound's early bay  
 Awakes the wild echoes, away, and away!  
 Still faster, still farther, he leaps at my cheer,  
 Till the rush of the startled air whirs in my ear!  
 Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track,—  
 See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back!  
 Now a glen dark as midnight—what matter?—we'll down  
 Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us frown;  
 The thick branches shake as we're hurrying through,  
 And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!

What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand  
 Such a steed in the might of his strength may command!  
 What a glorious creature! Ah! glance at him now,  
 As I check him a while on this green hillock's brow;  
 How he tosses his mane, with a shrill joyous neigh,  
 And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play!  
 Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in ire,  
 Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire!  
 Ho! a ditch!—Shall we pause? No; the bold leap we dare,  
 Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through the air!  
 Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,  
 Not the 'wondering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,  
 Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,  
 Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,  
 Nor the sail, high heaving waters o'er,  
 Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,  
 Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed  
 Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed!

SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT  
 (GRACE GREENWOOD).

### AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'er-cast,  
 And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;  
 When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,  
 From the fond recollections of former years;  
 And shadows of things that have long since fled  
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:  
 Bright visions of glory that vanish'd too soon;  
 Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;  
 Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;  
 Companions of early days lost or left—  
 And my native land—whose magical name  
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame;  
 The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;  
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time  
 When the feelings were young and the world was new,  
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;  
 All—all now forsaken—forgotten—fore-gone!  
 And I—a lone exile remember'd of none—  
 My high aims abandon'd,—my good acts undone—  
 Aweary of all that is under the sun—  
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,  
 I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—  
 The proud man's frown and the base man's fear—  
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—

And malice, and meanness, and falsehood,  
and folly,  
Dispose me to musing and dark melan-  
choly ;  
When my bosom is full and my thoughts  
are high,  
And my soul is sick with the bondman's  
sigh—

Oh ! then there is freedom, and joy, and  
pride,

Afar in the desert alone to ride !

There is rapture to vault on the champing  
steed,

And to bound away with the eagle's speed,  
With the death-fraught firelock in my  
hand—

The only law of the Desert Land !

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
Away—away from the dwellings of men,  
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's  
glen ;

By valleys remote where the oribi plays,  
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartè-  
beest graze,

And the kudu and eland unhunted recline  
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with  
wild vine ;

Where the elephant browses at peace in  
his wood,

And the river-horse gambols unscared in  
the flood,

And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will  
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking  
his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating  
cry

Of the springbok's fawn sounds plain-  
tively ;

And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling  
neigh

Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray ;  
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his  
mane,

With wild hoof scouring the desolate  
plain ;

And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
Speeds like a horseman who travels in  
haste,

Hieing away to the home of her rest,  
Where she and her mate have scoop'd  
their nest,

Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's  
view

In the pathless depths of the parch'd  
karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my  
side.

Away—away—in the wilderness vast  
Where the white man's foot hath never  
pass'd,

And the quiver'd Coranna or Bechuan  
Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan :  
A region of emptiness howling and drear,  
Which man hath abandon'd from famine  
and fear ;

Which the snake and the lizard inhabit  
alone,

With the twilight bat from the yawning  
stone ;

Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes  
root,

Save poisonous thorns that pierce the  
foot ;

And the bitter melon for food and drink,  
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's  
brink ;

A region of drought, where no river glides,  
Nor rippling brook with osier'd sides ;  
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,  
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,  
Appears to refresh the aching eye ;

But the barren earth and the burning  
sky,

And the blank horizon, round and round,  
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me  
sigh,

And the stars burn bright in the midnight  
sky,

As I sit apart by the desert stone,  
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,  
“ A still small voice ” comes through the  
wild

(Like a father consoling his fretful child),  
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and  
fear,

Saying—Man is distant, but God is near !

THOMAS PRINGLE.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS  
HORSE.

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest  
meekly by,  
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck,  
and dark and fiery eye,  
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all  
thy winged speed ;  
I may not mount on thee again,—thou'rt  
sold, my Arab steed !  
Fret not with that impatient hoof,—snuff  
not the breezy wind,—  
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am  
I behind :  
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein,—thy  
master hath *his* gold,—  
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful, farewell ;  
thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell ! those free, untired limbs full  
many a mile must roam,  
To reach the chill and wintry sky which  
clouds the stranger's home ;  
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy  
corn and bread prepare,  
The silky mane, I braided once, must be  
another's care !  
The morning sun shall dawn again, but  
never more with thee  
Shall I gallop through the desert paths,  
where we were wont to be ;  
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er  
the sandy plain  
Some other steed, with slower step, shall  
bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go ! the wild, free breeze,  
the brilliant sun and sky,  
Thy master's home,—from all of these my  
exiled one must fly ;  
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud,  
thy step become less fleet,  
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy  
master's hand to meet.  
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye,  
glancing bright ;—  
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so  
firm and light ;  
And when I raise my dreaming arm to  
check or cheer thy speed,  
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—  
thou'rt sold, my Arab steed !

Ah ! rudely, then, unseen by me, some  
cruel hand may chide,  
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves,  
along thy panting side :  
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in  
thy indignant pain,  
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may  
count each started vein.  
*Will* they ill use thee ? If I thought—but  
no, it cannot be,—  
Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd ; so gen-  
tle, yet so free ;  
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my  
lonely heart should yearn,—  
Can the hand which casts thee from it now  
command thee to return ?

*Return !* alas ! my Arab steed ! what shall  
thy master do,  
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast  
vanish'd from his view ?  
When the dim distance cheats mine eye,  
and through the gathering tears,  
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the  
false mirage appears ;  
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with  
weary step alone,  
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound,  
thou oft hast borne me on ;  
And sitting down by that green well, I'll  
pause and sadly think,  
"It was here he bow'd his glossy neck  
when last I saw him drink !"

*When last I saw thee drink !*—Away ! the  
fever'd dream is o'er,—  
I could not live a day, and *know* that we  
should meet no more !  
They tempted me, my beautiful !—for  
hunger's power is strong,—  
They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I  
have loved too long.  
Who said that I had given thee up ? who  
said that thou wast sold ?  
'Tis false,—'tis false ! my Arab steed ! I  
fling them back their gold !  
Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and scour  
the distant plains ;  
Away ! who overtakes us now shall claim  
thee for his pains !

CAROLINE NORTON.

*THE TROOPER TO HIS MARE.*

OLD girl that has borne me far and fast  
 On pawing hoofs that were never loath,  
 Our gallop to-day may be the last  
 For thee, or for me, or perhaps for both!  
 As I tighten your girth do you nothing  
 daunt?  
 Do you catch the hint of our forming line?  
 And now the artillery move to the front,  
 Have you never a qualm, Bay Bess of  
 mine?

It is dainty to see you sidle and start  
 As you move to the battle's cloudy  
 marge,  
 And to feel the swells of your wakening  
 heart  
 When our sonorous bugles sound a  
 charge;  
 At the scream of the shell and the roar of  
 the drum  
 You feign to be frighten'd with roguish  
 glance;  
 But up the green slopes where the bullets  
 hum,  
 Coquettishly, darling, I've known you  
 dance.

Your skin is satin, your nostrils red,  
 Your eyes are a bird's, or a loving  
 girl's;  
 And from delicate fetlock to stately head  
 A throbbing vein-cordage around you  
 curls;  
 O joy of my heart! if you they slay,  
 For triumph or rout I little care,  
 For there isn't in all the wide valley to-day  
 Such a dear little bridle-wise, thorough-  
 bred mare!      CHARLES G. HALPINE.

*A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.*

THE dusky night rides down the sky,  
 And ushers in the morn:  
 The hounds all join in glorious cry,  
 The huntsman winds his horn.  
 And a-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws  
 Her arms, and begs his stay:  
 'My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,  
 You will not hunt to-day.'  
 But a-hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,  
 Their steeds they soundly switch;  
 Some are thrown in and some thrown out,  
 And some thrown in the ditch.  
 Yet a-hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,  
 And sweeps across the vale;  
 And when the hounds too near he spies,  
 He drops his bushy tail.  
 Then a-hunting we will go.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,  
 And join the jovial cry;  
 The woods, the hills, the sound retort,  
 And music fills the sky  
 When a-hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,  
 Poor Reynard ceases fight;  
 Then hungry, homeward we return,  
 To feast away the night.  
 And a-drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn  
 Prepare them for the chase;  
 Rise at the sounding of the horn,  
 And health with sport embrace  
 When a-hunting we do go.

HENRY FIELDING.

*TO MY HORSE.*

WITH a glancing eye and curving mane  
 He neighs and champs on the bridle-rein;  
 One spring, and his saddled back I press,  
 And ours is a common happiness!  
 'Tis the rapture of motion! a hurrying  
 cloud  
 When the loosen'd winds are breathing  
 loud:—  
 A shaft from the painted Indian's bow,  
 A bird—in the pride of speed we go.  
 Dark thoughts that haunt me, where are  
 ye now?  
 While the cleft air gratefully cools my  
 brow,  
 And the dizzy earth seems reeling by,  
 And naught is at rest but the arching sky:  
 And the tramp of my steed, so swift and  
 strong,  
 Is dearer than fame and sweeter than song!



There is life in the breeze as we hasten  
on;

With each bound some care of earth has  
gone,

And the languid pulse begins to play,  
And the night of my soul is turn'd to day;  
A richer verdure the earth o'erspreads,  
Sparkles the streamlet more bright in the  
meads;

And its voice to the flowers that bend  
above

Is soft as the whisper of early love;  
With fragrance spring flowers have bur-  
den'd the air,

And the blue-bird and robin are twittering  
clear.

Lovely tokens of gladness, I mark'd ye  
not

When last I roam'd o'er this self-same  
spot.

Ah! then the deep shadows of sorrow's  
mien

Fell, like a blight, on the happy scene;  
And Nature, with all her love and grace,  
In the depths of the spirit could find no  
place.

So the vex'd breast of the mountain-lake,  
When wind and rain mad revelry make,  
Turbid and gloomy, and wildly tost,  
Retain no trace of the beauty lost.  
But when through the moist air, bright  
and warm,

The sun looks down with his golden  
charm,

And clouds have fled, and the wind is  
lull,

Oh! then the changed lake, how beautiful!

The glistening trees, in their shady ranks,  
And the ewe with its lamb along the  
banks,

And the kingfisher perch'd on the with-  
er'd bough,  
And the pure blue heaven all pictured  
below!

Bound proudly, my steed, nor bound proud-  
ly in vain,

Since thy master is now himself again.  
And thine be the praise when the leech's  
power

Is idle, to conquer the darken'd hour,

By the might of the sounding hoof to win  
Beauty without and joy within;  
Beauty else to my eyes unseen,  
And joy, that then had a stranger been.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE TIGER.

TIGER! tiger! burning bright,  
In the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burn'd the ardor of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil; what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! tiger! burning bright,  
In the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

### THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

AY, this is freedom!—these pure skies  
Were never stain'd with village smoke;  
The fragrant wind, that through them  
flies,

Is breathed from wastes by plough un-  
broke.

Here, with my rifle and my steed,  
And her who left the world for me,  
I plant me, where the red-deer feed  
In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know  
 No barriers in the bloomy grass;  
 Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,  
 Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.  
 In pastures, measureless as air,  
 The bison is my noble game;  
 The bounding elk, whose antlers tear  
 The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream  
 From the long stripe of waving sedge;  
 The bear that marks my weapon's gleam  
 Hides vainly in the forest's edge;  
 In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;  
 The brindled catamount, that lies  
 High in the boughs to watch his prey,  
 Even in the act of springing dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane  
 Fling their huge arms across my way,  
 Gray, old, and cumber'd with a train  
 Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray!  
 Free stray the lucid streams, and find  
 No taint in these fresh lawns and  
 shades;  
 Free spring the flowers that scent the  
 wind  
 Where never scythe has swept the  
 glades.

Alone the Fire, when frost-winds sere  
 The heavy herbage of the ground,  
 Gathers his annual harvest here,  
 With roaring like the battle's sound,  
 And hurrying flames that sweep the  
 plain,  
 And smoke-streams gushing up the sky.  
 I meet the flames with flames again,  
 And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged Past  
 Speaks solemnly; and I behold  
 The boundless Future in the vast  
 And lonely river, seaward roll'd.  
 Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?  
 Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,  
 And trains the bordering vines whose blue  
 Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,  
 Plunges, and bears me through the tide:  
 Wide are these woods—I thread the maze  
 Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.

I hunt till day's last glimmer dies  
 O'er woody vale and grassy height;  
 And kind the voice and glad the eyes  
 That welcome my return at night.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

### FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,  
 Fold your flocks up; for the air  
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
 Already his great course hath run.  
 See the dewdrops, how they kiss  
 Every little flower that is;  
 Hanging on their velvet heads,  
 Like a string of crystal beads.  
 See the heavy clouds low falling  
 And bright Hesperus down calling  
 The dead night from under ground;  
 At whose rising, mists unsound,  
 Damps and vapors, fly apace,  
 And hover o'er the smiling face  
 Of these pastures; where they come,  
 Striking dead both bud and bloom.  
 Therefore from such danger lock  
 Every one his lovèd flock;  
 And let your dogs lie loose without,  
 Lest the wolf come as a scout  
 From the mountain and, ere day,  
 Bear a lamb or kid away;  
 Or the crafty, thievish fox  
 Break upon your simple flocks.  
 To secure yourself from these,  
 Be not too secure in ease;  
 So shall you good shepherds prove,  
 And deserve your master's love.  
 Now, good-night! may sweetest slumbers  
 And soft silence fall in numbers  
 On your eyelids. So farewell:  
 Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

### THE RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may  
 We never meet again;  
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,  
 And do more good in one short day  
 Than he who his whole age out-wears  
 Upon the most conspicuous theatres,  
 Where naught but vanity and vice appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!  
How beautiful the fields appear!

How cleanly do we feed and lie!  
Lord! what good hours do we keep!  
How quietly we sleep!

What peace, what unanimity!  
How innocent from the lewd fashion  
Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!  
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!  
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!  
O ye groves, and crystal fountains!  
How I love at liberty  
By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,  
That man acquainted with himself dost  
make,

And all his Maker's wonders to intend,  
With thee I here converse at will  
And would be glad to do so still,  
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul  
awake.

How calm and quiet a delight  
Is it, alone

To read, and meditate, and write,  
By none offended, and offending none!  
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own  
ease;

And, pleasing a man's self, none other to  
displease.

O my belovèd nymph, fair Dove,  
Princess of rivers, how I love  
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,  
And view thy silver stream,  
When gilded by a Summer's beam!  
And in it all thy wanton fry  
Playing at liberty,  
And with my angle upon them  
The all of treachery  
I ever learn'd industriously to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot  
show,

The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;  
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,  
Are puddle-water, all, compared with  
thine;

And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted  
are

With thine, much purer, to compare;

The rapid Garonne and the winding  
Seine

Are both too mean,  
Belovèd Dove, with thee  
To vie priority;

Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, sub-  
mit,  
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my belovèd rocks that rise  
To awe the earth and brave the skies,  
From some aspiring mountain's crown  
How dearly do I love,  
Giddy with pleasure, to look down,  
And, from the vales, to view the noble  
heights above!

O my belovèd caves! from dog-star's  
heat,

And all anxieties, my safe retreat;  
What safety, privacy, what true delight,  
In the artificial night

Your gloomy entrails make,  
Have I taken, do I take!

How oft, when grief has made me fly,  
To hide me from society

E'en of my dearest friends, have I,  
In your recesses' friendly shade,  
All my sorrows open-laid,

And my most secret woes entrusted to your  
privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,  
What an over-happy one

Should I think myself to be,  
Might I in this desert place  
(Which most men in discourse disgrace)

Live but undisturb'd and free!

Here, in this despised recess,  
Would I, maugre Winter's cold,  
And the Summer's worst excess,  
Try to live out to sixty full years old;  
And, all the while,

Without an envious eye

On any thriving under Fortune's smile,  
Contented live, and then contented die.

CHARLES COTTON.

#### THE QUESTION.

I DREAM'D that as I wander'd by the way  
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to  
Spring,

And gentle odors led my steps astray,  
 Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring  
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
 Its green arms round the bosom of the  
 stream,  
 But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou might-  
 est in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
 Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the  
 earth,  
 The constellated flower that never sets ;  
 Faint ox-lips ; tender blue-bells, at  
 whose birth  
 The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall  
 flower that wets  
 Its mother's face with heaven collected  
 tears,  
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice,  
 it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglan-  
 tine,  
 Green cow-bind and the moonlight-col-  
 or'd may,  
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups,  
 whose wine  
 Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by  
 the day ;  
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,  
 With its dark buds and leaves, wander-  
 ing astray ;  
 And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with  
 gold,  
 Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple  
 pranked with white,  
 And starry river-buds among the sedge,  
 And floating water-lilies, broad and  
 bright,  
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
 With moonlight beams of their own  
 watery light ;  
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep  
 green  
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober  
 sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way

That the same hues, which in their natural  
 bowers

Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
 Kept these imprison'd children of the  
 Hours

Within my hand,—and then, elate and  
 gay,  
 I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come  
 That I might there present it—oh ! to  
 whom ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze  
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,  
 And their incessant labors see  
 Crown'd from some single herb or tree,  
 Whose short and narrow verged shade  
 Does prudently their toils upbraid ;  
 While all the flowers and trees do close  
 To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,  
 And Innocence thy sister dear ?  
 Mistaken long, I sought you then  
 In busy companies of men :  
 Your sacred plants, if here below,  
 Only among the plants will grow :  
 Society is all but rude  
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen  
 So amorous as this lovely green.  
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name :  
 Little, alas, they know or heed  
 How far these beauties her exceed !  
 Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,  
 No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat  
 Love hither makes his best retreat :  
 The gods, who mortal beauty chase,  
 Still in a tree did end their race :  
 Apollo hunted Daphne so  
 Only that she might laurel grow ;  
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed  
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !  
 Ripe apples drop about my head ;  
 The luscious clusters of the vine  
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;

The nectarine and curious peach  
 Into my hands themselves do reach ;  
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less  
 Withdraws into its happiness—  
 The mind, that ocean where each kind  
 Does straight its own resemblance find ;  
 Yet it creates, transcending these,  
 Far other worlds, and other seas ;  
 Annihilating all that's made  
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot  
 Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,  
 Casting the body's vest aside  
 My soul into the boughs does glide ;  
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
 Then whets and claps its silver wings,  
 And, till prepared for longer flight,  
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden state  
 While man there walk'd without a mate :  
 After a place so pure and sweet,  
 What other help could yet be meet ?  
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share  
 To wander solitary there :  
 Two paradises are in one,  
 To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew  
 Of flowers and herbs this dial new !  
 Where, from above, the milder sun  
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run :  
 And, as it works, th' industrious bee  
 Computes its time as well as we.  
 How could such sweet and wholesome  
     hours  
 Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers !

ANDREW MARVELL.

### THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go,  
 To the Braes o' Balquhither,  
 Where the blae-berries grow  
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather ;  
 Where the deer and the rae,  
 Lightly bounding together,  
 Sport the lang summer day  
 On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower  
 By the clear siller fountain,  
 And I'll cover it o'er  
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain ;  
 I will range through the wilds,  
 And the deep glens sae drearie,  
 And return wi' their spoils  
 To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'  
 Idly raves round our dwelling,  
 And the roar of the linn  
 On the night-breeze is swelling,  
 So merrily we'll sing,  
 As the storm rattles o'er us,  
 Till the dear shieling ring  
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the simmer's in prime  
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain-thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming ;  
 To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad innocence reigns  
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

ROBERT TAINNAHILL.

### AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,  
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there ;  
 Close by my cot she tells her tale  
 To every passing villager.  
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle bowers,  
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
 I charm the fairy-footed hours  
 With my loved lute's romantic sound ;  
 Or crowns of living laurel weave  
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,  
 The canzonet and roundelay  
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade,—  
 These simple joys that never fail  
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## SONNET.

To one who has been long in city pent,  
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a  
 prayer  
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
 Who is more happy, when, with heart  
 content,  
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant  
 lair  
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
 And gentle tale of love and languish-  
 ment?  
 Returning home at evening, with an ear  
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye  
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright  
 career,  
 He mourns that day so soon has glided  
 by:  
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

JOHN KEATS.

## MORNING SONG.

UP! quit thy bower; late wears the hour;  
 Long have the rooks caw'd round thy  
 tower;  
 On flower and tree loud hums the bee;  
 The wilding kid sports merrily:  
 A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,  
 Showeth when good fortune's near.  
 Up! lady fair, and braid thy hair,  
 And rouse thee in the breezy air;  
 The lulling stream that soothed thy dream  
 Is dancing in the sunny beam;  
 And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,  
 Will waft good fortune on its way.  
 Up! time will tell: the friar's bell  
 Its service sound hath chimed well;  
 The aged crone keeps house alone,  
 And reapers to the fields are gone;  
 The active day, so boon and bright,  
 May bring good fortune ere the night.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

## THE INVITATION.

BEST and brightest, come away!  
 Fairer far than this fair Day,

Which, like thee, to those in sorrow  
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
 To the rough Year just awake  
 In its cradle on the brake.  
 The brightest hour of unborn Spring  
 Through the winter wandering,  
 Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn  
 To hoar February born;  
 Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,  
 It kiss'd the forehead of the Earth,  
 And smiled upon the silent sea,  
 And bade the frozen streams be free,  
 And waked to music all their fountains,  
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains,  
 And like a prophetess of May  
 Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,  
 Making the wintry world appear  
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns  
 To the wild wood and the downs—  
 To the silent wilderness  
 Where the soul need not repress  
 Its music, lest it should not find  
 An echo in another's mind,  
 While the touch of Nature's art  
 Harmonizes heart to heart.  
 I leave this notice on my door  
 For each accustom'd visitor:—  
 "I am gone into the fields  
 To take what this sweet hour yields.  
 Reflection, you may come to-morrow;  
 Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.  
 You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—  
 You tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—  
 I will pay you in the grave,—  
 Death will listen to *your* stave.  
 Expectation too, be off!  
 To-day is for itself enough.  
 Hope, in pity, mock not Woe  
 With smiles, nor follow where I go;  
 Long having lived on your sweet food,  
 At length I find one moment's good  
 After long pain: with all your love,  
 This you never told me of."

Radiant Sister of the Day,  
 Awake! arise! and come away!  
 To the wild woods and the plains,  
 And the pools where winter rains  
 Image all their roof of leaves,  
 Where the pine its garland weaves

Of sapless green, and ivy dun,  
 Round stems that never kiss the sun,  
 Where the lawns and pastures be  
 And the sand-hills of the sea,  
 Where the melting hoar-frost wets  
 The daisy-star that never sets,  
 And wind-flowers and violets  
 Which yet join not scent to hue  
 Crown the pale year weak and new;  
 When the night is left behind  
 In the deep east, dun and blind,  
 And the blue noon is over us,  
 And the multitudinous  
 Billows murmur at our feet,  
 Where the earth and ocean meet,  
 And all things seem only one  
 In the universal Sun.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

—♦—  
*FANCY.*

EVER let the Fancy roam,  
 Pleasure never is at home :  
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;  
 Then let winged Fancy wander  
 Through the thought still spread beyond  
 her :  
 Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
 She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.

O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;  
 Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
 And the enjoying of the Spring  
 Fades as does its blossoming :  
 Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,  
 Blushing through the mist and dew,  
 Cloyes with tasting. What do then ?  
 Sit thee by the ingle, when  
 The sere fagot blazes bright,  
 Spirit of a winter's night ;  
 When the soundless earth is muffled,  
 And the cakèd snow is shuffled  
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;  
 When the Night doth meet the Noon  
 In a dark conspiracy  
 To banish Even from her sky.  
 —Sit thee there, and send abroad  
 With a mind self-overawed  
 Fancy, high-commission'd :—send her !  
 She has vassals to attend her ;

She will bring, in spite of frost,  
 Beauties that the earth hath lost ;  
 She will bring thee, all together,  
 All delights of summer weather ;  
 All the buds and bells of May  
 From dewy sward or thorny spray ;  
 All the heaped Autumn's wealth,  
 With a still, mysterious stealth ;  
 She will mix these pleasures up  
 Like three fit wines in a cup,  
 And thou shalt quaff it ;—thou shalt  
 hear

Distant harvest-carols clear ;  
 Rustle of the reaped corn ;  
 Sweet birds antheming the morn ;  
 And in the same moment—hark !  
 'Tis the early April lark,  
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
 Foraging for sticks and straw.  
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
 The daisy and the marigold ;  
 White-plumed lilies, and the first  
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;  
 Shaded hyacinth, alway  
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;  
 And every leaf, and every flower  
 Pearlèd with the selfsame shower.  
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
 Meagre from its celled sleep ;  
 And the snake all winter-thin  
 Cast on sunny bank its skin ;  
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
 Hatching in the hawthorn tree,  
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
 Quiet on her mossy nest ;  
 Then the hurry and alarm  
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;  
 Acorns ripe down-pattering  
 While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;  
 Everything is spoilt by use :  
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade,  
 Too much gazed at ? Where's the maid  
 Whose lip mature is ever new ?  
 Where's the eye, however blue,  
 Doth not weary ? Where's the face  
 One would meet in every place ?  
 Where's the voice, however soft,  
 One would hear so very oft ?  
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.

Let then wingèd Fancy find  
Thee a mistress to thy mind:  
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,  
Ere the god of torment taught her  
How to frown and how to chide;  
With a waist and with a side  
White as Hebe's, when her zone  
Slipt its golden clasp, and down  
Fell her kirtle to her feet  
While she held the goblet sweet,  
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh  
Of the Fancy's silken leash;  
Quickly break her prison-string,  
And such joys as these she'll bring:  
—Let the wingèd Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS.

— — —  
*THE NYMPH COMPLAINING OF THE  
DEATH OF HER FAWN.*

THE wanton troopers, riding by,  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.  
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive  
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,  
Them any harm; alas! nor could  
Thy death yet do them any good.  
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill,  
Nor do I for all this, nor will;  
But, if my simple prayers may yet  
Prevail with Heaven to forget  
Thy murder, I will join my tears,  
Rather than fail. But, oh my fears!  
It cannot die so. Heaven's king  
Keeps register of everything;  
And nothing may we use in vain;  
Even beasts must be with justice slain,  
Else men are made their deodands.  
Though they should wash their guilty  
hands

In this warm life-blood, which doth part  
From thine and wound me to the heart,  
Yet could they not be clean—their stain  
Is dyed in such a purple grain;  
There is not such another in  
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet  
I had not found him counterfeit,  
One morning (I remember well)  
Tied in this silver chain and bell,  
Gave it to me; nay, and I know  
What he said then—I'm sure I do;

Said he, "Look how your huntsman here  
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer!"  
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled—  
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,  
And, quite regardless of my smart,  
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth, I set myself to play  
My solitary time away,  
With this, and, very well content,  
Could so mine idle life have spent.  
For it was full of sport, and light  
Of foot and heart, and did invite  
Me to its game. It seem'd to bless  
Itself in me. How could I less  
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be  
Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know  
Whether it, too, might have done so  
As Sylvio did—his gifts might be  
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.  
For I am sure, for aught that I  
Could in so short a time espy,  
Thy love was far more better than  
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first  
I it at mine own fingers nursed;  
And as it grew, so every day  
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.  
It had so sweet a breath! and oft  
I blush'd to see its foot more soft  
And white—shall I say than my hand?  
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet  
'Twas on those little silver feet!  
With what a pretty, skipping grace  
It oft would challenge me the race!  
And when 't had left me far away,  
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;  
For it was nimbler, much, than hinds,  
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own—  
But so with roses overgrown,  
And lilies, that you would it guess  
To be a little wilderness;  
And all the spring-time of the year  
It lovèd only to be there.  
Among the beds of lilies I  
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;  
Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
Find it, although before mine eyes;  
For in the flaxen lilies' shade  
It like a bank of lilies laid.



Upon the roses it would feed,  
 Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed ;  
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip,  
 And print those roses on my lip.  
 But all its chief delight was still  
 On roses thus itself to fill ;  
 And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold.  
 Had it lived long, it would have been  
 Lilies without, roses within.

Oh help ! oh help ! I see it faint,  
 And die as calmly as a saint,  
 See how it weeps ! the tears do come,  
 Sadly, slowly, dropping like a gum.  
 So weeps the wounded balsam ; so  
 The holy frankincense doth flow ;  
 The brotherless Heliades  
 Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will  
 Keep these two crystal tears ; and fill  
 It, till it do o'erflow, with mine ;  
 Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to  
 Whither the swans and turtles go ;  
 In fair Elysium to endure,  
 With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.  
 Oh do not run too fast ! for I  
 Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First my unhappy statue shall  
 Be cut in marble ; and withal,  
 Let it be weeping too ! But there  
 Th' engraver sure his art may spare,  
 For I so truly thee bemoan  
 That I shall weep though I be stone ;  
 Until my tears, still drooping, wear  
 My breast, themselves engraving there.  
 There at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
 Of purest alabaster made ;  
 For I would have thine image be  
 White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

#### ECHO AND SILENCE.

In eddy course when leaves began to  
 fly,  
 And Autumn in her lap the store to  
 strew,  
 As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the muse  
 to woo,  
 Through glens untrod, and woods that  
 frown'd on high,

Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I  
 spy !

And, lo, she's gone !—In robe of dark-  
 green hue

'Twas Echo from her sister Silence  
 flew,

For quick the hunter's horn resounded to  
 the sky !

In shade affrighted Silence melts away.

Not so her sister.—Hark ! for onward  
 still,

With far-heard step, she takes her listen-  
 ing way,

Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to  
 hill.

Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful  
 play,

With thousand mimic tones the laughing  
 forest fill !

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

#### BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle-walls

And snowy summits old in story :

The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes fly-  
 ing,

Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,  
 dying.

Oh hark ! oh hear ! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !

Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

Blow, let us hear the purple glens reply-  
 ing :

Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,  
 dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,

They faint on hill or field or river :

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes fly-  
 ing,

And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,  
 dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

# POEMS OF THE SEA.

---

## THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions' round,  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the  
    skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the  
    deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh *how* I love!) to ride  
On the fierce foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest-tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me;  
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise  
    roll'd,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of  
    gold;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a sailor's life;  
With wealth to spend and a power to  
    range,  
But never have sought, nor sigh'd for  
    change;

And Death, whenever he come to me,  
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!  
BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
(BARRY CORNWALL,

---

## YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

YE gentlemen of England  
That live at home at ease,  
Ah! little do you think upon  
    The dangers of the seas.  
Give ear unto the mariners,  
And they will plainly show  
All the cares and the fears  
    When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us  
    When England is at war  
With any foreign nation,  
    We fear not wound or scar;  
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em  
    Our valor for to know,  
Whilst they reel on the keel,  
    And the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,  
And never be dismay'd;  
While we have bold adventurers,  
    We ne'er shall want a trade:  
Our merchants will employ us  
    To fetch them wealth, we know;  
Then be bold—work for gold,  
    When the stormy winds do blow.  
MARTYN PARKER.

---

## THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged!  
    'tis at a white heat, now—  
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased,  
    though, on the forge's brow,  
The little flames still fitfully play, through  
    the sable mound,  
And fitfully you still may see the grim  
    smiths ranking round,

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad  
hands only bare,  
Some rest upon their sledges here, some  
work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains,—  
the black mould heaves below,  
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst  
out at every throe.

It rises, roars, rends all outright,—O Vul-  
can, what a glow!

'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright,—  
the high sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such  
fiery fearful show.

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth,  
the ruddy lurid row

Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band,  
like men before the foe,

As, quivering through his fleece of flame,  
the sailing monster slow

Sinks on the anvil; all about, the faces  
fiery grow:

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap  
out!" bang, bang! the sledges go;

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing  
high and low,

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every  
squashing blow;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the  
rattling cinders strow

The ground around; at every bound the  
sweltering fountains flow;

And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd  
at every stroke pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out,  
and lay on load;

Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick  
and broad,

For a heart of oak is hanging on every  
blow, I bode,

And I see the good ship riding, all in a  
perilous road,

The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll  
of ocean pour'd

From stem to stern, sea after sea; the  
mainmast by the board;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the  
boats stove at the chains;

But courage still, brave mariners, the  
bower yet remains!

And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save  
when ye pitch sky-high;  
Then moves his head, as though he said,  
"Fear nothing, here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order; let foot  
and hand keep time;

Your blows make music sweeter far than  
any steeple's chime.

But while ye swing your sledges, sing, and  
let the burthen be,

The anchor is the anvil king, and royal  
craftsmen we!

Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to  
dull their rustling red;

Our hammers ring with sharper din—our  
work will soon be sped;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of  
fiery rich array

For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an  
oozy couch of clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of  
merry craftsmen here

For the yea-heave-o and the heave away,  
and the sighing seamen's cheer—

When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far,  
far from love and home;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail  
o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens  
down at last;

A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er  
from cat was cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard! if thou  
hadst life like me,

What pleasures would thy toils reward be-  
neath the deep green sea!

O deep sea-diver, who might then behold  
such sights as thou?—

The hoary monster's palaces!—Methinks  
what joy 'twere now

To go plumb-plunging down, amid the as-  
sembly of the whales,

And feel the churn'd sea round me boil  
beneath their scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the  
fierce sea-unicorn,

And send him foil'd and bellowing back,  
for all his ivory horn;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony  
blade forlorn ;  
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to  
laugh his jaws to scorn ;  
To leap down on the kraken's back, where  
'mid Norwegian isles  
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden  
shallow'd miles—  
Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano,  
off he rolls ;  
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far  
astonish'd shoals  
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ; or,  
haply, in a cove  
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to  
some Undine's love,  
To find the long-hair'd mermaidens ; or,  
hard by icy lands,  
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon ceru-  
lean sands.

O broad-arm'd fisher of the deep ! whose  
sports can equal thine ?  
The dolphin weighs a thousand tons that  
tugs thy cable line ;  
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy  
glory day by day,  
Through sable sea and breaker white the  
giant game to play.  
But, shamer of our little sports ! forgive  
the name I gave :  
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is  
to save.  
O lodger in the sea-king's halls ! couldst  
thou but understand  
Whose be the white bones by thy side—  
or who that dripping band,  
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that  
round about thee bend,  
With sounds like breakers in a dream  
blessing their ancient friend—  
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide  
with larger steps round thee,  
Thine iron side would swell with pride—  
thou'dst leap within the sea !

Give honor to their memories who left the  
pleasant strand  
To shed their blood so freely for the love  
of fatherland—

Who left their chance of quiet age and  
grassy churchyard grave  
So freely, for a restless bed amid the toss-  
ing wave !  
Oh, though our anchor may not be a ! I  
have fondly sung,  
Honor him for their memory whose bones  
he goes among !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

### A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep ;  
Where the scatter'd waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep !  
Like an eagle caged I pine  
On this dull, unchanging shore :  
Oh give me the flashing brine,  
The spray and the tempest's roar !

Once more on the deck I stand,  
Of my own swift-gliding craft :  
Set sail ! farewell to the land ;  
The gale follows fair abaft.  
We shoot through the sparkling foam,  
Like an ocean-bird set free,—  
Like the ocean-bird, our home  
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,  
The clouds have begun to frown ;  
But with a stout vessel and crew,  
We'll say, Let the storm come down !  
And the song of our hearts shall be,  
While the winds and the waters rave,  
A home on the rolling sea !  
A life on the ocean wave !

EPES SARGENT.

### A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea—  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast—  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind !  
 I heard a fair one cry ;  
 But give to me the snoring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high—  
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free ;  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud ;  
 And hark the music, mariners !  
 The wind is piping loud—  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashing free ;  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

#### THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

AWAY—away o'er the feathery crest  
 Of the beautiful blue are we :  
 For our toil-lot lies on its boiling breast,  
 And our wealth's in the glorious sea !  
 And we've hymn'd in the grasp of the  
 fiercest night,  
 To the God of the sons of toil,  
 As we cleft the wave by its own white  
 light,  
 And away with its scaly spoil.  
 Then oh, for the long and the strong  
 oar-sweep  
 We have given, and will again !  
 For when children's weal lies in the  
 deep,  
 Oh, their fathers *must* be men !

And we'll think, as the blast grows loud  
 and long,  
 That we hear our offspring's cries ;  
 And we'll think, as the surge grows tall  
 and strong,  
 Of the tears in their mothers' eyes :  
 And we'll reel through the clutch of the  
 shiv'ring green,  
 For the warm, warm clasp at home—  
 For the welcoming shriek of each heart's  
 own queen,  
 When her cheek's like the flying foam.

Then oh, for the long and the strong  
 oar-sweep  
 We have given, and *must* again !  
 But when white waves leap, and our  
 pale wives weep,  
 O Heaven,—thy mercy then !

Do we yearn for the land when toss'd on  
 this ?

Let it ring to the proud one's tread !  
 Far worse than the waters and winds may  
 hiss

Where the poor man gleams his bread.  
 If the adder-tongue of the upstart knave  
 Can bleed what it may not bend,  
 'Twere better to battle the wildest wave  
 That the spirit of storms could send,

Than be singing farewell to the bold  
 oar-sweep

We have given, and will again ;  
 Though our souls *should* bow to the  
 savage deep,  
 Oh, they'll never to savage men !

And if Death, at times, through a foamy  
 cloud,

On the brown-brow'd boatman glares,  
 He can pay him his glance with a soul as  
 proud

As the form of a mortal bears ;  
 And oh 'twere glorious, sure, to die,  
 In our toils for *some* on shore,  
 With a hopeful eye fix'd calm on the sky,  
 And a hand on the broken oar.

Then oh, for the long and the strong  
 oar-sweep !

Hold to it !—hurrah !—dash on !  
 If our babes *must* fast till we rob  
 the deep,  
 It is time we had begun !

FRANCIS DAVIS.

#### THE MARINER'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor boy  
 lay ;

His hammock swung loose at the sport  
 of the wind ;

But watch-worn and weary, his care flew  
 away,

And visions of happiness danced o'er  
 his mind.

He dream'd of his home, of his dear native  
 bowers,  
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry  
 morn ;  
 While Memory stood sideways half cover'd  
 with flowers,  
 And restored every rose, but secreted its  
 thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread  
 wide,  
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy  
 rise ;  
 Now far, far behind him the green waters  
 glide,  
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his  
 eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the  
 thatch,  
 And the swallow sings sweet from her  
 nest in the wall ;  
 All trembling with transport, he raises the  
 latch,  
 And the voices of loved ones reply to  
 his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of de-  
 light ;  
 His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's  
 warm tear ;  
 And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss  
 unite  
 With the lips of the maid whom his  
 bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his  
 breast ;  
 Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships  
 seem o'er ;  
 And a murmur of happiness steals through  
 his rest—  
 Kind Fate, thou hast blest me—I ask for  
 no more.

Ah ! what is that flame which now bursts  
 on his eye ?  
 Ah ! what is that sound which now  
 'larums his ear ?  
 'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell  
 on the sky !  
 'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan  
 of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies to  
 the deck ;  
 Amazement confronts him with images  
 dire ;  
 Wild winds and mad waves drive the ves-  
 sel a wreck ;  
 The masts fly in splinters ; the shrouds  
 are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremendously  
 swell ;  
 In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy  
 to save ;  
 Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his  
 knell ;  
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wing  
 o'er the wave !

O sailor boy ! woe to thy dream of de-  
 light !  
 In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work  
 of bliss.  
 Where now is the picture that Fancy  
 touch'd bright—  
 Thy parents' fond pressure and love's  
 honey'd kiss ?

O sailor boy ! sailor boy ! never again  
 Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes  
 repay ;  
 Unblest'd and unhonor'd, down deep in  
 the main,  
 Full many a fathom, thy frame shall de-  
 cay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance  
 for thee,  
 Or redeem form or frame from the mer-  
 ciless surge ;  
 But the white foam of waves shall thy  
 winding-sheet be,  
 And winds, in the midnight of winter,  
 thy dirge !

On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs  
 shall be laid ;  
 Around thy white bones the red coral  
 shall grow ;  
 Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber  
 be made ;  
 And every part suit to thy mansion be-  
 low.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle  
 away,  
 And still the vast waters above thee  
 shall roll ;—  
 Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye :—  
 O sailor boy ! sailor boy ! peace to thy  
 soul !

WILLIAM DIMOND.

—•—  
*POOR JACK.*

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,  
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;  
 A tight water-boat and good sea-room give  
 me,

And it ent to a little I'll strike :  
 Though the tempest top-gallant masts  
 smack smooth should smite,  
 And shiver each splinter of wood,  
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse  
 everything tight,

And under reef'd foresail we'll scud :  
 Avast ! nor don't think me a milksop so  
 soft

To be taken for trifles aback ;  
 For they say there's a Providence sits up  
 aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I heard our good chaplain palaver one  
 day

About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;  
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil  
 and belay,

Why, 'twas just all as one as High  
 Dutch :

For he said how a sparrow can't founder,  
 d'ye see,

Without orders that come down below ;  
 And a many fine things that proved clear-  
 ly to me

That Providence takes us in tow :  
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms  
 e'er so oft

Take the topsails of sailors aback,  
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up  
 aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she would  
 cry,

When last we weigh'd anchor for sea—

What argufies sniv'lling and piping your  
 eye ?

Why, what a damn'd fool you must be !  
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's  
 room for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?  
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,  
 You never will hear of me more :

What then ? all's a hazard : come, don't be  
 so soft,

Perhaps I may laughing come back,  
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling  
 aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch  
 All as one as a piece of the ship,  
 And with her brave the world without  
 offering to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.  
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides,  
 and ends,

Naught's a trouble from duty that  
 springs,

For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's  
 my friend's,

And as for my life, 'tis the king's :  
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe  
 me so soft

As for grief to be taken aback,  
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft  
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

—•—  
*HANNAH BINDING SHOES.*

POOR lone Hannah,  
 Sitting at the window, binding shoes !  
 Faded, wrinkled,  
 Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse !  
 Bright-eyed beauty once was she,  
 When the bloom was on the tree :  
 Spring and winter  
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor  
 Passing nod or answer will refuse  
 To her whisper,  
 "Is there from the fishers any news?"  
 Oh, her heart's adrift with one  
 On an endless voyage gone !  
 Night and morning  
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,  
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;  
Hale and clever,  
For a willing heart and hand he sues.  
May-day skies are all aglow,  
And the waves are laughing so!  
For her wedding  
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:  
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.  
Hannah shudders,  
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.  
Round the rocks of Marblehead,  
Outward bound, a schooner sped:  
Silent, lonesome,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November.  
Now no tears her wasted cheek bedews.  
From Newfoundland  
Not a sail returning will she lose,  
Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman,  
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"  
Old with watching,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters  
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she  
views.  
Twenty seasons;—  
Never one has brought her any news.  
Still her dim eyes silently  
Chase the white sail o'er the sea:  
Hopeless, faithful,  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.  
LUCY LARCOM.

### THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the  
west—  
Away to the west as the sun went  
down;  
Each thought on the woman who loved  
him the best,  
And the children stood watching them  
out of the town;  
For men must work, and women must  
weep;  
And there's little to earn, and many to  
keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse  
tower,  
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun  
went down;  
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd  
at the shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up,  
ragged and brown;  
But men must work, and women must  
weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep.  
And the harbor bar be moaning.  
Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went  
down,  
And the women are weeping and wring-  
ing their hands  
For those who will never come home to  
the town;  
For men must work, and women must  
weep—  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to  
sleep—  
And good-bye to the bar and its moan-  
ing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

### "THEY'RE DEAR FISH TO ME."

THE farmer's wife sat at the door,  
A pleasant sight to see;  
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns  
That play'd around her knee.  
When, bending 'neath her heavy creel,  
A poor fish-wife came by,  
And, turning from the toilsome road,  
Unto the door drew nigh.  
She laid her burden on the green,  
And spread its scaly store,  
With trembling hands and pleading words  
She told them o'er and o'er.  
But lightly laugh'd the young guidwife,  
"We're no sae scarce o' cheer;  
Tak up your creel, and gang your ways,—  
I'll buy nae fish sae dear."  
Bending beneath her load again,  
A weary sight to see;  
Right sorely sigh'd the poor fish-wife,  
"They're dear fish to me!"



"Our boat was oot ae fearfu' night,  
And when the storm blew o'er,  
My husband, and my three brave sons,  
Lay corpses on the shore.

"I've been a wife for thirty years,  
A childless widow three;  
I maun buy them now to sell again,—  
They're dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turn'd to the door,—  
What was't upon her cheek?  
What was there rising in her breast,  
That then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guid man,  
Her lightsome laddies three;  
The woman's words had pierced her  
heart,—  
"They're dear fish to me!"

"Come back," she cried, with quivering  
voice  
And pity's gathering tear;  
"Come in, come in, my poor woman,  
Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kentna o' your aching heart,  
Your weary lot to dree;  
I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words:  
'They're dear fish to me!'"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn  
To pause ere they deny  
The meed of honest toil, and think  
How much their gold may buy,—

How much of manhood's wasted strength,  
What woman's misery,—  
What breaking hearts might swell the cry:  
"They're dear fish to me!"

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little  
daughter  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm;  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did  
blow

The smoke, now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor  
Had sailed to the Spanish Main:  
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his  
pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened  
steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little  
daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's  
coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.  
Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleam-  
ing snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and  
prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the  
wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and  
drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew,  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy  
waves

Look soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-  
weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE STORM.

THE tempest rages wild and high,  
The waves lift up their voice and cry  
Fierce answers to the angry sky,—  
*Miserere Domine.*

Through the black night and driving rain,  
A ship is struggling, all in vain,  
To live upon the stormy main;—  
*Miserere Domine.*

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,  
Vain is it now to strive or dare;  
A cry goes up of great despair,—  
*Miserere Domine.*

The stormy voices of the main,  
The moaning wind and pelting rain  
Beat on the nursery window-pane:—  
*Miserere Domine.*

Warm-curtained was the little bed,  
Soft pillowed was the little head,  
"The storm will wake the child," they said.  
*Miserere Domine.*

Cowering among his pillows white,  
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,  
"Father, save those at sea to-night!"  
*Miserere Domine.*

The morning shone, all clear and gay,  
On a ship at anchor in the bay,  
And on a little child at play.—  
*Gloria tibi Domine!*  
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

### TWILIGHT AT SEA:—A FRAGMENT.

THE twilight hours, like birds flew by,  
As lightly and as free;  
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
Ten thousand on the sea;  
For every wave, with dimpled face  
That leaped upon the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace,  
And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

## TACKLING SHIP OFF SHORE.

THE weather-leech of the topsail shivers,  
The bow-lines strain, and the lee-shrouds  
slacken,  
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,  
And the waves with the coming squall-  
cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,  
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island  
Head?  
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's  
brow,  
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye,  
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,  
Till the muttered order of "*Full and by!*"  
Is suddenly changed for "*Full for stays!*"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,  
As her broadside fair to the blast she  
lays;  
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,  
As the pilot calls, "*Stand by for stays!*"

It is silence all, as each in his place,  
With the gathered coil in his hardened  
hands,  
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,  
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws  
near,  
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout  
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I  
hear,  
With the welcome call of "*Ready!  
About!*"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;  
And the captain growls, "Down, helm!  
hard down!"  
As my weight on the whirling spokes I  
throw,  
While heaven grows black with the  
storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,  
As we meet the shock of the plunging  
sea;

And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,  
As I answer, "*Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-rd a  
lee!*"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed  
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,  
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,  
And the headland white we have left  
behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,  
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;  
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;  
And thunders the order, "*Tacks and  
sheets!*"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of  
the crew,  
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:  
The sails are aback from clew to clew,  
And now is the moment for, "*Mainsail,  
haul!*"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,  
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung:  
She holds her way, and I look with joy  
For the first white spray o'er the bul-  
warks flung.

"*Let go, and haul!*" 'Tis the last command,  
And the head-sails fill to the blast once  
more:  
Astern and to leeward lies the land,  
With its breakers white on the shingly  
shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the  
squall?  
I steady the helm for the open sea;  
The first mate clamors, "*Belay there, all!*"  
And the captain's breath once more  
comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;  
Little care I how the gusts may blow,  
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,  
Eight bells have struck and my watch is  
below.

WALTER MITCHEL.

## THE BOATIE ROWS.

OH, weel may the boatie row,  
And better may she speed!

And weel may the boatie row,  
That wins the bairns's bread!  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wishes her to speed!

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,  
And fishes I caught nine;  
There's three to boil, and three to fry,  
And three to bait the line,  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wishes her to speed!

Oh, weel may the boatie row,  
That fills a heavy creel,  
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,  
And buys our parritch meal.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed!

When Jamie vowed he would be mine,  
And wan frae me my heart,  
Oh, muckle lighter grew my creel!  
He swore we'd never part!  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel;  
And muckle lighter is the lade  
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,  
And dressed mysel' fu' braw:  
I trow my heart was dowf and wae  
When Jamie gaed awa:  
But weel may the boatie row,  
And lucky be her part;  
And lightsome be the lassie's care  
That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie  
Are up, and gotten lea,  
They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
And lighten a' our care.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel;  
And lightsome be her heart that bears  
The murlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we are worn down,  
And hirpling round the door,  
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,  
As we did them before:  
Then, weel may the boatie row,  
That wins the bairns's bread;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boat to speed!

JOHN EWEN

---

*GULF-WEED.*

A WEARY weed, toss'd to and fro,  
Drearly drench'd in the ocean brine,  
Soaring high and sinking low,  
Lash'd along without will of mine;  
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea:  
Flung on the foam, afar and anear,  
Mark my manifold mystery,—  
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,  
Rootless and rover though I be;  
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,  
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;  
Corals curious coat me o'er,  
White and hard in apt array;  
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar  
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore.  
Something whispers soft to me,  
Restless and roaming for evermore,  
Like this weary weed of the sea;  
Bear they yet on each beating breast  
The eternal type of the wondrous whole,  
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,  
Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

---

*THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.*

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves  
and cells,  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious  
main?—  
Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-color'd  
shells,  
Bright things which gleam unreck'd-of  
and in vain!—  
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!  
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what  
wealth untold,

Far down, and shining through their  
stillness lies!

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning  
gold,

Won from ten thousand royal argosies!—  
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and  
wrathful main!

Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more! thy  
waves have roll'd

Above the cities of a world gone by;  
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,  
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of rev-  
elry.—

Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful  
play!

Man yields them to decay.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have  
more!

High hearts and brave are gather'd to  
thy breast!

They hear not now the booming waters  
roar,

The battle-thunders will not break their  
rest.—

Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy  
grave!

Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for  
whom

The place was kept at board and hearth  
so long!

The prayer went up through midnight's  
breathless gloom,

And the vain yearning woke midst fes-  
tal song!

Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'er-  
thrown,—

But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone  
down,

Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble  
head,

O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's  
flowery crown;

Yet must thou hear a voice,—Restore  
the dead!

Earth shall reclaim her precious things  
from thee!—

Restore the dead, thou sea!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

### THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,  
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove:  
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of  
blue

That never are wet with falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
The floor is of sand, like the mountain-  
drift,

And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs, where the tides and billows  
flow;

The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and waves are absent there,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that  
glow

In the motionless fields of upper air.  
There, with its waving blade of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent  
water,

And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.  
There with a light and easy motion  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear,  
deep sea;

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;  
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of  
storms

Has made the top of the wave his own.  
And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky  
skies,

And demons are waiting the wreck on  
shore;

Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,  
Through the bending twigs of the coral  
grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

*DRIFTING.*

MY soul to-day  
 Is far away,  
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;  
 My wingèd boat,  
 A bird afloat,  
 Swims round the purple peaks remote:—  
     Round purple peaks  
     It sails, and seeks  
 Blue inlets, and their crystal creeks,  
     Where high rocks throw,  
     Through deeps below,  
 A duplicated golden glow.  
     Far, vague, and dim,  
     The mountains swim;  
 While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
     With outstretch'd hands,  
     The gray smoke stands  
 O'erlooking the volcanic lands.  
     In lofty lines,  
     'Mid palms and pines,  
 And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,  
     Sorrento swings  
     On sunset wings,  
 Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.  
     Here Ischia smiles  
     O'er liquid miles;  
 And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
     Calm Capri waits,  
     Her sapphire gates  
 Beguiling to her bright estates.  
     I heed not, if  
     My rippling skiff  
 Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—  
     With dreamful eyes  
     My spirit lies  
 Under the walls of Paradise.  
     Under the walls  
     Where swells and falls  
 The Bay's deep breast at intervals,  
     At peace I lie,  
     Blown softly by,  
 A cloud upon this liquid sky.  
     The day, so mild,  
     Is Heaven's own child,  
 With Earth and Ocean reconciled;  
     The airs I feel  
     Around me steal  
 Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
 My hand I trail  
 Within the shadow of the sail,  
     A joy intense,  
     The cooling sense,  
 Glides down my drowsy indolence.  
     With dreamful eyes  
     My spirit lies  
 Where Summer sings and never dies,—  
     O'erweil'd with vines,  
     She glows and shines  
 Among her future oil and wines.  
     Her children, hid  
     The cliffs amid,  
 Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;  
     Or down the walls,  
     With tipsy calls,  
 Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.  
     The fisher's child,  
     With tresses wild,  
 Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
     With glowing lips  
     Sings as she skips,  
 Or gazes at the far-off ships.  
     Yon deep bark goes  
     Where Traffic blows,  
 From lands of sun to lands of snows;—  
     This happier one,  
     Its course is run  
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.  
     O happy ship,  
     To rise and dip,  
 With the blue crystal at your lip!  
     O happy crew,  
     My heart with you  
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew!  
     No more, no more  
     The worldly shore  
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar!  
     With dreamful eyes  
     My spirit lies  
 Under the walls of Paradise!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

—♦—  
*AT SEA.*

THE night was made for cooling shade,  
     For silence, and for sleep;  
 And when I was a child, I laid  
 My hands upon my breast, and pray'd,  
     And sank to slumbers deep.

Childlike, as then, I lie to-night,  
And watch my lonely cabin-light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp

Shows how the vessel reels,  
And o'er her deck the billows tramp,  
And all her timbers strain and cramp

With every shock she feels;  
It starts and shudders, while it burns,  
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,  
It almost level lies:

And yet I know, while to and fro  
I watch the seeming pendule go

With restless fall and rise,  
The steady shaft is still upright,  
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!

O promise of my soul!

Though weak and toss'd, and ill at ease  
Amid the roar of smiting seas,—

The ship's convulsive roll,—  
I own, with love and tender awe,  
Yon perfect type of faith and law.

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,—

My soul is fill'd with light;  
The ocean sings his solemn psalms;  
The wild winds chant; I cross my palms;

Happy, as if to-night,  
Under the cottage-roof again,  
I heard the soothing summer rain.

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

#### WHERE LIES THE LAND?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship  
would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;  
And where the land she travels from?

Away,

Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth  
face,

Link'd arm in arm, how pleasant here to  
pace;

Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below  
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-western  
rave,

How proud a thing to fight with wind and  
wave!

The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship  
would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;  
And where the land she travels from?

Away,

Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

#### BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day,

Sad as the evening's tender gray,

By the latest lustre of sunset kissed,

That wavers and wanes through an amber  
mist,

There cometh a dream of the past to me,

On the desert sands by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,

And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,

And there rises a wind from the chill  
north-west

That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,

As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee

Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides,

Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides;

And above the gleam of her topmast spar

Are the virgin eyes of the vesper-star

That shine with an angel's ruth on me,

A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds gleam

Through the shimmering surf, and the cur-  
lew's scream

Falls faintly shrill from the darkening  
height;

The first weird sigh on the lips of Night

Breathes low through the sedge and the  
blasted tree,

With a murmur of doom, by the autumn  
sea.

O sky-enshadowed and yearning main!

Your gloom but deepens this human pain;

Those waves seem big with a nameless care,

That sky is a type of the heart's despair,

As I linger and muse by the sombre lea,

And the night-shades close on the autumn  
sea.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.



What an image of peace and rest,  
Is this little church among its graves!  
All is so quiet; the troubled breast,  
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,  
Here may find the repose it craves.

Henry W. Longfellow.





## POEMS OF PLACES.

---

### *THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.*

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,  
Of England green and old,  
That out from fane and ivied tower

A thousand years have toll'd—  
How glorious must their music be  
As breaks the hallow'd day,  
And calleth with a seraph's voice  
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales—  
Sweet tales of olden time!—

And ring a thousand memories  
At vesper, and at prime:

At bridal and at burial,

For cottager and king—

Those chimes—those glorious Christian  
chimes,

How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,  
Upon a Christmas morn,

Outbreaking, as the angels did,

For a Redeemer born,—

How merrily they call afar,

To cot and baron's hall,

With holly deck'd and misletoe,

To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal

From tower and Gothic pile,

Where hymn and swelling anthem fill

The dim cathedral aisle;

Where windows bathe the holy light

On priestly heads that falls,

And stain the florid tracery

And banner-dight'd walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring,

Those glorious Easter chimes,—

How loyally they hail thee round,

Old queen of holy times!

From hill to hill, like sentinels,  
Responsively they cry,  
And sing the rising of the Lord,  
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye, chimes of Motherland,  
With all this soul of mine,  
And bless the Lord that I am sprung  
Of good old English line!

And, like a son, I sing the lay

That England's glory tells;

For she is lovely to the Lord,

For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,

And happy in my birth,

Thee, too, I love, my forest-land,

The joy of all the earth;

For thine thy mother's voice shall be,

And here, where God is King,

With English chimes, from Christian  
spires,

The wilderness shall ring.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

---

### *SONNET.*

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more  
fair;

Dull would he be of soul who could  
pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty:

This city now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and tem-  
ples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;

All bright and glittering in the smokeless  
air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will;  
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—♦—  
*ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

MORTALITY, behold and fear  
 What a change of flesh is here!  
 Think how many royal bones  
 Sleep within these heaps of stones!  
 Here they lie, had realms and lands,  
 Who now want strength to stir their  
     hands,  
 Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust  
 They preach, "In greatness is no trust."  
 Here's an acre sown indeed  
 With the richest, royallest seed  
 That the earth did e'er suck in  
 Since the first man died for sin;  
 Here the bones of birth have cried,  
 "Though gods they were, as men they  
     died!"

Here are sands, ignoble things,  
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings;  
 Here's a world of pomp and state  
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

—♦—  
*LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.*

Souls of poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known—  
 Happy field or mossy cavern—  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?  
 Have ye tippled drink more fine  
 Than mine host's Canary wine?  
 Or are fruits of Paradise  
 Sweeter than those dainty pies  
 Of venison? O generous food!  
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood  
 Would, with his maid Marian,  
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
 Mine host's signboard flew away,  
 Nobody knew whither, till  
 An astrologer's old quill

To a sheepskin gave the story:  
 Said he saw you in your glory  
 Underneath a new old-sign,  
 Sipping beverage divine,  
 And pledging with contented smack  
 The mermaid in the Zodiac!  
 Souls of poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known—  
 Happy field or mossy cavern—  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

JOHN KEATS

—♦—  
*SONNET.*

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WINDSOR CASTLE.  
 FROM beauteous Windsor's high and stor-  
     ied halls  
 Where Edward's chiefs start from the  
     glowing walls,  
 To my low cot from ivory beds of state,  
 Pleased I return unenvious of the great.  
 So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes  
 Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of  
     greens,  
 Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,  
 Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring  
     rill:  
 Now haunts old hollow'd oaks, deserted  
     cells,  
 Now seeks the low vale lily's silver bells;  
 Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse  
     bowers,  
 And tastes the myrtle and the citron's  
     flowers;  
 At length returning to the wonted comb,  
 Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

THOMAS WARTON.

—♦—  
*ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.*

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crown the wat'ry glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's holy shade;  
 And ye that from the stately brow  
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers  
     among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!—  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain!  
 I feel the gales that from ye blow  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames—for thou hast seen  
 Full many a sprightly race,  
 Disporting on thy margent green,  
 The paths of pleasure trace—  
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?  
 The captive linnet which enthrall?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on urgent business bent,  
 Their murmuring labors ply  
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint  
 To sweeten liberty;  
 Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare descry;  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by Fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possess'd;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast:  
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,  
 Wild wit, invention ever new,  
 And lively cheer, of vigor born;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play;  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 Nor care beyond to-day;  
 Yet see, how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!  
 Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind;  
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart:  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy.  
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
 That mocks the tears it forced to flow  
 And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,  
 And moody Madness, laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen;  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every laboring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 Th' unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies?  
 Thought would destroy their paradise.  
 No more:—where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise!

THOMAS GRAY.

### ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy Neighbor once, thou rugged Pile!  
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:

I saw thee every day ; and all the while  
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !  
So like, so very like, was day to day !  
Whene'er I look'd, thy Image still was  
there ;  
It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seem'd no  
sleep ;  
No mood, which season takes away or  
brings :  
I could have fancied that the mighty  
Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle  
Things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's  
hand,  
To express what then I saw ; and add  
the gleam,

The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream ;

I would have planted thee, thou Hoary  
Pile !

Amid a world how different from this !  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;  
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
Such Picture would I at that time have  
made,

And seen the soul of truth in every part ;  
A faith, a trust, that could not be be-  
tray'd.

Soonce it would have been,—'tis so no more ;  
I have submitted to a new control :  
A power is gone, which nothing can re-  
store ;

A deep distress hath humanized my  
Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
A smiling sea, and be what I have been :  
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;  
This, which I know, I speak with mind  
serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have  
been the Friend,

If he had liv'd, of him whom I deplore,  
This Work of thine I blame not, but com-  
mend ;

This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh 'tis a passionate Work !—yet wise and  
well ;

Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;  
That Hulk which labors in the deadly  
swell,

This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sub-  
lime,

I love to see the look with which it  
braves,

Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and  
trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives  
alone,

Housed in a dream, at distance from  
the Kind !

Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome, fortitude and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be  
borne !

Such sights, or worse, as are before me  
here,—

Not without hope we suffer and we  
mourn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !  
Who, the purple eve, dost lie  
On the mountain's lonely van,  
Beyond the noise of busy man,  
Painting fair the form of things,  
While the yellow linnet sings,  
Or the tuneful nightingale  
Charms the forest with her tale,—  
Come, with all thy various hues,  
Come and aid thy sister Muse.  
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,  
Gives lustre to the land and sky,  
Grongar Hill invites my song,—  
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;

Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;  
Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
For the modest Muses made,  
So oft I have, the evening still,  
At the fountain of a rill,  
Sat upon a flowery bed,  
With my hand beneath my head,  
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
Over mead and over wood,  
From house to house, from hill to hill,  
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checker'd sides I wind,  
And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
And groves and grottos where I lay,  
And vistas shooting beams of day.  
Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
As circles on a smooth canal.  
The mountains round, unhappy fate !  
Sooner or later, of all height,  
Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
And lessen as the others rise.  
Still the prospect wider spreads,  
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;  
Still it widens, widens still,  
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow ;  
What a landscape lies below !  
No clouds, no vapors intervene ;  
But the gay, the open scene  
Does the face of Nature show,  
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;  
And, swelling to embrace the light,  
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
Proudly towering in the skies ;  
Rushing from the woods, the spires  
Seem from hence ascending fires ;  
Half his beams Apollo sheds  
On the yellow mountain-heads,  
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,  
Beautiful in various dyes :  
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
The slender fir that taper grows,  
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs ;  
And, beyond the purple grove,  
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !  
Gaudy as the opening dawn,  
Lies a long and level lawn,

On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
Holds and charms the wandering eye.  
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood :  
His sides are clothed with waving  
wood,

And ancient towers crown his brow,  
That cast an awful look below ;  
Whose ragged wall the ivy creeps,  
And with her arms from falling keeps ;  
So both a safety from the wind  
In mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;  
'Tis now the apartment of the toad ;  
And there the fox securely feeds ;  
And there the poisonous adder breeds,  
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;  
While, ever and anon, there fall  
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd wall.  
Yet Time has seen,—that lifts the low  
And level lays the lofty brow,—  
Has seen this broken pile complete,  
Big with the vanity of state.  
But transient is the smile of Fate !  
A little rule, a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run  
Through woods and meads, in shade and  
sun,

Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,—  
Wave succeeding wave, they go  
A various journey to the deep,  
Like human life to endless sleep !  
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,  
To instruct our wandering thought :  
Thus she dresses green and gay,  
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view ?  
The fountain's fall, the river's flow ;  
The woody valleys, warm and low :  
The windy summit, wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky ;  
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bower ;  
The town and village, dome and farm—  
Each gives each a double charm,  
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.  
See on the mountain's southern side  
Where the prospect opens wide,  
Where the evening gilds the tide ;

How close and small the hedges lie!  
 What streaks of meadow cross the eye!  
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,  
 So little distant dangers seem;  
 So we mistake the Future's face,  
 Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;  
 As yon summits, soft and fair,  
 Clad in colors of the air,  
 Which, to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear;  
 Still we tread the same coarse way,  
 The present's still a cloudy day.

Oh, may I with myself agree,  
 And never covet what I see;  
 Content me with an humble shade,  
 My passions tamed, my wishes laid;  
 For while our wishes wildly roll,  
 We banish quiet from the soul:  
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,  
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,  
 As on the mountain-turf I lie;  
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
 And in the vale perfumes his wings;  
 While the waters murmur deep;  
 While the shepherd charms his sheep,  
 While the birds unbounded fly,  
 And with music fill the sky,  
 Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts: be great who will;  
 Search for Peace with all your skill:  
 Open wide the lofty door,  
 Seek her on the marble floor.  
 In vain you search; she is not there!  
 In vain you search the domes of Care!  
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
 On the meads and mountain-heads,  
 Along with Pleasure, close allied,  
 Ever by each other's side;  
 And often, by the murmuring rill,  
 Hears the thrush, while all is still  
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

JOHN DYER.

*ON REVISITING THE RIVER  
 LODDON.*

AH! what a weary race my feet have run  
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders  
 crown'd,  
 And thought my way was all through  
 fairy ground,  
 Beneath the azure sky and golden sun—

When first my Muse to lisp her notes be-  
 gun.

While pensive memory traces back the  
 round

Which fills the varied interval between;  
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the  
 scene.

Sweet native stream! those skies' and suns  
 so pure,

No more return to cheer my evening  
 road:

Yet still one joy remains, that not ob-  
 scure

Nor useless, all my vacant days have  
 flow'd

From youth's gay dawn to manhood's  
 prime mature,

Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

THOMAS WARTON.

*THE CATARACT OF LODORE.*

"How does the water  
 Come down at Lodore?"

My little boy ask'd me

Thus, once on a time;

And moreover he task'd me

To tell him in rhyme.

Anon at the word,

There first came one daughter,

And then came another,

To second and third

The request of their brother,

And to hear how the water

Comes down at Lodore,

With its rush and its roar,

As many a time

They had seen it before.

So I told them in rhyme,

For of rhymes I had store;

And 'twas in my vocation

For their recreation

That so I should sing;

Because I was Laureate

To them and the King.

From its sources which well

In the tarn on the fell;

From its fountains

In the mountains,

Its rills and its gills;

Through moss and through brake

It runs and it creeps

For a while, till it sleeps

In its own little lake.

And thence at departing,

Awakening and starting,

It runs through the reeds,

And away it proceeds,

Through meadow and glade,

In sun and in shade,

And through the wood-shelter,

Among crags in its flurry,

Helter-skelter,

Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,

And there it lies darkling,

Now smoking and frothing

Its tumult and wrath in,

Till in this rapid race

On which it is bent,

It reaches the place

Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong

Then plunges along,

Striking and raging

As if a war waging

Its caverns and rocks among;

Rising and leaping,

Sinking and creeping,

Swelling and sweeping,

Showering and springing,

Flying and flinging,

Writhing and ringing,

Eddying and whisking,

Spouting and frisking,

Turning and twisting,

Around and around

With endless rebound;

Smiting and fighting,

A sight to delight in;

Confounding, astounding,

Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,

Receding and speeding,

And shocking and rocking,

And darting and parting,

And threading and spreading,

And whizzing and hissing,

And dripping and skipping,

And hitting and splitting,

And shining and twining,

And rattling and battling,

And shaking and quaking,

And pouring and roaring,

And waving and raving,

And tossing and crossing,

And flowing and going,

And running and stunning,

And foaming and roaming,

And dinning and spinning,

And dropping and hopping,

And working and jerking,

And guggling and struggling,

And heaving and cleaving,

And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,

And gathering and feathering,

And whitening and brightening,

And quivering and shivering,

And hurrying and skurrying,

And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,

And falling and brawling and sprawling,

And driving and riving and striving,

And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,

And sounding and bounding and rounding,

And bubbling and troubling and doubling,

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,

And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,

Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,

Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,

Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,

And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,

And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,

And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,

And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,



And thumping and plumping and bumping  
and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing  
and clashing;  
And so never ending, but always descend-  
ing,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are  
blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty  
uproar,  
And this way the water comes down at  
Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### YARROW UNVISITED.

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravell'd;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travell'd;  
And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the Braes of Yarrow."  
  
"Let Yarrow Folk, frae Selkirk Town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;  
Each Maiden to her Dwelling!  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow."  
  
"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us;  
And Dryborough, where with the chiming  
Tweed  
The Lintwhites sing in chorus;  
There's pleasant Tiviotdale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and harrow:  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow?"  
  
"What's Yarrow but a River bare,  
That glides the dark hills under?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder."  
—Strange words they seem'd of slight and  
scorn:  
My true-love sigh'd for sorrow;  
And look'd me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's  
Holms

And sweet is Yarrow flowing!  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
But we will leave it growing.  
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,  
We'll wander Scotland thorough;  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the Dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow!  
We will not see them; will not go,  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown!  
It must, or we shall rue it:  
We have a vision of our own;  
Ah, why should we undo it?  
The treasured dreams of times long past,  
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
'Twill be another Yarrow!

"If Care with freezing years should come  
And wandering seem but folly,—  
Should we be loath to stir from home,  
And yet be melancholy;  
Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,  
That earth has something yet to show,  
The bonny Holms of Yarrow!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### YARROW VISITED.

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream  
Of which my fancy cherish'd,  
So faithfully, a waking dream?  
An image that hath perish'd!  
Oh that some Minstrel's harp were near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness!  
  
Yet why?—a silvery current flows  
With uncontroll'd meanderings;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.

And, through her depths, Saint Mary's  
Lake  
Is visibly delighted;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender hazy brightness;  
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
All profitless dejection;  
Though not unwilling here to admit  
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower  
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
On which the herd is feeding:  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The Water-wraith ascended thrice,—  
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings  
The haunts of happy Lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers:  
And Pity sanctifies the verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of love;  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond Imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation:  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy;  
The grace of forest charms decay'd,  
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the Vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
Of cultivated Nature;  
And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a ruin hoary!  
The shatter'd front of Newark's Towers,  
Renown'd in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
For sportive youth to stray in;

For manhood to enjoy his strength;  
And age to wear away in!  
Yon Cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
A covert for protection  
Of tender thoughts that nestle there,  
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
The wild-wood fruits to gather,  
And on my True-love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather!  
And what if I enwreathed my own?  
'Twere no offence to reason;  
The sober Hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;  
A ray of Fancy still survives—  
Her sunshine plays upon thee!  
Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure;  
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the Heights,  
They melt—and soon must vanish;  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—  
Sad thought, which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!  
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### YARROW REVISITED.

THE gallant Youth who may have gain'd,  
Or seeks, a "Winsome Marrow,"  
Was but an Infant in the lap  
When first I look'd on Yarrow;  
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate  
Long left without a Warder,  
I stood, look'd, listen'd, and with Thee,  
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,  
Their dignity installing  
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
Were on the bough, or falling;  
But breezes play'd, and sunshine gleam'd—  
The forest to embolden;  
Redden'd the fiery hues, and shot  
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flow'd on  
 In foamy agitation ;  
 And slept in many a crystal pool  
 For quiet contemplation :  
 No public and no private care  
 The freeborn mind enthralling,  
 We made a day of happy hours,  
 Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appear'd, the Morn of youth,  
 With freaks of graceful folly,—  
 Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,  
 Her Night not melancholy,  
 Past, present, future, all appear'd  
 In harmony united,  
 Like guests that meet, and some from far,  
 By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
 And down the meadow ranging,  
 Did meet us with unalter'd face,  
 Though we were changed and changing ;  
 If, *then*, some natural shadows spread  
 Our inward prospect over,  
 The soul's deep valley was not slow  
 Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
 And her divine employment !  
 The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons  
 For hope and calm enjoyment ;  
 Albeit sickness lingering yet  
 Has o'er their pillow brooded,  
 And Care waylay their steps—a sprite  
 Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scott ! compell'd to change  
 Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot  
 For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes ;  
 And leave thy Tweed and Teviot  
 For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;  
 May classic Fancy, linking  
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
 Preserve thy heart from sinking !

Oh ! while they minister to thee,  
 Each vying with the other,  
 May Health return to mellow Age,  
 With Strength, her venturous brother ;  
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
 Renown'd in song and story,  
 With unimagined beauty shine,  
 Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,  
 By tales of love and sorrow,  
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;  
 And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,  
 Where'er thy path invite thee,  
 At parent Nature's grateful call,  
 With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,  
 Such looks of love and honor  
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
 When first I gazed upon her ;  
 Beheld what I had fear'd to see,  
 Unwilling to surrender  
 Dreams treasured up from early days,  
 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all  
 That mortals do or suffer  
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
 Memorial tribute offer ?  
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self,  
 Her features, could they win us,  
 Unhelp'd by the poetic voice  
 That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localized Romance  
 Plays false with our affections ;  
 Unsanctifies our tears—made sport  
 For fanciful dejections :  
 Ah, no ! the visions of the past  
 Sustain the heart in feeling  
 Life as she is—our changeful Life,  
 With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day  
 In Yarrow's groves were centred ;  
 Who through the silent portal arch  
 Of mouldering Newark enter'd,  
 And clomb the winding stair that once  
 Too timidly was mounted  
 By the " Last Minstrel " (not the last),  
 Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream !  
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
 Well pleased that future Bards should  
 chant

For simple hearts thy beauty,  
 To dreamlight dear while yet unseen,  
 Dear to the common sunshine,  
 And dearer still, as now I feel,  
 To memory's shadowy moonshine !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*ALNWICK CASTLE.*

HOME of the Percy's high-born race,  
 Home of their beautiful and brave,  
 Alike their birth- and burial-place,  
 Their cradle and their grave!  
 Still sternly o'er the castle-gate  
 Their house's Lion stands in state,  
 As in his proud departed hours,  
 And warriors frown in stone on high,  
 And feudal banners "flout the sky"  
 Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,  
 Lovely in England's fadeless green,  
 To meet the quiet stream which winds  
 Through this romantic scene  
 As silently and sweetly still,  
 As when, at evening, on that hill,  
 While summer's wind blew soft and  
 low,  
 Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,  
 His Katherine was a happy bride,  
 A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruin'd pile:  
 Does not the succoring ivy, keeping  
 Her watch around it, seem to smile,  
 As o'er a loved one sleeping?  
 One solitary turret gray  
 Still tells, in melancholy glory,  
 The legend of the Cheviot day,  
 The Percy's proudest border-story.

That day its roof was triumph's arch;  
 Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,  
 The light step of the soldier's march,  
 The music of the trump and drum;  
 And babe and sire, the old, the young,  
 And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's  
 song,  
 And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,  
 Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers  
 Are gay in their young bud and bloom;  
 They were born of a race of funeral flowers  
 That garlanded, in long-gone hours,  
 A templar's knightly tomb.  
 He died, his sword in his mailed hand,  
 On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,  
 Where the Cross was damp'd with his  
 dying breath,  
 When blood ran free as festal wine,

And the sainted air of Palestine  
 Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,  
 What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"  
 Those giant oaks could tell  
 Of beings born and buried here;  
 Tales of the peasant and the peer,  
 Tales of the bridal and the bier,  
 The welcome and farewell,  
 Since on their boughs the startled bird  
 First, in her twilight slumbers, heard  
 The Norman's curfew-bell!

I wander'd through the lofty halls  
 Trod by the Percys of old fame,  
 And traced upon the chapel walls  
 Each high, heroic name,  
 From him who once his standard set  
 Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,  
 Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons,  
 To him who, when a younger son,  
 Fought for King George at Lexington,  
 A major of dragoons.

That last half stanza—it has dash'd  
 From my warm lip the sparkling cup:  
 The light that o'er my eyebeam flash'd,  
 The power that bore my spirit up  
 Above this bank-note world—is gone;  
 And Alnwick's but a market-town,  
 And this, alas! its market-day,  
 And beasts and borderers throng the way  
 Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,  
 Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,  
 Men in the coal and cattle line;  
 From Teviot's bard and hero land,  
 From royal Berwick's beach of sand,  
 From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and  
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times  
 So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,  
 So dazzling to the dreaming boy:  
 Ours are the days of fact, not fable,  
 Of knights, but not of the Round Table,  
 Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy:  
 'Tis what "our President," Monroe,  
 Has called "the era of good feeling"  
 The Highlander, the bitterest foe  
 To modern laws, has felt their blow,  
 Consented to be tax'd, and vote,  
 And put on pantaloons and coat,  
 And leave off cattle-stealing:

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
The Douglass in red herrings;  
And noble name and cultured land,  
Palace, and park, and vassal-band,  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,  
Has come: to-day the turban'd Turk  
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart!  
Sleep on, nor from your cerements start)  
Is England's friend and fast ally;  
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,  
And on the Cross and altar-stone,  
And Christendom looks tamely on,  
And hears the Christian maiden shriek,  
And sees the Christian father die;  
And not a sabre-blow is given  
For Greece and fame, for faith and heav-  
en,  
By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives  
In the arm'd pomp of feudal state?  
The present representatives  
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"  
Are some half dozen serving-men  
In the drab coat of William Penn;  
A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,  
And cheek, and brow hair, bright and  
curling  
Spoke Nature's aristocracy;  
And one, half groom, half seneschal,  
Who bowed me through court, bower, and  
hall,  
From donjon-keep to turret wall,  
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

### HELLVELLYN.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty  
Hellvellyn.  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd  
misty and wide;  
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle  
was yelling,  
And rattling around me the echoes re-  
plied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-  
tarn was bending,  
And Catbedicam its left verge was defend-  
ing,  
One huge nameless rock in the front was  
ascending,  
When I mark'd the sad spot where the  
wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown  
mountain-heather,  
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay  
stretch'd in decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd  
to weather,  
Till the mountain-winds wasted the  
tenantless clay.  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely ex-  
tended,  
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite  
attended,  
The much-loved remains of her master de-  
fended,  
And chased the hill-fox and the raven  
away.

How long didst thou think that his silence  
was slumber?  
When the wind waved his garment, how  
oft didst thou start?  
How many long days and long weeks didst  
thou number,  
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of  
thy heart?  
And, oh, was it meet, that—no requiem  
read o'er him,  
No mother to weep, and no friend to de-  
plore him,  
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd  
before him,—  
Unhonor'd the Pilgrim from life should  
depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant  
has yielded,  
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-  
lighted hall;  
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is  
shielded,  
And pages stand mute by the canopied  
pall:

Through the courts at deep midnight the  
torches are gleaming;  
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners  
are beaming;  
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is  
streaming,  
Lamenting a Chief of the People should  
fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of Nature,  
To lay down thy head like the meek  
mountain-lamb,  
When, 'wilder'd, he drops from some cliff  
huge in stature,  
And draws his last sob by the side of his  
dam.  
And more stately thy couch by this desert  
lake lying,  
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover  
flying,  
With one faithful friend but to witness thy  
dying,  
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catche-  
dicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
And tune the rural pipe to love,  
I envied not the happiest swain  
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;  
No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white round polish'd pebbles spread;  
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;  
The springing trout in speckled pride,  
The salmon, monarch of the tide;  
The ruthless pike, intent on war,  
The silver eel, and mottled par.  
Devolving from thy parent lake,  
A charming maze thy waters make,  
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,  
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gayly green,  
May numerous flocks and herds be seen:  
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale;

And ancient faith that knows no guile,  
And industry embrown'd with toil;  
And hearts resolved and hands prepared  
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

#### FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy  
green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy  
praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring  
stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her  
dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds  
through the glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny  
den,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy scream-  
ing forbear,  
I charge you disturb not my slumbering  
fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring  
hills,  
Far mark'd with the courses of clear  
winding rills;  
There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my  
eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys  
below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the prim-  
roses blow;  
There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the  
lea,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary  
and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it  
glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary re-  
sides;  
How wanton thy waters hersnowy feet lave,  
As, gathering sweet flow'rets, she stems  
thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green  
braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my  
lays;

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring  
stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her  
dream.

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

*Sabbata pango ;  
Funera plango ;  
Solemnia clango.*

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

WITH deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think of  
Those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
Sweet Cork, of thee—  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
Full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in  
Cathedral shrine,  
While at a glib rate  
Brass-tongues would vibrate ;  
But all their music  
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of the belfry knelling  
Its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
Old Adrian's Mole in,  
Their thunder rolling  
From the Vatican—  
And cymbals glorious  
Swinging uproarious

In the gorgeous turrets  
Of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber,  
Pealing solemnly.  
Oh ! the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ;  
While on tower and kiosk, oh,  
In Saint Sophia  
The Turkman gets,  
And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summit  
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom  
I freely grant them ;  
But there's an anthem  
More dear to me—  
'Tis the Bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY ("Father Prout").

### THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney they look so charm-  
ing,  
Down by the purlings of sweet silent  
brooks—  
All deck'd by posies, that spontaneous  
grow there,  
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.  
'Tis there the daisy, and the sweet carna-  
tion,  
The blooming pink, and the rose so  
fair ;  
Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly—  
All flowers that scent the sweet, open  
air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation ;  
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair,  
There's no commander in all the nation  
For regulation can with her compare.

Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder

Could ever plunder her place of strength;  
But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,  
And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel-walks there for speculation,  
And conversation in sweet solitude;  
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or  
The gentle plover, in the afternoon.

And if a young lady should be so engaging  
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,  
'Tis there her courtier he may transport  
her

In some dark fort, or under the ground.

For 'tis there's the cave where no daylight  
enters,

But bats and badgers are for ever bred;  
Being moss'd by Natur', that makes it  
sweeter

Than a coach and six, or a feather bed.

'Tis there's the lake that is stored with  
perches,

And comely eels in the verdant mud;

Besides the leeches, and the groves of  
beeches,

All standing in order for to guard the  
flood.

'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a fitch  
in,

With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;  
The bread and biske', the beer and whiskey,

Would make you frisky if you were  
there.

'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter

A-washing praties forenent the door,  
With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,  
All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,  
All heathen goddesses so fair—

Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,  
All standing naked in the open air.

So now to finish this brave narration,  
Which my poor geni' could not entwine;

But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,  
'Tis in every feature I would make it  
shine.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN.

### SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
May calm and sunshine long be thine!  
How fair thou art let others tell—  
To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell  
In memory's dream that sunny smile,  
Which o'er thee on that evening fell  
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,  
Who had to turn to paths of care—  
Through crowded haunts again to run,  
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,  
But, on the world's rude ocean tost,  
Dream of thee sometimes as a home  
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours  
To part from thee, as I do now,  
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,  
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,  
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,  
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place  
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee  
A gloom like Eden's, on the day  
He left its shade, when every tree,  
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!  
And all the lovelier for thy tears—  
For tho' but rare thy sunny smile,  
'Tis heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,  
But, when indeed they come, divine—  
The brightest life the sun e'er threw  
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

THOMAS MOORE.

### THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley  
so sweet  
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright  
waters meet;



Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must  
depart  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade  
from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er  
the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of  
green;  
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or  
hill,—  
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite  
still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my  
bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchant-  
ment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of  
Nature improve  
When we see them reflected from looks  
that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I  
rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I  
love best:  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold  
world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be min-  
gled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### AT DIEPPE.

THE shivering column of the moonlight  
lies  
Upon the crumbling sea;  
Down the lone shore the flying curlew  
cries  
Half humanly.

With hoarse, dull wash the backward drag-  
ging surge  
Its rancid pebbles rakes,  
Or swelling dark runs down with toppling  
verge,  
And flashing breaks.

The lighthouse flares and darkens from  
the cliff,  
And stares with lurid eye  
Fiercely along the sea and shore, as if  
Some foe to spy.

What knowing thought, O ever-moaning  
sea,  
Haunts thy perturbed breast,  
What dark crime weighs upon thy memory  
And spoils thy rest?

Thy soft swell lifts and swings the new-  
launch'd yacht  
With polish'd spars and deck,  
But crawls and grovels where the bare ribs  
rot  
Of the old wreck.

O treacherous courtier! thy deceitful lie  
To youth is gayly told,  
But in remorse I see thee cringing  
Crouch to the old.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

#### THE RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beauteous on the moun-  
tain's brow  
(Hung with the clusters of the bending  
vine)

Shone in the early light, when on the  
Rhine

We bounded, and the white waves round  
the prow

In murmurs parted:—varying as we go,  
Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,  
As some gray convent-wall or glistening  
spire

Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding  
slow!

Here dark, with furrowed aspect, like De-  
spair,

Frowns the bleak cliff! There on the  
woodland's side

The shadowy sunshine pours its stream-  
ing tide;

Whilst Hope, enchanted with the scene so  
fair,

Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,  
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

#### HYMN.

BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF  
CHAMOUNT.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to  
pause

On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful  
Form,

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above,  
Deep is the air and dark; substantial,  
black,

An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,  
As with a wedge! But, when I look  
again,

It is thine own calm home, thy crystal  
shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon  
thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced  
in prayer,

I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet, we know not we are listening to  
it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with  
my thought,

Yea, with my life, and life's own secret  
joy:

Till the dilating Soul, enwrapt, trans-  
fused,

Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to  
Heaven!

Awake, my soul! Not only passive praise  
Thou owest! not alone these swelling  
tears,

Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart,  
awake,

Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my  
Hymn.

Thou, first and chief, sole sovran of the  
Vale!

Oh struggling with the darkness all the  
night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky, or when they  
sink:

Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the  
dawn

Co-herald: wake! oh wake! and utter  
praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in  
Earth?

Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy  
light?

Who made thee parent of perpetual  
streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
Who call'd you forth from night and utter  
death,

From dark and icy caverns call'd you  
forth,

Down those precipitous, black, jagged  
Rocks,

For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever?

Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and  
your joy,

Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?

And who commanded (and the silence  
came),

Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's  
brow

Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty  
voice,

And stopp'd at once amid their maddest  
plunge!

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of  
Heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade  
the sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who with  
living flowers

Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your  
feet?

God! let the torrents, like a shout of  
nations,

Answer: and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with glad-  
some voice!

Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-  
like sounds!

And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of  
snow,

And in their perilous fall shall thunder,  
God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal  
frost!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's  
nest!  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-  
storm!  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the  
clouds!  
Ye signs and wonders of the element!  
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with  
praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-  
pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, un-  
heard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the  
pure serene  
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy  
breast—  
Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain!  
thou  
That as I raise my head, a while bow'd  
low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with  
tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
To rise before me—Rise, oh ever rise,  
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the  
Earth!  
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the  
hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to  
Heaven,  
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth with her thousand voices praises  
God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

#### INDIAN NAMES.

YE say they all have pass'd away,  
That noble race and brave,  
That their light canoes have vanish'd  
From off the crested wave;  
That, 'mid the forests where they roam'd,  
There rings no hunter's shout;  
But their name is on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow  
Like ocean's surge is curl'd;  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world;  
Where red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tribute from the West,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,  
That cluster'd o'er the vale,  
Have fled away like wither'd leaves  
Before the autumn's gale:  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore;  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
'Mid all her young renown;  
Connecticut hath wreathed it  
Where her quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusset hides its lingering voice  
Within his rocky heart,  
And Alleghany graves its tone  
Throughout his lofty chart;  
Monadnock on his forehead hoar  
Doth seal the sacred trust:  
Your mountains build their monument,  
Though ye destroy their dust.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

#### NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into  
my brain  
While I look upward to thee! It would  
seem  
As if God pour'd thee from his hollow hand,  
And hung his bow upon thine awful front,  
And spoke in that loud voice which seem'd  
to him  
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake  
"The sound of many waters," and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch His centuries in the eternal  
rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep—and what are we  
That hear the question of that voice sub-  
lime?

Oh, what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering  
side?

Yea, what is all the riot man can make,  
In his short life, to thine unceasing roar?  
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to  
Him

Who drown'd the world and heap'd the  
waters far

Above its loftiest mountains?—A light  
wave,

That breaks and whispers of his Maker's  
might!

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

—♦—  
*TO SENECA LAKE.*

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
And round his breast the ripples break,  
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,  
The dipping paddle echoes far,  
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,  
As blows the north-wind, heave their  
foam  
And curl around the dashing oar,  
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
And see the mist of mantling blue  
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,  
A sheet of silver spreads below,  
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,  
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
Oh I could ever sweep the oar,—  
When early birds at morning wake,  
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

*THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.*

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceil-  
ing,

Like a huge organ, rise the burnish'd  
arms,

But from their silent pipes no anthem  
pealing

Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise—how wild  
and dreary—

When the death-angel touches those  
swift keys!

What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful sympho-  
nies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone  
before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon  
hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norse-  
man's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar  
gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his pal-  
ace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful  
din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of ser-  
pent's skin;

The tumult of each sack'd and burning  
village,  
The shout that every prayer for mercy  
drowns,

The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,  
The wail of famine in beleaguer'd towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd  
asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing  
blade,

And ever and anon, in tone of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursèd instruments as these,

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly  
voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world  
with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps  
and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from  
error,  
There were no need of arsenals or  
forts:

The warrior's name would be a name ab-  
horred,  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of  
Cain!

Down the dark future, through long gene-  
rations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and  
then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibra-  
tions,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ  
say, "Peace!"

Peace!—and no longer from its brazen  
portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes  
the skies,  
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.  
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADNOR.

WHAT an image of peace and rest  
Is this little church among its graves!  
All is so quiet; the troubled breast,  
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,  
Here may find the repose it craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and expands  
Over this humble hermitage,  
And seems to caress with its little hands  
The rough, gray stones, as a child that  
stands  
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of age!

You cross the threshold; and dim and  
small

Is the space that serves for the Shep-  
herd's Fold;  
The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall;  
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall,  
Whisper and say: "Alas! we are old."

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton  
Hardly more spacious is than this;  
But Poet and Pastor, blent in one,  
Clothed with a splendor, as of the sun,  
That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without  
That makes the building small or great,  
But the soul's light shining round about,  
And the faith that overcometh doubt,  
And the love that stronger is than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,  
Were I a pastor of Holy Church,  
More than a bishop's diocese  
Should I prize this place of rest, and re-  
lease  
From farther longing and farther search.

Here would I stay, and let the world  
With its distant thunder roar and roll;  
Storms do not rend the sail that is furled;  
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled  
In an eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.  
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### LINES,

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN  
ABBAY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF  
THE WYE.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with  
the length

Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain-  
springs

With a sweet inland murmur.—Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and con-  
nect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these or-  
chard-tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe  
fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-  
selves  
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb  
The wild green landscape. Once again I  
see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little  
lines  
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral  
farms,  
Green to the very door; and wreaths of  
smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees  
With some uncertain notice, as might  
seem  
Of vagrant Dwellers in the houseless  
woods,  
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous Forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to  
me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I  
trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed  
mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight,  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed  
mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the  
power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this  
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,  
In darkness, and amid the many shapes  
Of joyous daylight; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer thro' the  
woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extin-  
guished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again:  
Where here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing  
thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I  
was when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads,  
than one

Who sought the thing he loved. For  
nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all  
gone by)

To me was all in all.—I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy  
wood,

Their colors and their forms, were then  
to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is  
past,

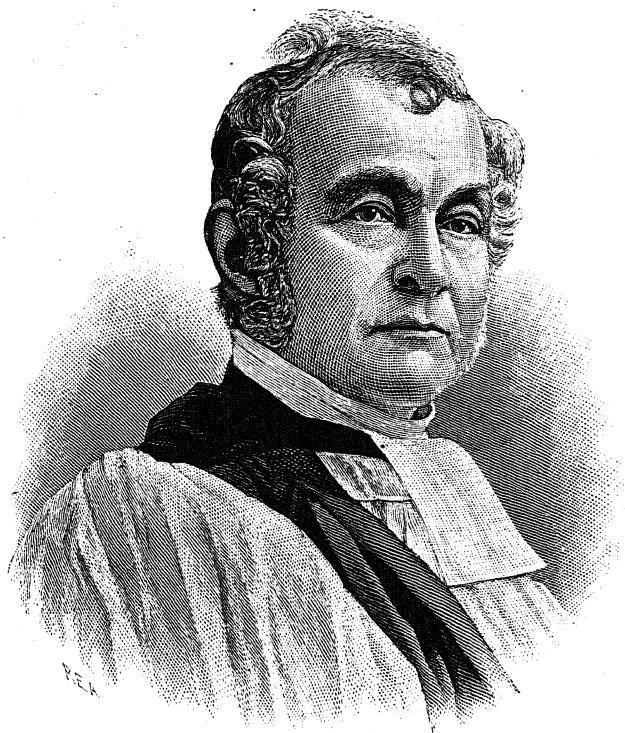
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other  
gifts

Have followed, for such loss, I would  
believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-  
times  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample  
power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all  
thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore  
am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty  
world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half  
create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recog-  
nize  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the  
nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and  
soul  
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
If I were not thus taught, should I the  
more  
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:  
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks  
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I  
catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I  
make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray

The heart that loved her; 'tis her privi-  
lege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to  
lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil  
tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish  
men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we be-  
hold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let th  
moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee: and, in after years  
When these wild ecstasies shall be mature  
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh  
then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healin  
thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! Nor, per  
chance,  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eye  
these gleams  
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
Unwearied in that service: rather say  
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper  
zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forge  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty  
cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to  
me  
More dear, both for themselves and for th  
sake!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



Go in grace, & Savoir,  
To put off in night,  
Dread & dreams of darkness  
For the robes of light.

A. Cleveland Foxe  
Twp. of Westm. N.York.  
June, 6, 1881.





# "PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS."

EPH. V. 19.

---

## *WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.*

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night—

What its signs of promise are !

Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height

See that glory-beaming star !

Watchman, does its beauteous ray

Aught of hope or joy foretell ?

Traveller, yes ; it brings the day—

Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night—

Higher yet that star ascends !

Traveller, blessedness and light,

Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman, will its beams alone

Gild the spot that gave them birth ?

Traveller, ages are its own—

See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

Watchman, tell us of the night,

For the morning seems to dawn.

Traveller, darkness takes its flight—

Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, let thy wandering cease ;

Hie thee to thy quiet home.

Traveller, lo ! the Prince of Peace—

Lo ! the Son of God, is come.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

---

## *ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.*

### I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy  
morn,

Wherein the Son of heav'n's eternal King,

Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,

Our great redemption from above did  
bring ;

For so the holy sages once did sing,

That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual  
peace.

### II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith He wont at heav'n's high coun-  
cil-table

To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,

He laid aside ; and here with us to be,

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,

And chose with us a darksome house of  
mortal clay.

### III.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred  
vein

Afford a present to the Infant God ?

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn  
strain,

To welcome Him to this His new abode,

Now while the heav'n, by the sun's team  
untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching  
light,

And all the spangled host keep watch in  
squadrons bright ?

### IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odors  
sweet :

Oh run, prevent them with thy humble ode,

And lay it lowly at His blessed feet ;

Have thou the honor first thy Lord to  
greet,

And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,  
From out His secret altar touch'd with hal-  
low'd fire.

## THE HYMN.

## I.

It was the winter wild,  
While the heav'n-born Child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger  
lies ;  
Nature in awe to Him  
Had doff't her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize :  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty para-  
mour.

## II.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent  
snow,  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to  
throw ;  
Confounded that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul de-  
formities.

## III.

But He her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;  
She, crown'd with olive green, came  
softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds  
dividing ;  
And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea  
and land.

## IV.

No war or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around :  
The idle spear and shield were high up  
hung,  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood,  
The trumpet spake not to the arm'd  
throng,  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord  
was by.

## V.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth be-  
gan :  
The winds with wonder whist  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the  
charm'd wave.

## VI.

The stars with deep amaze  
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influ-  
ence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them  
thence ;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid  
them go.

## VII.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wonted  
speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new enlighten'd world no more  
should need ;  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-  
tree could bear.

## VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them be-  
low ;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so  
busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook,  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringèd noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture  
took;  
The air such pleasure loath to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each  
heavenly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrill-  
ing,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last  
fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier  
union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shamefaced  
night array'd;  
The helmèd Cherubim,  
And sworded Seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings  
display'd,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire.  
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-  
born Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning  
sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanced world on hinges  
hung;  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy  
channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have pow'r to touch our senses  
so;  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the base of heav'n's deep or-  
gan blow;  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to th' angelic sym-  
phony.

XIV.

For if such holy song  
Inwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age  
of gold;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly  
mould;  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the  
peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories  
wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds  
down steering:  
And heav'n, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high  
palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says, no,  
This must not yet be so,  
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
So both Himself and us to glorify;  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder  
through the deep.

## XVII.

With such a horrid clang  
 As on Mount Sinai rang,  
     While the red fire, and smouldering  
     clouds out brake:  
 The aged earth aghast,  
 With terror of that blast,  
     Shall from the surface to the centre  
     shake;  
 When at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall  
     spread His throne.

## XVIII.

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is,  
     But now begins; for from this happy  
     day  
 The old Dragon under ground  
 In straiter limits bound,  
     Not half so far casts his usurp'd sway,  
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

## XIX.

The oracles are dumb,  
 No voice or hideous hum  
     Runs thro' the arch'd roof in words  
     deceiving.  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
     With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos  
     leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breath'd spell  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

## XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
     A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
 From haunted spring, and dale  
 Edged with poplar pale,  
     The parting genius is with sighing  
     sent;  
 With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn  
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled  
     thickets mourn.

## XXI.

In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth,  
     The Lars, and Lemures moan with mid-  
     night plaint;  
 In urns, and altars round,  
 A drear and dying sound  
     Affrights the Flamens at their service  
     quaint:  
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
 While each peculiar Pow'r foregoes his  
     wonted seat.

## XXII.

Peor and Baälím  
 Forsake their temples dim,  
     With that twice-batter'd god of Pales-  
     tine;  
 And mooned Ashtaroth,  
 Heav'n's queen and mother both,  
     Now sits not girt with tapers' holy  
     shine;  
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded  
     Thammuz mourn.

## XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
     His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
 In vain with cymbals' ring  
 They call the grisly king,  
     In dismal dance about the furnace  
     blue:  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

## XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
     Trampling the unshow'r'd grass with  
     lowings loud:  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest;  
     Naught but profoundest hell can be his  
     shroud:  
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
 The sable-stol'd sorcerers bear his wor-  
     shipp'd ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land  
The dreaded Infant's hand,  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky  
eyn:  
Nor all the gods beside,  
Longer dare abide,  
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:  
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,  
Can in His swaddling bands control the  
damnèd crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to th' infernal jail,  
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several  
grave;  
And the yellow-skirted Fayes  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their  
moon-loved maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest,  
Time is our tedious song should here  
have ending;  
Heav'n's youngest teemèd star  
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp  
attending;  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order ser-  
viceable.

JOHN MILTON.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECOLOGUE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
To heavenly themes sublimer strains be-  
long.  
The mossy fountains and the sylvan  
shades,  
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian  
maids,  
Delight no more—O Thou my voice in-  
spire  
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times the bard begun:  
A Virgin shall conceive—a Virgin bear a  
Son!  
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise  
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills  
the skies:  
Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall  
move,  
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.  
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar  
pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly  
shower!  
The sick and weak the healing plant shall  
aid—  
From storms a shelter, and from heat a  
shade.  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud  
shall fail;  
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand ex-  
tend,  
And white-robed Innocence from heaven  
descend.  
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected  
morn!  
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be  
born!  
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to  
bring,  
With all the incense of the breathing  
spring:  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance;  
See nodding forests on the mountains  
dance;  
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the  
skies!  
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert  
cheers:  
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!  
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply—  
The rocks proclaim the approaching  
Deity.  
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending  
skies!  
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys,  
rise!  
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage  
pay!  
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give  
way!

The Saviour comes! by ancient bards fore-  
told—  
Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, be-  
hold!  
He from thick films shall purge the visual  
ray,  
And on the sightless eyeball pour the  
day:  
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall  
clear,  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding  
ear;  
The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch  
forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall  
hear—  
From every face He wipes off every tear.  
In adamant claims shall Death be  
bound,  
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal  
wound.  
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy  
care,  
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,  
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep di-  
rects,  
By day o'ersces them, and by night pro-  
tects;  
The tender lambs he raises in his arms—  
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom  
warms:  
Thus shall mankind His guardian care en-  
gage—  
The promised Father of the future age.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful  
eyes;  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd  
o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no  
more;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare  
end.  
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
shall finish what his short-lived sire be-  
gun;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall  
yield,  
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap  
the field.

The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;  
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to  
hear  
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush  
nods;  
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with  
thorn,  
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;  
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms suc-  
ceed,  
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed;  
The lambs with wolves shall graze the ver-  
dant mead,  
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's  
feet.  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake—  
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales  
survey,  
And with their forky tongue shall inno-  
cently play.  
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,  
rise!  
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!  
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
See future sons and daughters, yet un-  
born,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple  
bend;  
See thy bright altars throng'd with pro-  
strate kings,  
And heap'd with products of Sabæan  
springs!  
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains  
glow.  
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide dis-  
play,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
No more the rising Sun shall gild the  
morn,  
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;  
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,

O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself  
shall shine  
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!  
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke  
decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt  
away;  
But fix'd His word, His saving power re-  
mains;  
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah  
reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

*A CHRISTMAS HYMN.*

It was the calm and silent night!  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was queen of land and sea.  
No sound was heard of clashing wars—  
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain:  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!  
The senator of haughty Rome,  
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,  
From lordly revel rolling home;  
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell  
His breast with thoughts of boundless  
sway;  
What reck'd the Roman what befell  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor;  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door  
Across his path. He pass'd—for naught  
Told what was going on within;  
How keen the stars, his only thought—  
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference! low and high  
Drownd over common joys and cares;  
The earth was still—but knew not why  
The world was listening, unawares.

How calm a moment may precede  
One that shall thrill the world for ever!  
To that still moment, none would heed,  
Man's doom was link'd no more to  
sever—

In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!  
A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness—charm'd and holy now!  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given;  
For in that stable lay, new-born,  
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven.  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT.

*CHRISTMAS.*

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind);  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line  
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease!"

NAHUM TATE.



*CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

CAROL, carol, Christians,  
 Carol joyfully;  
 Carol for the coming  
 Of Christ's Nativity;  
 And pray a gladsome Christmas  
 For all good Christian men.  
 Carol, carol, Christians,  
 For Christmas come again.  
 Carol, carol.

Go ye to the forest,  
 Where the myrtles grow;  
 Where the pine and laurel  
 Bend beneath the snow.  
 Gather them for Jesus;  
 Wreath them for His shrine;  
 Make His temple glorious  
 With the box and pine.  
 Carol, carol.

Wreath your Christmas garland  
 Where to Christ we pray;  
 It shall smell like Carmel  
 On our festal day;  
 Libanus and Sharon  
 Shall not greener be  
 Than our holy chancel  
 On Christ's Nativity.  
 Carol, carol.

Carol, carol, Christians!  
 Like the Magi, now  
 Ye must lade your caskets  
 With a grateful vow:  
 Ye must have sweet incense,  
 Myrrh, and finest gold,  
 At our Christmas altar  
 Humbly to unfold.  
 Carol, carol.

Blow, blow up the trumpet  
 For our solemn feast;  
 Gird thine armor, Christian,  
 Wear thy surplice, priest!  
 Go ye to the altar,  
 Pray—with fervor pray—  
 For Jesus' second coming,  
 And the Latter Day.  
 Carol, carol.

Give us grace, O Saviour,  
 To put off in might  
 Deeds and dreams of darkness,  
 For the robes of light!

And to live as lowly  
 As Thyself with men;  
 So to rise in glory  
 When Thou com'st again.  
 Carol, carol.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

*COME, YE LOFTY.*

COME, ye lofty, come, ye lowly,  
 Let your songs of gladness ring;  
 In a stable lies the Holy,  
 In a manger rests the King.  
 See, in Mary's arms reposing,  
 Christ by highest heaven adored;  
 Come, your circle round Him closing,  
 Pious hearts that love the Lord.

Come, ye poor; no pomp of station  
 Robes the Child your hearts adore,  
 He, the Lord of all salvation,  
 Shares your want, is weak and poor;  
 Oxen, round about behold them;  
 Rafters naked, cold and bare;  
 See the shepherds; God has told them  
 That the Prince of Life lies there.

Come, ye children, blithe and merry,  
 This one Child your model make;  
 Christmas-holly, leaf and berry,  
 All be prized for His dear sake:  
 Come, ye gentle hearts and tender,  
 Come, ye spirits keen and bold;  
 All in all your homage render,  
 Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a star is shining,  
 And the wise men haste from far;  
 Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining—  
 For you all has risen the star.  
 Let us bring our poor oblations,  
 Thanks and love, and faith and praise;  
 Come, ye people, come, ye nations;  
 All in all draw nigh to gaze.

Hark, the Heaven of Heavens is ringing:  
 Christ the Lord to man is born!  
 Are not all our hearts, too, singing,  
 Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?  
 Still the Child all power possessing  
 Smiles as through the ages past,  
 And the song of Christmas blessing  
 Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

ARCHER GURNEY.

*CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn  
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love  
Which hosts of angels chanted from  
above!

With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.  
Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice:  
"Behold,

I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath God fulfill'd his promised  
word,

This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.  
In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find  
The long-foretold Redeemer of mankind.  
Wrapt up in swaddling-clothes, the babe  
divine

Lies in a manger: this shall be your sign."  
He spake; and straightway the celestial  
choir

In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:  
The praises of redeeming love they sung,  
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias  
rung:

God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and mutual good-will.  
To Bethlehem straight the enlightened  
shepherds ran,

To see the wonder God had wrought for man:  
And found, with Joseph and the blessed  
maid,

Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;  
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,  
The first apostles of his infant fame.

While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart  
The heavenly vision which the swains im-  
part,

They to their flocks, still praising God,  
return,

And their glad hearts within their bosoms  
burn.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then  
employ

Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;  
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost man-  
kind;

Artless and watchful, as these favored  
swains,

While virgin meekness in the heart re-  
mains.

Trace we the Babe, who has retrieved our loss,  
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;  
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes  
place.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones  
among,

To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song;  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all His glory shall display;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

JOHN BYROM.

*CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,

For Jesus Christ our Saviour

Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power,

When we were gone astray.

Oh tidings of comfort and joy,

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was  
born on Christmas Day!

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,

This blessed babe was born,

And laid within a manger,

Upon this blessed morn;

The which his mother Mary

Nothing did take in scorn.

Oh tidings of comfort and joy,

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was  
born on Christmas Day!

From God, our Heavenly Father,

A blessed angel came,

And unto certain shepherds

Brought tidings of the same,

How that in Bethlehem was born

The Son of God by name.

Oh tidings of comfort and joy,

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was  
born on Christmas Day!

Fear not, then said the angel,

Let nothing you affright,

This day is born a Saviour,

Of virtue, power, and might,

So frequently to vanquish all

The friends of Satan quite.

Oh tidings of comfort and joy,

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was  
born on Christmas Day!

The shepherds at those tidings

Rejoiced much in mind,

And left their flocks a-feeding  
 In tempest, storm, and wind,  
 And went to Bethlehem straightway  
 This blessed babe to find.  
 Oh tidings of comfort and joy,  
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was  
 born on Christmas Day!

But when to Bethlehem they came,  
 Whereat this infant lay,  
 They found him in a manger  
 Where oxen feed on hay;  
 His mother Mary, kneeling,  
 Unto the Lord did pray.  
 Oh tidings of comfort and joy,  
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was  
 born on Christmas Day!

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
 All you within this place,  
 And with true love and brotherhood  
 Each other now embrace;  
 This holy tide of Christmas  
 All others doth deface.  
 Oh tidings of comfort and joy,  
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was  
 born on Christmas Day!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### *IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.*

It came upon the midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old,  
 From angels bending near the earth  
 To touch their harps of gold:  
 "Peace on the earth, good-will to men  
 From Heaven's all-gracious King:"  
 The world in solemn stillness lay  
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come  
 With peaceful wings unfurled;  
 And still their heavenly music floats  
 O'er all the weary world:  
 Above its sad and lowly plains  
 They bend on hovering wing,  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife  
 The world has suffer'd long;

Beneath the angel-strain have roll'd  
 Two thousand years of wrong;  
 And man, at war with man, hears not  
 The love-song which they bring:  
 Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
 And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow,  
 Look now! for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing:  
 Oh! rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,  
 By prophet-bards foretold,  
 When with the ever-circling years  
 Comes round the age of gold;  
 When peace shall over all the earth  
 Its ancient splendors fling,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing!

EDMUND H. SEARS

### *HARK! HOW ALL THE WELKIN RINGS!*

HARK! how all the welkin rings!  
 Glory to the King of kings!  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled!  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 Universal Nature say,  
 Christ the Lord is born to-day!

Christ, by highest Heaven adored;  
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord;  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb:  
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;  
 Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
 Pleased as man with men to appear,  
 Jesus, our Immanuel here!

Hail! the heavenly Prince of Peace!  
 Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.  
 Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home!  
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,  
Bruise in us the Serpent's head!  
Now display Thy saving power,  
Ruin'd nature now restore,  
Now in mystic union join  
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;  
Stamp Thy image in its place;  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in Thy love!  
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,  
Thee, the Life, the Inner Man:  
Oh, to all Thyself impart,  
Form'd in each believing heart!

CHARLES WESLEY.

*SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.*

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Sion, the marvellous story be telling,  
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His  
birth!

The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns  
upon earth:

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Tell how He cometh; from nation to na-  
tion,

The heart-cheering news let the earth  
echo round:

How free to the faithful He offers salvation,  
How His people with joy everlasting are  
crown'd:

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bring-  
ing,

And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna  
arise;

Ye angels, the full Hallelujah be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth  
and the skies:

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly  
sing;

Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLBERG.

*A CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

GOD rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing  
you dismay,

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born  
on Christmas-day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the  
stars shone through the gray,

When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born  
on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing  
you affright,

For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born  
this happy night;

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks  
sleeping lay,

When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was  
born on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon  
this blessed morn

The Lord of all good Christians was of a  
woman born:

Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your  
sins He takes away:

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born  
on Christmas-day.

DINAH MARIA MULOCH CRAIK.

*HARK, THE GLAD SOUND.*

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long;

Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song!

On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
Exerts his sacred fire;

Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held;

The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,

And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,

And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

His silver trumpets publish loud  
The jubilee of the Lord;  
Our debts are all remitted now,  
Our heritage restored.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

### EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine  
aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
laid!

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shin-  
ing;

Low lies His head with the beasts of the  
stall;

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly de-  
votion,

Odors of Edom, and offerings divine—  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the  
ocean?

Myrrh from the forest, or gold from  
the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favor se-  
cure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the  
poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the  
morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine  
aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
laid!

REGINALD HEBER.

### GETHESEMANE.

Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

Follow to the judgment-hall—  
View the Lord of life arraign'd;  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall,  
Oh, the pangs his soul sustain'd!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss—  
Learn of Him to bear the cross!

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time—  
God's own sacrifice complete!  
"It is finish'd!"—hear the cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid his breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom;  
Who hath taken Him away?  
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes!  
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

"And was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate;  
He suffered, and was buried."

RIDE on, ride on in majesty!  
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!  
Thine humble beast pursues his road,  
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die!  
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive Death and conquer'd Sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The wing'd squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father on His sapphire throne  
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die!  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;  
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

*BOUND UPON THE ACCURSED TREE.*

BOUND upon th' accursèd tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is He?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,  
By the flesh, with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the side, so deeply pierced,  
By the baffled burning thirst,  
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,  
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the sun at noonday pale,  
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,  
By earth, that trembles at His doom,  
By yonder saints, who burst their tomb,  
By Eden, promised ere He died  
To the felon at His side,  
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow;  
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,  
Sad and dying, who is He?  
By the last and bitter cry,  
The ghost given up in agony,  
By the lifeless body laid  
In the chamber of the dead,  
By the mourners, come to weep  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;  
Crucified! we know Thee now;  
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
"Lord, they know not what they do!"  
By the spoil'd and empty grave,  
By the souls He died to save,  
By the conquest He hath won,  
By the saints before His throne,  
By the rainbow round His brow,  
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

*WE SING THE PRAISE OF HIM  
WHO DIED.*

WE sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the cross;  
The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, God is Love;  
He bears our sins upon the tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.  
The Cross! it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup;  
It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love.  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.

THOMAS KELLY.

*JESUS WEPT.*

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears,  
The wondering angels see!  
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept, that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found;  
There is no weeping there.

BENJAMIN BEDDOCK.

*THE LORD IS RISEN.*

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell!  
Death in vain forbids His rise;  
Christ has open'd Paradise!

Lives again our glorious King:  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
Dying once, He all doth save;  
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What though once we perish'd all,  
Partners in our parents' fall?  
Second life we all receive,  
In our Heavenly Adam live.

Risen with Him, we upward move;  
Still we seek the things above;  
Still pursue, and kiss the Son  
Seated on His Father's Throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,  
Dead to all we leave below;  
Heaven our aim, and loved abode,  
Hid our life with Christ in God:

Hid, till Christ our Life appear  
Glorious in His members here;  
Join'd to Him, we then shall shine,  
All immortal, all divine.

Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!  
Praise to Thee by both be given!  
Thee we greet triumphant now!  
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss!  
Everlasting life is this,  
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,  
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

### CHRIST RISEN.

'And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures.'

AGAIN the Lord of Life and Light  
Awakes the kindling ray,  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.

Oh what a night was that which wrapt  
The heathen world in gloom!

Oh what a sun, which broke this day  
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,  
With strong compassion moved,  
Descended like a pitying God  
To save the souls he loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
To bind His soul in death;  
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,  
With His expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep  
The hope of Judah's line;  
Corruption never could take hold  
Of aught so much divine.

And now His conquering chariot-wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies;  
While broke beneath His powerful cross  
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,  
The Lord of all below,  
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,  
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man  
A Brother's pity flows;  
And still His bleeding heart is touch'd  
With memory of our woes.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,  
Glad homage let me give;  
And stand prepared like Thee to die,  
With Thee that I may live!

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

### CORONATION.

"ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
To crown Him Lord of all!

"Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
And, as they tune it, fall  
Before His face who tunes their choir,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

"Crown Him, ye morning stars of light  
Who fix'd this floating ball;  
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

"Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

"Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransom'd of the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

"Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call,  
The God incarnate, man divine;  
And crown Him Lord of all!

"Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

"Let every tribe and every tongue  
That bound creation's call,  
Now shout, in universal song,  
THE CROWNED LORD OF ALL!"

EDWARD PERRONET.

PSALM LXXII.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To let the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong:  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth;  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall Peace, the herald, go,  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see:  
With offerings of devotion  
Ships from the isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And golden incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore;  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end:  
The mountain-dews shall nourish  
A seed, in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious  
He on His throne shall rest  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all-blest:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand for ever,  
That Name to us is Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load;



I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
Lead me aright—  
Though strength should falter, and though  
heart should bleed—  
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst  
shed  
Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
Like quiet night:  
Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall  
shine,  
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

### *HAIL, THOU ONCE-DESPISED JESUS!*

HAIL, Thou once-despised Jesus!  
Hail, thou Galilean King!  
Thou didst suffer to release us,  
Thou didst free salvation bring:  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame;  
By Thy merits we find favor;  
Life is given through Thy Name!

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins were on Thee laid;  
By Almighty Love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made:  
All Thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of Thy Blood;  
Open'd is the gate of heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side.  
There for sinners Thou art pleading;  
There Thou dost our place prepare;  
Ever for us interceding  
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give!  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

Soon we shall, with those in glory,  
His transcendent grace relate;  
Gladly sing the amazing story  
Of His dying love so great:  
In that blessed contemplation  
We for evermore shall dwell,  
Crown'd with bliss and consolation,  
Such as none below can tell.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

### *MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.*

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray:  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire!  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide!  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour! then in love  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul!

RAY PALMER.

LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bend th' adoring knee;  
When repentant to the skies  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;  
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe  
Suffer'd once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness;  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power;  
Turn, oh! turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn Litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flow'd  
Over Salem's loved abode;  
By the anguish'd sigh that told  
Treachery lurk'd within Thy fold:  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair;  
By Thine agony of prayer;  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veil'd the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sad sepulchral stone;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God;  
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty reascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn Litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

O THOU, THE CONTRITE SINNERS'  
FRIEND.

O THOU, the contrite sinners' friend,  
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,

On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me!

When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting-place,  
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

When I have err'd and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold.  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, oh plead for me!

And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in Heaven for me!

When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast wash'd them all away;  
Oh say Thou plead'st for me!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow Thee;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and Heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not, like them, untrue:  
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;  
Show Thy face, and all is bright!

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!  
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,  
With Thy favor, loss is gain!

I have call'd Thee, Abba, Father !  
 I have stay'd my heart on Thee !  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
 All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest !  
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While Thy love is left to me !  
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee !

Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
 Joy to find, in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear :  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee !  
 What a Father's smile is thine !  
 What a Saviour died to win thee !  
 Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

Haste, then, on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer ;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there !  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise !

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

#### SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding  
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
 All the feeble gently leading,  
 While the lambs Thy bosom share ;

Now, these little ones receiving,  
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;  
 There, we know, Thy word believing,  
 Only there, secure from harm !

Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
 Let them be the lion's prey ;  
 Let Thy tenderness so loving  
 Keep them all life's dangerous way :

Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
 Let them find a resting-place,

Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace !  
 WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

#### ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee !  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy riven side which flow'd,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands  
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone ;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyestrings break in death,  
 When I soar through tracts unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne ;  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

#### JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

JESU, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high !  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past,  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 Oh receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me !  
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from Thee I bring :  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing !

Wilt Thou not regard my call?  
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?  
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!  
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!  
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!  
While I of Thy strength receive,  
Hoping against hope I stand,  
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!  
Just and holy is Thy Name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within!  
Thou of Life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart!  
Rise to all eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY.

### HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear!

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace,

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death!

JOHN NEWTON.

### LOVEST THOU ME?

John xxi. 16.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

"I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound:  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right.  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be;  
Yet will I remember thee!

"Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Lord! it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore!  
Oh! for grace to love Thee more!

WILLIAM COWPER.

### THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND

A POOR wayfaring man of grief  
Hath often cross'd me on my way,  
Who sued so humbly for relief,  
That I could never answer, Nay.  
I had not power to ask his name,  
Whither he went, or whence he came.  
Yet there was something in his eye  
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
 He enter'd ; not a word he spake ;  
 Just perishing for want of bread ;  
 I gave him all ; he bless'd it, brake,  
 And ate ; but gave me part again ;  
 Mine was an angel's portion then ;  
 For, while I fed with eager haste,  
 That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst  
 Clear from the rock ; his strength was  
     gone ;  
 The heedless water mock'd his thirst,  
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on :  
 I ran to raise the sufferer up ;  
 Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,  
 Dipt, and return'd it running o'er ;  
 I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it  
     blew  
 A winter hurricane aloof ;  
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
 To bid him welcome to my roof ;  
 I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,  
 Laid him on my own couch to rest ;  
 Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd  
 In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,  
 I found him by the highway-side :  
 I roused his pulse, brought back his  
     breath,  
 Revived his spirit, and supplied  
 Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was heal'd :  
 I had myself a wound conceal'd ;  
 But from that hour forgot the smart,  
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next condemn'd  
 To meet a traitor's death at morn :  
 The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,  
 And honor'd him 'midst shame and  
     scorn ;  
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
 He ask'd if I for him would die ;  
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill ;  
 But the free spirit cried, " I will."

Then in a moment to my view  
 The Stranger darted from disguise ;  
 The tokens in His hands I knew,  
 My Saviour stood before mine eyes !

He spake ; and my poor name He named :  
 " Of Me thou hast not been ashamed ;  
 These deeds shall thy memorial be ;  
 Fear not ; thou didst them unto Me."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers,  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these trifling toys ;  
 Our souls can neither fly nor go  
 To reach eternal joys !

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise ;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie  
 At this poor dying rate ?  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
 And Thine to us so great !

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers ;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS

### VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
 And lighten with celestial fire ;  
 Thou the Anointing Spirit art,  
 Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.  
 Thy blessed unction from above  
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;  
 Enable with perpetual light  
 The dulness of our blinded sight ;  
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
 With the abundance of Thy grace ;  
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;  
 Where Thou art guide, no ill can come ;  
 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
 And Thee of Both, to be but One,  
 That, through the ages all along,  
 This may be our endless song,

"Praise to thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!"  
Amen!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

—♦—  
*VENI CREATOR.*

CREATOR SPIRIT, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every pious mind;  
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee!

O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete!  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire,  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing!

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!  
Thou strength of His almighty hand  
Whose power does heaven and earth com-  
mand!

Proceeding Spirit, our defence,  
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,  
And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;  
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!  
Our frailties help, our vice control—  
Submit the senses to the soul;  
And when rebellious they are grown,  
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,  
Attend the almighty Father's name!  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died!  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

JOHN DRYDEN.

*IN SORROW.*

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,  
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Through the trials yet decreed us,  
Till our last great change appears.  
When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let Thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear;  
And, when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

—♦—  
*LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS*

GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

*GOD IS LOVE.*

GOD is love! His mercy brightens  
 All the path in which we rove;  
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:  
 God is wisdom! God is love!

Chance and change are busy ever;  
 Man decays and ages move;  
 But His mercy waneth never:  
 God is wisdom! God is love!

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
 Will His changeless goodness prove;  
 From the gloom His brightness stream-  
 eth:  
 God is wisdom! God is love!

He with earthly cares entwineth  
 Hope and comfort from above;  
 Everywhere His glory shineth:  
 God is wisdom! God is love!

GOD is love! His mercy brightens  
 All the path in which we rove;  
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:  
 God is wisdom! God is love!

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

*FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE.*

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,—  
 Alike they're needful for the flower;  
 And joys and tears alike are sent  
 To give the soul fit nourishment.  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove  
 With murmurs whom they trust and love?  
 Creator, I would ever be  
 A trusting, loving child to Thee;  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine;  
 Enough that Thou hast made it mine.  
 When falls the shadow cold of death,  
 I yet will sing with parting breath,  
 As comes to me or shade or sun,  
 Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

*THE ELIXER.*

TEACH me, my God and King,  
 In all things thee to see,  
 And what I do in anything,  
 To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,  
 To runne into an action;  
 But still to make thee prepossest,  
 And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glasse,  
 On it may stay his eye;  
 Or, if he pleaseth, through it passe,  
 And then the heaven espie.

All may of thee partake:  
 Nothing can be so mean,  
 Which with his tincture (for thy sake)  
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause  
 Makes drudgerie divine:  
 Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,  
 Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone  
 That turneth all to gold;  
 For that which God doth touch and own  
 Cannot for lesse be told.

GEORGE HERBERT.

*A HYMN.*

DROP, drop, slow tears,  
 And bathe those beauteous feet  
 Which brought from heaven  
 The news and Prince of Peace!  
 Cease not, wet eyes,  
 His mercies to entreat;  
 To cry for vengeance  
 Sin doth never cease;  
 In your deep floods  
 Drown all my faults and fears;  
 Nor let His eye  
 See sin, but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun from day to day  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,  
In every clime adored—  
By saint, by savage, and by sage—  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this: that Thou art good,  
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And, binding Nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This teach me more than hell to shun,  
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives  
Let me not cast away—  
For God is paid when man receives:  
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume Thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quicken'd by Thy breath;  
Oh lead me, wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:  
All else beneath the sun  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies—  
One chorus let all being raise!  
All Nature's incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE.

PSALM C.

WITH one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
And sing before Him songs of praise.

Convinced that He is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed;



We, whom He chooses for His own,  
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

Oh enter, then, His temple gate,  
Thence to His courts devoutly press;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still His name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is for ever sure:  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BRADY.

—♦—  
*PSALM C.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding  
praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS.  
(Varied by CHARLES WESLEY.)

—♦—  
*I GIVE IMMORTAL PRAISE.*

I GIVE immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all my comforts here  
And better hopes above;  
He sent His own eternal Son  
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with His blood  
From everlasting woe;  
And now He lives, and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live;  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee  
Be endless honors done;  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One!  
Where reason fails with all her powers,  
There faith prevails, and love adores.

ISAAC WATTS.

—♦—  
*THE HOLY TRINITY.*

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise  
to Thee;  
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore  
Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around  
the glassy sea,  
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down be-  
fore Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt  
be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide  
Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory  
may not see,  
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside  
Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name  
in earth and sky and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER.

—♦—  
*ST. AGNES' EVE.*

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows  
Are sparkling to the moon:  
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:  
May my soul follow soon!

The shadows of the convent-towers  
Slant down the snowy sward,  
Still creeping with the creeping hours  
That lead me to my Lord:  
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
As are the frosty skies,  
Or this first snowdrop of the year  
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and  
dark,

To yonder shining ground;  
As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
To yonder argent round;  
So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
My spirit before Thee;  
So in mine earthly house I am,  
To that I hope to be.  
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,  
Thro' all yon starlight keen,  
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors; .  
The flashes come and go;  
All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
And strews her lights below,  
And deepens on and up! the gates  
Roll back, and far within  
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
To make me pure of sin.  
The sabbaths of Eternity,  
One sabbath deep and wide—  
A light upon the shining sea—  
The Bridegroom with his bride!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

### WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravish'd heart?  
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whence these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renew'd my face,  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise,  
But oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!

JOSEPH ADDISON.

### BLEST BE THY LOVE, DEAR LORD.

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,  
That taught us this sweet way,  
Only to love Thee for Thyself,  
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our souls' chief hope!  
We to Thy mercy fly;  
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,  
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,  
To Thee we both resign;  
By night we see, as well as day,  
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to Thee;  
In death we live, as well as life,  
If Thine in death we be.

JOHN AUSTIN.

### PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days!  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield;  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use:

Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews:  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should the fig tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green, untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store;  
Though the sickening flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall;

Should Thine alter'd hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain;  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love Thee for Thyself alone!

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

### HYMN.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee  
For the bliss Thy love bestows,  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows.  
Help, O God! my weak endeavor,  
This dull soul to rapture raise;  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray;

Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away.  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

Lord! this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express;  
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.  
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

PSALM XC.

OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downward by Thy flood,  
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past;  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home!

ISAAC WATTS.

PSALM XCVIII.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:  
Let earth receive her King:  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground:  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE EMIGRANTS IN THE BER-  
MUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
In th' ocean's bosom, unespied—  
From a small boat, that row'd along,  
The list'ning winds received this song:

What should we do but sing His praise  
That led us through the watery maze  
Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own?  
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks  
That lift the deep upon their backs,  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.  
He gave us this eternal spring  
Which here enamels every thing,  
And sends the fowls to us in care,  
On daily visits through the air.  
He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet.  
But apples—plants of such a price  
No tree could ever bear them twice.  
With cedars, chosen by His hand  
From Lebanon, He stores the land;

And makes the hollow seas, that roar,  
Proclaim the amberggris on shore.  
He cast (of which we rather boast)  
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple, where to sound His name.  
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt  
Till it arrive at heaven's vault;  
Which, then, perhaps rebounding, may  
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus sang they, in the English boat,  
A holy and a cheerful note;  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

### REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonish'd lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands  
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen;  
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze—  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams—  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.

But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize—  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
sea!

Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are  
free!

Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid  
'and brave,—

How vain was their boast, for the Lord  
hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in  
the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
sea!

Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are  
free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the  
Lord!

His word was our arrow, his breath was  
our sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
Of those she sent forth in the hour of  
her pride?

For the Lord hath look'd out from his  
pillar of glory,

And all her brave thousands are dash'd  
in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
sea!

Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are  
free!

THOMAS MOORE.

### BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.

O JESU, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
We bear the name of Christians,  
His name and sign we bear;  
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,  
To keep Him standing there!

O Jesu, thou art knocking,  
And lo! that hand is scarr'd,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marr'd:  
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
Oh, sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat Me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore!

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

— — —  
*THOU ART, O GOD!*

THOU art, O God! the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven,—  
Those hues that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose  
plume

Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes,—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower the Summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THOMAS MOORE.

— — —  
*PSALM CXLVIII.*

COME, oh come! in pious lays  
Sound we God Almighty's praise;

Hither bring, in one consent,  
Heart and voice and instrument:  
Music add of every kind,  
Sound the trump, the cornet wind,  
Strike the viol, touch the lute,  
Let no tongue nor string be mute;  
Nor a creature dumb be found  
That hath either voice or sound.

Let those things which do not live  
In still music praises give;  
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep  
On the earth or in the deep:  
Loud aloft your voices strain,  
Beasts and monsters of the main;  
Birds, your warbling treble sing;  
Clouds, your peals of thunders ring;  
Sun and moon, exalted higher,  
And bright stars, augment this choir

Come, ye sons of human race,  
In this chorus take your place,  
And amid the mortal throng  
Be you masters of the song:  
Angels and supernal powers,  
Be the noblest tenor yours:  
Let, in praise of God, the sound  
Run a never-ending round,  
That our song of praise may be  
Everlasting, as is He.

From earth's vast and hollow womb  
Music's deepest base may come;  
Seas and floods, from shore to shore,  
Shall their counter-tenors roar:  
To this concert, when we sing,  
Whistling winds, your descants bring;  
That our song may over-climb  
All the bounds of place and time,  
And ascend, from sphere to sphere,  
To the great Almighty's ear.

So from heaven on earth He shall  
Let His gracious blessings fall:  
And this huge wide orb we see  
Shall one choir, one temple be;  
Where in such a praiseful tone  
We will sing what He hath done,  
That the cursed fiends below  
Shall thereat impatient grow.  
Then, oh come, in pious lays  
Sound we God Almighty's praise!

GEORGE WITHER.

*PSALM CXVII.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise;  
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
 Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!  
 Eternal truth attends Thy word;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

*EVENING HYMN OF THE ALPINE  
SHEPHERDS.*

BROTHERS, the day declines;  
 Above, the glacier brightens;  
 Through hills of waving pines  
 The "vesper halo" lightens!  
 Now wake the welcome chorus  
 To Him our sires adored;  
 To Him who watcheth o'er us,—  
 Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

From each tower's embattled crest  
 The vesper-bell has toll'd;  
 'Tis the hour that bringeth rest  
 To the shepherd and his fold:  
 From hamlet, rock, and chalet  
 Let our evening song be pour'd;  
 Till mountain, rock, and valley  
 Re-echo,—Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord, who made and gave us  
 Our glorious mountain-land!  
 Who deign'd to shield and save us  
 From the despot's iron hand:  
 With the bread of life He feeds us;  
 Enlighten'd by His word,  
 Through pastures green He leads us,—  
 Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

And hark, below, aloft,  
 From cliffs that pierce the cloud,  
 From blue lakes, calm and soft  
 As a virgin in her shroud,  
 New strength our anthem gathers;  
 From Alp to Alp 'tis pour'd;  
 So sang our sainted fathers,—  
 Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! from flood and fell  
 Let the voice of old and young—  
 All the strength of Appenzel,  
 True of heart and sweet of tongue—  
 The grateful theme prolong  
 With souls in soft accord,  
 Till yon stars take up our song,—  
 Hallelujah to the Lord!

WILLIAM BEATTIE.

*EVENING CONTEMPLATION.*

SOFTLY now the light of day  
 Fades upon my sight away;  
 Free from care, from labor free,  
 Lord, I would commune with Thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
 Naught escapes, without, within!  
 Pardon each infirmity,  
 Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me the light of day  
 Shall for ever pass away;  
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
 All of man's infirmity!  
 Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

*THE PRIEST.*

I WOULD I were an excellent divine  
 That had the Bible at my fingers' ends;  
 That men might hear out of this mouth  
 of mine,  
 How God doth make His enemies His  
 friends;  
 Rather than with a thundering and long  
 prayer  
 Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other  
 be—

But a religious servant of my God;  
 And know there is none other God but  
 He,  
 And willingly to suffer mercy's rod—  
 Joy in His grace, and live but in His  
 love,  
 And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful  
prayer

For all estates within the state of  
grace,

That careful love might never' know  
despair,

Nor servile fear might faithful love  
deface:

And this would I both day and night  
devise

To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred  
life;

Persuade the troubled soul to patience;  
The husband care, and comfort to the  
wife,

To child and servant due obedience;

Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor  
peace,

That love might live, and quarrels all  
might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are dis-  
eased,

Confession unto all that are convicted,  
And patience unto all that are dis-  
pleased,

And comfort unto all that are af-  
flicted,

And mercy unto all that have offended,  
And grace to all: that all may be  
amended.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

*MORNING HYMN.*

OH, timely happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise!  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove,  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of  
heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain  
Untired we ask, and ask again,  
Ever, in its melodious store,  
Finding a spell unheard before;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,  
Counting the cost, in all t' espy  
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise!  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,  
Our neighbor and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky;

The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves.—a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more: content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;  
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect rest above,  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray!

JOHN KEBLE.

*MORNING HYMN.*

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent redeem;  
Each present day thy last esteem;



Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere;  
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;  
Think how All-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine  
Let thy own light to others shine;  
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who, all night long, unwearied sing  
High praise to the Eternal King.

Awake! awake! Ye heavenly choir,  
May your devotion me inspire,  
That I, like you, my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend!

May I, like you, in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight,  
Perform like you my Maker's will!  
Oh may I never more do ill!

Had I your wings to Heaven I'd fly;  
But God shall that defect supply;  
And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,  
Shall all day long to Heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept!  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake!

I would not wake, nor rise again,  
Ev'n Heaven itself I would disdain,  
Wert thou not there to be enjoy'd,  
And I in hymns to be employ'd!

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;  
Oh never then from me depart!  
For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be  
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this-day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below!

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

THOMAS KEN.

### MORNING HYMN.

SINCE Thou hast added now, O God!  
Unto my life another day,  
And giv'st me leave to walk abroad,  
And labor in my lawful way;  
My walks and works with me begin,  
Conduct me forth, and bring me in.

In every power my soul enjoys  
Internal virtues to improve;  
In every sense that she employs  
In her external works to move;  
Bless her, O God! and keep me sound  
From outward harm and inward wound.

Let sin nor Satan's fraud prevail  
To make mine eye of reason blind,  
Or faith, or hope, or love to fail,  
Or any virtues of the mind;  
But more and more let them increase,  
And bring me to mine end in peace.

Lewd courses let my feet forbear;  
Keep Thou my hands from doing wrong;  
Let not ill counsels pierce mine ear,  
Nor wicked words defile my tongue;  
And keep the windows of each eye  
That no strange lust climb in thereby.

But guard Thou safe my heart in chief;  
That neither hate, revenge, nor fear,  
Nor vain desire, vain joy, or grief,  
Obtain command or dwelling there:  
And, Lord! with every saving grace,  
Still true to Thee maintain that place!

From open wrongs, from secret hates,  
Preserve me, likewise, Lord! this day;  
From slanderous tongues, from wicked mates  
From every danger in my way;  
My goods to me secure Thou too,  
And prosper all the works I do.

So till the evening of this morn  
My time shall then so well be spent,  
That when the twilight shall return  
I may enjoy it with content,  
And to Thy praise and honor say,  
That this hath proved a happy day.

GEORGE WITHER.

*EVENING HYMN.*

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When round Thy wondrous works below  
My searching rapturous glance I throw,  
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,  
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or, by the light Thy words disclose,  
Watch time's full river as it flows,  
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,  
Where not too deep for mortal sense;

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,  
And all the flowers of life unfold;  
Let not my heart within me burn,  
Except in all I Thee discern!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, How sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live!  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die!

Thou Framer of the light and dark,  
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark!  
Amid the howling wintry sea  
We are in port if we have Thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,  
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,  
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright!  
Let all do all as in Thy sight!

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne  
So meekly up the hill of scorn,  
Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross  
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine;  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin!

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store!  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take:  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in Heaven above!

JOHN KEEBLE.

*EVENING HYMN.*

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed!  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day!

Oh may my soul on Thee repose;  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake!

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest!

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive!  
I am but half my time alive:  
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved  
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,  
Let it not hold me long in chains!  
And now and then let loose my heart,  
Till it an hallelujah dart!

The faster sleep the senses binds,  
The more unfetter'd are our minds;  
Oh may my soul, from matter free,  
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

Oh when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns with the supernal choir  
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Oh may my Guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my bed His vigils keep;

His love angelical instill;  
Stop all the avenues of ill:

May He celestial joy rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse;  
Or in my stead, all the night long,  
Sing to my God a grateful song!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below!  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

THOMAS KEN.

---

### EVENING HYMN.

BEHOLD the sun, that seem'd but now  
Enthronèd overhead,  
Beginneth to decline below  
The globe whereon we tread;  
And he, whom yet we look upon  
With comfort and delight,  
Will quite depart from hence anon,  
And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away  
The life which Nature gave;  
Thus are our bodies every day  
Declining to the grave:  
Thus from us all those pleasures fly  
Whereon we set our heart;  
And when the night of death draws nigh,  
Thus will they all depart.

Lord! though the sun forsake our sight,  
And mortal hopes are vain;  
Let still Thine everlasting light  
Within our souls remain!  
And in the nights of our distress  
Vouchsafe those rays divine,  
Which from the Sun of Righteousness  
For ever brightly shine!

GEORGE WITHER.

---

### EVENING HYMN.

THE night is come; like to the day,  
Depart not thou, great God, away,  
Let not my sins, black as the night,  
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.  
Keep in my horizon; for to me  
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.

Thou whose nature cannot sleep,  
On my temples sentry keep:  
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,  
Whose eyes are open while mine close.  
Let no dreams my head infest  
But such as Jacob's temples blest.  
Whilst I do rest, my soul advance;  
Make my sleep a holy trance:  
That I may, my rest being wrought,  
Awake into some holy thought,  
And with as active vigor run  
My course, as doth the nimble sun.  
Sleep is a death; oh, make me try,  
By sleeping, what it is to die:  
And as gently lay my head  
On my grave as now my bed.  
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me  
Awake again at last with Thee.  
And thus assured, behold I lie  
Securely, or to wake or die.  
These are my drowsy days; in vain  
I do now wake to sleep again:  
Oh, come that hour when I shall never  
Sleep thus again, but wake for ever.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

---

### EVENING HYMN.

SWEET SAVIOUR! bless us ere we go;  
Thy word into our minds instill,  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,—  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release,  
And bless us more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Do more than pardon,—give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And loving hearts without alloy,  
That only long to be like Thee;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd,  
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:  
Let not our works with self be soil'd,  
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

For all we love—the poor, the sad,  
The sinful—unto Thee we call;  
Oh! let Thy mercy make us glad!  
Thou art our Jesus and our all;  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Sweet Saviour! bless us; night is come;  
Through all its watches near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

### ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me  
abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass  
away;

Change and decay in all around I see:  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word:  
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,  
Lord,

Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy  
wings;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide  
with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst  
smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse mean-  
while,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy Presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's  
power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can  
be?

Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with  
me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-  
ness:

Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy  
victory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold then Thy cross before my closing  
eyes!

Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies!

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee;

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

### MIDNIGHT HYMN.

MY God, now I from sleep awake,  
The sole possession of me take:  
From midnight terrors me secure,  
And guard my heart from thoughts impure!

Bless'd angels! while we silent lie,  
You hallelujahs sing on high;  
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest,  
Before the Throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join  
In offering up a hymn divine;  
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,  
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust :  
Oh make me Thy peculiar care ;  
Some mansion for my soul prepare !

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,  
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat !  
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,  
Who sit above in brighter day.

Oh may I always ready stand  
With my lamp burning in my hand :  
May I in sight of Heaven rejoice,  
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice !

All praise to Thee in light array'd,  
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made ;  
A boundless ocean of bright beams  
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The Sun in its meridian height  
Is very darkness in Thy sight !  
My soul oh lighten and inflame,  
With thought and love of Thy great Name !

Bless'd Jesu, Thou, on Heaven intent,  
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;  
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,  
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow  
Of antedating bliss below,  
In sacred hymns, and heavenly love,  
Which will eternal be above ?

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart !  
Fresh ardors kindle in my heart !  
One ray of Thy all-quickening light  
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,  
Watch over Thine own sacrifice !  
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,  
And make my very dreams devout !

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below !  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

THOMAS KEN.

### HYMN.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !

Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by Thy care,  
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,  
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,  
Made every region please ;  
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,  
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How with affrighted eyes  
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep  
In all its horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in every face,  
And fear in every heart,  
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free ;  
Whilst in the confidence of prayer  
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,  
High on the broken wave ;  
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,  
Obedient to Thy will ;  
The sea, that roar'd at Thy command,  
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness I'll adore—  
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

### THANKSGIVING HYMN.

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !  
All is safely gather'd in,  
Ere the winter-storms begin ;

God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied ;  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !

We ourselves are God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown :  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear :  
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be !

For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home ;  
From His field shall purge away  
All that doth offend, that day ;  
Give His Angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !  
All are safely gather'd in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;  
There for ever purified,  
In God's garner to abide :  
Come, ten thousand Angels, come,  
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home !

HENRY ALFORD.

*A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR  
HIS HOUSE.*

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell,  
Wherein to dwell ;  
A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weather-proof ;  
Under the sparres of which I lie  
Both soft and drie ;  
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,  
Hath set a guard  
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me while I sleep.  
Low is my porch, as is my fate ;  
Both void of state ;  
And yet the threshold of my doore  
Is worn by th' poore,  
Who thither come and freely get  
Good words or meat.

Like as my parlour, so my hall  
And kitchin's small ;  
A little butterie, and therein  
A little byn,  
Which keeps my little loafe of bread  
Unchipt, unflead ;  
Some brittle sticks of thorne or brier  
Make me a fire,  
Close by whose living coale I sit,  
And glow like it.  
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,  
The pulse is Thine,  
And all those other bits that bee  
There placed by Thee ;  
The worts, the purslain, and the messe  
Of water-cresse,  
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent ;  
And my content  
Makes those, and my beloved beet,  
To be more sweet.  
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
With guiltlesse mirth,  
And giv'st me wassalle bowles to drink,  
Spiced to the brink.  
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,  
That soiles my land,  
And giv'st me, for my bushell sowne,  
Twice ten for one ;  
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay  
Her egg each day ;  
Besides my healthful ewes to bear  
Me twins each yeare ;  
The while the conduits of my kine  
Run creame, for wine :  
All these, and better Thou dost send  
Me, to this end,  
That I should render, for my part,  
A thankfull heart ;  
Which, fired with incense, I resigne,  
As wholly Thine ;  
But the acceptance, that must be,  
My Christ, by Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

*FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.*

ETERNAL source of every joy,  
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,  
While in Thy temple we appear,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.  
The flowery spring at Thy command  
Embalms the air and paints the land ;

The summer rays with vigor shine,  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores,  
And winters, soften'd by Thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons and months and weeks and days  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid  
With opening light and evening shade!

Oh! may our more harmonious tongues  
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

### SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright!  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;  
The indorsement of supreme delight,  
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;  
The couch of time, care's balm and bay,  
The week were dark but for thy light;  
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou  
Make up one man, whose face thou art,  
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:  
The working days are the back part,  
The burden of the week lies there,  
Making the whole to stoop and bow,  
Till thy release appear.

Man had straightforward gone  
To endless death; but thou dost pull  
And turn us round to look on One,  
Whom, if we were not very dull,  
We could not choose but look on still,  
Since there is no place so alone,  
The which He doth not fill!

Sundays the pillars are  
On which heaven's palace archèd lies:  
The other days fill up the spare  
And hollow room with vanities;  
They are the fruitful beds and borders  
Of God's rich garden; that is bare,  
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,  
Threaded together on time's string,

Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal glorious King;  
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;  
Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,  
And did enclose this light for His,  
That, as each beast his manger knows,  
Man might not of his fodder miss;  
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,  
And made a garden there for those  
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation  
Our great Redeemer did remove  
With the same shake, which at His passion  
Did th' earth, and all things with it, move;  
As Samson bore the doors away,  
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our  
salvation,  
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day  
We sullied by our foul offence;  
Wherefore that robe we cast away,  
Having a new at His expense,  
Whose drops of blood paid the full price  
That was required to make us gay  
And fit for Paradise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

### SON-DAYES.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some shoots  
of blisse;

Heaven once a week;  
The next world's gladnesse prepossest in  
this;

A day to seek:  
Eternity in time; the steps by which  
We climb above all ages; lamps that  
light

Man through his heap of dark days; and  
the rich

And full redemption of the whole week's  
fight!

The pulleys unto headlong man; time's  
bower;

The narrow way;  
Transplanted paradise; God's walking  
houre;

The cool o' th' day!

The creature's jubile; God's parle with  
dust;  
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh  
and flowres;  
Angels descending; the returns of trust;  
A gleam of glory after six-days showres!

The Church's love-feasts; time's prerog-  
ative

And interest

Deducted from the whole; the combs and  
hive,

And home of rest.

The milky-way chalkt out with suns; a  
clue,

That guides through erring hours; and  
in full story

A taste of heav'n on earth; the pledge  
and cue

Of a full feast! and the out-courts of  
glory.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

THE morning light is breaking;

The darkness disappears;

The sons of earth are waking

To penitential tears.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean

Brings tidings from afar,

Of nations in commotion,

Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us

In many a gentle shower,

And brighter scenes before us

Are opening every hour:

Each day, to Heaven going,

Abundant answer brings,

And heavenly gales are blowing,

With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending

Before the God we love,

And thousand hearts ascending

In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,

The gospel call obey,

And seek the Saviour's blessing,

A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,

Pursue thy onward way;

Flow thou to every nation,

Nor in thy richness stay:

Stay not till all the lowly

Triumphant reach their home;

Stay not till all the holy

Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

TO THY TEMPLE I REPAIR.

To Thy temple I repair;

Lord, I love to worship there;

When within the veil I meet

Christ before the mercy-seat.

Thou, through Him, art reconciled;

I, through Him, became Thy child;

Abba, Father! give me grace

In Thy courts to seek Thy face!

While Thy glorious praise is sung,

Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,

That my joyful soul may bless

Thee, the Lord my Righteousness!

While the prayers of saints ascend,

God of love! to mine attend!

Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;

Hear, for Jesus intercedes!

While I hearken to Thy law,

Fill my soul with humble awe;

Till Thy Gospel bring to me

Life and immortality:

While Thy ministers proclaim

Peace and pardon in Thy Name,

Through their voice, by faith, may I

Hear Thee speaking from the sky!

From Thy house when I return,

May my heart within me burn;

And at evening let me say,

I have walk'd with God to-day!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,

And feed me with a Shepherd's care;

His presence shall my wants supply,

And guard me with a watchful eye;

My noonday walks He shall attend,

And all my midnight hours defend.



When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

#### *A PARABLE FROM LIEBIG.*

THE church bells were ringing, the devil  
sat singing

On the stump of a rotting old tree;  
"Oh faith it grows cold, and the creeds  
they grow old,  
And the world is nigh ready for me."

The bells went on ringing, a spirit came  
singing,

And smiled as he crumbled the tree;  
"Yon wood does but perish new seedlings  
to cherish,  
And the world is too live yet for thee."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

#### *HYMN.*

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:  
O God, be merciful to me!

I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,  
Christ and his cross my only plea:  
O God, be merciful to me!

Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;

But thou dost all my anguish see,  
O God, be merciful to me!

Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee:  
O God, be merciful to me!

And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me!

CORNELIUS ELVEN.

#### *HOLY BIBLE, BOOK DIVINE.*

HOLY Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine to tell me whence I came,  
Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to chide me when I rove,  
Mine to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet,  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.

Mine to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
Holy Bible, Book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON.

#### *THY GOODNESS, LORD, OUR SOULS CONFESS.*

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
Thy goodness we adore;  
A spring, whose blessings never fail,  
A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest  
In every cheerful ray;  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love restores the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns  
With all the bliss it yields,  
With joyful clusters bend the vines,  
With harvests wave the fields.

But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,  
Are in the Gospel seen;

There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines  
Without a cloud between.

THOMAS GIBBONS.

*BAPTISMAL HYMN.*

In token that thou shalt not fear  
Christ crucified to own,  
We print the cross upon thee here,  
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch  
Christ's quarrel to maintain,  
But 'neath His banner manfully  
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travell'd by,  
Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
And sit thee down on high;

Thus, outwardly and visibly,  
We seal thee for His own,  
And may the brow that wears His cross  
Hereafter share His crown!

HENRY ALFORD.

*FOUNTAIN OF MERCY! GOD OF LOVE!*

FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of love!  
How rich Thy bounties are!  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence was Thine,  
The plants in beauty grew;  
Thou gavest refulgent suns to shine,  
And mild, refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain,  
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone  
Thou dost on man bestow;  
Let him not then forget to own  
From Whom his blessings flow!

Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;  
To Thee our songs we'll raise,  
And all created Nature join  
In sweet harmonious praise!

ANNE FLOWERDEW.

*WHAT IS PRAYER?*

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of the eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, Behold, he prays!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one  
In word, and deed, and mind;  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone:  
The Holy Spirit pleads;  
And Jesus, on the eternal Throne,  
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God!  
The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:  
Lord! teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

*THE HOUR OF PRAYER.*

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away :  
Mother, with thine earnest eye  
Ever following silently :  
Father, by the breeze of eve  
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave,—  
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Traveller in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band :  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone :  
Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell :  
Sailor, on the darkening sea,  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won  
Breathest now at set of sun ;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,  
Weeping on his burial-plain :  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

*HEAR MY PRAYER, O HEAVENLY FATHER.*

HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father,  
Ere I lay me down to sleep :  
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,  
Round my bed their vigil keep.

Great my sins are, but Thy mercy  
Far outweighs them every one :  
Down before Thy cross I cast them  
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me, through this night of peril,  
Underneath its boundless shade ;  
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,  
When my pilgrimage is made !

None shall measure out Thy patience  
By the span of human thought ;  
None shall bound the tender mercies  
Which Thy Holy Son hath wrought.

Pardon all my past transgressions ;  
Give me strength for days to come ;  
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,  
Till Thine angels bid me home !

HARRIET T. PARR.

*NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.*

NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear  
Steps unto Heaven ;  
All that Thou send'st to me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

*WALKING WITH GOD.*

Gen. v. 24.

OH for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame !

A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee!

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

WILLIAM COWPER.

### CONFIRMATION HYMN.

OH, happy day that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest my long-divided heart!  
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;  
Oh, who with earth would grudge to part,  
When called with angels to be blest?

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

### THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fever'd brow!

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on Thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;  
Let Thine outstretchèd wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm  
Beside her desert spring.

Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet;  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in my hour of pain;  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame;  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng  
Who hate Thy holy Name;

Calm when the great world's news with  
power  
My listening spirit stir:  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star,  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving unruffled through earth's war  
Th' eternal calm to gain!

HORATIUS BONAR.

### RESIGNATION.

O GOD! whose thunder shakes the sky,  
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,  
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,—  
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,  
The shadows of celestial night,  
Are past the power of human skill;  
But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh teach me, in the trying hour—  
 When anguish swells the dewy tear—  
 To still my sorrows, own Thy power,  
 Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,  
 Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,  
 Omniscience could the danger see,  
 And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain—  
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?  
 Shake off the melancholy chain;  
 For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;  
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,  
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,  
 I'll thank the inflictor of the blow—  
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,  
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,  
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
 Will vanish at the morning light,  
 Which God, my east, my sun, reveals.

THOMAS CHATTEERTON.

### RESIGNATION.

LORD, it belongs not to my care  
 Whether I die or live:  
 To love and serve Thee is my share,  
 And this Thy grace must give.  
 If life be long, I will be glad,  
 That I may long obey;  
 If short, yet why should I be sad  
 To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
 Than He went through before;  
 He that into God's kingdom comes  
 Must enter by His door.  
 Come, Lord, when grace has made me  
 meet  
 Thy blessed face to see;  
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
 What will Thy glory be?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
 And weary, sinful days;

And join with the triumphant saints,  
 That sing Jehovah's praise.  
 My knowledge of that life is small,  
 The eye of faith is dim;  
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
 And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

### THY WILL BE DONE.

My God and Father, while I stray  
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
 Oh teach me from my heart to say,  
 Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
 Let me be still and murmur not,  
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
 Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
 Submissive still would I reply,  
 Thy will be done!

Though Thou hast call'd me to resign  
 What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;  
 I have but yielded what was Thine;  
 Thy will be done!

Should grief or sickness waste away  
 My life in premature decay,  
 My Father! still I strive to say,  
 Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest  
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
 Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;  
 Blend it with Thine; and take away  
 All that now makes it hard to say,  
 Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
 The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,  
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
 Thy will be done!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

### THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God!  
 And all Thy ways adore,

And every day I live I seem  
To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule  
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;  
Thou wert the passion of His heart  
Those three-and-thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul  
A special love of Thee,  
A love to lose my will in His,  
And by that loss be free.

I love to see Thee bring to naught  
The plans of wily men;  
When simple hearts outwit the wise,  
Oh, Thou art loveliest then!

The headstrong world, it presses hard  
Upon the Church full oft,  
And then how easily Thou turn'st  
The hard ways into soft!

I love to kiss each print where Thou  
Hast set Thine unseen feet:  
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will!  
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison-walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to Thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;  
My heart is ever gay;  
I run no risk, for come what will  
Thou always hast Thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!  
For all my cares are Thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord; for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gayly waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God  
Its end can never miss,  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,  
Thou glorious Will! ride on;  
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take  
The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;

God's Will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet Will!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

—♦—  
*THY WILL BE DONE.*

FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portion'd out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro;  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know:  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoever estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate,  
And a work of lowly love to do,  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit fill'd the more  
With grateful love to Thee;  
More careful, not to serve Thee much,  
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,  
That call for patient care;

There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer ;  
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,  
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints  
There are no bonds for me ;  
For my inmost heart is taught the Truth  
That makes Thy children free ;  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING.

—◆—  
*"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF  
HEAVEN."*

I THINK when I read that sweet story of  
old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to  
his fold ;  
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on  
my head,  
That his arm had been thrown around  
me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look  
when he said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in his love ;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above,

In that beautiful place he has gone to pre-  
pare  
For all who are washed and forgiven ;  
And many dear children shall be with him  
there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander  
and fall  
Never heard of that heavenly home ;  
I wish they could know there is room for  
them all,  
And that Jesus had bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest, the brightest, the best ;

When the dear little children of every  
clime  
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

JEMIMA THOMPSON LUKE.

—◆—  
*JUST AS I AM.*

JUST as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each  
spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve !  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am (Thy Love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down),  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to  
prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

—◆—  
*HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.*

O LORD, another day is flown ;  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more before Thy throne  
To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear  
To praises low as ours ?

Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear  
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign  
As we before Thee pray;  
For Thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are less than they.

Oh let Thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease;  
And shed abroad in every heart  
Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely Thine,  
A flock by Jesus led,  
The Sun of holiness shall shine  
In glory on our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,  
And Thou wilt bless our way,  
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
The dawn of lasting day!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

—♦—  
*LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.*

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling  
gloom,

Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from  
home;

Lead Thou me on;  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but  
now

Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past  
years!

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it  
still

Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,  
till

The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
a while!

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

*WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS  
AROUND I VIEW.*

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who not in vain  
Experienced every human pain.  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do;  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe;  
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;  
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead!

And oh, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My bed of death, for Thou hast died!  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

—♦—  
*LONG DID I TOIL.*

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;  
Far did I rove, and found no certain  
home;

At last I sought them in His sheltering  
breast,

Who opes His arms, and bids the weary  
come:



With Him I found a home, a rest divine;  
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes! He is mine! and naught of earthly things,

Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,

The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings.

Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.

Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!

Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied;

The ill is only what He deems the best;  
He for my Friend, I'm rich with naught beside;

And poor without Him, though of all possest:

Changes may come; I take, or I resign;  
Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen;

A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines;

Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,

And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:

All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,  
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,

Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;

Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown;

Which, in return, before His feet I throw,

Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,

Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,

But half discern Him, and but half adore;

But when I meet Him in the realms above,

I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,

And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,  
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

### RISE, MY SOUL, AND STRETCH THY WINGS.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;

Rise from transitory things

Toward heaven, thy native place.

Sun and moon and stars decay;

Time shall soon this earth remove;

Rise, my soul, and haste away

To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,

Nor stay in all their course;

Fire ascending seeks the sun;

Both speed them to their source:

So my soul, derived from God,

Pants to view His glorious face,

Forward tends to His abode,

To rest in His embrace.

Fly me riches, fly me cares,

Whilst I that coast explore;

Flattering world, with all thy snares

Solicit me no more!

Pilgrims fix not here their home;

Strangers tarry but a night;

When the last dear morn is come,

They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;

Press onward to the prize;

Soon our Saviour will return

Triumphant in the skies.

Yet a season, and you know

Happy entrance will be given,

All our sorrows left below,

And earth exchanged for heaven.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

### HOW KINDLY HAST THOU LED ME!

OH how kindly hast Thou led me,

Heavenly Father, day by day!

Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,

Furnish'd friends to cheer my way!

Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chasten,

With Thy smile, or with Thy rod,

Twas that still my step might hasten  
Homeward, heavenward, to my God!  
Oh how slowly have I often  
Follow'd where Thy hand would draw!  
How Thy kindness fail'd to soften!  
How Thy chastening fail'd to awe!  
Make me for Thy rest more ready  
As Thy path is longer trod;  
Keep me in Thy friendship steady,  
Till Thou call me home, my God!

THOMAS GRINFIELD.

WRESTLING JACOB.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee;  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,  
My misery or sin declare;  
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;  
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!  
But Who, I ask Thee, Who art thou?  
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold;  
Art thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of Thy love unfold.  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable Name?  
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;  
To know it now, resolved I am:  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,  
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;  
Though every sinew be unstrung,  
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly:  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain;  
When I am weak, then I am strong:  
And when my all of strength shall fail  
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone; my nature dies;  
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,  
Faint to revive, and fail to rise;  
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:  
I stand, and will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer!  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me, if Thy Name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;  
Pure universal Love Thou art!  
To me, to all, Thy bowels move!  
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

My prayer hath power with God; the  
grace  
Unspeakable I now receive;  
Through faith I see Thee face to face,  
I see Thee face to face and live:  
In vain I have not wept and strove;  
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art;  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend!  
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,  
But stay, and love me to the end!  
Thy mercies never shall remove,  
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

The Sun of Righteousness on me  
Hath rose, with healing in His wings;  
Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee  
My soul its life and succor brings;  
My help is all laid up above;  
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh  
I halt, till life's short journey end;  
All helplessness, all weakness, I  
On Thee alone for strength depend;  
Nor have I power from Thee to move;  
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,  
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'er-  
come;  
I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
And as a bounding hart fly home!

Through all eternity to prove,  
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!  
CHARLES WESLEY.

— — — — —  
*WHILST THEE I SEEK.*

WHILST Thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes still'd!  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the power of thought bestow'd:  
To Thee my thoughts would soar:  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,  
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferr'd by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favor'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storms shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart shall rest on Thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

— — — — —  
*THE RIGHT MUST WIN.*

OH, it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take His part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need Him most.

Yes, there is less to try our faith  
In our mysterious creed,  
Than in the godless look of earth  
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good, good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross-purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;  
And we lose courage then;  
And doubts will come if God hath kept  
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reach'd  
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways  
Love's lifelong study are;  
She can be bold, and guess and act,  
When Reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;  
Her step is firm and free;  
Yet there is cautious science too  
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! oh lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blessed is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when He  
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God;  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,  
Most strange in all its ways,  
And, of all things on earth, least like  
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave  
From what men reckon shame,  
In His own world He is content  
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!  
Muse and take better heart;  
Back with thine angel to the field,  
And bravely do thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we  
Our anxious hearts may lay,  
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep  
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

# *JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.*

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord, who rises  
With healing in His wings:  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining  
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
E'en let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will clothe His people too;  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And He, who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear;  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;

Yet, God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER.

# *GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH!*

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.  
Bread of Heaven! Bread of Heaven!  
Feed me now and evermore!

Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer! strong Deliverer!  
Be thou still my Strength and Shield!

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises, songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee!

Musing on my habitation,  
Musing on my heavenly home,  
Fills my soul with holy longing;  
Come, my Jesus, quickly come.  
Vanity is all I see;  
Lord, I long to be with thee!

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

# *HYMN.*

THE Spirit in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"  
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims  
To all his children, "Come!"

Let him that heareth say,  
To all about him, "Come:"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come!

Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh, let him freely come,

And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so; I wait thine hour;  
O blest Redeemer, come!

HENRY USTICK ONDERDONK.

### *I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.*

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

If e'er to bless Thy sons,  
My voice, or hands, deny,  
These hands let useful skill forsake,  
This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget  
Her welfare or her woe,  
Let every joy this heart forsake,  
And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

(From the Latin of St. AMBROSE.)

### *"DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."*

"LIVE while you live!" the epicure would  
say,  
"And seize the pleasures of the present  
day!"  
"Live while you live!" the sacred Preacher  
cries,  
"And give to God each moment as it  
flies!"

Lord, in my view let both united be:  
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

### *CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.*

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King.  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways!

We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the Fathers trod;  
They are happy now; and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed, be glad!  
Christ our Advocate is made;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes;  
Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest!  
You on Jesus' Throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light!  
Zion's city is in sight:  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord! obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below:  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee!

Seal our love, our labors end;  
Let us to Thy bliss ascend;

Let us to Thy kingdom come;  
Lord! we long to be at home.

JOHN CENNICK.

—♦—  
*EARLY PIETY.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!  
Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart with influence sweet  
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away;  
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.  
O Thou whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd  
Were all alike divine:  
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER.

—♦—  
*O HAPPY SOUL, THAT LIVES ON  
HIGH!*

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,  
While men lie grovelling here!  
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,  
While peace and joy combine  
To form a life whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,  
His God in secret sees;  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time,

Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

He wants no pomp, nor royal throne,  
To raise his figure here;  
Content and pleased to live unknown,  
Till Christ, his Life, appear.

He looks to heaven's eternal hill,  
To meet that glorious day,  
And patient waits his Saviour's will,  
To fetch his soul away.

ISAAC WATTS.

—♦—  
*HEAVENLY WISDOM.*

OH, happy is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice,  
And who celestial Wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold,  
And her reward is more secure  
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy years,  
And in her left, the prize of fame  
And honor bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,  
In pleasure's path to tread;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

JOHN LOGAN.

—♦—  
*THE HEART'S SONG.*

In the silent midnight watches,  
List—thy bosom door!  
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,  
Knocketh evermore!  
Say not 'tis thy pulses beating;  
'Tis thy heart of sin:  
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
Rise and let Me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep  
To the hall and hut;

Think you Death will stand a-knocking  
Where the door is shut?  
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;  
But thy door is fast!  
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:  
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating  
Christ to let thee in:  
At the gate of heaven beating,  
Wailing for thy sin.  
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,  
Hast thou then forgot,  
Jesus waited long to know thee,  
But He knows thee not!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

### DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the  
earth—

She is my Maker's creature, therefore  
good.

She is my mother, for she gave me birth;  
She is my tender nurse, she gives me  
food:

But what's a creature, Lord, compared with  
Thee?

Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air—her dainty sweets refresh  
My drooping soul, and to new sweets in-  
vite me;

Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with  
their flesh,

And with their polyphonian notes de-  
light me:

But what's the air, or all the sweets that  
she

Can bless my soul withal, compared to  
Thee?

I love the sea—she is my fellow-creature,  
My careful purveyor; she provides me  
store;

She walls me round; she makes my diet  
greater;

She wafts my treasure from a foreign  
shore:

But, Lord of oceans, when compared with  
Thee,

What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To Heaven's high city I direct my jour-  
ney,

Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine  
eye—

Mine eye, by contemplation's great at-  
torney,

Transcends the crystal pavement of the  
sky:

But what is Heaven, great God, compared  
to Thee?

Without thy presence, Heaven's no Heaven  
to me.

Without Thy presence, earth gives no re-  
fection;

Without Thy presence, sea affords no  
treasure;

Without Thy presence, air's a rank infec-  
tion;

Without Thy presence, Heaven itself's  
no pleasure:

If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in Thee,  
What's earth, or sea, or air, or Heaven to  
me?

The highest honors that the world can  
boast

Are subjects far too low for my desire:

The brightest beams of glory are, at  
most,

But dying sparkles of Thy living fire;

The proudest flames that earth can kindle  
be

But nightly glow-worms if compared to  
Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of  
cares;

Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet sad-  
ness;

Friendship is treason, and delights are  
snares;

Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleas-  
ing madness—

Without Thee, Lord, things be not what  
they be,

Nor have their being, when compared with  
Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what  
have I?

Not having Thee, what have my labors  
got?

Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave  
I?

And having Thee alone, what have I  
not?

I wish nor sea, nor land, nor would I be  
Possess'd of Heaven, Heaven unpossess'd  
of Thee!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

—♦—  
*THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.*

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky;  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud—the night was dark,  
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my foundering  
bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And through the storm and dangers' thrall  
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

—♦—  
*"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."*

SAVIOUR! like a shepherd lead us;  
Much we need thy tender care;  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use thy folds prepare:

Blessed Jesus!

Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine; do thou befriend us,  
Be the guardian of our way;

Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,

Seek us when we go astray:

Blessed Jesus!

Hear young children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,

Poor and sinful though we be;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free:

Blessed Jesus!

Let us early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,

Early let us do thy will;

Holy Lord, our only Saviour!

With thy grace our bosom fill:

Blessed Jesus!

Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY ANN THURPP.

—♦—  
*ART THOU WEARY?*

ART thou weary, art thou languid,

Art thou sore distress'd?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my Guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,

That His brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,

What His guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,

What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,  
Jordan pass'd."

If I ask Him to receive me,

Will He say me nay?

"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."



Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, Yes."

JOHN MASON NEALE.  
(Translation from ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITHE.)

### UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?  
*Yes, to the very end.*  
Will the day's journey take the whole long  
day.  
*From morn to night, my friend.*

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
*A roof for when the slow dark hours  
begin.*  
May not the darkness hide it from my  
face?  
*You cannot miss that inn.*

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
*Those who have gone before.*  
Then must I knock, or call when just in  
sight?  
*They will not keep you standing at that  
door.*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
*Of labor you shall find the sum.*  
Will there be beds for me and all who  
seek?  
*Yes, beds for all who come.*

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

### NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"He found nothing thereon but leaves."—Matt. chap.  
xxi. v. 19.

NOTHING but leaves; the spirit grieves  
Over a wasted life;  
Sin committed while conscience slept,  
Promises made but never kept,  
Hatred, battle, and strife;  
*Nothing but leaves!*

Nothing but leaves; no garner'd sheaves  
Of life's fair, ripen'd grain;  
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;  
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;  
We reap with toil and pain  
*Nothing but leaves!*

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves  
No veil to screen the past:  
As we retrace our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent day—  
We find, sadly, at last,  
*Nothing but leaves!*

And shall we meet the Master so,  
Bearing our wither'd leaves?  
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,—  
We stand before him, humbled, mute;  
Waiting the words he breathes,—  
*"Nothing but leaves!"*

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.

### THE PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon;  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;  
My bottle of salvation;  
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!  
Blood must be my body's balmer,  
No other balm will there be given;  
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,  
Travelleth toward the land of Heaven:  
Over the silver mountains  
Where spring the nectar fountains:  
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,  
And drink mine everlasting fill  
Upon every milken hill.  
My soul will be a-dry before,  
But after, it will thirst no more.  
Then by that happy, blissful day,  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,  
That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk apparell'd fresh like me.  
I'll take them first to quench their thirst,  
And taste of nectar's suckets  
At those clear wells where sweetness  
dwells  
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.  
And when our bottles and all we  
Are fill'd with immortality,  
Then the blest paths we'll travel,  
Strew'd with rubies thick as gravel,—  
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,  
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.  
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,  
Where no corrupted voices brawl;

No conscience molten into gold,  
 No forged accuser, bought or sold,  
 No cause deferr'd, no vain-spent journey,  
 For there Christ is the King's Attorney;  
 Who pleads for all without degrees,  
 And He hath angels, but no fees;  
 And when the grand twelve million jury  
 Of our sins, with direful fury,  
 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,  
 Christ pleads His death, and then we live.  
 Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,  
 Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!  
 Thou giv'st salvation even for alms,—  
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.  
 And this is mine eternal plea  
 To Him that made heaven, earth and sea,  
 That since my flesh must die so soon,  
 And want a head to dine next noon,  
 Just at the stroke when my veins start and  
     spread,  
 Set on my soul an everlasting head:  
 Then am I, like a palmer, fit  
 To tread those blest paths which before I  
     writ.  
 Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

—♦—  
*THE FLOWER.*

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and  
     clean  
 Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in  
     spring—  
 To which, besides their own demean,  
 The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure  
     bring.  
     Grief melts away  
     Like snow in May,  
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd  
     heart  
 Could have recovered greenness? It was  
     gone  
 Quite underground; as flowers depart  
 To see their mother-root when they have  
     blown,  
     Where they together,  
     All the hard weather,  
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power:  
 Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to  
     hell

And up to heaven in an hour,  
 Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amiss,

This or that is—

Thy word is all, if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were—  
 Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can  
     wither!

Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
 Offering at heaven, growing and groaning  
     thither;

Nor doth my flower

Want a spring-shower,

My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line.  
 Still upward bent, as if heaven were mine  
     own,

Thy anger comes, and I decline;

What frost to that? what pole is not the  
     zone

Where all things burn,

When Thou dost turn,

And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again—  
 After so many deaths I live and write;  
 I once more smell the dew and rain,  
 And relish versing; O my only light,  
     It cannot be  
     That I am he  
 On whom Thy tempests fell all night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love—  
 To make us see we are but flowers that  
     glide;

Which when we once can find and  
     prove,

Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.

Who would be more,

Swelling through store,

Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

—♦—  
*JESU, MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE*

JESU, my strength, my hope,  
 On Thee I cast my care,  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait  
 Till I can all things do,  
 On Thee, Almighty to create,  
 Almighty to renew!  
 I rest upon Thy word;  
 The promise is for me;  
 My succor and salvation, Lord,  
 Shall surely come from Thee.  
 But let me still abide,  
 Nor from my hope remove,  
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
 Into thy perfect love!

I want a sober mind,  
 A self-renouncing will,  
 That tramples down and casts behind  
 The baits of pleasing ill:  
 A soul inured to pain,  
 To hardship, grief, and loss;  
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
 The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,  
 A quick discerning eye,  
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the tempter fly;  
 A spirit still prepared,  
 And arm'd with jealous care,  
 For ever standing on its guard,  
 And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,  
 To pray and never cease,  
 Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
 Or wish my sufferings less;  
 This blessing, above all,  
 Always to pray, I want,  
 Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
 And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,  
 A single, steady aim,  
 Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,  
 To Thee and Thy great name;  
 A jealous, just concern  
 For Thine immortal praise;  
 A pure desire that all may learn  
 And glorify Thy grace.

I want with all my heart,  
 Thy pleasure to fulfil,  
 To know myself, and what Thou art,  
 And what Thy perfect will.  
 I want I know not what;  
 I want my wants to see;  
 I want—alas, what want I not,  
 When Thou art not in me?

CHARLES WESLEY.

## MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile;  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown;  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! O salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till like a sea of glory  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER.

## THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
 On this side Jordan's wave,  
 In a vale in the land of Moab  
 There lies a lonely grave.  
 And no man knows that sepulchre,  
 And no man saw it e'er,  
 For the angels of God upturn'd the sod  
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
 That ever pass'd on earth;  
 But no man heard the trampling,  
 Or saw the train go forth—  
 Noiselessly as the daylight  
 Comes back when night is done,  
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
 Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Beth-peor's height,  
Out of his lonely eyrie  
Look'd on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion stalking,  
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drum,  
Follow his funeral car;  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
We lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honor'd place,  
With costly marble drest,  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir  
sings  
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior  
That ever buckled sword,  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced, with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—  
The hillside for a pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall,

And the dark rock-pines like tossing  
plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffin'd clay  
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!  
Before the judgment day,  
And stand with glory wrapt around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!  
O dark Beth-peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep  
Of him He loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

### THE NINETY AND NINE.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely  
lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold—  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and  
nine;  
Are they not enough for Thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of  
mine  
Has wander'd away from me;  
And although the road be rough and steep,  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransom'd ever knew  
How deep were the waters cross'd;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
pass'd through  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all  
the way  
That mark out the mountain's track?"  
"They were shed for one who had gone  
astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him  
back."  
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and  
torn?"  
"They are pierced to-night by many a  
thorn."

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"  
And the angels echo'd around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His  
own!"

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

---

### RETIREMENT.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays,  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet Source of light divine,  
And, all harmonious names in one,  
My Saviour! Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above  
When time shall be no more!

WILLIAM COWPER.

### LORD, SHALL THY CHILDREN COME TO THEE?

LORD, shall thy children come to Thee?  
A boon of love divine we seek;  
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,  
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could  
speak,  
Thy children pray for grace, that they  
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come? and come again,  
Oft as we see Thy table spread,  
And, tokens of Thy dying pain,  
The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?  
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,  
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come? not thus alone  
At holy time or solemn rite,  
But every hour till life be flown,  
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,  
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we  
In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

Lord, shall we come, come yet again?  
Thy children ask one blessing more:  
To come, not now alone, but then,  
When life, and death, and time are o'er;  
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be  
Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by Thee.

SAMUEL HINDS.

---

### WHEN OUR HEADS ARE BOWED WITH WOE.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortals griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear;  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the sullen death-bell tolls  
For our own departed souls,  
When our final doom is near,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bow'd the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own;  
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear;  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

— — —  
*PSALM CXXI.*

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
The eternal hills beyond the skies;  
Thence all her help my soul derives,  
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood;  
The heavens with all their hosts he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, He guards our way;  
His morning smiles bless all the day;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.

Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
Safe in the Lord; His heavenly care  
Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power;  
And, in thy last departing hour,  
Angels, that trace the airy road,  
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

ISAAC WATTS.

— — —  
*A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.*

"PRAISE God from whom all blessings  
flow."

Praise Him who sendeth joy and woe.

The Lord who takes,—the Lord who  
gives,—  
Oh, praise Him, all that dies and lives.

He opens and He shuts His hand,  
But why, we cannot understand:  
Pours and dries up His mercies' flood,  
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,  
The mystery of God and man;  
We women, when afflictions come,  
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,  
He gleams out, sunlike, through the sky,  
We look up, and, through black clouds  
riven,

We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,  
We have no deep philosophies:  
Childlike, we take both kiss and rod,  
For he who loveth knoweth God.

DINAH MARIA MULOCH CRAIK.

— — —  
*THE GOD OF ABRAHAM PRAISE.*

THE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of Love!  
Jehovah! Great I Am!  
By earth and heaven confest;  
I bow and bless the sacred Name,  
For ever blest!

The God of Abraham praise!  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At His right hand:  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
And Him my only portion make,  
My Shield and Tower.

The God of Abraham praise!  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days  
In all my ways:  
He calls a worm His friend!  
He calls Himself my God!  
And He shall save me to the end  
Through Jesus' Blood.

He by Himself hath sworn,  
 I on His oath depend ;  
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,  
 To heaven ascend ;  
 I shall behold His face,  
 I shall His power adore,  
 And sing the wonders of His grace  
 For evermore !

Though Nature's strength decay,  
 And earth and hell withstand,  
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way  
 At His command :  
 The watery deep I pass  
 With Jesus in my view,  
 And through the howling wilderness  
 My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,  
 With peace and plenty blest,  
 A land of sacred liberty,  
 And endless rest :  
 There milk and honey flow,  
 And oil and wine abound,  
 And trees of life for ever grow,  
 With Mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,  
 The Lord our Righteousness,  
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
 The Prince of Peace !  
 On Sion's sacred height  
 His kingdom still maintains,  
 And, glorious with His saints in light,  
 For ever reigns !

He keeps His own secure ;  
 He guards them by His side ;  
 Arrays in garments white and pure  
 His spotless Bride ;  
 With streams of sacred bliss,  
 With groves of living joys,  
 With all the fruits of Paradise,  
 He still supplies.

Before the great Three-One  
 They all exulting stand,  
 And tell the wonders He hath done  
 Through all their land ;  
 The listening spheres attend  
 And swell the growing fame,  
 And sing, in songs which never end,  
 The wondrous Name !

The God who reigns on high,  
 The great Archangels sing,  
 And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
 "Almighty King !  
 Who Was, and Is, the same,  
 And evermore shall be !  
 Jehovah ! Father ! Great I Am !  
 We worship Thee !"

Before the Saviour's face  
 The ransom'd nations bow,  
 O'erwhelm'd at His Almighty grace,  
 For ever new :  
 He shows His prints of love ;  
 They kindle to a flame,  
 And sound, through all the worlds above,  
 The slaughter'd Lamb !

The whole triumphant host  
 Give thanks to God on high ;  
 "Hail ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"   
 They ever cry :  
 Hail ! Abraham's God, and mine !  
 I join the heavenly lays ;  
 All might and majesty are Thine,  
 And endless praise !

THOMAS OLIVERS.

—♦—  
*O THOU, FROM WHOM ALL GOOD-  
 NESS FLOWS.*

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my heart to Thee ;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 Dear Lord, remember me !

When groaning on my burden'd heart  
 My sins lie heavily,  
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,  
 In love remember me !

Temptations sore obstruct my way ;  
 And ills I cannot flee :  
 Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day ;  
 For good remember me !

Distress with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble body see !  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;  
 Hear, and remember me !

If on my face, for Thy dear Name,  
 Shame and reproaches be ;

All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me!

The hour is near; consign'd to death  
I own the just decree:  
Saviour!" with my last parting breath,  
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

THOMAS HAWES.

—♦—  
*COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY  
BLESSING.*

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune mine heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—  
Mount of God's unchanging love!

Here I raise my Ebenezer!  
Hither by Thine help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed with precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's mine heart, oh take and seal it;  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

—♦—  
*HYMN.*

O WORD of God incarnate,  
O Wisdom from on high,  
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
O Light of our dark sky;  
We praise thee for the radiance  
That from the hallowed page,  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master,  
Received the gift divine;

And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored;  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of thee, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world;  
It is the chart and compass,  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of burnished gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old.  
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see thee face to face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

—♦—  
*HYMN.*

LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but thee;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing  
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasures that can never cloy:  
Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMISTON.



## ON A PRAYER-BOOK

SENT TO MRS. M. R.

Lo! here a little volume, but great book,  
 (Fear it not, sweet,  
 It is no hypocrite!)  
 Much larger in itself than in its look!  
 It is—in one rich handful—heaven and  
 all  
 Heaven's royal hosts encamp'd—thus  
 small  
 To prove, that true schools use to tell,  
 A thousand angels in one point can  
 dwell.  
 It is love's great artillery,  
 Which here contracts itself, and comes to  
 lie  
 Close couch'd in your white bosom, and  
 from thence,  
 As from a snowy fortress of defence,  
 Against the ghostly foe to take your  
 part,  
 And fortify the hold of your chaste  
 heart.

It is the armory of light—  
 Let constant use but keep it bright,  
 You'll find it yields  
 To holy hands and humble hearts  
 More swords and shields  
 Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.  
 Only be sure  
 The hands be pure  
 That hold these weapons, and the eyes  
 Those of turtles—chaste and true,  
 Wakeful and wise.  
 Here is a friend shall fight for you;  
 Hold but this book before your heart,  
 Let prayer alone to play his part.

But oh! the heart  
 That studies this high art  
 Must be a sure housekeeper,  
 And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,  
 Mercy will come ere long,  
 And bring her bosom full of blessings—  
 Flowers of never-fading graces,  
 To make immortal dressings  
 For worthy souls, whose wise embraces  
 Store up themselves for Him who is alone  
 The Spouse of virgins and the Virgin's  
 Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when He  
 comes,  
 Shall find the wandering heart from  
 home,  
 Leaving her chaste abode  
 To gad abroad—  
 Amongst the gay mates of the god of  
 flies  
 To take her pleasures, and to play,  
 And keep the devil's holiday—  
 To dance in the sunshine of some smiling,  
 But beguiling

Spear of sweet and sugar'd lies—  
 Some slippery pair  
 Of false, perhaps as fair,  
 Flattering but forswearing eyes—

Doubtless some other heart  
 Will get the start,  
 And, stepping in before,  
 Will take possession of the sacred store  
 Of hidden sweets and holy joys—  
 Words which are not heard with ears  
 (These tumultuous shops of noise),  
 Effectual whispers, whose still voice  
 The soul itself more feels than hears—

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,  
 Sights which are not seen with eyes—  
 Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,  
 Whose pure and subtle lightning flies  
 Home to the heart, and sets the house on  
 fire,  
 And melts it down in sweet desire;  
 Yet doth not stay  
 To ask the windows leave to pass that  
 way—

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations  
 Of soul, dear and divine annihilations—  
 A thousand unknown rites  
 Of joys, and rarefied delights—  
 An hundred thousand loves and graces,  
 And many a mystic thing  
 Which the divine embraces  
 Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them  
 will bring,  
 For which it is no shame  
 That dull mortality must not know a  
 name.

Of all this hidden store  
 Of blessings, and ten thousand more,  
 If, when He come,  
 He find the heart from home,

Doubtless He will unload  
Himself some otherwhere,  
And pour abroad  
His precious sweets  
On the fair soul whom first He meets.  
Oh fair! oh fortunate! oh rich! oh dear!  
Oh, happy and thrice happy she—  
Dear silver-breasted dove,  
Whoe'er she be,  
Whose early love  
With winged vows  
Makes haste to meet her morning Spouse,  
And close with His immortal kisses—  
Happy soul! who never misses  
To improve that precious hour,  
And every day  
Seize her sweet prey,  
All fresh and fragrant as He rises,  
Dropping with a balmy shower,  
A delicious dew of spices!

Oh! let that happy soul hold fast  
Her heavenly armful; she shall taste  
At once ten thousand paradises;  
She shall have power  
To rifle and deflower  
The rich and roseal spring of those rare  
sweets  
Which, with a swelling bosom, there she  
meets;  
Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures  
Of pure inebriating pleasures;  
Happy soul! she shall discover  
What joy, what bliss,  
How many heavens at once, it is,  
To have a God become her lover.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast—to keep  
The larder lean,  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep?  
Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?  
Is it to fast an hour—  
Or ragged to go—  
Or show  
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate—  
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin;  
And that's to keep thy Lent.  
ROBERT HERRICK.

O GOD OF BETHEL, BY WHOSE  
HAND.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace;  
God of our fathers! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

Oh spread Thy covering wings around  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace!

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

Variation by JOHN LOGAN.  
(FROM PHILIP DODDREDGE.)

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer my home to-day  
Than I ever have been before:

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne;  
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross;  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the silent, unknown stream  
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dread abyss:  
Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gain'd the brink;  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;  
Let my spirit feel in death  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith!

PHOEBE CARY.

### YE GOLDEN LAMPS OF HEAVEN, FAREWELL.

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
With all your feeble light:  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames array'd;  
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts  
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light  
Shall there His beams display,  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief  
Shall swell into mine eyes;  
Nor the meridian sun decline  
Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints  
Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall view  
With infinite delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

### SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
God will make new heavens, new earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No: the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice,  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,  
And not be in sorrow too?  
Can I see another's grief,  
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,  
And not feel my sorrow's share?  
Can a father see his child  
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear  
An infant groan, an infant fear?  
No! no! never can it be—  
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small bird's grief and care,  
Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,  
Pouring pity in their breast?  
And not sit the cradle near,  
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,  
Wiping all our tears away?  
Oh, no! never can it be—  
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;  
He becomes an infant small,  
He becomes a man of woe,  
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,  
And thy Maker is not nigh;  
Think not thou canst weep a tear,  
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,  
That our griefs He may destroy.  
Till our grief is fled and gone  
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

I SAW the young bride in her beauty and  
pride,  
Bedeck'd in her snowy array;  
And the bright flush of joy mantled high  
on her cheek,  
And the future look'd blooming and gay:

And with woman's devotion she laid her  
fond heart

At the shrine of idolatrous love,  
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perish-  
ing earth,

By the chain which her tenderness  
wove.

But I saw, when those heartstrings were  
bleeding and torn,

And the chain had been sever'd in two,  
She had changed her white robes for the  
sables of grief,

And her bloom for the paleness of  
woe!

But the Healer was there, pouring balm  
on her heart,

And wiping the tears from her eyes,  
And He strengthen'd the chain He had  
broken in twain,

And fasten'd it firm to the skies!

There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the  
voice of her God:

"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the  
rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness  
bend

O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,  
And she kiss'd the soft lips as they mur-  
mur'd her name,

While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.

Oh, sweet as a rosebud encircled with  
dew,

When its fragrance is flung on the air.

So fresh and so bright to that mother he  
seem'd,

As he lay in his innocence there.

But I saw when she gazed on the same  
lovely form,

Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,

But paler and colder her beautiful boy,

And the tale of her sorrow was told!

But the Healer was there who had stricken  
her heart,

And taken her treasure away;

To allure her to heaven, He has placed it  
on high,

And the mourner will sweetly obey.

There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the  
voice of her God:

"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the  
rod!*"

I saw the fond brother, with glances of  
love,

Gazing down on a gentle young girl,  
And she hung on his arm, and breathed  
soft in his ear,

As he play'd with each graceful curl.  
Oh, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery  
voice,

Let her use it in sadness or glee;  
And he twined his arms round her delicate  
form,

As she sat in the eve on his knee.  
But I saw when he gazed on her death-  
stricken face,

And she breathed not a word in his  
ear,  
And he clasped his arms round an icy-  
cold form,

And he moisten'd her cheek with a tear.  
But the Healer was there, and He said to  
him thus,

"Grieve not for thy sister's short life,"  
And He gave to his arms still another fair  
girl,

And he made her his own cherish'd  
wife!

There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the  
voice of his God:

"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the  
rod!*"

I saw, too, a father and mother who lean'd  
On the arms of a dear gifted son,  
And the star in the future grew bright to  
their gaze,

As they saw the proud place he had  
won;

And the fast-coming evening of life prom-  
ised fair,

And its pathway grew smooth to their  
feet,

And the starlight of love glimmer'd bright  
at the end,

And the whispers of fancy were sweet.  
And I saw them again, bending low o'er  
the grave,

Where their hearts' dearest hope had  
been laid,

And the star had gone down in the dark-  
ness of night,

And the joy from their bosoms had  
fled.

But the Healer was there, and His arms  
were around,

And He led them with tenderest care;  
And He show'd them a star in the bright  
upper world;

'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!  
They had each heard a voice—'twas the  
voice of their God:

"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the  
rod!*"

MARY S. B. DANA.

### THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,  
Although it knew and loved the better  
part,

Felt wearied with the conflict and the  
strife,

And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to  
me,

My trial-tests of faith and love to be,  
It seem'd as if I never could be sure  
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might  
Who says, "We walk by faith and not by  
sight,"

Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,  
The thought arose, "My cross I cannot  
bear.

"Far heavier its weight must surely be  
Than those of others which I daily see;  
Oh! if I might another burden choose,  
Methinks I should not fear my crown to  
lose."

A solemn silence reign'd on all around,  
E'en Nature's voices utter'd not a sound;  
The evening shadows seem'd of peace to  
tell,

And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause,—and then a heavenly  
light

Beam'd full upon my wondering, raptured  
sight;

Angels on silvery wings seem'd every-  
where,

And angels' music thrill'd the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to  
see,  
One to whom all the others bow'd the  
knee,  
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,  
And, "Follow me," He said; "I am the  
Way."

Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,  
And there, beneath a canopy of love,  
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,  
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to be-  
hold,—  
A little one, with jewels set in gold.  
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort  
wear,  
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,  
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;  
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,  
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and look'd  
again,  
To see if there was any here could ease my  
pain;  
But, one by one, I pass'd them slowly by,  
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form  
entwined,  
And grace and beauty seem'd in it com-  
bined.

Wondering I gazed,—and still I wonder'd  
more,  
To think so many should have pass'd it o'er.

But oh that form so beautiful to see  
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to  
me;  
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors  
fair;  
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not  
bear."

And so it was with each and all around,  
Not one to suit my *need* could there be  
found;  
Weeping I laid each heavy burden down,  
As my Guide gently said, "No cross,—no  
crown."

At length to Him I raised my sadden'd  
heart;  
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts de-  
part;  
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in  
Me;  
My perfect love shall now be shown to  
thee."

And then, with lighten'd eyes and willing  
feet,  
Again I turn'd, my earthly cross to meet;  
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,  
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there,—in the prepared, appointed  
way,  
Listening to hear, and ready to obey,—  
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,  
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the  
rest,  
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,—  
The only one, of all the many there,  
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confess'd,  
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;  
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,  
I recognized *my own old cross* again.

But, oh! how different did it seem to be,  
Now I had learn'd its preciousness to see!  
No longer could I unbelieving say,  
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall  
be,  
That He, who knows me best should choose  
for me;  
And so, whate'er His love sees good to  
send,  
I'll trust it's best,—because He knows the  
end.

MRS. CHARLES HOBART

WEARY.

I WOULD have gone; God bade me stay:  
I would have work'd; God bade me  
rest.  
He broke my will from day to day;  
He read my yearnings unexpress'd,  
And said them nay.

Now I would stay ; God bids me go :  
 Now I would rest ; God bids me work.  
 He breaks my heart toss'd to and fro ;  
 My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk  
 And vex it so !

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me ;  
 Day after day I plod and moil ;  
 But, Christ my God, when will it be  
 That I may let alone my toil,  
 And rest with Thee ?

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

### THE VALEDICTION.

VAIN world, what is in thee ?  
 What do poor mortals see  
 Which should esteem'd be  
 Worthy their pleasure ?  
 Is it the mother's womb,  
 Or sorrows which soon come,  
 Or a dark grave and tomb ;  
 Which is their treasure ?  
 How dost thou man deceive  
 By thy vain glory ?  
 Why do they still believe  
 Thy false history ?

Is it children's book and rod,  
 The laborer's heavy load,  
 Poverty undertrod,  
 The world desireth ?  
 Is it distracting cares,  
 Or heart-tormenting fears,  
 Or pining grief and tears,  
 Which man requireth ?  
 Or is it youthful rage,  
 Or childish toying ?  
 Or is decrepit age  
 Worth man's enjoying ?

Is it deceitful wealth,  
 Got by care, fraud, or stealth,  
 Or short, uncertain health,  
 Which thus befool men ?  
 Or do the serpent's lies,  
 By the world's flatteries  
 And tempting vanities,  
 Still overrule them ?  
 Or do they in a dream  
 Sleep out their season ?  
 Or borne down by lust's stream,  
 Which conquers reason ?

The silly lambs to-day  
 Pleasantly skip and play,  
 Whom butchers mean to slay,  
 Perhaps to-morrow ;  
 In a more brutish sort  
 Do careless sinners sport,  
 Or in dead sleep still snort,  
 As near to sorrow ;  
 Till life, not well begun,  
 Be sadly ended,  
 And the web they have spun  
 Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that's gone,  
 And what is that to come ?  
 Is it not now as none ?  
 The present stays not.  
 Time posteth, oh how fast !  
 Unwelcome death makes haste ;  
 None can call back what's past—  
 Judgment delays not ;  
 Though God bring in the light,  
 Sinners awake not—  
 Because hell's out of sight,  
 They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show ;  
 They know, yet will not know ;  
 Sit still when they should go—  
 But run for shadows,  
 While they might taste and know  
 The living streams that flow,  
 And crop the flowers that grow,  
 In Christ's sweet meadows.  
 Life's better slept away  
 Than as they use it ;  
 In sin and drunken play  
 Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world, adieu !  
 Where no foul vice is new—  
 Only to Satan true,  
 God still offended ;  
 Though taught and warn'd by God,  
 And His chastising rod,  
 Keeps still the way that's broad,  
 Never amended.  
 Baptismal vows some make,  
 But ne'er perform them ;  
 If angels from heaven spake,  
 'Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath,  
They labor hard for death,  
Run themselves out of breath  
To overtake it.  
Hell is not had for naught,  
Damnation's dearly bought,  
And with great labor sought—  
They'll not forsake it.  
Their souls are Satan's fee—  
He'll not abate it.  
Grace is refused that's free—  
Mad sinners hate it.

Vile man is so perverse,  
It's too rough work for verse  
His badness to rehearse,  
And show his folly;  
He'll die at any rates—  
He God and conscience hates,  
Yet sin he consecrates,  
And calls it holy.  
The grace he'll not endure  
Which would renew him—  
Constant to all, and sure,  
Which will undo him.

His head comes first at birth,  
And takes root in the earth—  
As nature shooteth forth,  
His feet grow highest,  
To kick at all above,  
And spurn at saving love;  
His God is in his grove,  
Because it's nighest;  
He loves this world of strife,  
Hates that would mend it;  
Loves death that's callèd life,  
Fears what would end it.

All that is good he'd crush,  
Blindly on sin doth rush—  
A pricking thorny bush,  
Such Christ was crown'd with;  
Their worship's like to this—  
The reed, the Judas kiss:  
Such the religion is  
That these abound with;  
They mock Christ with the knee  
Whene'er they bow it—  
As if God did not see  
The heart, and know it.

Of good they choose the least,  
Despise that which is best—  
The joyful, heavenly feast  
Which Christ would give them:  
Heaven hath scarce one cold wish;  
They live unto the flesh;  
Like swine they feed on wash—  
Satan doth drive them.  
Like weeds, they grow in mire  
Which vices nourish—  
Where, warm'd by Satan's fire,  
All sins do flourish.

Is this the world men choose,  
For which they heaven refuse,  
And Christ and grace abuse,  
And not receive it?  
Shall I not guilty be  
Of this in some degree,  
If hence God would me free,  
And I'd not leave it?  
My soul, from Sodom fly,  
Lest wrath there find thee;  
Thy refuge-rest is nigh—  
Look not behind thee!

There's none of this ado,  
None of the hellish crew;  
God's promise is most true—  
Boldly believe it.  
My friends are gone before,  
And I am near the shore;  
My soul stands at the door—  
O Lord, receive it!  
It trusts Christ and His merits—  
The dead He raises;  
Join it with blessed spirits  
Who sing Thy praises.

RICHARD BAXTER.

*I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.*

I WOULD not live alway—live away  
below!  
Oh no, I'll not linger, when bidden to go.  
The days of our pilgrimage granted us  
here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for  
its cheer.  
Would I shrink from the path which the  
prophets of God,  
Apostles, and Martyrs so joyfully trod?



While brethren and friends are all hasten-  
ing home,  
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would  
I roam?

I would not live alway: I ask not to  
stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er  
the way;  
Where, seeking for rest, I but hover  
around  
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting  
is found;  
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow  
in the air,  
Leaves her brilliance to fade in the night  
of despair,  
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad  
ray,  
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears  
him away.

I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by  
sin,  
Temptation without, and corruption with-  
in;  
In a moment of strength, if I sever the  
chain,  
Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive  
again.  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled  
with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears.  
The festival trump calls for jubilant  
songs,  
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway: no, welcome the  
tomb;  
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid  
the gloom.  
There, too, is the pillow where Christ  
bow'd his head;  
Oh, soft be my slumbers on that holy  
bed!  
And then the glad morn soon to follow  
that night,  
When the sunrise of glory shall burst on  
my sight,  
And the full matin-song as the sleepers arise  
To shout in the morning, shall peal through  
the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from  
his God,  
Away from yon Heaven, that blissful  
abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally  
reigns;  
Where the saints of all ages in harmony  
meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to  
greet,  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly  
roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of  
the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?  
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on my  
ear!  
And see soft unfolding those portals of  
gold,  
The King all array'd in His beauty behold!  
Oh give me, oh give me the wings of a  
dove!  
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions  
above:  
Ay! 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions  
would soar,  
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUELENBERG.

#### STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

THOU art gone to the grave: but we will  
not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
the tomb:  
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal  
before thee,  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide  
through the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer  
behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world  
by thy side;  
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to  
enfold thee,  
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has  
died!

Thou art gone to the grave: and, its man-  
sion forsaking,  
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd  
long;

But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on  
thy waking,  
And the sound which thou heard'st was  
the Seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not  
deplere thee;

Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guar-  
dian, and Guide!

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will  
restore thee;

And death has no sting, for the Saviour  
has died!

REGINALD HEBER.

*BURIAL HYMN.*

BROTHER, thou art gone before us; and  
thy saintly soul is flown

Where tears are wiped from every eye, and  
sorrow is unknown;

From the burden of the flesh, and from  
care and fear released,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,  
and borne the heavy load;

But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to  
reach His blest abode:

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus upon  
his Father's breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy  
faith assail,

Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the  
Holy Spirit fail:

And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,  
whom on earth thou lovedst best,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
and the weary are at rest.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust, the solemn  
priest hath said;

So we lay the turf above thee now, and we  
seal thy narrow bed;

But thy spirit, brother, soars away among  
the faithful blest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom  
thou hast left behind,

May we, untainted by the world, as sure a  
welcome find!

May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be  
a glorious guest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
and the weary are at rest!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

*A LITTLE WHILE.*

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping

I shall be soon;

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,

Beyond the sowing and the reaping,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading

I shall be soon;

Beyond the shining and the shading,

Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting

I shall be soon;

Beyond the calming and the fretting,

Beyond remembering and forgetting,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing

I shall be soon;

Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,

Beyond the coming and the going,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
 I shall be soon ;  
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
 Beyond this pulse's fever beating,  
 I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, and home !  
 Sweet hope !  
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever  
 I shall be soon ;  
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
 Beyond the ever and the never,  
 I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, and home !  
 Sweet hope !  
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

#### ADDRESS TO THE SOUL.

DEATHLESS principle, arise !  
 Soar, thou native of the skies ;  
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
 To His glorious likeness wrought !

Go, to shine before His throne ;  
 Deck His mediatorial crown ;  
 Go, His triumphs to adorn ;  
 Made for God, to God return !

Lo, He beckons from on high !  
 Fearless to His presence fly !  
 Thine the merit of His Blood ;  
 Thine the Righteousness of God.

Angels, joyful to attend,  
 Hovering round thy pillow, bend ;  
 Wait to catch the signal given,  
 And escort thee quick to Heaven.

Is thy earthly house distrest,  
 Willing to retain her guest ?  
 'Tis not thou, but she, must die ;  
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly !

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,  
 Sweetly breathe thyself away ;  
 Singing, to thy crown remove  
 Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream ;  
 Venture all thy care on Him ;

Him, whose dying love and power  
 Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.

Safe is the expanded wave,  
 Gentle as a summer's eve ;  
 Not one object of His care  
 Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view ;  
 Love Divine shall bear thee through ;  
 Trust to that propitious gale ;  
 Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

Saints, in glory perfect made,  
 Wait thy passage through the shade :  
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,  
 See, they throng the blissful shore !

Mount, their transports to improve ;  
 Join the longing choir above ;  
 Swiftly to their wish be given ;  
 Kindle higher joy in Heaven !

Such the prospects that arise  
 To the dying Christian's eyes ;  
 Such the glorious vista faith  
 Opens through the shades of death.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

#### THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
 Oh, the pain, the bliss, of dying !  
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,  
 Sister Spirit, come away.  
 What is this absorbs me quite—  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?  
 Tell me, my soul ! can this be death ?

The world recedes—it disappears !  
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring.  
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly  
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

ALEXANDER POPE.

*THEY ARE ALL GONE.*

THEY are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here!  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is  
drest  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days;  
My days, which are at best but dull and  
hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility,—  
High as the heavens above!  
These are your walks, and you have show'd  
them me  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death,—the jewel of the  
just,—  
Shining nowhere but in the dark!  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's  
nest may know,  
At first sight, if the bird be flown;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our  
wonted themes,  
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
Her captive flames must needs burn there;  
But when the hand that lockt her up gives  
room,  
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
Created glories under Thee!  
Resume Thy Spirit from this world of thrall  
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and  
fill  
My perspective still as they pass;

Or else remove me hence unto that hill  
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

*FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.*

FOR ever with the Lord!  
Amen! so let it be! •  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality!

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies;  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease;  
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart  
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,  
Along the hallow'd ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel, that He,  
Remember'd or forgot,  
The Lord is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

*WHAT ARE THESE IN BRIGHT  
ARRAY.*

WHAT are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song?  
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
Blessing, Honor, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
Now, before the Throne of God,  
Seal'd with His Almighty Name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels all fear;  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tear.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

*THE BETTER LAND.*

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;  
Thou call'st its children a happy band;  
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore—  
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?  
Is it where the flower of the orange  
blows,  
And the fire-flies glance through the  
myrtle boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palmtrees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny  
skies,  
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering  
seas  
Where fragrant forests perfume the  
breeze,  
And strange, bright birds on their starry  
wings  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of  
gold,—

Where the burning rays of the ruby  
shine,

And the diamond lights up the secret  
mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the  
coral strand,—

Is it there, sweet mother, that better  
land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of  
joy,

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless  
bloom,

For, beyond the clouds, and beyond the  
tomb,

It is there, it is there, my child!"

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

*PSALM LXXXVII.*

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for His own abode:  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;  
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,  
Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering:  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night, and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna,  
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God:  
'Tis his love his people raises  
Over self to reign as kings,  
And as priests, his solemn praises  
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I, through grace, a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy Name;  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

JOHN NEWTON.

*THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.*

THERE is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day.  
Oh, how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour King;  
Loud let his praises ring—  
Praise, praise for aye!

Come to this happy land—  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand,  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with Thee—  
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye:  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
On, then, to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And, bright above the sun,  
Reign, reign for aye.

ANDREW YOUNG.

*THERE IS A LAND OF PURE  
DELIGHT.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,

Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green:  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

Oh could we make our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes,—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,—  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

*THERE IS A DWELLING-PLACE  
ABOVE.*

THERE is a dwelling-place above;  
Thither, to meet the God of love,  
The poor in spirit go;  
There is a paradise of rest;  
For contrite hearts and souls distressed  
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage,  
Where earthly passions cease to rage;  
The meek that haven gain:  
There is a board, where they who pine,  
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,  
May feast, nor crave again.

There is a voice to mercy true;  
To them who mercy's path pursue  
That voice shall bliss impart;  
There is a sight from man conceal'd;  
That sight, the face of God reveal'd,  
Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name, in heaven bestow'd ;  
 That name, which hails them sons of God,  
 The friends of peace shall know :  
 There is a kingdom in the sky,  
 Where they shall reign with God on high,  
 Who serve Him best below.

Lord ! be it mine like them to choose  
 The better part, like them to use  
 The means Thy love hath given !  
 Be holiness my aim on earth,  
 That death be welcomed as a birth  
 To life and bliss in Heaven !

RICHARD MANT.

### PSALM LXXXIV.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,  
 In the land of light and love ;  
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
 In this land of sin and woe.  
 Oh, my spirit longs and faints  
 For the converse of Thy saints,  
 For the brightness of Thy face,  
 For Thy fulness, God of grace !

Happy birds that sing and fly  
 Round Thy altars, O Most High !  
 Happier souls that find a rest  
 In a Heavenly Father's breast !  
 Like the wandering dove, that found  
 No repose on earth around,  
 They can to their ark repair,  
 And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow  
 Even in this vale of woe ;  
 Waters in the desert rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies :  
 On they go from strength to strength,  
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
 At Thy feet adoring fall,  
 Who has led them safe through all.

Lord ! be mine this prize to win !  
 Guide me through a world of sin !  
 Keep me by Thy saving grace ;  
 Give me at Thy side a place :  
 Sun and Shield alike Thou art ;  
 Guide and guard my erring heart !  
 Grace and glory flow from Thee ;  
 Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me !

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

### THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

HARK ! hark ! my soul ! angelic songs are  
 swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's  
 wave-beat shore ;  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains  
 are telling  
 Of that new life, when sin shall be no  
 more !  
 Angels of Jesus,  
 Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome  
 The pilgrims of the night !

Darker than night life's shadows fall  
 around us,  
 And like benighted men we miss our  
 mark :  
 God hides Himself, and grace hath scarce-  
 ly found us,  
 Ere death finds out his victims in the  
 dark.  
 Angels of Jesus,  
 Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome  
 The pilgrims of the night !

Onward we go, for still we hear them sing-  
 ing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you  
 come ;"  
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly  
 ringing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
 Angels of Jesus,  
 Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome  
 The pilgrims of the night !

Far, far away, like bells at evening peal-  
 ing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and  
 sea,  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly  
 stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps  
 to Thee.  
 Angels of Jesus,  
 Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome  
 The pilgrims of the night !

Rest comes at last, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past,  
 All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
     Angels of Jesus,  
     Angels of light,  
     Singing to welcome  
     The pilgrims of the night!

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten  
 Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;  
 And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen  
 To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.  
     Angels of Jesus,  
     Angels of light,  
     Singing to welcome  
     The pilgrims of the night!

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,  
 Till life's long night shall break in endless love.  
     Angels of Jesus,  
     Angels of light,  
     Singing to welcome  
     The pilgrims of the night!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

—♦—  
*PARADISE.*

O PARADISE! O Paradise!  
 Who doth not crave for rest?  
 Who would not seek the happy land,  
 Where they that loved are blest?  
     Where loyal hearts, and true,  
     Stand ever in the light,  
     All rapture through and through,  
     In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 The world is growing old;

Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold,  
     Where loyal hearts, and true,  
     Stand ever in the light,  
     All rapture through and through,  
     In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 Wherefore doth death delay,  
 Bright death, that is the welcome dawn  
 Of our eternal day,  
     Where loyal hearts, and true,  
     Stand ever in the light,  
     All rapture through and through,  
     In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 'Tis weary waiting here :  
 I long to be where Jesus is,  
 To feel, to see Him near; ·  
     Where loyal hearts, and true,  
     Stand ever in the light,  
     All rapture through and through,  
     In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I want to sin no more;  
 I want to be as pure on earth  
 As on thy spotless shore;  
     Where loyal hearts, and true,  
     Stand ever in the light,  
     All rapture through and through,  
     In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I greatly long to see  
 The special place my dearest Lord  
 Is destining for me;  
     Where loyal hearts, and true,  
     Stand ever in the light,  
     All rapture through and through,  
     In God's most holy sight.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

—♦—  
*PRAISE.*

WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,  
 Be to Him who reigns above!  
 Young and old Thy Name confessing,  
 Saviour! let us share Thy love!



As the saints in heaven adore Thee,  
 We would bow before Thy throne;  
 As Thine angels bow before Thee,  
 So on earth Thy will be done!

EDWARD OSLER.

— — —  
*THE NEW JERUSALEM;*

OR, THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE  
 HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art,  
 Take this rude song in better part."

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
 When shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end—  
 Thy joys when shall I see?  
 O happy harbor of God's saints!  
 O sweet and pleasant soil!  
 In thee no sorrows can be found—  
 No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,  
 No hurt, nor any sore;  
 There is no death nor ugly night,  
 But life for evermore.  
 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,  
 No cloud nor darksome night,  
 But every soul shines as the sun—  
 For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,  
 There envy bears no sway;  
 There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,  
 But pleasures' every way.  
 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
 Would God I were in thee!  
 Oh! that my sorrows had an end,  
 Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,  
 No woeful night is there;  
 No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—  
 No well-away, no fear.  
 Jerusalem the city is  
 Of God our King alone;  
 The Lamb of God, the light thereof,  
 Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem  
 With speed may go behold!  
 For why? the pleasures there abound  
 Which here cannot be told.  
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
 With carbuncles do shine—

With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,  
 Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,  
 Thy windows crystal clear,  
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—  
 There angels do appear.  
 Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
 Thy bulwarks diamond square,  
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl—  
 O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates nothing can come  
 That is not passing clean;  
 No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,  
 No filth may there be seen.  
 Jehovah, Lord, now come away,  
 And end my griefs and plaints—  
 Take me to Thy Jerusalem,  
 And place me with Thy saints!

Who there are crown'd with glory great,  
 And see God face to face,  
 They triumph still, and aye rejoice—  
 Most happy is their case.  
 But we that are in banishment  
 Continually do moan;  
 We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—  
 Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,  
 Our pleasures are but pain,  
 Our joys not worth the looking on—  
 Our sorrows aye remain.  
 But there they live in such delight,  
 Such pleasure and such play,  
 That unto them a thousand years  
 Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!  
 Thy joys when shall I see—  
 The King sitting upon His throne,  
 And thy felicity?  
 Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,  
 So wonderfully rare,  
 Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruit,  
 Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
 Continually are green;  
 There grow such sweet and pleasant  
 flowers  
 As nowhere else are seen.  
 There cinnamon and sugar grow,  
 There nard and balm abound;

No tongue can tell, no heart can think,  
The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—  
There music's ever sweet;  
There many a fair and dainty thing  
Is trod down under feet.

Quite through the streets, with pleasant  
sound,  
The flood of life doth flow;  
Upon the banks, on every side,  
The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripen'd  
fruit—

For evermore they spring;  
And all the nations of the world  
To thee their honors bring.  
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,  
Full sore I long to see;  
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,  
That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in  
hand,

As master of the choir;  
A thousand times that man were blest  
That might his music hear.  
There Mary sings "Magnificat,"  
With tunes surpassing sweet;  
And all the virgins bear their part,  
Singing about her feet.

"Te Deum" doth St. Ambrose sing,  
St. Austin doth the like;  
Old Simeon and Zacharie  
Have not their songs to seek.  
There Magdalene hath left her moan,  
And cheerfully doth sing,  
With all blest saints whose harmony  
Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Thy joys fain would I see;  
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,  
And take me home to Thee;  
Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,  
And take me hence away,  
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,  
And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home—  
Jehovah's throne on high!

O sacred city, queen, and wife  
Of Christ eternally!  
O comely queen with glory clad,  
With honor and degree,  
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—  
No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,  
The comfort of us all;  
For thou art fair and beautiful—  
None ill can thee befall.  
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,  
No darkness dare appear—  
No night, no shade, no winter foul—  
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,  
No glittering star to light;  
For Christ, the King of righteousness,  
For ever shineth bright.  
A Lamb unspotted, white and pure  
To Thee doth stand in lieu  
Of light—so great the glory is  
Thine heavenly King to view.

He is the King of kings, beset  
In midst His servants' sight;  
And they, His happy household all,  
Do serve Him day and night.  
There, there the choir of angels sing—  
There the supernal sort  
Of citizens, which hence are rid  
From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,  
The apostles six and six,  
The glorious martyrs in a row,  
And confessors betwixt.  
There doth the crew of righteous men  
And matrons all consist—  
Young men and maids that here on  
earth  
Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly  
'scaped  
The snare of death and hell,  
Triumph in joy eternally,  
Whereof no tongue can tell;  
And though the glory of each one  
Doth differ in degree,  
Yet is the joy of all alike  
And common, as we see

There love and charity do reign,  
 And Christ is all in all,  
 Whom they most perfectly behold  
 In joy celestial.  
 They love, they praise—they praise, they  
 love;  
 They "Holy, holy," cry;  
 They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,  
 But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,  
 If, after wretched days,  
 I might with listening ears conceive  
 Those heavenly songs of praise,  
 Which to the eternal King are sung  
 By happy wights above,  
 By saved souls and angels sweet,  
 Who love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,  
 Might I be worthy found  
 To wait upon my God and King,  
 His praises there to sound;  
 And to enjoy my Christ above,  
 His favor and His grace,  
 According to His promise made,  
 Which here I interlace:

"O Father dear," quoth he, "let them  
 Which Thou hast put of old  
 To me, be there where lo! I am—  
 Thy glory to behold;  
 Which I with Thee before the world  
 Was made in perfect wise,  
 Have had—from whence the fountain  
 great  
 Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve  
 Thee, let him follow Me;  
 For where I am, he there, right sure,  
 Then shall My servant be."  
 And still: "If any man loves Me,  
 Him loves My Father dear,  
 Whom I do love—to him Myself  
 In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,  
 That then I may be bold  
 With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,  
 Thy glory to behold;  
 And so in Zion see my King,  
 My love, my Lord, my all—

Where now as in a glass I see,  
 There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessed are the pure in heart—  
 Their Sovereign they shall see;  
 O ye most happy, heavenly wights,  
 Which of God's household be!  
 O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,  
 These gins and fetters strong;  
 For I have dwelt within the tents  
 Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out!  
 Fetch me Thy fold unto,  
 That all Thy angels may rejoice,  
 While all Thy will I do.  
 O mother dear! Jerusalem!  
 When shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end,  
 Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,  
 To quit me from all strife,  
 That to Thy hill I may attain,  
 And dwell there all my life—  
 With cherubims and seraphims  
 And holy souls of men,  
 To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!  
 For ever and amen!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

THE world is very evil;  
 The times are waxing late:  
 Be sober and keep vigil;  
 The Judge is at the gate:  
 The Judge that comes in mercy,  
 The Judge that comes with might  
 To terminate the evil,  
 To diadem the right.  
 When the just and gentle Monarch  
 Shall summon from the tomb,  
 Let man, the guilty, tremble,  
 For Man, the God, shall doom.  
 Arise, arise, good Christian!  
 Let right to wrong succeed;  
 Let penitential sorrow  
 To heavenly gladness lead;  
 To the light that hath no evening,  
 That knows nor moon nor sun,  
 The light so new and golden,  
 The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten  
 Shall render up once more  
 The kingdom to the Father  
     Whose own it was before,—  
 Then glory yet unheard of  
     Shall shed abroad its ray,  
 Resolving all enigmas,  
     An endless Sabbath-day.  
 Then, then from his oppressors  
     The Hebrew shall go free,  
 And celebrate in triumph  
     The year of Jubilee;  
 And the sunlit land that reck's not  
     Of tempest nor of fight,  
 Shall fold within its bosom  
     Each happy Israelite:  
 The home of fadeless splendor,  
     Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
 Where they shall dwell as children,  
     Who here as exiles mourn.  
 Midst power that knows no limit,  
     And wisdom free from bound,  
 The Beatific vision  
     Shall glad the saints around:  
 The peace of all the faithful,  
     The calm of all the blest,  
 Inviolatè, unvaried,  
     Divinest, sweetest, best.  
 Yes, peace! for war is needless,—  
     Yes, calm! for storm is past,—  
 And goal from finish'd labor,  
     And anchorage at last.  
 That peace—but who may claim it?  
     The guileless in their way,  
 Who keep the ranks of battle,  
     Who mean the thing they say:  
 The peace that is for heaven,  
     And shall be for the earth:  
 The palace that re-echoes  
     With festal song and mirth;  
 The garden, breathing spices,  
     The paradise on high;  
 Grace beautified to glory,  
     Unceasing minstrelsy.  
 There nothing can be feeble,  
     There none can ever mourn,  
 There nothing is divided,  
     There nothing can be torn:  
 'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,  
     'Tis peaceless peace below;  
 Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,  
     The halls of Sion know:

O happy, holy portion,  
     Refection for the blest;  
 True vision of true beauty,  
     Sweet cure of all distress!  
 Strive, man, to win that glory;  
     Toil, man, to gain that light;  
 Send hope before to grasp it,  
     Till hope be lost in sight:  
 Till Jesus gives the portion  
     Those blessed souls to fill,  
 The insatiate, yet satisfied,  
     The full, yet craving still.  
 That fulness and that craving  
     Alike are free from pain,  
 Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,  
     A home like theirs shalt gain.  
 Here is the warlike trumpet;  
     There, life set free from sin;  
 When to the last Great Supper  
     The faithful shall come in:  
 When the heavenly net is laden  
     With fishes many and great;  
 So glorious in its fulness,  
     Yet so inviolatè:  
 And the perfect from the shatter'd,  
     And the fall'n from them that stand,  
 And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd  
     Shall part on either hand!  
 And these shall pass to torment,  
     And those shall triumph, then;  
 The new peculiar nation,  
     Blest number of blest men.  
 Jerusalem demands them:  
     They paid the price on earth,  
 And now shall reap the harvest  
     In blissfulness and mirth:  
 The glorious holy people,  
     Who evermore relied  
 Upon their Chief and Father,  
     The King, the Crucified:  
 The sacred ransom'd number  
     Now bright with endless sheen,  
 Who made the Cross their watchword  
     Of Jesus Nazarene:  
 Who, fed with heavenly nectar,  
     Where soul-like odors play,  
 Draw out the endless leisure  
     Of that long vernal day:  
 And through the sacred lilies,  
     And flowers on every side,  
 The happy dear-bought people  
     Go wandering far and wide.

Their breasts are filled with gladness,  
 Their mouths are tuned to praise,  
 What time, now safe for ever,  
 On former sins they gaze:  
 The fouler was the error,  
 The sadder was the fall,  
 The ampler are the praises  
 Of Him who pardon'd all.  
 Their one and only anthem,  
 The fulness of His love,  
 Who gives instead of torment  
 Eternal joys above;  
 Instead of torment, glory;  
 Instead of death, that life  
 Wherewith your happy country,  
 True Israelites, is rife.

Brief life is here our portion,  
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care,  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life, is there.  
 O happy retribution!  
 Short toil, eternal rest,  
 For mortals and for sinners  
 A mansion with the blest!  
 That we should look, poor wand'ers,  
 To have our home on high!  
 That worms should seek for dwellings  
 Beyond the starry sky!  
 To all one happy guerdon  
 Of one celestial grace;  
 For all, for all, who mourn their fall,  
 Is one eternal place;  
 And martyrdom hath roses  
 Upon that heavenly ground,  
 And white and virgin lilies  
 For virgin-souls abound.  
 There grief is turn'd to pleasure,  
 Such pleasure as below  
 No human voice can utter,  
 No human heart can know;  
 And after fleshly scandal,  
 And after this world's night,  
 And after storm and whirlwind,  
 Is calm, and joy, and light.  
 And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown;  
 And now we watch and struggle,  
 And now we live in hope,

And Sion, in her anguish,  
 With Babylon must cope;  
 But He whom now we trust in  
 Shall then be seen and known,  
 And they that know and see Him  
 Shall have Him for their own.  
 The miserable pleasures  
 Of the body shall decay;  
 The bland and flattering struggles  
 Of the flesh shall pass away,  
 And none shall there be jealous,  
 And none shall there contend;  
 Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I?  
 All ill, all ill shall end!  
 And there is David's Fountain,  
 And life in fullest glow,  
 And there the light is golden,  
 And milk and honey flow;  
 The light that hath no evening,  
 The health that hath no sore,  
 The life that hath no ending,  
 But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,  
 There Jesus be embraced,—  
 That spirit's food and sunshine  
 Whence earthly love is chased.  
 Amidst the happy chorus.  
 A place, however low,  
 Shall show Him us, and showing,  
 Shall satiate evermo.  
 By hope we struggle onward,  
 While here we must be fed  
 By milk, as tender infants,  
 But there by Living Bread.  
 The night was full of terror,  
 The morn is bright with gladness:  
 The Cross becomes our harbor,  
 And we triumph after sadness,  
 And Jesus to His true ones  
 Brings trophies fair to see,  
 And Jesus shall be loved, and  
 Beheld in Galilee;  
 Beheld, when morn shall waken,  
 And shadows shall decay,  
 And each true-hearted servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day;  
 And every ear shall hear it,—  
 Behold thy King's array,  
 Behold thy God in beauty,  
 The Law hath past away!

Yes! God my King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
We then shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.  
Then Jacob into Israel,  
From earthlier self estranged,  
And Leah into Rachel,  
For ever shall be changed :  
Then all the halls of Sion  
For aye shall be complete,  
And, in the Land of Beauty,  
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, oh dear dear Country!  
Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep:  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.  
O one, O only Mansion!  
O Paradise of Joy!  
Where tears are ever banish'd,  
And smiles have no alloy;  
Beside thy living waters  
All plants are, great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
The hyssop of the wall:  
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays:  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced:  
Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is Christ.  
The Cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise:  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransom'd people raise:  
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,  
True God and Man, they sing:  
The never-failing Garden,  
The ever-golden Ring:  
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,  
The Guardian of his Court:  
The Day-star of Salvation,  
The Porter and the Port.  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!

Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower:  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower:  
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile;  
Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl thine own;  
The Lamb is ever near thee,  
The Bridegroom thine alone;  
The Crown is He to guerdon,  
The Buckler to protect,  
And He Himself the Mansion,  
And He the Architect.  
The only art thou needest,  
Thanksgiving for thy lot:  
The only joy thou seekest,  
The Life where Death is not:  
And all thine endless leisure  
In sweetest accents sings,  
The ill that was thy merit,—  
The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppress'd:  
I know not, oh I know not,  
What social joys are there;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare!  
And when I fain would sing them,  
My spirit fails and faints;  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the Saints.  
They stand, those halls of Sion,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng:  
The Prince is ever in them;  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the Blessed  
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.  
There is the Throne of David,—  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast;

And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquer'd in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white !

O holy, placid harp-notes  
Of that eternal hymn !  
O sacred, sweet refection,  
And peace of Seraphim !  
O thirst for ever ardent,  
Yet evermore content !  
O true peculiar vision  
Of God cunctipotent !  
Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name,  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits claim :  
For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter,—  
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !  
The glory of the Elect !  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect :  
Even now by faith I see thee :  
Even here thy walls discern :  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive and pant and yearn :  
Jerusalem the onely,  
That look'st from heaven below,  
In thee is all my glory ;  
In me is all my woe :  
And though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain,  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.  
Oh none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise :  
Oh none can tell thy capitals  
Of beautiful device :  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart :  
And none, O Peace, O Sion,  
Can sing thee as thou art.  
New mansion of new people,  
Whom God's own love and light  
Promote, increase, make holy,  
Identify, unite.  
Thou City of the Angels !  
Thou City of the Lord !

Whose everlasting music  
Is the glorious decachord !  
And there the band of Prophets  
United praise ascribes,  
And there the twelvefold chorus  
Of Israel's ransom'd tribes :  
The lily-beds of virgins,  
The roses' martyr-glow,  
The cohort of the Fathers  
Who kept the faith below.  
And there the Sole-Begotten  
Is Lord in regal state ;  
He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
He, Lamb Immaculate.  
O fields that know no sorrow !  
O state that fears no strife !  
O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !  
O realm and home of life !

Jerusalem, exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore !  
I ask not for my merit :  
I seek not to deny  
My merit is destruction,  
A child of wrath am I :  
But yet with Faith I venture  
And Hope upon my way ;  
For those perennial guerdons  
I labor night and day.  
The best and dearest Father  
Who made me, and who saved,  
Bore with me in defilement,  
And from defilement laved ;  
When in His strength I struggle,  
For very joy I leap,  
When in my sin I totter,  
I weep, or try to weep ;  
And grace, sweet grace celestial,  
Shall all its love display,  
And David's royal Fountain  
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Sion !  
O lovelier far than gold !  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
And safe victorious fold ;  
O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I ever see thy face ?  
O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace ?

I have the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless!  
Shall I ever win the prize itself?  
Oh, tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, His for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art!  
Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, His for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

(Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.)

CHRIST WILL GATHER IN HIS  
OWN.

CHRIST will gather in His own  
To the place where He is gone,  
Where their heart and treasure lie,  
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice saith, "Come,  
Enter this eternal home;"  
Asking not if we can spare  
This dear soul its summons there.

Had He ask'd us, well we know  
We should cry, "Oh spare this blow!"  
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,  
"Lord, we love him; let him stay."

But the Lord doth naught amiss,  
And, since He hath ordered this,  
We have naught to do but still  
Rest in silence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here,  
Ah! was all too inly dear:  
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,  
Thou wilt be our all in all.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

DIES IRÆ.

Dies Iræ, Dies Illa, dies tribulationis et angustie,  
dies calamitatis et miserie, dies tenebrarum et caliginis,  
dies nebulae et turbinis, dies tubae et clangoris  
super civitatis munias, et super angulos excelsos!—  
*Sophonia*, i. 15, 16.

DIES IRÆ, Dies Illa!  
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,  
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulcra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,  
Quum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet, apparebit:  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;  
Ne me perdas illâ die!

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti, crucem passus:  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis  
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
Culpâ rubet vultus meus,  
Supplici parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
Sed Tu bonus fac benigne  
Ne perenni cremer igne!

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextrâ.



Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acribus addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis !

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illâ !  
Qua resurget ex favillâ.  
Judicandus homo reus ;  
Huic ergo parce, Deus !

THOMAS DE CELANO.

---

### *DIES IRÆ.*

TRANSLATION OF WILLIAM J. IRONS.

DAY of wrath ! O day of mourning !  
See ! once more the Cross returning,  
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !

Oh what fear man's bosom rendeth  
When from Heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On whose sentence all dependeth !

Wondrous sound the Trumpet fingeth,  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,  
All before the throne it bringeth !

Death is struck, and Nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making !

Lo, the Book, exactly worded !  
Wherein all hath been recorded ;  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing ?

King of Majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity ! then befriend us !

Think ! kind Jesu, my salvation  
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation ;  
Leave me not to reprobation !

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the Cross of suffering bought me,  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion !

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning ;  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning !

Thou the sinful woman savedst,  
Thou the dying thief forgavest ;  
And to me a hope vouchsafest !

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying !

With Thy favor'd sheep, oh place me !  
Nor among the goats abase me ;  
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,  
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,  
Call me ! with Thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel with heart submission ;  
See, like ashes, my contrition ;  
Help me, in my last condition !

Ah ! that Day of tears and mourning !  
From the dust of earth returning,  
Man for judgment must prepare him ;  
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him !

Lord, who didst our souls redeem,  
Grant a blessed Requiem ! Amen.

---

### *DIES IRÆ.*

PARAPHRASE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

*DIES IRÆ.*

TRANSLATION OF JOHN A. DIX.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow!  
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,  
As from saint and seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,  
When the Judge is seen descending,  
And each secret veil is rending!

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,  
Through the sepulchres resounding,  
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, 'mazed, are quaking,  
When, the grave's longslumber breaking,  
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written volume's pages  
Life is shown in all its stages,—  
Judgment-record of past ages!

Sits the Judge, the raised arraiging,  
Darkest mysteries explaining;  
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,  
By no advocate attended,  
When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous,  
By Thy saving grace defend us,  
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,  
For my sins the death-crown wearing,  
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me,  
By Thy cross and passion bought me,—  
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Give, oh, give me absolution  
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,  
Flush'd my face, my errors owning,  
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,  
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,  
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,  
Yet on me Thy favor turning,  
Save my soul from endless burning.

Give me, when thy sheep confiding  
Thou art from the goats dividing,  
On Thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are confounded,  
And by bitter flames surrounded,  
Be my joyful pardon sounded.

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,  
Heart as though to ashes turning,  
Save, oh, save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes  
Man shall rise 'mid lightning-flashes.  
Guilty, trembling with contrition,  
Save him, Father, from perdition!



*LO! HE COMES, WITH CLOUDS  
DESCENDING!*

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending  
Hark! the trump of God is blown,  
And th' Archangel's voice attending  
Makes the high procession known:  
Sons of Adam!  
Rise, and stand before your God!

Crowns and sceptres fall before Him,  
Kings and conquerors own His sway;  
Haughtiest monarchs now adore Him,  
While they see His lightnings play:  
How triumphant  
Is the world's Redeemer now!

Hear His voice, as mighty thunder  
Sounding in eternal roar,  
While its echo rends in sunder  
Rocks and mountains, sea and shore:  
Hark! His accents  
Through th' unfathom'd deep resound

"Come, Lord Jesus! Oh come quickly!  
Oft has pray'd the mourning Bride:  
"Lo!" He answers, "I come quickly!"  
Who Thy coming may abide?  
All who loved Him,  
All who long'd to see His day.

"Come," he saith, "ye heirs of glory;  
Come, ye purchase of my blood;  
Claim the Kingdom now before you,  
Rise, and fill the mount of God,  
Fix'd for ever  
Where the Lamb on Sion stands."

See! ten thousand burning seraphs  
From their thrones as lightnings fly;  
"Take," they cry, "your seats above us,  
Nearest Him that rules the sky!"  
Patient sufferers,  
How rewarded are ye now!

Now their trials all are ended:  
Now the dubious warfare's o'er;  
Joy no more with sorrow blended,  
They shall sigh and weep no more;  
God for ever  
Wipes the tear from every eye.

Through His passion all victorious  
Now they drink immortal wine;  
In Emmanuel's likeness glorious  
As the firmament they shine;  
Shine for ever,  
With the bright and morning Star.

Shout aloud, ye ethereal choirs!  
Triumph in Jehovah's praise!  
Kindle all your heavenly fires,  
All your palms of victory raise!  
Shout His conquests,  
Shout salvation to the Lamb!

In full triumph see them marching  
Through the gates of massy light,  
While the City walls are sparkling  
With meridian glory bright;  
Oh how lovely  
Are the dwellings of the Lamb!

Hosts angelic all adore Him  
Circling round His orient seat;  
Elders cast their crowns before Him,  
Fall and worship at His feet;  
O how holy  
And how reverend is Thy Name!

Hail, Thou Alpha and Omega!  
First and Last, of all alone!  
He that is, and was, and shall be,  
And beside whom there is none!  
Take the Glory,  
Great Eternal Three in One!

THOMAS OLIVERS.

---

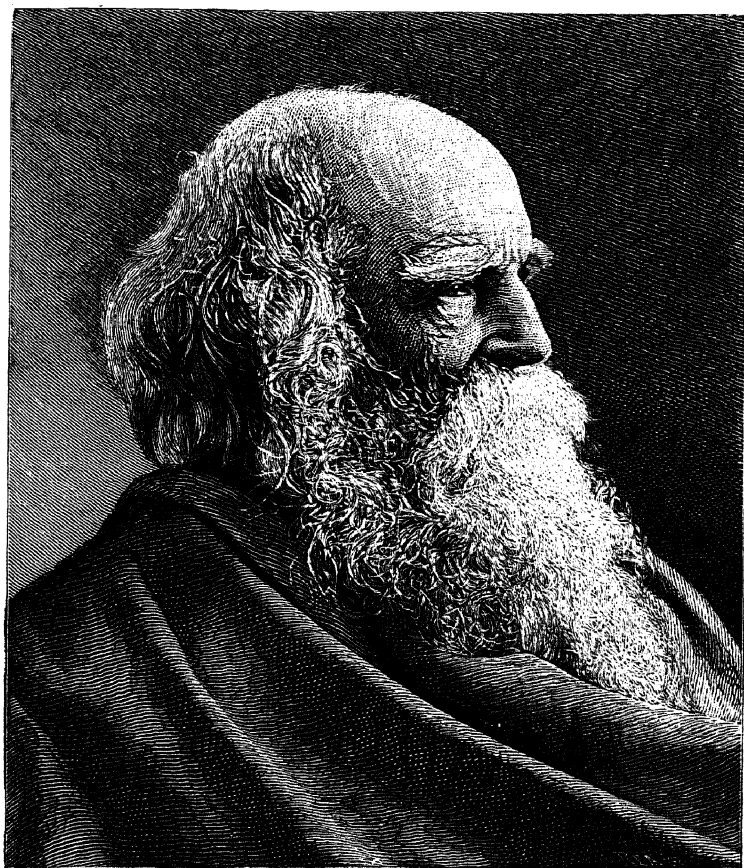
*LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY  
BLESSING.*

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;  
Oh refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruit of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound:  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

WALTER SHIRLEY.



Bride, who dost wear the widow's veil  
Before the wedding flowers are pale,—  
He deem the human heart endures  
No deeper-bitterness grief than yours.

W. Cullen Bryant.



# MORAL AND DIDACTIC POETRY.

---

## *LIFE.*

THE World's a bubble, and the Life of Man  
Less than a span :  
In his conception wretched, from the womb,  
So to the tomb ;  
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to  
years

With cares and fears.

Who then to frail mortality shall trust,  
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live opprest,  
What life is best ?

Courts are but only superficial schools  
To dandle fools :

The rural parts are turn'd into a den  
Of savage men :

And where's a city from foul vice so free,  
But may be term'd the worst of all the  
three ?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,  
Or pains his head :

Those that live single, take it for a curse,  
Or do things worse :

Some would have children : those that  
have them, moan

Or wish them gone :

What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,  
But single thralldom, or a double strife ?

Our own affection still at home to please  
Is a disease :

To cross the seas to any foreign soil,  
Peril and toil :

Wars with their noise affright us ; when  
they cease,

We are worse in peace ;—

What then remains, but that we still  
should cry

For being born, or, being born, to die ?

LOED BACON.

## *LIFE.*

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part ;  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy  
weather ;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;

—Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time ;  
Say not Good-Night,—but in some brighter  
clime

Bid me Good-Morning.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

---

## *MY PSALM.*

I MOURN no more my vanish'd years :  
Beneath a tender rain,  
An April rain of smiles and tears,  
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,  
I hear the glad streams run ;  
The windows of my soul I throw  
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind  
I look in hope or fear ;  
But, grateful, take the good I find,  
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,  
To harvest weed and tare ;  
The manna dropping from God's hand  
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay  
Aside the toiling oar ;

The angel sought so far away  
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play  
Among the ripening corn,  
Nor freshness of the flowers of May  
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look  
Through fringed lids to heaven,  
And the pale aster in the brook  
Shall see its image given;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,  
The south wind softly sigh,  
And sweet, calm days, in golden haze  
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word  
Rebuke an age of wrong;  
The graven flowers that wreath the  
sword  
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—  
To build as to destroy;  
Nor less my heart for others feel  
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have mark'd my erring track;—  
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turn'd me back;—

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a cover'd way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through Memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### SONNET.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,  
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;  
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing  
In current unperceived, because so fleet;  
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in  
sowing—  
But tares, self-sown, have overtopp'd the  
wheat;  
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in  
blowing—  
And still, oh still, their dying breath is  
sweet;  
And sweet is youth, although it hath be-  
reft us  
Of that which made our childhood  
sweeter still;  
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us  
A nearer good to cure an older ill;  
And sweet are all things, when we learn to  
prize them  
Not for their sake, but His who grants  
them or denies them!

AUBREY DE VERE.

### THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O STREAM descending to the sea,  
Thy mossy banks between,  
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,  
The leafy trees are green.

In garden-plots the children play,  
The fields the laborers till,  
And houses stand on either hand,  
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,  
Our waking eyes behold  
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,  
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,  
Our hearts affections fill;  
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,  
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,  
Inevitable sea  
To which we flow, what do we know,  
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,  
As we our course fulfil;  
Scarce we divine a sun will shine  
And be above us still.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN  
SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but an empty dream!"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main  
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;  
We love; we droop; we die!  
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?  
Why do we live or die?  
Who knows that secret deep?  
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring  
Unseen by human eye?  
Why do the radiant seasons bring  
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?  
Why do our fond hearts cling  
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;  
We fight—and fly;  
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,  
Stone-dead we lie.  
O life! is all thy song  
"Endure and—die?"

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
(BARRY CORNWALL.)

### THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."—  
Job xiv. 2.

BEHOLD,  
How short a span  
Was long enough of old  
To measure out the life of man;  
In those well-temper'd days! his time  
was then  
Survey'd, cast up, and found but three-  
score years and ten.

Alas!  
And what is that?  
They come, and slide, and pass,  
Before my pen can tell thee what.



The posts of time are swift, which hav-  
ing run  
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-  
lived task is done.

*Our days*  
Begun we lend  
To sleep, to antic plays  
And toys, until the first stage end :  
Twelve waning moons, twice five times  
told, we give  
To unrecover'd loss : we rather breathe  
than live.

*We spend*  
A ten years' breath  
Before we apprehend  
What 'tis to live, or fear a death :  
Our childish dreams are fin'd with  
painted joys,  
Which please our sense a while, and wak-  
ing, prove but toys.

*How vain,*  
How wretched, is  
Poor man, that doth remain  
A slave to such a state as this !  
His days are short, at longest ; few at  
most :  
They are but bad, at best ; yet lavish'd out,  
or lost.

*They be*  
The secret springs  
That make our minutes flee  
On wheels more swift than eagles'  
wings :  
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of  
breath  
Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time  
shall strike a death.

*How soon*  
Our new-born light  
Attains to full-aged noon !  
And this, how soon to gray-hair'd  
night !  
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we  
blast,  
Ere we can count our days, our days they  
flee so fast.

*They end*  
When scarce begun ;  
And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is  
done :  
Man, count thy days ; and, if they fly  
too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count  
every day the last.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

---

STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But, ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scatter'd on the ground—to die !  
Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,  
Restless—and soon to pass away !  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree—  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand ;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand ;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—  
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

---

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain  
The happy life be these, I find—  
The riches left, not got with pain ;  
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind ;  
The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;  
No charge of rule, nor governance ;  
Without disease, the healthful life ;  
The household of continuance ;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;  
 True wisdom joined with simpleness;  
 The night discharged of all care,  
 Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;  
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night.  
 Contented with thine own estate,  
 Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.

### THE WEB OF LIFE.

My life, which was so straight and plain,  
 Has now become a tangled skein,  
 Yet God still holds the thread;  
 Weave as I may, His hand doth guide  
 The shuttle's course, however wide  
 The chain in woof be wed.

One weary night, when months went by,  
 I plied my loom with tear and sigh,  
 In grief unnamed, untold;  
 But when at last the morning's light  
 Broke on my vision, fair and bright  
 There gleamed a cloth of gold.

And now I never lose my trust,  
 Weave as I may—and weave I must—  
 That God doth hold the thread;  
 He guides my shuttle on its way,  
 He makes complete my task each day;  
 What more, then, can be said?

CLARA J. MOORE.

### THERE BE THOSE.

THERE be those who sow beside  
 The waters that in silence glide,  
 Trusting no echo will declare  
 Whose footsteps ever wandered there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away,  
 The stream flows on as yesterday;  
 Nor can it for a time be seen  
 A benefactor there had been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead  
 Which in the lonely place is spread;  
 It lives, it lives—the spring is nigh,  
 And soon its life shall testify.

That silent stream, that desert ground,  
 No more unlovely shall be found;  
 But scattered flowers of simplest grace  
 Shall spread their beauty round the place.

And soon or late a time will come  
 When witnesses, that now are dumb,  
 With grateful eloquence shall tell  
 From whom the seed, there scattered, fell.

BERNARD BARTON.

### ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not  
 break!

How much the flesh may suffer, and not  
 die!

I question much if any pain or ache  
 Of soul or body brings our end more nigh:  
 Death chooses his own time: till that is  
 sworn,  
 All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's  
 knife,  
 Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel  
 Whose edge seems searching for the quiver-  
 ing life,

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,  
 That still, although the trembling flesh be  
 torn,  
 This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,  
 And try to flee from the approaching ill;  
 We seek some small escape; we weep and  
 pray;  
 But when the blow falls, then our hearts  
 are still;  
 Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,  
 But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;  
 We hold it closer, dearer than our own:  
 Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,  
 Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and  
 alone;  
 But ah! we do not die with those we  
 mourn,—  
 This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine,  
 thirst,

Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,  
 All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst  
 On soul and body—but we cannot die.  
 Though we be sick, and tired, and faint,  
 and worn,  
 Lo, all things can be borne.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

*GOOD-NIGHT.*

GOOD-NIGHT to all the world! there's none  
Beneath the "over-going" sun  
To whom I feel or hate or spite,  
And so to all a fair good-night.

Would I could say good-night to pain,  
Good-night to conscience and her train,  
To cheerless poverty, and shame  
That I am yet unknown to fame!

Would I could say good-night to dreams  
That haunt me with delusive gleams,  
That through the sable future's veil  
Like meteors glimmer, but to fail!

Would I could say a long good-night  
To halting between wrong and right,  
And, like a giant with new force,  
Awake prepared to run my course!

But time o'er good and ill sweeps on,  
And when few years have come and gone,  
The past will be to me as naught,  
Whether remember'd or forgot.

Yet let me hope one faithful friend  
O'er my last couch shall tearful bend;  
And, though no day for me was bright,  
Shall bid me then a long good-night.

ROBERT C. SANDS.

*HIS LAST VERSES.*

I AM! yet what I am who cares, or knows?  
My friends forsake me like a memory  
lost.

I am the self-consumer of my woes,  
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,  
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.  
And yet I am—I live—though I am  
toss'd

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,  
Into the living sea of waking dream,  
Where there is neither sense of life nor  
joys,

But the huge shipwreck of my own es-  
teem,  
And all that's dear. Even those I loved the  
best  
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than  
the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never  
trod,

For scenes where woman never smiled  
or wept;

There to abide with my Creator, God,  
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly  
slept,

Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me  
lie,

The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

JOHN CLARE.

*THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.*

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies!

When sinks a righteous soul to rest,

How mildly beam the closing eyes,

How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,

So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,

So gently shuts the eye of day,

So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,

Fanned by some angel's purple wing:—

Where is, O grave! thy victory now?

And where, insidious death! thy sting?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,

Where light and shade alternate dwell!

How bright th' unchanging morn ap-  
pears!—

Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done,—as sinks the day,

Light from its load the spirit flies;

While heaven and earth combine to say

"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!"

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

*THE COMMON LOT.*

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,

There liv'd a man; and who was he?

Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,

That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,

The land in which he died unknown;

His name has perish'd from the earth,

This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,  
 Alternate triumph'd in his breast;  
 His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!  
 Oblivion hides the rest.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;  
 Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;  
 Had friends,—his friends are now no  
 more;  
 And foes,—his foes are dead.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
 Encounter'd all that troubles thee:  
 He was—whatever thou hast been;  
 He is what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and  
 main,  
 Erewhile his portion, life, and light,  
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
 That once their shades and glory threw,  
 Have left in yonder silent sky  
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
 Their ruins, since the world began,  
 Of him afford no other trace  
 Than this,—there lived a man!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground:  
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
 That love of life increased with years  
 So much, that in our later stages,  
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
 The greatest love of life appears.  
 This great affection to believe,  
 Which all confess, but few perceive,  
 If old assertions can't prevail,—  
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were  
 gay,  
 On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,  
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom  
 With him into another room,  
 And looking grave—"You must," says he,  
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come with  
 me."

"With you! and quit my Susan's side!  
 With you!" the hapless husband cried;  
 "Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!  
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:  
 My thoughts on other matters go:  
 This is my wedding-day, you know."  
 What more he urged, I have not heard;  
 His reasons could not well be stronger;  
 So Death the poor delinquent spared,  
 And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look—  
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—  
 "Neighbor," he said, "farewell! No more  
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;  
 And farther, to avoid all blame  
 Of cruelty upon my name,  
 To give you time for preparation,  
 And fit you for your future station,  
 Three several warnings you shall have,  
 Before you're summon'd to the grave.  
 Willing for once I'll quit my prey,  
 And grant a kind reprieve,  
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
 But, when I call again this way,  
 Well pleased the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,  
 And parted perfectly contented.  
 What next the hero of our tale befell,  
 How long he lived, how wise, how well,  
 How roundly he pursued his course,  
 And smoked his pipe, and stroked his  
 horse,

The willing Muse shall tell.  
 He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,  
 Nor once perceived his growing old,  
 Nor thought of Death as near;  
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
 Many his gains, his children few,  
 He pass'd his hours in peace.  
 But while he view'd his wealth increase.  
 While thus along Life's dusty road  
 The beaten track content he trod,  
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,  
 Brought on his eightieth year.  
 And now, one night, in musing mood  
 As all alone he sate,  
 Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate  
 Once more before him stood.  
 Half kill'd with anger and surprise,  
 "So soon return'd!" old Dodson cries.  
 "So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:

"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!  
Since I was here before

'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,  
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown re-  
join'd;

"To spare the aged would be kind:  
However, see your search be legal;  
And your authority—is't regal?  
Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
With but a secretary's warrant.  
Besides, you promised me Three Warn-  
ings,

Which I have look'd for nights and morn-  
ings;

But for that loss of time and ease,  
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the  
best

I seldom am a welcome guest;  
But don't be captious, friend, at least:  
I little thought you'd still be able  
To stump about your farm and stable;  
Your years have run to a great length;  
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!  
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death re-  
plies:

"However, you still keep your eyes;  
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,  
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,  
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true,  
But still there's comfort left for you:  
Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he; "and if there  
were,

I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoin'd,

"These are unwarrantable yearnings;

If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

You've had your three sufficient warn-  
ings;

So, come along, no more we'll part;"

He said, and touch'd him with his dart.

And now old Dodson, turning pale,

Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

HESTER THRALE PIOZZI.

## NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."  
RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"Two hands upon the breast,  
And labor's done;  
Two pale feet cross'd in rest,—  
The race is won;  
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,  
And all tears cease;  
Two lips where grief is mute,  
Anger at peace:"

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;  
God in His kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address  
Aye for His praise;  
Two feet that never rest  
Walking His ways;  
Two eyes that look above  
Through all their tears;  
Two lips still breathing love,  
Not wrath, nor fears:"

So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;  
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear  
these!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

## TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys,  
You may take the gear to the stead,  
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
Will never get beer and bread.  
The seed's waste, I know, boys,  
There's not a blade will grow, boys,  
'Tis cropp'd out, I trow, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,  
He's going blind, as I said,  
My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
To see him in the shed;  
The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
She's neither here nor there, boys,  
I doubt she's badly bred;  
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
There'll be no more corn, boys,  
Neither white nor red;  
There's no sign of grass, boys,  
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
The land's not what it was, boys,  
And the beasts must be fed;

You may turn Peg away, boys,  
 You may pay off old Ned,  
 We've had a dull day, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
 Let me turn my head;  
 She's standing there in the door, boys,  
 Your sister Winifred!  
 Take her away from me, boys,  
 Your sister Winifred!  
 Move me round in my place, boys,  
 Let me turn my head,  
 Take her away from me, boys,  
 As she lay on her death-bed,  
 The bones of her thin face, boys,  
 As she lay on her death-bed!  
 I don't know how it be, boys,  
 When all's done and said,  
 But I see her looking at me, boys,  
 Wherever I turn my head;  
 Out of the big oak tree, boys,  
 Out of the garden bed,  
 And the lily as pale as she, boys,  
 And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
 But I think it's not in my head,  
 I've kept my precious sight, boys,—  
 The Lord be hallowèd!  
 Outside and in  
 The ground is cold to my tread,  
 The hills are wizen and thin,  
 The sky is shrivell'd and shred,  
 The hedges down by the loan  
 I can count them bone by bone,  
 The leaves are open and spread,  
 But I see the teeth of the land,  
 And hands like a dead man's hand,  
 And the eyes of a dead man's head.  
 There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
 The rat and the mouse have fed,  
 And the summer's empty and cold;  
 Over valley and wold  
 Wherever I turn my head  
 There's a mildew and a mould,  
 The sun's going out overhead,  
 And I'm very old,  
 And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?  
 You're all born and bred,

'Tis fifty years and more, boys,  
 Since wife and I were wed,  
 And she's gone before, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
 Upon his curly head,  
 She knew she'd never see't, boys,  
 And she stole off to bed;  
 I've been sitting up alone, boys,  
 For he'd come home, he said,  
 But it's time I was gone, boys,  
 For Tommy's dead.  
 Put the shutters up, boys,  
 Bring out the beer and bread,  
 Make haste and sup, boys,  
 For my eyes are heavy as lead;  
 There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,  
 There's something ill wi' the bread,  
 I don't care to sup, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
 I've such a sleepy head,  
 I shall nevermore be stout, boys,  
 You may carry me to bed.  
 What are you about, boys?  
 The prayers are all said,  
 The fire's raked out, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
 You may carry me to the head,  
 The night's dark and deep, boys,  
 Your mother's long in bed,  
 'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,  
 You may shake my hand instead.  
 All things go amiss, boys,  
 You may lay me where she is, boys,  
 And I'll rest my old head:  
 'T is a poor world, this, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

### THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun  
 Had thrown its latest ray,  
 Where in his last strong agony  
 A dying warrior lay,

The stern, old Baron Rudiger,  
Whose frame had ne'er been bent  
By wasting pain, till time and toil  
Its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say  
My days of life are o'er,  
That I shall mount my noble steed  
And lead my band no more;  
They come, and to my beard they dare  
To tell me now, that I,  
Their own liege lord and master born,—  
That I—ha! ha!—must die.

"And what is Death? I've dared him  
off

Before the Paynim spear,—  
Think ye he's enter'd at my gate,  
Has come to seek me here?  
I've met him, faced him, scorn'd him,  
When the fight was raging hot,—  
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power;  
Defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower,—  
And fire the culverin,—  
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—  
Call every vassal in;  
Up with my banner on the wall,—  
The banquet-board prepare,—  
Throw wide the portal of my hall,  
And bring my armor there!"

A hundred hands were busy then,—  
The banquet forth was spread,—  
And rung the heavy oaken floor  
With many a martial tread,  
While from the rich, dark tracery  
Along the vaulted wall,  
Lights gleam'd on harness, plume, and  
spear,  
O'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,  
The mail'd retainers pour'd,  
On through the portal's frowning arch,  
And throng'd around the board.  
While at its head, within his dark,  
Carved oaken chair of state,  
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger,  
With girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men,  
Pour forth the cheering wine;  
There's life and strength in every drop,—  
Thanksgiving to the vine!  
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—  
Mine eyes are waxing dim;—  
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,  
Each goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see ye not.  
Draw forth each trusty sword,—  
And let me hear your faithful steel  
Clash once around my board:  
I hear it faintly:—Louder yet!—  
What clogs my heavy breath?  
Up all,—and shout for Rudiger,  
'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl,—steel clang'd to steel  
—And rose a deafening cry  
That made the torches flare around,  
And shook the flags on high:—  
"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?—  
Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?  
Ho! cowards, have ye left me  
To meet him here alone?

"But I defy him:—let him come!"  
Down rang the massy cup,  
While from its sheath the ready blade  
Came flashing half-way up;  
And, with the black and heavy plumes  
Scarce trembling on his head,  
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair,  
Old Rudiger sat, *dead*.

ALBERT G. GREENZ

### THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is  
For gift or grace surpassing this,—  
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart to be unmoved,  
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,  
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,

The monarch's crown to light the brows?

"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?

A little faith all undisproved,

A little dust to overweep,

And bitter memories to make

The whole earth blasted for our sake.

"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,

But have no tune to charm away

Sad dreams that through the eyelids  
creep.

But never doleful dream again

Shall break the happy slumber when

"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!

O men, with wailing in your voices!

O delved gold, the wailers heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!

God strikes a silence through you all,

And "giveth *His* beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,

His cloud above it saileth still,

Though on its slope men sow and reap.

More softly than the dew is shed,

Or cloud is floated overhead,

"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan

A living, thinking, feeling man,

Confirm'd in such a rest to keep;

But angels say—and through the word

I think their happy smile is *heard*—

"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go

Most like a tired child at a show,

That sees through tears the mummers  
leap,

Would now its weary vision close,

Would childlike on *His* love repose

Who "giveth *His* beloved sleep!"

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier ye come to weep,

Let one, most loving of you all,

Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall,—

He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our blood and state

Are shadows, not substantial things;

There is no armor against fate;

Death lays his icy hand on kings;

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill,

But their strong nerves at last must yield;

They tame but one another still;

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring  
breath

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;

Then boast no more your mighty deeds;

Upon Death's purple altar now

See where the victor-victim bleeds:

Your heads must come

To the cold tomb;

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

### THE LAST CONQUEROR.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more

Proclaim how wide your empires are;

Though you bind in every shore

And your triumphs reach as far

As night or day,

Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,

And mingle with forgotten ashes, when

Death calls ye to the crowd of common  
men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,

Each able to undo mankind,

Death's servile emissaries are;

Nor to these alone confined,

He hath at will

More quaint and subtle ways to kill;

A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,

Shall have the cunning skill to break a  
heart.

JAMES SHIRLEY.



## THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she  
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When  
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow  
house.

Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at  
heart;—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all  
around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of  
air,—

Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and  
thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold  
ground,

Where thy pale form was laid, with many  
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee,  
shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements,

To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude  
swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon.  
The oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce  
thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou  
wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie  
down

With patriarchs of the infant world—with  
kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the  
good,

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills  
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun; the  
vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd  
round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of  
heaven,

Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that  
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the  
wings

Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods

Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no  
sound

Save his own dashings—yet the dead are  
there:

And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them  
down

In their last sleep—the dead reign there  
alone.

So shalt thou rest, and what if thou with-  
draw

In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that  
breathe

Will share thy destiny. The gay will  
laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of  
care

Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall  
leave

Their mirth and their employments, and  
shall come,

And make their bed with thee. As the  
long train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he  
who goes

In the full strength of years, matron and  
 maid,  
 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed  
 man,—  
 Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,  
 By those who in their turn shall follow  
 them.

So live, that when thy summons comes  
 to join  
 The innumerable caravan, which moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall  
 take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at  
 night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and  
 soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
 grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
 couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant  
 dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

*WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS  
 SUFFERING CLAY.*

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,  
 Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?  
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.  
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
 Or fill at once the realms of space,  
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,  
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
 All, all in earth or skies display'd,  
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:  
 Each fainter trace that memory holds  
 So darkly of departed years,  
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
 And all that was at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,  
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back;  
 And where the farthest heaven had birth,  
 The spirit trace its rising track.  
 And where the future mars or makes,  
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,

While sun is quench'd or system breaks,  
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,  
 It lives all passionless and pure:  
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;  
 Its years as moments shall endure.  
 Away, away, without a wing,  
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall  
 fly,—

A nameless and eternal thing,  
 Forgetting what it was to die.

LORD BYRON.

*A DEATH-BED.*

HER suffering ended with the day;  
 Yet lived she at its close,  
 And breathed the long, long night away,  
 In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
 Illumed the eastern skies,  
 She pass'd through glory's morning-gate,  
 And walk'd in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

*THE DEATH-BED.*

WE watch'd her breathing through the  
 night,

Her breathing soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,  
 So slowly moved about,  
 As we had lent her half our powers  
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
 Our fears our hopes belied—  
 We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad  
 And chill with early showers,  
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
 Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD

*CORONACH.*

HE is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing,  
From the raindrops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds, rushing,  
Waft the leaves that are, serest;  
But our flower was in flushing  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?

Where may the grave of that good man be?—

By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,

Under the twigs of a young birch tree!  
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,  
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,

And whistled and roar'd in the winter alone,

Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—

The knight's bones are dust,  
And his good sword rust;—  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### THE VOICELESS.

WE count the broken lyres that rest

Where the sweet wailingsingers slumber,  
But o'er their silent sister's breast

The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?

A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—

Alas for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone  
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—

Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!  
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
But where the glistening night-dews weep  
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign  
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
Till Death pours out his cordial wine  
Slow-dropp'd from Misery's crushing presses,—

If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were pour'd,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower in May,  
Or like the morning of the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,—  
E'en such is man;—whose thread is spun,

Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—  
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearly dew of May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan,—  
E'en such is man;—who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.—

The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended.  
The hour is short, the span is long,  
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!

SIMON WASTELL.

—♦—  
*OH WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF  
MORTAL BE PROUD?*

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be  
proud?

Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying  
cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the  
wave,

He passeth from life to his rest in the  
grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall  
fade,

Be scatter'd around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low  
and the high,

Shall moulder to dust and together shall  
lie.

The child that a mother attended and  
loved,

The mother that infant's affection who  
proved,

The husband that mother and infant who  
bless'd,—

Each, all, are away to their dwellings of  
rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow,  
in whose eye,

Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs  
are by;

And the memory of those who have loved  
her and praised,

Are alike from the minds of the living  
erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath  
borne,

The brow of the priest that the mitre hath  
worn,

The eye of the sage, and the heart of the  
brave,

Are hidden and lost in the depths of the  
grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to  
reap,

The herdsman who climb'd with his goats  
to the steep,

The beggar who wander'd in search of his  
bread,

Have faded away like the grass that we  
tread.

The saint who enjoy'd the communion of  
heaven,

The sinner who dared to remain unfor-  
given,

The wise and the foolish, the guilty and  
just,

Have quietly mingled their bones in the  
dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and  
the weed,

That wither away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we be-  
hold,

To repeat every tale that hath often been  
told.

For we are the same things our fathers  
have been;

We see the same sights that our fathers  
have seen,—

We drink the same stream, and we feel the  
same sun,

And run the same course that our fathers  
have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers  
would think;

From the death we are shrinking from,  
they too would shrink;

To the life we are clinging to, they too  
would cling;

But it speeds from the earth like a bird on  
the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot un-  
fold;

They scorn'd, but the heart of the haughty  
is cold;

They grieved, but no wail from their slum-  
bers will come;

They joy'd, but the voice of their gladness  
is dumb.

They died,—ay! they died; and we things  
that are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their  
brow,  
Who make in their dwellings a transient  
abode,  
Meet the changes they met on their pil-  
grimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure  
and pain,  
Are mingled together in sunshine and  
rain;  
And the smile and the tear, the song and  
the dirge,  
Still follow each other, like surge upon  
surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught  
of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness  
of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the  
shroud,—  
Oh why should the spirit of mortal be  
proud?

—WILLIAM KNOX.

### PASSING AWAY.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell  
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,  
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell  
That he winds, on the beach, so mellow  
and clear,  
When the winds and the waves lie to-  
gether asleep,  
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching  
the deep,  
She dispensing her silvery light,  
And he his notes as silvery quite,  
While the boatman listens and ships his  
oar,  
To catch the music that comes from the  
shore?  
Hark! the notes on my ear that play  
Are set to words; as they float, they say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"  
But no; it was not a fairy's shell,  
Blown on the beach, so mellow and  
clear;  
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,  
Striking the hour, that fill'd my ear

As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime  
That told of the flow of the stream of  
time.

For a beautiful clock from the ceiling  
hung,  
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum,  
swung  
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring  
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird  
swing);  
And she held to her bosom a budding  
bouquet,  
And, as she enjoy'd it, she seem'd to say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh how bright were the wheels, that told  
Of the lapse of time, as they moved  
round slow;  
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial  
of gold,  
Seem'd to point to the girl below.

And lo! she had changed: in a few short  
hours  
Her bouquet had become a garland of  
flowers,  
That she held in her outstretch'd hands,  
and flung

This way and that, as she, dancing, swung  
In the fulness of grace and of womanly  
pride,  
That told me she soon was to be a bride;  
Yet then, when expecting her happiest  
day,

In the same sweet voice I heard her say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a  
shade

Of thought or care stole softly over,  
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day  
made,

Looking down on a field of blossoming  
clover.

The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its  
flush

Had something lost of its brilliant blush;  
And the light in her eye, and the light on  
the wheels,

That march'd so calmly round above her;  
Was a little dimm'd,—as when Evening  
steals

Upon Noon's hot face. Yet one couldn't  
but love her,

For she look'd like a mother whose first  
babe lay

Rock'd on her breast, as she swung all day;  
And she seem'd, in the same silver tone,  
to say,

"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I look'd, what a change there  
came!

Her eye was quench'd, and her cheek  
was wan;

Stooping and staff'd was her wither'd  
frame,

Yet just as busily swung she on;

The garland beneath her had fallen to  
dust;

The wheels above her were eaten with  
rust;

The hands, that over the dial swept,  
Grew crooked and tarnish'd, but on they  
kept,

And still there came that silver tone  
From the shrivell'd lips of the toothless  
crone

(Let me never forget till my dying day  
The tone or the burden of her lay),

"Passing away! passing away!"

JOHN PIERPONT.

#### HER LAST VERSES.

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,  
Recedes and fades away;

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,  
Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whisper'd song,

My blindness is my sight;

The shadows that I fear'd so long  
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,

My faith doth so abound,

I feel grow firm beneath my feet  
The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,

Low as the grave to go;

I know that my Redeemer lives:

That I shall live I know.

The palace-walls I almost see,

Where dwells my Lord and King;

O grave, where is thy victory?

O death, where is thy sting?

ALICE CARY.

#### OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,—

Loved ones who've cross'd to the farther  
side;

The gleam of their snowy robes I see,

But their voices are drown'd in the  
rushing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,

And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own  
blue;

He cross'd in the twilight, gray and cold,

And the pale mist hid him from mortal  
view.

We saw not the angels who met him there;

The gates of the city we could not see;

Over the river, over the river,

My brotherstands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river, the boatman pale

Carried another,—the household pet:

Her brown curls waved in the gentle  
gale—

Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

She cross'd on her bosom her dimpled  
hands,

And fearlessly enter'd the phantom  
bark;

We watch'd it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely  
dark.

We know she is safe on the farther side,

Where all the ransom'd and angels be;

Over the river, the mystic river,

My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,

Who cross with the boatman cold and  
pale;

We hear the dip of the golden oars,

And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—

And lo! they have pass'd from our yearn-  
ing heart;

They cross the stream, and are gone for  
aye;

We may not sunder the veil apart,

That hides from our vision the gates of  
day.

We only know that their barks no more

May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;

Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen  
shore,

They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
 Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,  
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
 And list for the sound of the boatman's  
   oar;  
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping  
   sail;  
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the  
   strand;  
 I shall pass from sight, with the boatman  
   pale,  
 To the better shore of the spirit land;  
 I shall know the loved who have gone be-  
   fore,—  
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
 When over the river, the peaceful river,  
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY A. W. WAKEFIELD.

### THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's  
   breath,  
 And stars to set,—but all,  
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O  
   Death!

Day is for mortal care,  
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous  
   hearth,  
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice  
   of prayer,—  
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,  
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and  
   wine;  
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelm-  
   ing power,—  
 A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose  
 May look like things too glorious for  
   decay,  
 And smile at thee,—but thou art not of  
   those  
 That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their  
   prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's  
   breath,

And stars to set,—but all,  
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O  
   Death!

We know when moons shall wane,  
 When summer birds from far shall cross  
   the sea,  
 When autumn's hues shall tinge the  
   golden grain,—  
 But who shall teach us when to look for  
   thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale  
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets  
   lie?  
 Is it when roses in our paths grow  
   pale?—  
 They have *one* season,—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,  
 Thou art where music melts upon the  
   air;  
 Thou art around us in our peaceful  
   home;  
 And the world calls us forth,—and thou  
   art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest,—  
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trum-  
   pets rend  
 The skies, and swords beat down the  
   princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's  
   breath,  
 And stars to set,—but all,  
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O  
   Death!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

### ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting  
   day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the  
   lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary  
   way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to  
   me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on  
the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning  
flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant  
folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon com-  
plain

Of such as, wandering near her secret  
bower,

Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's  
shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a moul-  
dering heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-  
built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing  
horn,

No more shall rouse them from their  
lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall  
burn

Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to  
share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has  
broke;

How jocund did they drive their team  
afield!

How bow'd the woods beneath their  
sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful  
smile

The short and simple annals of the  
poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er  
gave,

Await alike th' inevitable hour:—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the  
fault

If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies  
raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and  
fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of  
praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting  
breath?

Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of  
Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial  
fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have  
sway'd,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample  
page

Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er  
unroll;

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean  
bear:

Full many a flower is born to blush un-  
seen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert  
air.

Some village Hampden, that with daunt-  
less breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may  
rest,

Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's  
blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-  
mand,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation's  
eyes,



Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes  
 confined ;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a  
 throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on man-  
 kind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to  
 hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous  
 shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's  
 flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble  
 strife

Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their  
 way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to pro-  
 tect

Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-  
 ture deck'd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlet-  
 ter'd Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply :  
 And many a holy text around she strews  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er re-  
 sign'd,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful  
 day,  
 Nor cast one longing lingering look be-  
 hind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye re-  
 quires ;

E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature  
 cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd  
 dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale re-  
 late,

If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy  
 fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of  
 dawn

Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so  
 high,

His listless length at noontide would he  
 stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in  
 scorn,

Muttering his wayward fancies he would  
 rove ;

Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one for-  
 lorn,

Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hope-  
 less love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd  
 hill,

Along the heath, and near his favorite  
 tree ;

Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was  
 he ;

"The next with dirges due in sad array  
 Slow through the churchway path we  
 saw him borne ;

Approach and read (for thou canst read)  
 the lay

Graved on the stone beneath yon aged  
 thorn."

#### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
 A youth, to fortune and to fame un-  
 known ;

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble  
 birth,

And Melancholy mark'd him for her  
 own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sin-  
 cere ;

Heaven did a recompense as largely  
 send :

He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear,  
He gain'd from Heaven—'twas all he  
wish'd—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread  
abode

(There they alike in trembling hope re-  
pose),

The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

—◆—  
*LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND  
CHURCHYARD, YORKSHIRE.*

METHINKS it is good to be here;  
If thou wilt, let us build,—but for whom?  
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,  
But the shadows of eve that encompass the  
gloom,  
The abode of the dead and the place of the  
tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Oh, no!  
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;  
For, see! they would pin him below,  
In a small, narrow cave, and, begirt with  
cold clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a  
prey.

To Beauty? ah, no! She forgets  
The charms which she wielded before,  
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets  
The skin which but yesterday fools could  
adore,  
For the smoothness it held, or the tint  
which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,  
The trappings which 'dizen the proud?  
Alas! they are all laid aside,  
And here's neither dress nor adornment  
allow'd,  
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe  
of the shroud.

To Riches? alas! 'tis in vain;  
Who hid, in their turn have been hid;  
The treasures are squander'd again,  
And here in the grave are all metals for-  
bid,  
But the tinsel that shines on the dark cof-  
fin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,—  
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?  
Ah! here is a plentiful board!

But the guests are all mute as their pitiful  
cheer,  
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?  
Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,  
Or fled with the spirit above:  
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side  
by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none have re-  
plied.

Unto Sorrow?—The dead cannot grieve;  
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,  
Which compassion itself could relieve.  
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love,  
nor fear,—  
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only  
one here!

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must  
bow?  
Ah, no! for his empire is known,  
And here there are trophies enow!  
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the  
dark stone,  
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may  
disown!

The first tabernacle to Hope we will  
build,  
And look for the sleepers around us to  
rise;  
The second to Faith, which ensures it  
fulfill'd;  
And the third to the Lamb of the great  
sacrifice,  
Who bequeathed us them both when he  
rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

—◆—  
*HALLOWED GROUND.*

WHAT'S hallow'd ground? Has earth a  
clod  
Its Maker meant not should be trod  
By man, the image of his God,  
Erect and free,  
Unscourged by superstition's rod  
To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground where, mourn'd and  
miss'd,  
The lips repose our love has kiss'd :—  
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't  
Yon churchyard's bowers?  
No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;  
The spot where love's first links were  
wound,  
That ne'er are riven,  
Is hallow'd, down to earth's profound,  
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;  
The burning thoughts that then were  
told  
Run molten still in memory's mould;  
And will not cool  
Until the heart itself be cold  
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?  
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!—  
In dews that heavens far distant weep  
Their turf may bloom,  
Or genii twine beneath the deep  
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind  
Whose sword or voice has served man-  
kind—  
And is he dead whose glorious mind  
Lifts shine on high?—  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?  
He's dead alone that lacks her light!  
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight  
The sword he draws :—  
What can alone ennoble fight?  
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace  
Her drums, and rend Heaven's reeking  
space!  
The colors planted face to face,  
The charging cheer,  
Though Death's pale horse lead on the  
chase,  
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel  
To Heaven!—But Heaven rebukes my  
zeal.

The cause of truth and human weal,  
O God above!  
Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
To Peace and Love.

Peace! Love!—the cherubim that join  
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine!  
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,  
Where they are not;  
The heart alone can make divine  
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,  
And pompous rites in domes august?  
See mouldering stones and metal's rust  
Belle the vaunt,  
That men can bless one pile of dust  
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!  
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!  
But there's a dome of nobler span,  
A temple given  
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—  
Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,  
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,  
And God Himself to man revealing,  
The harmonious spheres  
Make music, though unheard their pealing  
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?  
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?  
Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
Aspect above?  
Ye must be heavens that make us sure  
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime  
I read the doom of distant time:  
That man's regenerate soul from crime  
Shall yet be drawn,  
And reason, on his mortal clime,  
Immortal dawn.

What's hallow'd ground? 'Tis what gives  
birth  
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—

Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth,  
 Earth's compass round;  
 And your high priesthood shall make  
 earth  
 All hallow'd ground!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND  
 WIFE*

WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER.

To these, whom death again did wed,  
 This grave's the second marriage-bed,  
 For though the hand of fate could force  
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,  
 It could not sever man and wife,  
 Because they both lived but one life.  
 Peace, good reader, do not weep  
 Peace, the lovers are asleep!  
 They (sweet turtles) folded lie,  
 In the last knot love could tie.  
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
 Till this stormy night be gone,  
 And the eternal morrow dawn;  
 Then the curtains will be drawn,  
 And they wake into a light  
 Whose day shall never end in night.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

*ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN  
 UNFORTUNATE LADY.*

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-  
 light shade,  
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder  
 glade?  
 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom  
 gored?  
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?  
 O ever beauteous! ever friendly! tell,  
 Is it in Heav'n a crime to love too well?  
 To bear too tender or too firm a heart,  
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part?  
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky  
 For those who greatly think or bravely  
 die?  
 Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul  
 aspire  
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?  
 Ambition first sprung from your blest  
 abodes,  
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows,  
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes  
 glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an  
 age,

Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:  
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of  
 years,

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;  
 Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,  
 And, close confined to their own palace,  
 sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade  
 her die)

Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
 As into air the purer spirits flow,  
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs  
 below;

So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too  
 good,

Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!  
 See on these ruby lips the trembling  
 breath,

These cheeks now fading at the blast of  
 death!

Cold is that breast which warm'd the  
 world before,

And those love-darting eyes must roll no  
 more.

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,  
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your chil-  
 dren fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your  
 gates:

There passengers shall stand, and pointing  
 say

(While the long fun'rals blacken all the  
 way),

“Lo! these were they, whose souls the  
 Furies steel'd,

And cursed with hearts unknowing how to  
 yield.”

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!  
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to  
 glow

For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)  
 Thy fate unpitied and thy rites unpaid?

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic  
 tear  
 Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy  
 mournful bier;  
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were  
 closed,  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs com-  
 posed,  
 By foreign hands thy humble grave  
 adorn'd,  
 By strangers honor'd and by strangers  
 mourn'd.  
 What though no friends in sable weeds  
 appear,  
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a  
 year,  
 And bear about the mockery of woe  
 To midnight dances and the public  
 show?  
 What though no weeping Loves thy ashes  
 grace,  
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?  
 What though no sacred earth allow thee  
 room,  
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy  
 tomb?  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be  
 dress'd,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy  
 breast:  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears  
 bestow,  
 There the first roses of the year shall  
 blow:  
 While angels with their silver wings o'er-  
 shade  
 The ground now sacred by thy relics  
 made.  
 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a  
 name,  
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and  
 fame.  
 How loved, how honor'd once, avails thee  
 not,  
 To whom related, or by whom begot;  
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall  
 be!  
 Poets themselves must fall like those  
 they sung,  
 Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tune-  
 ful tongue.

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mourn-  
 ful lays,  
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he  
 pays;  
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall  
 part,  
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his  
 heart;  
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
 The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no  
 more!

ALEXANDER POPE.

---

*THE LAND O' THE LEAL.*

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,  
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,  
 I'm wearin' awa'  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
 There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,  
 The day is aye fair  
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,  
 And oh! we grudged her sair  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,  
 And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean,  
 The joy that's aye to last  
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, Jean,  
 Sae free the battle fought, Jean,  
 That sinfu' man e'er brought  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 Oh! dry your glistening e'e, Jean,  
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,  
 And angels beckon me  
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, Jean,  
 Your day it's wearin' thro', Jean,  
 And I'll welcome you  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
 This world's cares are vain, Jean,  
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,  
 In the land o' the leal.

LADY CAROLINA NAIRNE.  


---

## STANZAS.

FAREWELL, life! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim;  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night,—  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapor chill;  
Strong the earthy odor grows,—  
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives!  
Strength returns and hope revives:  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn,—  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapor cold,—  
I smell the rose above the mould!

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE DYING MAN IN HIS GARDEN.

WHY, Damon, with the forward day  
Dost thou thy little spot survey,  
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,  
Pursue the progress of the year,  
What winds arise, what rains descend,  
When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noontide walks avail,  
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,  
Then wantonly to death decree  
An insect usefuller than thee?  
Thou and the worm are brother-kind,  
As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see  
The downy peach make court to thee?  
Or that thy sense shall ever meet  
The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet  
Exhaling with an evening blast?  
Thy evenings then will all be past!

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green  
(For vanity's in little seen),  
All must be left when Death appears,  
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;  
Nor one of all thy plants that grow  
But Rosemary will with thee go.

GEORGE SEWELL.

## DIRGE.

FROM "CYMBELINE."

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and lasses must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe, and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak;  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must,  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER  
FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen—  
No goblins lead their nightly crew;  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain  
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,  
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
 For thee the tear be duly shed;  
 Beloved till life can charm no more,  
 And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

---

*DIRGE.*

FROM "THE WHITE DEVIL."

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
 Call unto his funeral dole  
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,  
 To raise him hillocks that shall keep him  
 warm,

And, when gay tombs are robb'd, sustain  
 no harm;

But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to  
 men,

For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

JOHN WEBSTER.

---

*DIRGE.*

SOFTLY!  
 She is lying  
 With her lips apart;  
 Softly!  
 She is dying of a broken heart.

Whisper!  
 She is going  
 To her final rest;  
 Whisper!  
 Life is growing  
 Dim within her breast.

Gently!  
 She is sleeping;  
 She has breathed her last!  
 Gently!  
 While you're weeping,  
 She to heaven has pass'd.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

---

*FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS.*

FRIEND after friend departs:  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end;

Were this frail world our only rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this vale of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath,  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown;  
 A whole eternity of love,  
 Form'd for the good alone;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are pass'd away,  
 As morning high and higher shines,  
 To pure and perfect day;  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night;  
 They hide themselves in heaven's own  
 light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

---

*GANE WERE BUT THE WINTER  
 CAULD.*

GANE were but the winter cauld,  
 And gane were but the snaw,  
 I could sleep in the wild woods,  
 Where primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head,  
 And cauld at my feet,  
 And the finger o' Death's at my e'en,  
 Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father  
 Or my mither sae dear;  
 I'll meet them baith in heaven  
 At the spring o' the year.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

---

*THE ALPINE SHEEP.*

WHEN on my ear your loss was knell'd,  
 And tender sympathy upburst,  
 A little spring from memory well'd,  
 Which once had quench'd my bitter  
 thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you  
 A portion of its mild relief,  
 That it might be as healing dew,  
 To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath  
 Up to the Father took its way,  
 And on our home the shade of Death  
 Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep  
 Her little spirit's swift remove,  
 The story of the Alpine sheep  
 Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,  
 Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,  
 And when the sod grows brown and bare,  
 The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,  
 That hang along the mountain's side,  
 Where grass and flowers together lean,  
 And down through mist the sunbeams  
 slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things  
 The steep and rugged paths to try,  
 Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,  
 And sear'd below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,  
 Along the dizzy verge to go;  
 Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,  
 They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,  
 More dewy-soft than lowland mead,  
 The shepherd drops his tender care,  
 And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,  
 Blew on me as the south wind free  
 O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed  
 From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,  
 Would all my happy senses sway,  
 Of the good Shepherd on the height,  
 Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,—  
 While, like the murmur of the sea,  
 Sounded that voice along the deep,  
 Saying, "Arise and follow me!"

MARIA WHITE LOWELL

### TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling.  
 The darling of our crew;  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling—  
 For Death has broach'd him to.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty;  
 His heart was kind and soft;  
 Faithful below he did his duty;  
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed—  
 His virtues were so rare;  
 His friends were many and true-hearted;  
 His Poll was kind and fair.  
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly—  
 Ah, many's the time and oft!  
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
 When He, who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,  
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd;  
 For, though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDEN.

### THE LAST VISITOR.

"WHO is it knocks this stormy night?  
 Be very careful of the light,"  
 The good-man said to his wife,  
 And the good-wife went to the door;  
 But never again in all his life  
 Will the good-man see her more.

For he who knocked that night was Death,  
 And the light went out with a little breath;  
 And the good-man will miss his wife,  
 Till he, too, goes to the door,  
 When Death will carry him up to Life,  
 To behold her face once more.

HENRY AMES BLOOD.

### LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,  
 Little grains of sand,  
 Make the mighty ocean  
 And the pleasant land.



Thus the little minutes,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of Eternity.

Thus our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue,  
Off in sin to stray.  
Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden  
Like the heaven above.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

### THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees  
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air ;  
Like some tann'd reaper in his hour of  
ease,

When all the fields are lying brown and  
bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy  
hills

O'er the dim waters widening in the  
vales,

Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,  
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellow'd and all sounds  
subdued,

The hills seem'd farther and the streams  
sang low ;

As in a dream the distant woodman hew'd  
His winter log with many a muffled  
blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile arm'd in  
gold,

Their banners bright with every martial  
hue,

Now stood, like some sad beaten host of  
old,

Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture held his  
flight ;

The dove scarce heard its sighing mate's  
complaint ;

And like a star slow drowning in the light,  
The village church-vane seem'd to pale  
and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew,  
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than be-  
fore,—

Silent till some replying warder blew  
His alien horn, and then was heard no  
more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall  
crest,

Made garrulous trouble round her un-  
fledged young,

And where the oriole hung her swaying  
nest,

By every light wind like a censor  
swung ;—

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,  
The busy swallows circling ever near,  
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,  
An early harvest and a plenteous  
year ;—

Where every bird which charm'd the ver-  
nal feast,

Shook the sweet slumber from its wings  
at morn,

To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—  
All now was songless, empty, and for-  
lorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the  
quail,

And croak'd the crow through all the  
dreamy gloom ;

Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,  
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom, upon the  
bowers ;

The spiders wove their thin shrouds  
night by night ;

The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,  
Sail'd slowly by, pass'd noiseless out of  
sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,  
And where the woodbine shed upon the  
porch

Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood  
there

Firing the floor with his inverted torch :

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
The white-hair'd matron with monoto-  
nous tread,

Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless  
mien,  
Sat, like a Fate, and watch'd the flying  
thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walk'd  
with her,  
Oft supp'd and broke the bitter ashen  
crust;  
And in the dead leaves still she heard the  
stir  
Of his black mantle trailing in the  
dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with sum-  
mer bloom,  
Her country summon'd and she gave her  
all;  
And twice War bow'd to her his sable  
plume,—  
Regave the swords to rust upon her  
wall.

Regave the swords,—but not the hand that  
drew  
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,  
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,  
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel  
went on,  
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;  
Long, but not loud, the memory of the  
gone  
Breathed through her lips a sad and  
tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapp'd: her head  
was bow'd:  
Life dropt the distaff through his hands  
serene;  
And loving neighbors smoothed her care-  
ful shroud,  
While Death and Winter closed the  
autumn scene.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

### THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head  
And aching heart beneath the soil,  
To slumber in that dreamless bed  
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,  
And cast me helpless on the wild:  
I perish;—O my mother Earth,  
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,  
Shall gently moulder into thee;  
Nor leave one wretched trace behind  
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear,  
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave:  
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?  
“I am the Grave!

“The Grave, that never spake before,  
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:  
Oh listen!—I will speak no more:—  
Be silent, Pride!

“Art thou a Wretch of hope forlorn,  
The victim of consuming care?  
Is thy distracted conscience torn  
By fell despair?

“Do foul misdeeds of former times  
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?  
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes  
Murder thy rest?

“Lash'd by the furies of the mind,  
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst  
thou flee?  
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find  
A friend in me.

“By all the terrors of the tomb,  
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;  
By the dread secrets of my womb;  
By Death and Hell;

“I charge thee live!—repent and pray,  
In dust thine infamy deplore;  
There yet is mercy—go thy way,  
And sin no more.

"Art thou a Mourner?—Hast thou known  
The joy of innocent delights,  
Endearing days for ever flown,  
And tranquil nights?

"Oh live!—and deeply cherish still  
The sweet remembrance of the past:  
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will  
For peace at last.

"Art thou a Wanderer?—Hast thou seen  
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?  
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,  
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the  
sport,  
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,  
Live!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
A quiet home.

"To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame,  
And was thy friend a deadly foe,  
Who stole into thy breast to aim  
A surer blow?

"Live!—and repine not o'er his loss,  
A loss unworthy to be told,  
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross  
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure seldom found,  
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,  
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound  
With heavenly balm.

"Did Woman's charm thy youth beguile,  
And did the Fair One faithless prove?  
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,  
And sold thy love?

"Live! 'Twas a false bewildering fire:  
Too often Love's insidious dart  
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,  
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how  
dear,  
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye;  
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear  
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,  
A brighter maiden faithful prove;  
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest  
In woman's love.

"—Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be—  
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,  
And in thy chastening sorrows see  
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed He will not break;  
Afflictions all his children feel;  
He wounds them for His mercy's sake,  
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath His mighty hand,  
Prostrate His Providence adore:  
'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee stand,  
To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,  
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;  
And while the mouldering ashes sleep  
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,  
God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day.

"The Sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky;  
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,  
SHALL NEVER DIE."  
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### TO A SKELETON.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull  
Once of ethereal spirit full.  
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,  
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.  
What beauteous visions fill'd this spot!  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,  
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye,  
But start not at the dismal void,—  
If social love that eye employ'd,  
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,  
But through the dews of kindness beam'd,  
That eye shall be for ever bright  
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;  
If Falsehood's honey it disdain'd,  
And when it could not praise was chain'd;  
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle concord never broke,—  
This silent tongue shall plead for thee  
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?  
Or with the envied rubies shine?  
To hew the rock or wear a gem  
Can little now avail to them.  
But if the page of Truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
These hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod  
These feet the paths of duty trod?  
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,  
To seek Affliction's humble shed;  
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,  
And home to Virtue's cot return'd,—  
These feet with angel wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The Sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its immortality!  
I saw a vision in my sleep,  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time!  
I saw the last of human mould  
That shall Creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The Earth with age was wan;  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man!  
Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands,  
In plague and famine some!  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,  
As if a storm pass'd by,  
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun!  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth  
The vassals of his will?  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim, discrowned king of day;  
For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Heal'd not a passion or a pang  
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again:  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe;  
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Test of all sumless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death,  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,  
The majesty of Darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark!  
No! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recall'd to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,  
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
 On Nature's awful waste  
 To drink this last and bitter cup  
 Of grief that man shall taste,—  
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
 The darkening universe defy  
 To quench his immortality,  
 Or shake his trust in God!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

—♦—  
 ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM  
 RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,  
 and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparell'd in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can  
 see no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the Rose,  
 The Moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are  
 bare,  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath pass'd away a glory from  
 the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous  
 song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of  
 grief:  
 A timely utterance gave that thought re-  
 lief,  
 And I again am strong:

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the  
 steep;  
 No more shall grief of mine the season  
 wrong;  
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains  
 throng,  
 The Winds come to me from the fields of  
 sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday;—  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,  
 thou happy  
 Shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
 O evil day! if I were sullen  
 While Earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May morning,  
 And the Children are culling  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's  
 arm:—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
 A single Field which I have look'd upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is  
 gone:  
 The Pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's  
 Star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar:  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home :  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing Boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it  
 flows,

He sees it in his joy ;  
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her  
 own ;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural  
 kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's  
 mind,  
 And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-born  
 blisses,  
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he  
 lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's  
 eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of  
 human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned  
 art ;  
 A wedding or a festival,  
 A mourning or a funeral ;  
 And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song :  
 Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
 But it will not be long  
 Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little Actor cons another part ;

Filling from time to time his "humorous  
 stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
 As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 The Soul's immensity ;  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal  
 deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
 On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a  
 Slave,  
 A Presence which is not to be put by ;  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the  
 might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's  
 height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou  
 provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at  
 strife ?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly  
 freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

## IX.

Oh joy ! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That Nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive !  
 The thought of our past years in me  
 doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in  
 his breast :—  
 Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise :

But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a Creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts before which our mortal  
   Nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:  
 But for those first affections  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to  
   make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the  
   being  
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
 To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-  
   deavor,  
 Nor Man nor Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
 Hence in a season of calm weather  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
   Which brought us hither,  
 Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the  
   shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-  
   more.

## X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous  
   song!  
 And let the young Lambs bound  
   As to the tabor's sound;  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
   Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
   Ye that through your hearts to-day  
   Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which was once  
   so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the  
   flower;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind;  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been must ever be;

In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering;  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI.

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and  
   Groves,  
 Forebode not any severing of our loves?  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
 I only have relinquish'd one delight  
   To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the Brooks which down their chan-  
   nels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as  
   they;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born  
   Day  
 Is lovely yet;  
 The Clouds that gather round the setting  
   sun  
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortal-  
   ity;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms  
   are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we  
   live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and  
   fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can  
   give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
   tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watch'd and  
   tended,  
 But one dead lamb is there!  
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
 But has one vacant chair!  
 The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
 And mournings for the dead;  
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
 Will not be comforted!  
 Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
   Not from the ground arise,  
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
   Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;

Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition :

This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—

But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,

By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken

The bond which Nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child :

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion

Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion

And anguish long suppress'd,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling

We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,  
Fill'd with an ever-shifting train,  
Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the fitting figures come !  
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some

Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—  
To halls in which the feast is spread—  
To chambers where the funeral guest  
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,  
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,  
With mute caresses shall declare  
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,  
Shall shudder as they reach the door  
Where one who made their dwelling dear,  
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,  
And dreams of greatness in thine eye !  
Go'st thou to build an early name,  
Or early in the task to die ?

Keen son of trade with eager brow !  
Who is now fluttering in thy snare ?  
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,  
Or melt the glittering spires in air ?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread  
The dance till daylight gleam again ?  
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead ?  
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain ?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long  
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light ;

And some, who flaunt amid the throng,  
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.



Each where his tasks or pleasures call,  
 They pass, and heed each other not.  
 There is Who heeds, Who holds them all  
 In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem  
 In wayward, aimless course to tend,  
 Are eddies of the mighty stream  
 That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet  
 is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness  
 prove,  
 When naught but the torrent is heard on  
 the hill,  
 And naught but the nightingale's song  
 in the grove,  
 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain  
 afar,  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a  
 hermit began;  
 No more with himself or with Nature at  
 war,  
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as  
 a man :

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and  
 woe,  
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing  
 fall?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover be-  
 stow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom in-  
 thrall.  
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad  
 lay,—  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls  
 thee to mourn;  
 Oh, soothe him whose pleasures like thine  
 pass away!  
 Full quickly they pass,—but they never  
 return.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the  
 sky,  
 The moon, half extinguish'd, her cres-  
 cent displays;

But lately I mark'd when majestic on  
 high

She shone, and the planets were lost in  
 her blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness  
 pursue

The path that conducts thee to splendor  
 again!

But man's faded glory what change shall  
 renew?

Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely  
 no more.

I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn  
 not for you;

For morn is approaching your charms to  
 restore,

Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glit-  
 tering with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I  
 mourn,—

Kind Nature the embryo blossom will  
 save;

But when shall spring visit the moulder-  
 ing urn?

Oh, when shall day dawn on the night  
 of the grave?

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false science  
 betray'd,

That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to  
 blind,

My thoughts wont to roam from shade on-  
 ward to shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow be-  
 hind.

'Oh pity, great Father of light,' then I  
 cried,

'Thy creature, who fain would not wan-  
 der from Thee!

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my  
 pride;

From doubt and from darkness Thou  
 only canst free!

"And darkness and doubt are now flying  
 away;

No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.

So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of  
 morn.

See truth, love, and mercy in triumph  
 descending,  
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first  
 bloom!  
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and  
 roses are blending,  
 And beauty immortal awakes from the  
 tomb."

JAMES BEATTIE.

— — — — —  
*THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.*

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF  
 JUVENAL.

LET Observation, with extensive view,  
 Survey mankind from China to Peru;  
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager  
 strife,  
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded  
 life;  
 Then say how hope and fear, desire and  
 hate,  
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze  
 of fate,  
 Where wavering man, betray'd by ventur-  
 ous pride  
 To chase the dreary paths without a  
 guide,  
 As treacherous phantoms in the midst  
 delude,  
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;  
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn  
 choice,  
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the sup-  
 pliant voice;  
 How nations sink, by darling schemes op-  
 press'd,  
 When Vengeance listens to the fool's re-  
 quest.  
 Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive  
 dart,  
 Each gift of Nature and each grace of  
 art;  
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows,  
 Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful  
 breath,  
 And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and  
 the bold  
 Fall in the general massacre of gold;

Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined  
 And crowds with crimes the records of  
 mankind;  
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian  
 draws,  
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the  
 laws;  
 Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor  
 safety buys,  
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let History tell where rival kings com-  
 mand,  
 And dubious title shakes the maddened land,  
 When statutes glean the refuse of the  
 sword,  
 How much more safe the vassal than the  
 lord!  
 Low skulks the hind below the rage of  
 power,  
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the  
 Tower;  
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers  
 sound,  
 Though Confiscation's vultures hover  
 round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil  
 away.  
 Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraid-  
 ing joy,  
 Increase his riches, and his peace de-  
 stroy:  
 Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,  
 The rustling brake alarms, and quivering  
 shade,  
 Nor light nor darkness bring his pain  
 relief,  
 One shows the plunder and one hides the  
 thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,  
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted  
 gales;  
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or  
 care,  
 The insidious rival and the gaping heir.  
 Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,  
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive  
 mirth;  
 See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,  
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:

Thou who couldst laugh, where want en-  
chain'd caprice,  
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a  
piece;  
Where wealth unloved without a mourner  
died,  
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;  
Where ne'er was known the form of mock  
debate,  
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy  
state;  
Where change of favorites made no change  
of laws,  
And senates heard before they judg'd a  
cause;  
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's  
modish tribe,  
Dart the quick taunt and edge the piercing  
gibe?  
Attentive truth and nature to descry,  
And pierce each scene with philosophic  
eye,  
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,  
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of  
woe:  
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth main-  
tain,  
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs  
are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's  
mind,  
Renew'd at every glance on human  
kind;  
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice de-  
clare,  
Search every state, and canvass every  
prayer.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Prefer-  
ment's gate,  
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be  
great;  
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,  
They mount, they shine, evaporate and  
fall.  
On every stage the foes of peace attend,  
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks  
their end.  
Love ends with hope, the sinking states-  
man's door  
Pours in the morning worshipper no  
more;

For growing names the weekly scribbler  
lies,  
To growing wealth the dedicat'or flies;  
From every room descends the painted  
face  
That hung the bright palladium of the  
place,  
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions  
sold,  
To better features yields the frame of gold;  
For now no more we trace in every line  
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;  
The form distorted justifies the fall,  
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,  
Sign her foes' doom, or guard the favorite's  
zeal?  
Through Freedom's sons no more remon-  
strance rings,  
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;  
Our supple tribes repress their patriot  
throats,  
And ask no questions but the price of  
votes;  
With weekly libels and septennial ale,  
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-flown dignity see Wolsey stand,  
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:  
To him the church, the realm, their powers  
consign,  
Through him the rays of regal bounty  
shine,  
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honor  
flows,  
His smile alone security bestows;  
Still to new heights his restless wishes  
tower,  
Claim leads to claim, and power advances  
power;  
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,  
And rights submitted left him none to  
seize;  
At length his sovereign frowns—the train  
of state  
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign  
to hate.  
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's  
eye,  
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers  
fly;

Now drops at once the pride of awful  
state,  
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,  
The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
The liveried army, and the menial lord ;  
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,  
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.  
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,  
And his last sighs reproach the faith of  
kings.

Speak, thou whose thoughts at humble  
peace repine,  
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end  
be thine?  
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,  
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?  
For why did Wolsey, near the steep of  
fate,  
On weak foundations raise th' enormous  
weight?  
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,  
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's  
knife,  
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?  
What murder'd Wentworth, and what  
exiled Hyde,  
By kings protected and to kings allied?  
What but their wish indulged in courts to  
shine  
And power too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his  
name,  
The young enthusiast quits his ease for  
fame;  
Resistless burns the fever of renown,  
Caught from the strong contagion of the  
gown ;  
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors  
spread,  
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his  
head.  
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious  
youth,  
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of  
Truth !  
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous  
heat  
Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;

Should Reason guide thee with her bright-  
est ray,  
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day ;  
Should no false kindness lure to loose de-  
light,  
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;  
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,  
And Sloth diffuse her opiate fumes in vain ;  
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;  
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,  
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy  
shade ;  
Yet hope not life from grief or danger  
free,  
Nor think the doom of man reversed for  
thee.  
Deign on the passing world to turn thine  
eyes,  
And pause a while from letters to be wise ;  
There mark what ills the scholar's life  
assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.  
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
If dreams yet flatter, yet again attend,  
Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize  
bestows,  
The glittering eminence exempt from foes ;  
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or  
awed,  
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
From meaner minds, though smaller fines  
content  
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent,  
Mark'd out by dangerous parts, he meets  
the shock,  
And fatal Learning leads him to the block ;  
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,  
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear  
and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,  
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,  
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous  
tale,  
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.  
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia  
whirl'd,  
For such the steady Romans shook the  
world ;

For such in distant lands the Britons  
shine,  
And stain with blood the Danube or the  
Rhine;  
This power has praise, that virtue scarce  
can warm  
Till Fame supplies the universal charm.  
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,  
Where wasted nations raise a single name;  
And mortgaged states their grandsire's  
wreaths regret,  
From age to age in everlasting debt;  
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought  
right convey  
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's  
pride,  
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles  
decide:  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide  
domain,  
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of  
pain;  
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the  
field;  
Behold surrounding kings their powers  
combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her  
charms in vain;  
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till  
naught remain,  
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards  
fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar sky!"  
The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,  
And Winter barricades the realms of  
Frost;  
He comes, nor want nor cold his course  
delay;—  
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:  
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken  
bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands;  
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,  
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not Chance at length her error  
mend?

Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?  
Or hostile millions press him to the  
ground?

His fall was destined to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;  
He left the name, at which the world grew  
pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes  
afford,  
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.  
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,  
With half mankind embattled at his side,  
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain  
prey,  
And starves exhausted regions in his way;  
Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er,  
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no  
more;  
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his  
mind,  
The waves he lashes, and enchains the  
wind,  
New powers are claim'd, new powers are  
still bestow'd,  
Till rude resistance lops the spreading  
god.  
The daring Greeks deride the martial  
show,  
And heap their valleys with the gaudy  
foe;  
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he  
gains,  
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;  
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the  
dreaded coast  
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,  
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean  
power,  
With unexpected legions bursts away,  
And sees defenceless realms receive his  
sway;  
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her  
mournful charms,  
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in  
arms;

From hill to hill the beacon's rousing  
 blaze  
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of  
 praise;  
 The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,  
 With all the sons of ravage crowd the  
 war;  
 The baffled prince, in honor's flattering  
 bloom  
 Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom,  
 His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,  
 And steals to death from anguish and from  
 shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of  
 days!"  
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant  
 prays;  
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to  
 know  
 That life protracted is protracted woe.  
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
 And shuts up all the passages of joy.  
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons  
 pour,  
 The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;  
 With listless eyes the dotard views the  
 store,  
 He views, and wonders that they please no  
 more;  
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless  
 wines,  
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.  
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing  
 strain,  
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:  
 No sounds, alas! would touch th' imper-  
 vious ear,  
 Though dancing mountains witness'd Or-  
 pheus near:  
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers at-  
 tend,  
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;  
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,  
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.  
 The still returning tale, and lingering  
 jest  
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd  
 guest,  
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath-  
 ering sneer,  
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;

The watchful guests still hint the last  
 offence;  
 The daughter's petulance, the son's ex-  
 pense;  
 Improve his heady rage with treacherous  
 skill,  
 And mould his passions till they make his  
 will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,  
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire  
 blockade;  
 But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains,  
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;  
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled  
 hands,  
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;  
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he  
 dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate  
 prime  
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or  
 crime;  
 An age that melts with unperceived decay,  
 And glides in modest innocence away;  
 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,  
 Whose night congratulating Conscience  
 cheers;  
 The general favorite as the general friend;  
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its  
 end?

Yet even on this her load Misfortune  
 flings,  
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;  
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns;  
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,  
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;  
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
 Still drops some joy from withering life  
 away;  
 New forms arise, and different views en-  
 gage,  
 Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,  
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,  
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these  
 await,  
 Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.

From Lydia's monarch should the search  
descend,  
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,  
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,  
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise:  
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of  
dotage flow,  
And Swift expires a driveller and a show!

The teeming mother, anxious for her  
race,  
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;  
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty  
spring;  
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a  
king.  
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,  
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;  
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,  
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;  
Who frown with vanity, who smile with  
art,  
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;  
What care, what rules, your heedless  
charms shall save,  
Each nymph your rival, and each youth  
your slave?  
Against your fame with fondness hate  
combines,  
The rival batters, and the lover mines:  
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,  
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance  
falls;  
Tired with contempt, she quits the slippery  
reign,  
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in  
vain.  
In crowd at once, where none the pass de-  
fend,  
The harmless freedom, and the private  
friend;  
The guardians yield, by force superior  
plied:  
To Interest, Prudence; and to Flattery,  
Pride.  
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despised, dis-  
tress'd,  
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest

Where then shall Hope and Fear their  
objects find?  
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant  
mind?

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?  
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?  
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain  
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem Re-  
ligion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heaven the measure and the  
choice.

Safe in His power whose eyes discern  
afar

The secret ambush of a specious prayer,  
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,  
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the  
best.

Yet, when the sense of sacred presence  
fires,

And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful  
mind,

Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;  
For love, which scarce collective man can  
fill;

For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted  
ill;

For faith, that, panting for a happier  
seat,

Counts death kind Nature's signal of re-  
treat.

These goods for man the laws of Heaven  
ordain;

These goods He grants who grants the  
power to gain;

With these celestial Wisdom calms the  
mind,

And makes the happiness she does not  
find.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

#### THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

FALSE world, thou ly'st; thou canst not lend  
The least delight:

Thy favors cannot gain a friend,  
They are so slight:

Thy morning pleasures make an end  
To please at night:

Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,  
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st  
With heaven; fond earth, thou boast'st;  
false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales  
 Of endless treasure ;  
 Thy bounty offers easy sales  
 Of lasting pleasure ;  
 Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,  
 And swear'st to ease her ;  
 There's none can want where thou supply'st :  
 There's none can give where thou deny'st.  
 Alas ! fond world, thou boast'st ; false world,  
 thou ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards  
 What earth can say ?  
 Thy words are gold, but thy rewards  
 Are painted clay :  
 Thy cunning can but pack the cards,  
 Thou canst not play :  
 Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st ;  
 If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st :  
 Thou art not what thou seem'st ; false  
 world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint  
 Of new-coin'd treasure :  
 A paradise, that has no stint,  
 No change, no measure ;  
 A painted cask, but nothing in't,  
 Nor wealth, nor pleasure :  
 Vain earth ! that falsely thus comply'st  
 With man ; vain man, that thou rely'st  
 On earth ; vain man, thou doat'st ; vain  
 earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,  
 To haberdash  
 In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure  
 Is dross and trash ;  
 The height of whose enchanting pleasure  
 Is but a flash ?  
 Are these the goods that thou supply'st  
 Us mortals with ? Are these the high'st ?  
 Can these bring cordial peace ? False  
 world, thou ly'st.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

---

*THE LIE.*

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless arrant ;  
 Fear not to touch the best,  
 The truth shall be thy warrant :

Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows  
 And shines like rotten wood ;  
 Go, tell the Church it shows  
 What's good, and doth no good.  
 If Church and court reply,  
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live  
 Acting by others' action,  
 Not loved unless they give,  
 Not strong but by a faction.  
 If potentates reply,  
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition  
 That rule affairs of state,  
 Their purpose is ambition,  
 Their practice only hate.  
 And if they once reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
 They beg for more by spending,  
 Who, in their greatest cost,  
 Seek nothing but commending.  
 And if they make reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,  
 Tell love it is but lust,  
 Tell time it is but motion,  
 Tell flesh it is but dust ;  
 And wish them not reply,  
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,  
 Tell honor how it alters,  
 Tell beauty how she blasteth,  
 Tell favor how it falters.  
 And as they shall reply,  
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
 In tickle points of niceness ;  
 Tell wisdom she entangles  
 Herself in over-wiseness.  
 And when they do reply,  
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,  
 Tell skill it is pretension,  
 Tell charity of coldness,  
 Tell law it is contention.



And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,  
Tell Nature of decay,  
Tell friendship of unkindness,  
Tell justice of delay.  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming;  
Tell schools they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming.  
If arts and schools reply,  
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;  
Tell how the country erreth;  
Tell, manhood shakes off pity;  
Tell, virtue least preferreth.  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing,  
Yet, stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soul can kill.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

#### ARMSTRONG'S GOOD-NIGHT.

THIS night is my departing night,  
For here nae langer must I stay;  
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine  
But wishes me away.

What I have done thro' lack o' wit  
I never, never can recall.  
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet:  
Good-night! and joy be wi' you all!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

#### MELANCHOLIA.

HENCE, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly:  
There's naught in this life sweet  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only Melancholy,  
O sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,  
A tongue chain'd up without a sound;  
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves!  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warily housed save bats and owls!  
A midnight bell, a parting groan!  
These are the sounds we feed upon;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy  
valley;  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely Melan-  
choly.

JOHN FLETCHER.

#### SONNET.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,  
A beauty fading like the April showers,  
A sweet with floods of gall that runs com-  
bined,  
A pleasure passing ere in thought made  
ours,  
A honor that more fickle is than wind,  
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,  
A treasury which bankrupt time de-  
vours,  
A knowledge than grave ignorance more  
blind,  
A vain delight our equals to command,  
A style of greatness in effect a dream,  
A swelling thought of holding sea and  
land,  
A servile lot deck'd with a pompous name:  
Are the strange ends we toil for here  
below  
Till wisest death make us our errors  
know.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

#### THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.

THERE's not a joy the world can give like  
that it takes away  
When the glow of early thought declines  
in feeling's dull decay;  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush  
alone which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere  
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the  
wreck of happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean  
of excess:

The magnet of their course is gone, or only  
points in vain

The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall  
never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like  
death itself comes down;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not  
dream its own;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the foun-  
tain of our tears,

And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis  
where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and  
mirth distract the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more  
their former hope of rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd  
turret wreathe,

All green and wildly fresh without, but  
worn and gray beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what I  
have been,

Or weep as I could once have wept o'er  
many a vanish'd scene,—

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all  
brackish though they be,

So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those  
tears would flow to me!

LORD BYRON.

### GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home;

Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.  
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;

A river-ark on the ocean brine,  
Long I've been toss'd like the driven foam,  
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to flattery's fawning face,  
To grandeur, with his wise grimace,  
To upstart wealth's averted eye,  
To supple office, low and high,  
To crowded halls, to court and street,  
To frozen hearts and hasting feet,  
To those who go and those who come,—  
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearthstone,  
Bosom'd in yon green hills alone—  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd.  
Where arches green, the livelong day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And vulgar feet have never trod,—  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome.  
And when I am stretch'd beneath the  
pines,

Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and pride of man.  
At the sophist schools, and the learned  
clan;

For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may  
meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### NO AGE CONTENT WITH HIS OWN ESTATE.

Laid in my quiet bed,  
In study as I were,  
I saw within my troubled head  
A heap of thoughts appear.

And every thought did show  
So lively in mine eyes,  
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled,  
As cause of thought did rise.

I saw the little boy  
In thought, how oft that he  
Did wish of God to 'scape the rod,  
A tall young man to be.

The young man eke that feels  
His bones with pains oppress'd,  
How he would be a rich old man,  
To live and lie at rest.

The rich old man that sees  
His end draw on so sore,  
How he would be a boy again,  
To live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smiled,  
To see how all these three,  
From boy to man, from man to boy,  
Would chop and change degree.

And musing thus, I think,  
The case is very strange,  
That man from wealth, to live in woe,  
Doth ever seek to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay,  
I saw my wither'd skin,  
How it doth show my dented chews,  
The flesh was worn so thin;

And eke my toothless chaps,  
The gates of my right way,  
That opes and shuts as I do speak,  
Do thus unto me say:

"Thy white and hoarish hairs,  
The messengers of age,  
That show, like lines of true belief,  
That this life doth assuage;

"Bid thee lay hand, and feel  
Them hanging on thy chin.  
The which do write two ages past,  
The third now coming in.

"Hung up, therefore, the bit  
Of thy young wanton time,  
And thou that therein beaten art,  
The happiest life define."

Whereat I sigh'd, and said,  
"Farewell my wonted joy!  
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me,  
To every little boy,

"And tell them thus from me,  
Their time most happy is,  
If to their time they reason had,  
To know the truth of this."

HENRY HOWARD  
(Earl of Surrey).

### DIFFERENT MINDS.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue;  
And some with thankful love are fill'd  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy, gild  
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,

Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied;  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How Love has in their aid  
(Love that not ever seems to tire)  
Such rich provision made.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

### A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand,  
A pearly shell was in my hand;  
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year, the day.  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look behind I cast,—  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
With every mark on earth from me;  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and been, to be no more:  
Of me, my frame, the name I bore,  
To leave no track nor trace;

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,  
And holds the waters in his hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught  
For glory or for shame!

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

### ON A CONTENTED MIND.

WHEN all is done and said,  
In the end this shall you find:  
He most of all doth bathe in bliss  
That hath a quiet mind;  
And, clear from worldly cares,  
To deem can be content  
The sweetest time in all his life  
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is  
To fickle Fortune's power,  
And to a million of mishaps  
Is casual every hour;

And Death in time doth change  
 It to a clod of clay,  
 When as the mind, which is divine,  
 Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like  
 Unto the mind alone,  
 For many have been harm'd by  
 speech,  
 Through thinking, few or none.  
 Fear oftentimes restraineth words,  
 But makes not thoughts to cease,  
 And he speaks best that hath the skill  
 When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,  
 Our kinsmen at the grave,  
 But virtues of the mind unto  
 The heavens with us we have;  
 Wherefore, for virtue's sake,  
 I can be well content  
 The sweetest time of all my life  
 To deem in thinking spent.

THOMAS, LORD VAUX.

#### *A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.*

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!  
 Sweet delight of human kind!  
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,  
 To crown the favorites of the sky  
 With more of happiness below,  
 Than victors in a triumph know!  
 Whither, oh whither art thou fled,  
 To lay thy meek, contented head?  
 What happy region dost thou please  
 To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere  
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.  
 Increasing Avarice would find  
 Thy presence in its gold enshrined.  
 The bold adventurer ploughs his way,  
 Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,  
 To gain thy love; and then perceives  
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
 The silent heart, which grief assails,  
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,  
 See daisies open, rivers run,  
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)  
 Amusing thought; but learns to know  
 That Solitude's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found  
 In trailing purple o'er the ground:  
 Or in a soul exalted high,  
 To range the circuit of the sky,  
 Converse with stars above, and know  
 All Nature in its forms below;  
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!  
 This world itself, if thou art here,  
 Is once again with Eden blest,  
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
 I sung my wishes to the wood,  
 And, lost in thought, no more perceived  
 The branches whisper as they waved:  
 It seem'd as all the quiet place  
 Confess'd the presence of the Grace.  
 When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,  
 Bid thy wild passions all be still,  
 Know God—and bring thy heart to know  
 The joys which from religion flow:  
 Then every Grace shall prove its guest,  
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,  
 In my hours of sweet retreat,  
 Might I thus my soul employ  
 With sense of gratitude and joy:  
 Raised as ancient prophets were,  
 In heavenly vision, praise and prayer;  
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
 Pleased and bless'd with God alone:  
 Then while the gardens take my sight,  
 With all the colors of delight;  
 While silver waters glide along,  
 To please my ear, and court my song;  
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
 And Thee, great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,  
 To light the world, and give the day;  
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light;  
 The stars that gild the gloomy night;  
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;  
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves;  
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
 The yellow treasure of the plain;  
 All of these, and all I see,  
 Should be sung, and sung by me:  
 They speak their Maker as they can,  
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,  
Your busy or your vain extremes;  
And find a life of equal bliss,  
Or own the next begun in this.

THOMAS PARSELL.

### A CONTENTED MIND.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile;  
I joy not much in earthly joys;  
I seek not state, I reck not style;  
I am not fond of fancy's toys:  
I rest so pleased with what I have  
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;  
I tremble not at noise of war;  
I swound not at the news of wrack;  
I shrink not at a blazing star;  
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,  
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;  
I see some Tantalus starved in store;  
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;  
I see even Midas gape for more:  
I neither want, nor yet abound—  
Enough's a feast, content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate;  
I fawn not on the great (in show);  
I prize, I praise a mean estate—  
Neither too lofty nor too low:  
This, this is all my choice, my cheer—  
A mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

### SWEET CONTENT.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O sweet content!

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

THOMAS DEKKER.

### CONTENT.

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content—

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent—

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,  
The cottage that affords no pride or care,

The mean that 'grees with country music best,

The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

### CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care,

Wag as it will the world for me;

When fuss and fret was all my fare,

It got no ground as I could see:

So when away my caring went,

I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,  
I strive to make my matters meet;

To seek what ancient sages sought,  
 Physic and food in sour and sweet:  
 To take what passes in good part,  
 And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humor'd hearts  
 I choose to chat where'er I come,  
 Whate'er the subject be that starts;  
 But if I get among the glum,  
 I hold my tongue to tell the truth,  
 And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,  
 For Fortune's favor or her frown,  
 For lack or glut, for loss or gain,  
 I never dodge nor up nor down;  
 But swing what way the ship shall swim,  
 Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,  
 Nor trace the turn of every tide;  
 If simple sense will not succeed,  
 I make no bustling, but abide;  
 For shining wealth or scaring woe,  
 I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,  
 Of they're i' the wrong, and we're i'  
 the right,

I shun the rancors and the routs;  
 And wishing well to every wight,  
 Whatever turn the matter takes,  
 I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,  
 Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;  
 If wanted welcome be withdrawn,  
 I cook no kind of a complaint:  
 With none disposed to disagree,  
 But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule  
 How all my betters should behave;  
 But fame shall find me no man's fool,  
 Nor to a set of men a slave:  
 I love a friendship free and frank,  
 And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,  
 I never loose where'er I link;  
 Though if a business budges by,  
 I talk thereon just as I think;  
 My word, my work, my heart, my hand,  
 Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,  
 Whatever hap the question hath,  
 The point impartially I poise,  
 And read or write, but without wrath;  
 For should I burn, or break my brains,  
 Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbor as myself,  
 Myself like him too, by his leave;  
 Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf  
 Came I to crouch, as I conceive:  
 Dame Nature doubtless has design'd  
 A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs;  
 Mood it and brood it in your breast;  
 Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,  
 That man does right to mar his rest,  
 Let me be deft, and debonair,  
 I am content, I do not care.

JOHN BYRON.

#### CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
 That serveth not another's will;  
 Whose armor is his honest thought  
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
 Untied unto the world by care  
 Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise  
 Nor vice; hath ever understood  
 How deepest wounds are given by praise;  
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of His grace than gifts to lend;  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

## THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made Man,  
 Having a glass of blessings standing by ;  
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :  
 Let the world's riches, which dispers'd lie,  
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;  
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honor,  
 pleasure :

When almost all was out, God made a  
 stay,  
 Perceiving that alone of all His treasure,  
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)  
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,  
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,  
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :  
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
 But keep them with repining restlessness :  
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
 May toss him to My breast.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat  
 To the first man thou mayest meet,  
 In lane, highway, or open street,—

That he, and we, and all men move  
 Under a canopy of Love,  
 As broad as the blue sky above :

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,  
 And anguish, all are shadows vain ;  
 That death itself shall not remain :

That weary deserts we may tread,  
 A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
 Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,  
 The dreariest path, the darkest way,  
 Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,  
 Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,  
 All in our Father's home at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this :  
 Yet one word more : They only miss  
 The winning of that perfect bliss

Who will not count it true that Love,  
 Blessing, not cursing, rules above,  
 And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know :  
 That to believe these things are so,  
 This firm faith never to forego,—

Despite of all which seems at strife  
 With blessing, and with curses rife,—  
 That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

## VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridal of the earth and sky,  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;  
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
 Thy root is ever in its grave—  
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and  
 roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 My music shows ye have your closes,  
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
 Like season'd timber, never gives ;  
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## THE GOOD, GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man in-  
 herits

Honor and wealth, with all his worth  
 and pains !

It seems a story from the world of spirits  
 When any man obtains that which he  
 merits ;

Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!

What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?

Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,  
Or heap of corpses which his sword hath slain?

Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,

The great good man? Three treasures,—  
love, and light,

And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;

And three fast friends, more sure than day or night,—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

#### SONNET TO HOPE.

OH, ever skill'd to wear the form we love!  
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,

Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove

The lasting sadness of an aching heart.

Thy voice, benign enchantress, let me hear;

Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom,

That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,

Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.

But come not glowing in the dazzling ray

Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye,

Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer, on my way

The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die;

Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,

That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

#### THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church, I like a cowl,  
I love a prophet of the soul,  
And on my heart monastic aisles  
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,  
Yet not for all his faith can see  
Would I that cowl'd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,  
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;  
Never from lips of cunning fell  
The thrilling Delphic oracle;  
Out from the heart of Nature roll'd  
The burdens of the Bible old;  
The litanies of nations came,  
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below,—  
The canticles of love and woe.  
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groin'd the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity.  
Himself from God he could not free;  
He builded better than he knew;  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest

Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell?  
Or how the sacred pine tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads?  
Such and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon  
As the best gem upon her zone;  
And Morning opes with haste her lids  
To gaze upon the Pyramids;  
O'er England's abbey bends the sky  
As on its friends with kindred eye;  
For, out of Thought's interior sphere  
These wonders rose to upper air,  
And Nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass—  
Art might obey, but not surpass.



The passive Master lent his hand  
To the vast Soul that o'er him plann'd,  
And the same power that rear'd the shrine,  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
Ever the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the countless host,  
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;  
The word by seers or sibyls told,  
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind.  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost.  
I know what say the Fathers wise,—  
The Book itself before me lies,—  
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,  
And he who blent both in his line,  
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,  
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.  
His words are music in my ear,  
I see his cowl'd portrait dear,  
And yet, for all his faith could see,  
I would not the good bishop be.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### ABOUT BEN ADHEM.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel, writing in a book of gold ;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" the vision raised its head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night

It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

#### ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!

O Duty! if that name thou love

Who art a Light to guide, a Rod

To check the erring, and reprove;

Thou, who art victory and law

When empty terrors overawe;

From vain temptations dost set free;

And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye

Be on them; who, in love and truth,

Where no misgiving is, rely

Upon the genial sense of youth:

Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;

Who do thy work, and know it not:

Long may the kindly impulse last!

But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,

And happy will our nature be,

When love is an unerring light,

And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold

Even now, who, not unwisely bold,

Live in the spirit of this creed;

Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,

No sport of every random gust,

Yet being to myself a guide,

Too blindly have reposed my trust:

And oft, when in my heart was heard

Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd

The task, in smoother walks to stray;

But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,

Or strong compunction in me wrought,

I supplicate for thy control;

But in the quietness of thought:

Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ;  
 I feel the weight of chance desires :  
 My hopes no more must change their name,  
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face :  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;  
 And Fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong ;  
 And the most ancient Heavens, through  
 thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
 I call thee : I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
 The confidence of reason give ;  
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman  
 let me live !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none could  
 tell,  
 Bearing a touchstone in his hand ;  
 And tested all things in the land  
 By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote  
 The fair to foul, the foul to fair ;  
 Purple nor ermine did he spare,  
 Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,  
 Were many changed to chips and  
 clods,  
 And even statues of the gods  
 Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,  
 "The loss outweighs the profit far ;  
 Our goods suffice us as they are ;  
 We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so avail  
 To check his unrelenting quest,  
 They seized him, saying, "Let him test,  
 How real is our jail !"

But, though they slew him with the  
 sword,  
 And in a fire his touchstone burn'd,  
 Its doings could not be o'erturn'd,  
 Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,  
 They strew'd its ashes on the breeze ;  
 They little guess'd each grain of these  
 Convey'd the perfect charm.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

### THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were  
 o'er,  
 In the depths of his cell with his stone-  
 cover'd floor,  
 Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,  
 Once form'd the contrivance we now shall  
 explain ;  
 But whether by magic's or alchemy's  
 powers  
 We know not ; indeed, 'tis no business of  
 ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,  
 At last, that he brought his invention to  
 bear.  
 In youth 'twas projected, but years stole  
 away,  
 And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled  
 and gray ;  
 But success is secure, unless energy fails ;  
 And at length he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall  
 presently see ;  
 These scales were not made to weigh sugar  
 and tea.  
 Oh no ; for such properties wondrous had  
 they,  
 That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they  
 could weigh,  
 Together with articles small or immense,  
 From mountains or planets to atoms of  
 sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it  
 would lay,  
 And naught so ethereal but there it would  
 stay,

And naught so reluctant but in it must go :  
All which some examples more clearly  
will show.

The first thing he weigh'd was the head  
of Voltaire,  
Which retain'd all the wit that had ever  
been there.  
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a  
leaf,  
Containing the prayer of the penitent  
thief;  
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden  
a spell  
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of  
the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,  
With the garment that Dorcas had made  
for a weight;  
And though clad in armor from sandals to  
crown,  
The hero rose up, and the garment went  
down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endow'd  
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee, busy and  
proud,  
Next loaded one scale; while the other  
was press'd  
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd  
into the chest:  
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an  
ounce,  
And down, down the farthing-worth came  
with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)  
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less  
than one plough;  
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the  
scale,  
Though balanced by only a ten-penny  
nail;  
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and  
spear,  
Weigh'd less than a widow's uncrystal-  
lized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,  
When a bee chanced to light on the oppo-  
site scale;

Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one  
earl,  
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and  
curl,  
All heap'd in one balance and swinging  
from thence,  
Weigh'd less than a few grains of candor  
and sense;  
A first-water diamond, with brilliants  
begirt,  
Than one good potato just wash'd from  
the dirt;  
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could  
suffice  
One pearl to outweigh,—'twas the pearl of  
great price.

Last of all, the whole world was bowl'd  
in at the grate,  
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a  
weight,  
When the former sprang up with so strong  
a rebuff  
That it made a vast rent and escaped at  
the roof!  
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,  
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;  
While the scale with the soul in't so  
mightily fell  
That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his  
cell.

JANE TAYLOR.

### THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a reverend hermit  
grew;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble  
cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal  
well:  
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the  
days,  
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure  
praise.  
A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion  
rose;  
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's  
sway:

His hopes no more a certain prospect  
boast,

And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives im-  
prest

Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending  
grow,

And skies beneath with answering colors  
glow ;

But if a stone the gentle scene divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimmering fragments of a broken  
sun,

Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder  
run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by  
sight,

To find if books, or swains, report it  
right

(For yet by swains alone the world he  
knew,

Whose feet came wandering o'er the  
nightly dew),

He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he  
bore,

And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;

Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless  
grass,

And long and lonesome was the wild to  
pass ;

But when the southern sun had warm'd  
the day,

A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his  
hair.

Then near approaching, "Father, hail!"  
he cried,

"And hail, my son," the reverend sire re-  
plied ;

Words follow'd words, from question an-  
swer flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceived the  
road ;

Till each with other pleased, and loath to  
part,

While in their age they differ, join in  
heart ;

Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of  
day

Came onward, mantled o'er with sober  
gray ;

Nature in silence bade the world repose :  
When near the road a stately palace  
rose :

There by the moon through ranks of trees  
they pass,

Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides  
of grass.

It chanced the noble master of the dome  
Still made his house the wandering stran-  
ger's home :

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of  
praise,

Proved the vain flourish of expensive  
ease.

The pair arrive : the liveried servants  
wait ;

Their lord receives them at the pompous  
gate.

The table groans with costly piles of  
food,

And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they  
drown,

Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of  
down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of  
day,

Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes  
creep,

And shake the neighboring wood to banish  
sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid  
hall ;

Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,  
Which the kind master forced the guests  
to taste.

Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch  
they go,

And, but the landlord, none had cause of  
woe ;

His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering  
prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
 Glistening and basking in the summer  
     ray,  
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks  
     with fear :  
 So seem'd the sire ; when, far upon the  
     road,  
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.  
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trem-  
     bling heart,  
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to  
     part :  
 Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it  
     hard,  
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory  
     shrouds,  
 The changing skies hang out their sable  
     clouds ;  
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain,  
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
 Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair  
     retreat,  
 To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.  
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,  
 And strong, and large, and unimproved  
     around ;  
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,  
 Unkind and gripping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;  
 The nimble lightning mix'd with showers  
     began,  
 And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder  
     ran.  
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in  
     vain,  
 Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the  
     rain.  
 At length some pity warm'd the master's  
     breast  
 ('Twas then, his threshold first received a  
     guest),  
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous  
     care,  
 And half he welcomes in the shivering  
     pair ;  
 One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,  
 And Nature's fervor through their limbs  
     recalls :

Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager  
     wine  
 (Each hardly granted), served them both  
     to dine ;  
 And when the tempest first appear'd to  
     cease,  
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit  
     view'd  
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;  
 And why should such (within himself he  
     cried)  
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want be-  
     side ?  
 But what new marks of wonder soon took  
     place  
 In every settling feature of his face,  
 When from his vest the young companion  
     bore  
 That cup the generous landlord own'd be-  
     fore,  
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,  
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;  
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the  
     day :  
 The weather courts them from the poor  
     retreat,  
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's  
     bosom wrought  
 With all the travail of uncertain thought ;  
 His partner's acts without their cause  
     appear,  
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness  
     here :  
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
 Lost and confounded with the various  
     shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the  
     sky ;  
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie,  
 Again they search, and find a lodging  
     nigh :  
 The soil improved around, the mansion  
     neat,  
 And neither poorly low nor idly great :

It seem'd to speak its master's turn of  
mind,  
Content, and not for praise, but virtue  
kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
Then bless the mansion, and the master  
greet:  
Their greeting fair bestow'd with modest  
guise,  
The courteous master hears, and thus re-  
plies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging  
heart,  
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;  
From Him you come, for Him accept it  
here,  
A frank and sober, more than costly  
cheer."  
He spoke, and bid the welcome table  
spread,  
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of  
bed,  
When the grave household round his hall  
repair,  
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with  
prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm re-  
pose,  
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn  
arose:  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger  
crept  
Near the closed cradle where an infant  
slept,  
And writhed his neck: the landlord's  
little pride,  
Oh strange return! grew black, and gasp'd,  
and died.  
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!  
How look'd our hermit when the fact was  
done?  
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in  
sunder part,  
And breathe blue fire, could more assault  
his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the  
deed,  
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with  
speed.

His steps the youth pursues; the country  
lay  
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd  
the way:

A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find; the servant trod be-  
fore:

Long arms of oaks an open bridge sup-  
plied,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending  
glide.

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time  
to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust  
him in;  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the  
dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's  
eyes.

He bursts the bands of fear, and madly  
cries,

"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech  
began,

When the strange partner seem'd no  
longer man:

His youthful face grew more serenely  
sweet;

His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon  
his feet;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his  
hair;

Celestial odors breathe through purpled  
air;

And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the  
day,

Wide at his back their gradual plumes dis-  
play,

The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion  
grew,

Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to  
do:

Surprise in secret chains his words sus-  
pends,

And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel  
broke

(The voice of music ravish'd as he  
spoke):

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice  
unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne:  
These charms success in our bright region  
find,

And force an angel down, to calm thy  
mind;

For this commission'd, I forsook the sky,  
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government  
divine,

And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world He  
made,

In this the right of Providence is laid;  
Its sacred majesty through all depends  
On using second means to work His ends:  
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human  
eye,

The Power exerts His attributes on high,  
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,  
And bids the doubting sons of men be  
still.

"What strange events can strike with  
more surprise

Than those which lately struck thy won-  
dering eyes?

Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty  
just,

And where you can't unriddle, learn to  
trust!

"The great, vain man, who fared on  
costly food,

Whose life was too luxurious to be good;  
Who made his ivory stands with goblets  
shine,

And forced his guests to morning draughts  
of wine,

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom  
lost,

And still he welcomes, but with less of  
cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose  
bolted door

Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering  
poor;

With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be  
kind.

Conscious of wanting worth, he views the  
bowl,

And feels compassion touch his grateful  
soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its  
head;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to  
glow,

And, loose from dross, the silver runs be-  
low.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue  
trod,

But now the child half wean'd his heart  
from God;

Child of his age, for him he lived in  
pain,

And measured back his steps to earth  
again.

To what excesses had this dotage run!  
But God, to save the father, took the son.

To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go  
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the  
blow).

The poor fond parent, humbled in the  
dust,

Now owns in tears the punishment was  
just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a  
wrack

Had that false servant sped in safety  
back!

This night his treasured heaps he meant  
to steal,

And what a fund of charity would fail!

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this  
trial o'er,

Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth with-  
drew,

The sage stood wondering as the seraph  
flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on  
high,

His master took the chariot of the sky;  
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;  
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow  
too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun :

“Lord! as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done!”

Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,

And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

THOMAS PARSELL.

### THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light  
Shoots through the yellow pane;  
It makes the faded crimson bright,  
And gilds the fringe again;  
The window's Gothic framework falls  
In oblique shadows on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,  
How many a cloudless day,  
To rob the velvet of its hue,  
Has come and pass'd away!  
How many a setting sun hath made  
That curious lattice-work of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green  
The cunning hand must be  
That carved this fretted door, I ween,  
Acorn, and fleur-de-lis;  
And now the worm hath done her part  
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call),  
When the first James was king,  
The courtly knight from yonder hall  
His train did hither bring,  
All seated round, in order due,  
With 'broider'd suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions deck'd with fringe  
All reverently they knelt;  
Prayer-books with brazen hasp and hinge,  
In ancient English spelt,  
Each holding in a lily hand,  
Responsive to the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,  
The sunbeam long and lone,  
Illumes the characters a while  
Of their inscription-stone;  
And there in marble, hard and cold,  
The knight with all his train behold.

Outstretch'd together are express'd  
He and my lady fair,  
With hands uplifted on the breast,  
In attitude of prayer;  
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he—  
With ruffled arm and bodice she.

Set forth in order as they died,  
Their numerous offspring bend,  
Devoutly kneeling side by side,  
As if they did intend  
For past omissions to atone  
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,  
But generations new,  
In regular descent from him,  
Have fill'd the stately pew,  
And in the same succession go  
To occupy the vaults below.

And now the polish'd modern squire  
And his gay train appear,  
Who duly to the hall retire  
A season every year,  
And fill the seats with belle and beau,  
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread  
The hollow-sounding floor  
Of that dark house of kindred dread,  
Which shall, as heretofore,  
In turn receive to silent rest  
Another and another guest:

The feather'd hearse and sable train,  
In all their wonted state,  
Shall wind along the village lane,  
And stand before the gate;  
Brought many a distant country through,  
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,  
All to their dusty beds,  
Still shall the mellow evening ray  
Shine gayly o'er their heads,  
While other faces, fresh and new,  
Shall fill the squire's deserted pew.

JANE TAYLOR



*THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.*

AN old song made by an aged old pate,  
 Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had  
     a great estate,  
 That kept a brave old house at a bountiful  
     rate,  
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at  
     his gate :  
     Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
     And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word  
     assuages,  
 That every quarter paid their old servants  
     their wages,  
 And never knew what belong'd to coach-  
     men, footmen, nor pages,  
 But kept twenty old fellows with blue  
     coats and badges ;  
     Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
     And the queen's old courtier.

With an old study fill'd full of learnèd old  
     books,  
 With an old reverend chaplain, you might  
     know him by his looks ;  
 With an old buttery hatch, worn quite off  
     the hooks,  
 And an old kitchen that maintain'd half  
     a dozen old cooks ;  
     Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
     And the queen's old courtier.

With an old hall hung about with pikes,  
     guns, and bows,  
 With old swords, and bucklers that had  
     borne many shrewd blows,  
 And an old frieze coat to cover his wor-  
     ship's trunk hose ;  
 And a cup of old sherry to comfort his  
     copper nose ;  
     Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
     And the queen's old courtier.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas  
     was come,  
 To call in all his old neighbors with bag-  
     pipe and drum,  
 With good cheer enough to furnish every  
     old room,  
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak  
     and a man dumb ;  
     Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
     And the queen's old courtier.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a  
     kennel of hounds,  
 That never hawk'd nor hunted but in his  
     own grounds,  
 Who, like a wise man, kept himself within  
     his own bounds,  
 And when he died gave every child a  
     thousand good pounds ;  
     Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
     And the queen's old courtier.

But to his eldest son his house and lands  
     he assign'd,  
 Charging him in his will to keep the old  
     bountiful mind,  
 To be good to his old tenants, and to his  
     neighbors be kind ;  
 But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear  
     how he was inclined ;  
     Like a young courtier of the king's,  
     And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly  
     come to his land,  
 Who keeps a brace of painted madams at  
     his command,  
 And takes up a thousand pounds upon his  
     father's land,  
 And gets drunk in a tavern till he can  
     neither go nor stand ;  
     Like a young courtier of the king's,  
     And the king's young courtier.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty,  
     nice, and spare,  
 Who never knew what belong'd to good  
     housekeeping, or care ;  
 Who buys gaudy-color'd fans to play with  
     wanton air,  
 And seven or eight different dressings of  
     other women's hair ;  
     Like a young courtier of the king's,  
     And the king's young courtier.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the  
     old one stood,  
 Hung round with new pictures that do the  
     poor no good ;  
 With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns  
     neither coal nor wood,  
 And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon  
     no victuals ne'er stood ;  
     Like a young courtier of the king's,  
     And the king's young courtier.

With a new study stuff'd full of pamphlets  
and plays,  
And a new chaplain that swears faster than  
he prays,  
With a new buttery hatch that opens once  
in four or five days,  
And a new French cook to devise fine kick-  
shaws and toys;  
Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is  
drawing on,  
And a new journey to London straight we  
all must be gone,  
And leave none to keep house but our new  
porter John,  
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the  
back with a stone;  
Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.

With a new gentleman usher, whose car-  
riage is complete;  
With a new coachman, footman, and pages  
to carry up the meat;  
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dress-  
ing is very neat,  
Who, when her lady has dined, lets the  
servants *not* eat;  
Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.

With new titles of honor, bought with his  
father's old gold,  
For which sundry of his ancestors' old  
manors are sold;  
And this is the course most of our new  
gallants hold,  
Which makes that good housekeeping is  
now grown so cold  
Among our young courtiers of the  
king,  
Or the king's young courtiers.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done, the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around to say farewell.

It is an irksome word and task,  
And when he's laugh'd and said his say,  
He shows, as he removes the mask,  
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,—  
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,  
And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
As fits the merry Christmas-time;  
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,  
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;  
Good-night! with honest gentle hearts  
A kindly greeting go away.

Good-night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,  
Just hinted in this mimic page,  
The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
Are but repeated in our age;  
I'd say your woes are not less keen,  
Your hopes more vain, than those of  
men,—  
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
At forty-five play'd o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive  
Not less nor more as men than boys,  
With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
As erst at twelve in corduroys;  
And if, in time of sacred youth,  
We learn'd at home to love and pray,  
Pray Heaven that early love and truth  
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,  
I'd say how fate may change and shift,  
The prize be sometimes with the fool,  
The race not always to the swift;  
The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
The great man be a vulgar clown,  
The knave be lifted over all,  
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?  
Blessed be He who took and gave!  
Why should your mother, Charles, not  
mine,

Be weeping at her darling's grave?  
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,  
That darkly rules the fate of all,  
That sends the respite or the blow,  
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:  
Who brought him to that mirth and state?

His betters, see, below him sit,  
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.  
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel  
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?  
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,  
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely kill'd,  
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,  
And longing passion unfulfill'd.  
Amen! whatever fate be sent,  
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
Although the head with cares be bent,  
And whiten'd with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the awful Will,  
And bear it with an honest heart,  
Who misses, or who wins the prize.  
Go; lose or conquer as you can,  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!  
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);  
The sacred chorus first was sung  
Upon the first of Christmas days;  
The shepherds heard it overhead,  
The joyful angels raised it then:  
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;  
I lay the weary pen aside,  
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,  
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still,—  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

#### AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
The few locks which are left you are gray;  
You are hale, Father William, a hearty  
old man,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William  
replied,  
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,  
And abused not my health and my vigor  
at first,  
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
And pleasures with youth pass away,  
And yet you lament not the days that are  
gone,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William  
replied,  
I remember'd that youth could not last;  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
And life must be hastening away;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse  
upon death,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William  
replied;  
Let the cause thy attention engage;  
In the days of my youth I remember'd my  
God!  
And He hath not forgotten my age.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### IN THE DOWN-HILL OF LIFE.

In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm  
declining,  
May my lot no less fortunate be  
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for re-  
clining,  
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;  
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er  
the lawn,  
While I carol away idle sorrow,  
And blithe as the lark that each day hails  
the dawn,  
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.  
With a porch at my door, both for shelter  
and shade too,  
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;

And a small spot of ground for the use of  
the spade too,

With a barn for the use of the flail :

A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,

And a purse when a friend wants to  
borrow ;

I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,

Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot  
be completely

Secured by a neighboring hill ;

And at night may repose steal upon me  
more sweetly

By the sound of a murmuring rill :

And while peace and plenty I find at my  
board,

With a heart free from sickness and  
sorrow,

With my friends may I share what to-day  
may afford,

And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this  
frail covering

Which I've worn for threescore years  
and ten,

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to  
keep hovering,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :

But my face in the glass I'll serenely  
survey,

And with smiles count each wrinkle and  
furrow ;

As this old worn-out stuff, which is thread-  
bare to-day,

May become everlasting to-morrow.

JOHN COLLINS.

### A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

WHO'LL press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come ?

Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come ?

Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,

And childhood with his brow of truth,

The rich and poor, on land, on sea,

Where will the mighty millions be,

A hundred years to come ?

We all within our graves shall sleep,

A hundred years to come ; .

No living soul for us will weep,

A hundred years to come.

But other men our land will till,

And others then our streets will fill,

And other words will sing as gay,

And bright the sunshine as to-day,

A hundred years to come.

WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN.

### THE EVE OF ELECTION.

FROM gold to gray

Our mild sweet day

Of Indian Summer fades too soon ;

But tenderly

Above the sea

Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's  
moon.

In its pale fire,

The village spire

Shows like the Zodiac's spectral lance ;

The painted walls

Whereon it falls

Transfigured stand in marble trance !

O'er fallen leaves

The west wind grieves,

Yet comes a seed-time round again ;

And morn shall see

The State sown free

With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street

The shadows meet

Of Destiny, whose hands conceal

The moulds of fate

That shape the State,

And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see

The powers that be ;

I stand by Empire's primal springs ;

And princes meet

In every street,

And hear the tread of uncrown'd kings !

Hark ! through the crowd

The laugh runs loud,

Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.

God save the land,

A careless hand

May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon !

No jest is this ;  
 One cast amiss  
 May blast the hope of Freedom's year.  
 Oh, take me where  
 Are hearts of prayer,  
 And foreheads bow'd in reverent fear !

Not lightly fall  
 Beyond recall  
 The written scrolls a breath can float ;  
 The crowning fact,  
 The kingliest act  
 Of Freedom, is the freeman's vote !

For pearls that gem  
 A diadem  
 The diver in the deep sea dies ;  
 The regal right  
 We boast to-night  
 Is ours through costlier sacrifice :

The blood of Vane,  
 His prison pain  
 Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,  
 And hers whose faith  
 Drew strength from death,  
 And prayed her Russell up to God !

Our hearts grow cold,  
 We lightly hold  
 A right which brave men died to gain ;  
 The stake, the cord,  
 The axe, the sword,  
 Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,  
 And o'er us bend,  
 O martyrs, with your crowns and palms,—  
 Breathe through these throngs  
 Your battle-songs,  
 Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms !

Look from the sky,  
 Like God's great eye,  
 Thou solemn moon, with searching beam ;  
 Till in the sight  
 Of thy pure light  
 Our mean self-seeking meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts  
 Unworthy arts,  
 The fraud design'd, the purpose dark ;  
 And smite away  
 The hands we lay  
 Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims,  
 And private aims,  
 Reveal that august face of Truth,  
 Where to are given  
 The age of heaven,  
 The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice  
 Of sovereign choice  
 Swell the deep bass of duty done,  
 And strike the key  
 Of time to be,  
 When God and man shall speak as one !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
 And fiery hearts and armèd hands  
 Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

Ah, never shall the land forget  
 How gush'd the life-blood of her brave,—  
 Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,  
 Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still ;  
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
 And talk of children on the hill,  
 And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by  
 The black-mouth'd gun and staggering  
 wain ;  
 Men start not at the battle-cry,—  
 Oh, be it never heard again !

Soon rested those who fought ; but thou  
 Who minglest in the harder strife  
 For truths which men receive not now,  
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare ! lingering long  
 Through weary day and weary year ;  
 A wild and many-weapon'd throng  
 Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
 And blench not at thy chosen lot ;  
 The timid good may stand aloof,  
 The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
 The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ;

For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again,—  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who help'd thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,—  
Old Kaspar's work was done,  
And he before his cottage-door  
Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet,  
In playing there, had found;  
He came to ask what he had found  
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And, with a natural sigh,—  
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,  
For there's many hereabout;  
And often, when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out;  
For many thousand men," said he,  
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
Young Peterkin he cries;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes,—  
"Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
"Who put the French to rout;  
But what they fought each other for  
I could not well make out;  
But everybody said," quoth he,  
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head."

"With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide;  
And many a childing mother then,  
And new-born baby died;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won,—  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
And our good prince Eugene."  
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory."

"And everybody praised the duke  
Who this great fight did win."  
"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;  
"But 'twas a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHHEY.

### CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Oh, stay not thine hand, when the winter's  
wind rude  
Blows cold through the dwellings of  
want and despair,  
To ask if misfortune has come to the good,  
Or if folly has wrought the sad wreck that  
is there.

When the Saviour of men raised his finger  
to heal,  
Did he ask if the sufferer were Gentile  
or Jew?

When thousands were fed with a bountiful  
meal,  
Was it given alone to the faithful and  
true?

If the heart-stricken wanderer asks thee  
for bread,

In suffering he bows to necessity's laws;  
When the wife moans in sickness, the chil-  
dren unfed,  
The cup must be bitter: oh, ask not the  
cause.

Then scan not too closely the frailties of  
those

Whose bosoms may bleed on a cold win-  
ter's day,  
And give to the wretched who tells thee his  
woes,  
And from him that would borrow, oh  
turn not away!

REYNELL COATES.

### A POET'S EPITAPH.

STOP, mortal! Here thy brother lies,—  
The poet of the poor.

His books were rivers, woods, and skies,  
The meadows and the moor;

His teachers were the torn heart's wail,  
The tyrant and the slave,

The street, the factory, the jail,  
The palace,—and the grave!

Siu met thy brother everywhere!  
And is thy brother blamed?

From passion, danger, doubt, and care  
He no exemption claimed.

The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,  
He feared to scorn or hate;

But, honoring in a peasant's form  
The equal of the great,

He blessed the steward, whose wealth  
makes

The poor man's little more;  
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes  
From plundered labor's store.

A hand to do, a head to plan,  
A heart to feel and dare,—

Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man  
Who drew them as they are.

EDENEZER ELLIOTT.

### LIFE.

WHAT is the existence of man's life  
But open war or slumber'd strife?  
Where sickness to his sense presents  
The combat of the elements,  
And never feels a perfect peace  
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm—where the hot blood  
Outvies in rage the boiling flood:  
And each loud passion of the mind  
Is a furious gust of wind,  
Which beats the bark with many a wave,  
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds and grows,  
And withers as the leaves disclose;  
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,  
Like fits of waking before sleep,  
Then shrinks into that fatal mould  
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth;  
Is moralized in age and youth;  
Where all the comforts he can share  
As wand'ring as his fancies are,  
Till in a mist of dark decay  
The dreamers vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out  
The sunset as it moves about;  
And shadows out in lines of night  
The subtle stages of Time's flight,  
Till all-obscuring earth had laid  
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude  
Which doth short joys, long woes, include:  
The world the stage, the prologue tears;  
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;  
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,  
And leaves no epilogue but Death!

HENRY KING.

### GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be,  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred  
year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.

A lily of a day  
Is fairer far, in May,  
Although it fall and die that night,  
It was the plant and flower of light!  
In small proportions we just beauties see:  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

---

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER  
SELKIRK DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE  
IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey;  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
O Solitude! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;  
I must finish my journey alone;  
Never hear the sweet music of speech—  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain,  
My form with indifference see;  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,  
Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
Oh had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again!  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word!  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard;  
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more:

My friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there;  
But, alas! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There's mercy in every place,  
And mercy—encouraging thought!—  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

---

FAITH.

BETTER trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that if believed  
Had bless'd one's life with true believ-  
ing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast  
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;  
Better be cheated to the last  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

FRANCES ANNE KENBLE.

---

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess;



The longing for ignoble things ;  
 The strife for triumph more than truth ;  
 The hardening of the heart, that brings  
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds,  
 That have their root in thoughts of ill ;  
 Whatever hinders or impedes  
 The action of the nobler will ;—

All these must first be trampled down  
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
 In the bright fields of fair renown  
 The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;  
 But we have feet to scale and climb,  
 By slow degrees, by more and more,  
 The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
 That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
 When nearer seen, and better known,  
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
 Their solid bastions to the skies,  
 Are cross'd by pathways, that appear  
 As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reach'd and kept  
 Were not attain'd by sudden flight,  
 But they, while their companions slept,  
 Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
 With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
 We may discern—unseen before—  
 A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
 To something nobler we attain.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### LOSSES.

UPON the white sea sand  
 There sat a pilgrim band,  
 Telling the losses that their lives had  
 known,

While evening waned away  
 From breezy cliff and bay,  
 And the strong tides went out with weary  
 moan.

One spake with quivering lip,  
 Of a fair freighted ship,  
 With all his household to the deep gone  
 down ;  
 But one had wilder woe—  
 For a fair face, long ago,  
 Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth  
 With a most loving ruth,  
 For its brave hopes and memories ever  
 green ;  
 And one upon the West  
 Turned an eye that would not rest  
 For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,  
 Some of proud honors told,  
 Some spake of friends who were their trust  
 no more,  
 And one of a green grave  
 Beside a foreign wave,  
 That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,  
 There spake among them one,  
 A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free :  
 "Sad losses ye have met,  
 But mine is heavier yet,  
 For a believing heart is gone from me."

"Alas," these pilgrims said,  
 "For the living and the dead—  
 For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,  
 For the wrecks of land and sea !  
 But, however it came to thee,  
 Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest  
 loss."

FRANCES BROWNE.

### THE PLACE TO DIE.

How little recks it where men die,  
 When once the moment's past  
 In which the dim and glazing eye  
 Has looked on earth its last—  
 Whether beneath the sculptured urn  
 The coffin'd form shall rest,

Or, in its nakedness, return  
Back to its mother's breast!

Death is a common friend or foe,  
As different men may hold,  
And at its summons each must go,  
The timid and the bold;  
But when the spirit, free and warm,  
Deserts it, as it must,  
What matter where the lifeless form  
Dissolves again to dust?

The soldier falls 'mid corpses piled  
Upon the battle plain,  
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild  
Above the gory slain;  
But though his corse be grim to see,  
Hoof-trampled on the sod,  
What reck's it when the spirit free  
Has soar'd aloft to God!

The coward's dying eye may close  
Upon his downy bed,  
And softest hands his limbs compose,  
Or garments o'er him spread;  
But, ye who shun the bloody fray  
Where fall the mangled brave,  
Go strip his coffin-lid away,  
And see him in his grave!

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes  
With those we cherish near,  
And, wafted upward by their sighs,  
Soar to some calmer sphere;  
But whether on the scaffold high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place where man can die  
Is where he dies for man.

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

#### AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

HE who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow;  
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"  
Weeping at the feet and head.  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile, and whisper this:  
"I am not the thing you kiss;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie;  
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave  
For its last bed of the grave  
Is a hut which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage, from which at last,  
Like a hawk, my soul hath pass'd.  
Love the inmate, not the room—  
The wearer, not the garb—the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars,  
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye;  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear;  
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one  
Out of which the pearl has gone;  
The shell is broken—it lies there;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
Allah seal'd the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,  
A mind that loved him; let it lie!  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!  
Now thy world is understood;  
Now the long, long wonder ends!  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead,  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,  
By such light as shines for you;  
But in the light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfill'd felicity—  
In enlarging paradise—  
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;  
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face  
A moment's time, a little space;  
When ye come where I have stepped,  
Ye will wonder why ye wept;  
Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep a while, if ye are fain—  
Sunshine still must follow rain;  
Only not at death—for death,  
Now I know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,  
View'd from Allah's throne above;  
Be ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home!  
*La Allah illa Allah! yea!*  
Thou Love divine! Thou Love alway!

He that died at Azan gave  
This to those who made his grave.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

### IO VICTIS.

I SING the hymn of the conquered, who  
fell in the battle of life,—  
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who  
died overwhelmed in the strife;  
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for  
whom the resounding acclaim  
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose  
brows wore the chaplet of fame,  
But the hymn of the low and the humble,  
the weary, the broken in heart,  
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely  
a silent and desperate part;  
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches,  
whose hopes burned in ashes away,  
From whose hands slipped the prize they  
had grasped at, who stood at the  
dying of day  
With the wreck of their life all around  
them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,  
With death swooping down o'er their fail-  
ure, and all but their faith over-  
thrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its cho-  
rus,—its pæan for those who have  
won;  
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant,  
and high to the breeze and the sun  
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping,  
and hurrying feet  
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors,  
I stand on the field of defeat,  
In the shadow, with those who are fallen,  
and wounded, and dying, and there  
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on  
their pain-knotted brows, breathe a  
prayer,  
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whis-  
per—"They only the victory win,

"Who have fought the good fight and have  
vanquished the demon that tempts  
us within;

"Who have held to their faith unseduced  
by the prize that the world holds on  
high;

"Who have dared for a high cause to suf-  
fer, resist, fight—if need be to die."

Speak, History! who are Life's victors?  
Unroll thy long annals, and say  
Are they those whom the world called the  
victors—who won the success of a  
day?

The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who  
fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges  
or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

### SONNET: TO PRINCE HENRY.

GOD gives not Kings the style of gods in  
vain,

For on the throne his sceptre do they sway;  
And as their subjects ought them to obey,  
So Kings should fear and serve their God  
again.

If then ye would enjoy a happy reign,  
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King,  
And from his law make all your law to  
spring.

If his Lieutenant here you would remain,  
Reward the just, besteadfast, true and plain;  
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the  
right;

Walk always so as ever in his sight,  
Who guards the godly, plaguing the pro-  
fane;

And so shall ye in princely virtues shine,  
Resembling right your mighty King divine.

JAMES I. of England.

### THE LIVING LOST.

MATRON! the children of whose love,  
Each to his grave, in youth have passed;  
And now the mould is heaped above  
The dearest and the last!

Bride! who dost wear the widow's veil  
Before the wedding flowers are pale!

Ye deem the human heart endures  
No deeper, bitterer grief than yours.

Yet there are pangs of keener woe,  
Of which the sufferers never speak;  
Nor to the world's cold pity show  
The tears that scald the cheek,  
Wrung from their eyelids by the shame  
And guilt of those they shrink to name,  
Whom once they loved with cheerful will,  
And love, though fallen and branded, still.

Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead,  
Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve;  
And revered are the tears ye shed,  
And honored ye who grieve.  
The praise of those who sleep in earth,  
The pleasant memory of their worth,  
The hope to meet when life is past  
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

But ye, who for the living lost  
That agony in secret bear,  
Who shall with soothing words accost  
The strength of your despair?  
Grief for your sake is scorn for them  
Whom ye lament and all condemn;  
And o'er the world of spirits lies  
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going;  
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each;  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)  
Joys are sent thee here below;  
Take them readily when given,  
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,  
Do not fear an armèd band;  
One will fade as others greet thee;  
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passing hours despond;  
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token  
Reaching heaven; but one by one  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

### BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A LITTLE pause in life—while daylight lingers  
Between the sunset and the pale moon-rise,  
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,  
And calm, gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,  
Seen in the light of stars that long have set;  
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,  
Draw near as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me—through the dusk returning  
I hear the echo of departed feet;  
And then I ask with vain and troubled yearning,  
“What is the charm which makes old things so sweet?”

“Must the old joys be evermore withholden?  
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;  
And yet from our Jerusalem the golden  
God speaketh, saying, “I make all things new.”

“Father,” I cry, “the old must still be nearer;  
Stifle my love or give me back the past;  
Give me the fair old fields, whose paths are dearer  
Than all Thy shining streets and mansions vast.”

Peace! peace! the Lord of earth and hea-  
 ven knoweth  
 The human soul in all its heat and strife;  
 Out of His throne no stream of Lethe flow-  
 eth,  
 But the pure river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness;  
 Old loves, old sunny scenes will He re-  
 store;  
 Only the curse of sin and incompleteness  
 Shall vex thy soul and taint thine earth  
 no more.

Serve Him in daily toil and holy living,  
 And Faith shall lift thee to His sunlit  
 heights;  
 Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanks-  
 giving  
 Fill the calm hour that comes between  
 the lights.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?  
 Frozen and dead,  
 Perchance upon some bleak and stormy  
 shore.

O doubting heart!  
 Far over purple seas,  
 They wait, in sunny ease,  
 The balmy southern breeze,  
 To bring them to their northern homes  
 once more.

Why must the flowers die?  
 Prison'd they lie  
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or  
 rain.

O doubting heart!  
 They only sleep below  
 The soft white ermine snow,  
 While winter winds shall blow,  
 To breathe and smile upon you soon  
 again.

The sun has hid its rays  
 These many days:  
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth?  
 O doubting heart!

The stormy clouds on high  
 Veil the same sunny sky,  
 That soon (for spring is nigh)  
 Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light  
 Is quench'd in night.  
 What sound can break the silence of de-  
 spair?

O doubting heart!  
 Thy sky is overcast,  
 Yet stars shall rise at last,  
 Brighter for darkness past,  
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

### THE NEGLECTED CALL.

WHEN the fields were white with harvest,  
 And the laborers were few,  
 Heard I thus a voice within me, "Here is  
 work for thee to do;  
 Come thou up and help the reapers, I will  
 show thee now the way,  
 Come and help them bear the burden, and  
 the toiling of the day."  
 "For a more convenient season," thus I  
 answered, "will I wait,"  
 And the voice reproving murmur'd, "Has-  
 ten, ere it be too late."

Yet I heeded not the utterance, listening  
 to lo! here—lo! there—  
 I lost sight of all the reapers in whose  
 work I would not share;  
 Follow'd after strange devices—bow'd my  
 heart to gods of stone,  
 Till like Ephraim join'd to idols, God well-  
 nigh left me alone;  
 But the angel of His patience follow'd on  
 my erring track,  
 Setting here and there a landmark, where-  
 withal to guide me back.

Onward yet I went, and onward, till there  
 met me on the way  
 A poor prodigal *returning*, who, like me,  
 had gone astray,  
 And his faith was strong and earnest that  
 a father's house would be  
 Safest shelter from temptation for such  
 sinful ones as he.

"Read the lesson," said the angel, "take the warning and repent;"

But the wily Tempter queried, "Ere thy substance be unspent?"

"Hast thou need to toil and labor? art thou fitted for the work?"

Many a hidden stone to bruise thee in the harvest-field doth lurk;

There are others call'd beside thee, and perchance the voice may be

But thy own delusive fancy, which thou hearest calling thee—

There is time enough before thee, all thy footsteps to retrace."

Then I yielded to the Tempter, and the angel veil'd her face.

Pleasure beckon'd in the distance, and her siren song was sweet,

"Through a thornless path of flowers gently I will guide thy feet.

Youth is as a rapid river, gliding noiselessly away,

Earth is but a pleasant garden; cull its roses whilst thou may;

Press the juice from purple clusters, fill life's chalice with the wine,

Taste the fairest fruits which tempt thee, all its richest fruits are thine."

Ah! the path was smooth and easy, but a snare was set therein,

And the feet were oft entangled in the fearful mesh of sin,

And the canker-worm was hidden in the rose-leaf folded up,

And the sparkling wine of pleasure was a fatal Circean cup;

All its fruits were Dead Sea apples, tempting only to the sight,

Fair yet fill'd with dust and ashes—beautiful, but touch'd with blight.

"O my Father," cried I inly, "Thou hast striven—I have will'd;

Now the mission of the angel of Thy patience is fulfill'd;

I have tasted earthly pleasures, yet my soul is craving food;

Let the summons Thou hast given to Thy harvest be renew'd;

I am ready now to labor—wilt thou call me once again?

I will join thy willing reapers as they garner up the grain."

But the still small voice within me, earnest in its truth and deep,

Answer'd my awaken'd conscience, "As thou sowest thou shalt reap;

God is just, and retribution follows each neglected call;

Thou hadst thy appointed duty taught thee by the Lord of all;

Thou wert chosen, but another fill'd the place assign'd thee,

Henceforth in my field of labor thou mayst but a gleaner be.

"But a work is still before thee—see thou linger not again;

Separate the chaff thou gleanest, beat it from among the grain;

Follow after these my reapers, let thine eyes be on the field,

Gather up the precious handfuls their abundant wheat-sheaves yield;

Go not hence to glean, but tarry from the morning until night;

Be thou faithful, thou mayst yet find favor in thy Master's sight."

HANNAH LLOYD NEALE.

### THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

WHEN hope lies dead within the heart,  
By secret sorrow close conceal'd,  
We shrink lest looks or words impart  
What must not be reveal'd.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;  
To speak when one would silent be;  
To wake when one should wish to sleep,  
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast  
Who wander in this world of care,  
And bend beneath the bitter blast,  
To save them from despair.

But Nature waits her guests to greet,  
Where disappointment cannot come;  
And Time guides with unerring feet  
The weary wanderers home.

ANNE HUNTER.

## INFLUENCE OF TIME ON GRIEF.

O TIME, who know'st a lenient hand to lay

Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence

(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)

The faint pang stealest unperceived away;

On thee I rest my only hope at last,

And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear

That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,

I may look back on every sorrow past,

And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile,

As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,

Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower

Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while.

Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,

Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

## THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark  
A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
With eyes that hardly served at most  
To guard their master 'gainst a post,  
Yet round the world the blade has been  
To see whatever could be seen.  
Returning from his finish'd tour  
Grown ten times pertier than before;  
Whatever word you chance to drop,  
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop;  
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,  
I've seen—and sure I ought to know,"  
So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,  
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,  
And on their way, in friendly chat,  
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,  
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,  
Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,  
"Sure never lived beneath the sun.  
A lizard's body, lean and long,  
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd,  
And what a length of tail behind!  
How slow its pace, and then its hue,—  
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold, there!" the other quick replies;

"'Tis green,—I saw it with these eyes,  
As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warm'd it in the sunny ray;  
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,  
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue;  
At leisure I the beast survey'd,  
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."

"Green!" cries the other in a fury,—

"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"

"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,

"For if they always serve you thus,  
You'll find them of but little use."

So high at last the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to blows,  
When luckily came by a third,—  
To him the question they ferr'd,  
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,  
Whether the thing was green or blue.  
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your  
pother!

The creature's neither one nor t'other.

I caught the animal last night,  
And view'd it o'er by candlelight;

I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet;

You stare,—but, sirs, I've got it yet,  
And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do:

I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen  
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"

Replies the man, "I'll turn him out,

And when before your eyes I've set him,

If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said, then full before their sight

Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.

Both stared; the man look'd wondrous wise—

"My children," the chameleon cries

Then first the creature found a tongue),  
 You all are right, and all are wrong;  
 When next you talk of what you view,  
 Think others see as well as you;  
 For wonder, if you find that none  
 'refers your eyesight to his own."

JAMES MERRICK.

—♦—  
*I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP DISTRESSED.*

I LAY in sorrow, deep distress'd;  
 My grief a proud man heard;  
 His looks were cold, he gave me gold,  
 But not a kindly word.  
 My sorrow pass'd,—I paid him back  
 The gold he gave to me;  
 Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,  
 And bless'd his Charity.

I lay in want, in grief and pain:  
 A poor man pass'd my way;  
 He bound my head, he gave me bread,  
 He watch'd me night and day.  
 How shall I pay him back again  
 For all he did to me?  
 Oh, gold is great, but greater far  
 Is heavenly Sympathy!

CHARLES MACKAY.

—♦—  
*STANZAS.*

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
 And finds too late that men betray,  
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
 To hide her shame from every eye,  
 To give repentance to her lover  
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

—♦—  
*THE SPIDER AND THE FLY: AN  
 APOLOGUE.*

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

'WILL you walk into my parlor?" said the  
 Spider to the Fly.  
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you  
 did spy;  
 The way into my parlor is up a winding  
 stair,

And I've many curious things to show  
 when you are there,"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask  
 me is in vain,

For who goes up your winding stair can  
 ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with  
 soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the  
 Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around;  
 the sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly  
 tuck you in!"

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've  
 often heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who sleep  
 upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear  
 friend, what can I do

To prove the warm affection I've always  
 felt for you?

I have within my pantry good store of all  
 that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you  
 please to take a slice?"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "kind sir,  
 that cannot be;

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do  
 not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're  
 witty and you're wise,

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how  
 brilliant are your eyes!

I've a little looking-glass upon my parlor  
 shelf,

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you  
 shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for  
 what you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good morning now. I'll  
 call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and  
 went into his den,

For well he knew the silly Fly would soon  
 come back again:

So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner  
 sly,

And set his table ready, to dine upon the  
 Fly.



Then he came out to his door again, and  
merrily did sing,  
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the  
pearl and silver wing;  
Your robes are green and purple—there's a  
crest upon your head;  
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but  
mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little  
Fly,  
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came  
slowly flitting by;  
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then  
near and nearer drew,  
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and  
green and purple hue—  
Thinking only of her crested head—poor  
foolish thing! At last,  
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely  
held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into  
his dismal den,  
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er  
came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may  
this story read,  
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you  
ne'er give heed;  
Unto an evil counsellor, close heart and  
ear and eye,  
And take a lesson from this tale, of the  
Spider and the Fly.

MARY HOWITT.

### IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDST HAVE DIED.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be!  
It never through my mind had passed,  
The time would e'er be o'er,—  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again;  
And still the thought I will not brook  
That I must look in vain!  
But when I speak, thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;

And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,  
All cold and all serene,—  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been!  
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own;  
But then I lay thee in thy grave,—  
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
In thinking too of thee:  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,—  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore!

CHARLES WOLFE.

### A DIRGE.

CALM on the spirit of thy God,  
Fair spirit! rest thee now!  
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die!

FELCIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

### HOW TO DEAL WITH COMMON NA- TURES.

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures:  
Use them kindly, they rebel;  
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,  
And the rogues obey you well.

AARON HILL.

### EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care;  
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
And bade it blossom there.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

*THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.*

"AND wherefore do the poor complain?"  
 The rich man ask'd of me:  
 "Come, walk abroad with me," I said,  
 "And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets  
 Were cheerless to behold;  
 And we were wrapp'd and coated well,  
 And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old, bareheaded man,  
 His locks were thin and white;  
 I ask'd him what he did abroad  
 In that cold winter's night.

The cold was keen, indeed, he said—  
 But at home no fire had he;  
 And therefore he had come abroad  
 To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,  
 And she begg'd loud and bold;  
 I asked her what she did abroad  
 When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,  
 And he lay sick abed;  
 And therefore was it she was sent  
 Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down  
 Upon a stone to rest;  
 She had a baby at her back,  
 And another at her breast.

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there,  
 When the night-wind was so chill;  
 She turn'd her head, and bade the child  
 That scream'd behind, be still—

Then told us that her husband served,  
 A soldier, far away;  
 And therefore to her parish she  
 Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose  
 And sunken was her eye,  
 Who with a wanton's hollow voice  
 Address'd the passers-by;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt  
 That could her heart allure  
 To shame, disease, and late remorse;  
 She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,  
 For silently stood he;  
 "You ask'd me why the poor complain;  
 And these have answer'd thee!"

ROBERT SOUTHHEY.

*THE LADY'S DREAM.*

THE lady lay in her bed,  
 Her couch so warm and soft,  
 But her sleep was restless and broken  
 still;

For, turning often and oft  
 From side to side, she mutter'd and  
 moan'd,  
 And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she started up,  
 And gazed on the vacant air  
 With a look of awe, as if she saw  
 Some dreadful phantom there—  
 And then in the pillow she buried her face  
 From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,  
 Her terror was so extreme,  
 And the light that fell on the broider'd  
 quilt

Kept a tremulous gleam;  
 And her voice was hollow, and shook as  
 she cried,

"Oh me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk  
 In the churchyard's dismal ground!  
 And those horrible things, with shady  
 wings,

That came and flitted round,—  
 Death, death, and nothing but death,  
 In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young  
 Who wrought in that dreary room,  
 With figures drooping and spectres thin,  
 And cheeks without a bloom;—  
 And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp  
 of pride

We haste to an early tomb!

"For the pomp and pleasures of pride  
 We toil like the African slaves,  
 And only to earn a home at last  
 Where yonder cypress waves;—  
 And then it pointed—I never saw  
 A ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came,  
With their sorrowful trains and slow;  
Coffin after coffin still,  
A sad and sickening show;  
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt  
Of such a world of Woe!

"Of the hearts that daily break,  
Of the tears that hourly fall,  
Of the many, many troubles of life,  
That grieve this earthly ball—  
Disease and Hunger, Pain and Want,  
But now I dream of them all!

"For the blind and the cripple were there,  
And the babe that pined for bread,  
And the houseless man, and the widow poor,  
Who begg'd—to bury the dead!  
The naked, alas! that I might have clad,  
The famish'd I might have fed!

"The sorrow I might have soothed,  
And the unregarded tears;  
For many a thronging shape was there,  
From long-forgotten years,  
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,  
Who raised my childish fears!

"Each pleading look, that long ago  
I scann'd with a heedless eye;  
Each face was gazing as plainly there,  
As when I pass'd it by;  
Woe, woe for me if the past should be  
Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphurous lake,  
No need of fiery coal,  
But only that crowd of humankind  
Who wanted pity and dole—  
In everlasting retrospect—  
Will wring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walk'd through life  
Too heedless where I trod;  
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,  
And fill the burial sod—  
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls  
Not unmark'd of God!

"I drank the richest draughts,  
And ate whatever is good—  
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,  
Supplied my hungry mood;  
But I never remember'd the wretched ones  
That starve for want of food!

"I dress'd as the noble dress,  
In cloth of silver and gold,  
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,  
In many an ample fold;  
But I never remember'd the naked limbs,  
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have heal'd!  
The human sorrow and smart!  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part:  
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,  
As well as want of Heart!"

She clasp'd her fervent hands,  
And the tears began to stream;  
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,  
Remorse was so extreme;  
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame  
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

THOMAS HOOD.

#### GAFFER GRAY.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,  
Gaffer Gray?  
And why does thy nose look so blue?  
"Tis the weather that's cold,  
'Tis I'm grown very old,  
And my doublet is not very new,  
Well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,  
Gaffer Gray;  
And warm thy old heart with a glass.  
"Nay, but credit I've none,  
And my money's all gone;  
Then say how may that come to pass?  
Well-a-day!"

Hie away to the house on the brow,  
Gaffer Gray,  
And knock at the jolly priest's door.  
"The priest often preaches  
Against worldly riches,  
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,  
Well-a-day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill,  
Gaffer Gray;  
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.  
"He will fasten his locks,  
And will threaten the stocks  
Should he evermore find me in want,  
Well-a-day!"

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,  
Gaffer Gray ;  
And the season will welcome you there.

"His fat beeves and his beer,  
And his merry new year,  
Are all for the flush and the fair,  
Well-a-day !"

My keg is but low, I confess,  
Gaffer Gray ;  
What then ? While it lasts, man, we'll  
live.

"The poor man alone,  
When he hears the poor moan,  
Of his morsel a morsel will give,  
Well-a-day !"

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"

"Work ! work ! work !  
While the cock is crowing aloof !  
And work—work—work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof !  
It's oh ! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work !

"Work—work—work !  
Till the brain begins to swim ;  
Work—work—work !  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream !

"O men, with sisters dear !  
O men, with mothers and wives !  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives !  
Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

Sewing at once with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt !

"But why do I talk of Death,  
That Phantom of grisly bone ?  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own—  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fast I keep :  
O God ! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Work—work—work !  
My labor never flags ;  
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread, and rags.  
A shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there !

"Work—work—work !  
From weary chime to chime,  
Work—work—work—  
As prisoners work for crime !  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-  
numb'd,  
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work  
In the dull December light,  
And work—work—work  
When the weather is warm and bright—  
While underneath the eaves,  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs  
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet ;  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal !

"Oh ! but for one short hour !  
A respite however brief !  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief !

A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—  
Would that its tone could reach the  
rich!—

She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him  
to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest  
span;  
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless  
your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty be-  
speak,  
These hoary locks proclaim my length-  
en'd years,  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn  
cheek  
Has been the channel to a flood of  
tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
With tempting aspect, drew me from my  
road;  
For plenty there a residence has found,  
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!  
Here, as I craved a morsel of their  
bread,  
A pamper'd menial drove me from the  
door,  
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is  
the cold!  
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,  
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your  
breast,  
Your hands would not withhold the kind  
relief,  
And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we  
repine?  
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state  
you see;  
And your condition may be soon like  
mine,  
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;  
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd  
the morn;  
But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot,  
My cattle died, and blighted was my  
corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,  
Lured by a villain from her native home,  
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide  
stage,  
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,  
Struck with sad anguish at the stern  
decree,  
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,  
And left the world to wretchedness and  
me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him  
to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest  
span;  
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless  
your store.

THOMAS MOSS.

### THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.  
Roger's my dog. — Come here, you  
scamp!  
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!  
Over the table,—look out for the  
lamp!—

The rogue is growing a little old ;  
 Five years we've tramp'd through wind  
 and weather,  
 And slept out doors when nights were  
 cold,  
 And ate and drank—and starved—to-  
 gether.

We've learn'd what comfort is, I tell  
 you!

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
 A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!  
 The paw he holds up there has been  
 frozen),

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle  
 (This out-door business is bad for  
 strings),

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the  
 griddle,  
 And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank you, sir,—I never drink;  
 Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—  
 Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—

Well, something hot, then, we won't  
 quarrel.

He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?

What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!—  
 He understands every word that's said,—  
 And he knows good milk from water and  
 chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,  
 I've been so sadly given to grog,  
 I wonder I've not lost the respect  
 (Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.  
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin;  
 And this old coat, with its empty pock-  
 ets,  
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his  
 sockets.

There isn't another creature living  
 Would do it, and prove, through every  
 disaster,  
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving  
 To such a miserable thankless master!  
 No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!  
 By George! it makes my old eyes  
 water!

That is, there's something in this gin  
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you are will-  
 ing,  
 And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough  
 is, sir!)

Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!  
 Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your  
 officer!

Put up that paw! Dress! Take your  
 rifle!

(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now  
 hold your

Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle  
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel  
 shakes

When he stands up to hear his sen-  
 tence.

Now tell how many drams it takes  
 To honor a jolly new acquaintance.

Five yelps, that's five! he's mighty know-  
 ing!

The night's before us, fill the glasses!  
 Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going;  
 Some brandy,—thank you; there,—it  
 passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;  
 But I've gone through such wretched  
 treatment,

Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
 And scarce remembering what meat  
 meant,

That my poor stomach's past reform;  
 And there are times when, mad with  
 thinking,

I'd sell out Heaven for something warm  
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,  
 A dear girl's love,—but I took to  
 drink;—

The same old story; you know how it  
 ends.

If you could have seen these classic fea-  
 tures,—

You needn't laugh, sir; they were not  
 then

Such a burning libel on God's creatures;  
 I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,  
Whose head was happy on this breast!  
If you could have heard the songs I sung  
When the wine went round, you wouldn't  
have guess'd

That ever I, sir, should be straying  
From door to door with fiddle and  
dog,  
Ragged and penniless, and playing  
To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since, a parson's wife;  
'Twas better for her that we should part;  
Better the soberest, prosiest life  
Than a blasted home and a broken  
heart.

I have seen her? Once: I was weak and  
spent

On the dusty road; a carriage stopp'd;  
But little she dream'd, as on she went,  
Who kiss'd the coin that her fingers  
dropp'd!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;  
It makes me wild to think of the  
change!

What do you care for a beggar's story?  
Is it amusing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me!  
'Twas well she died before. Do you  
know

If the happy spirits in Heaven can see  
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
This pain; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
Aching thing, in place of a heart?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep if  
he could,

No doubt, remembering things that  
were—

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—  
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!

We must be fiddling and performing  
For supper and bed, or starve in the  
street.—

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?

But soon we shall go where lodgings are  
free.

And the sleepers need neither victuals nor  
drink;—

The sooner the better for Roger and me.  
J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!"—*Hamlet*.

ONE more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,—  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny

Rash and undutiful:  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?

Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly,  
Feelings had changed:  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river;  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hur'd—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,

Decently,—kindly,—  
Smooth and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurr'd by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest.—  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

#### BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

OH! the snow, the beautiful snow,  
Filling the sky and the earth below;  
Over the house-tops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet:

Dancing,  
Flirting,  
Skimming along,  
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.  
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;  
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.  
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,  
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!  
How the flakes gather and laugh as they  
go!

Whirling about in its maddening fun,  
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,  
Laughing,  
Hurrying by,  
It lights up the face and it sparkles the  
eye;  
And even the dogs, with a bark and a  
bound,  
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.



The town is alive, and its heart in a glow  
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,  
Hailing each other with humor and song!  
How the gay sledges like meteors flash  
by—

Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye,  
Ringing,  
Swinging,

Dashing they go

Over the crest of the beautiful snow :  
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing  
by :

To be trampled and track'd by the thou-  
sands of feet,

Till it blends with the filth in the horrible  
street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell :  
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—  
to hell :

Fell, to be tramp'd as the filth of the  
street :

Fell, to be scoff'd, to be spit on, and beat,  
Pleading,

Cursing,

Dreading to die,

Selling my soul to whoever would buy,  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ?

And yet I was once like this beautiful  
snow !

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like  
its glow ;

Once I was loved for my innocent grace—  
Flatter'd and sought for the charm of my  
face.

Father,

Mother,

Sisters all,

God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.  
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too  
nigh ;

For all that is on or about me, I know  
There is nothing that's pure but the beau-  
tiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beauti-  
ful snow

Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to  
go !

How strange it would be, when the night  
comes again,

If the snow and the ice struck my despe-  
rate brain !

Fainting,

Freezing,

Dying alone !

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my  
moan

To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,  
Gone mad in their joy at the snow's com-  
ing down ;

To lie and to die in my terrible woe,

With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful  
snow !

JOHN W. WATSON.

### THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly,—bow the head,—

In reverent silence bow,—

No passing bell doth toll,

Yet an immortal soul

Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,

With lowly reverence bow ;

There's one in that poor shed—

One by that paltry bed—

Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,

Lo ! Death doth keep his state.

Enter, no crowds attend ;

Enter, no guards defend

*This* palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,

No smiling courtiers tread ;

One silent woman stands,

Lifting with meagre hands

A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,—

An infant wail alone ;

A sob suppress'd,—again

That short deep gasp, and then—

The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!  
 Burst are the prison-bars,—  
 This moment *there* so low,  
 So ~~glorified~~, and now  
 Beyond the stars.

O change! stupendous change!  
 There lies the soulless clod;  
 The sun eternal breaks,  
 The new immortal wakes,—  
 Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

### THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly  
 round trot,—  
 To the churchyard a pauper is going, I  
 wot;  
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has  
 no springs;  
 And hark to the dirge which the mad  
 driver sings:  
 Rattle his bones over the stones!  
 He's only a pauper whom nobody  
 owns!

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there  
 are none;  
 He has left not a gap in the world, now  
 he's gone,—  
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or  
 man;  
 To the grave with his carcass as fast as you  
 can:  
 Rattle his bones over the stones!  
 He's only a pauper whom nobody  
 owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splash-  
 ing, and din!  
 The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels,  
 how they spin!  
 How the dirt, right and left, o'er the  
 hedges is hurl'd!—  
 The pauper at length makes a noise in the  
 world!  
 Rattle his bones over the stones!  
 He's only a pauper whom nobody  
 owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some  
 approach  
 To gentility, now that he's stretch'd in a  
 coach!

He's taking a drive in his carriage at  
 last;  
 But it will not be long, if he goes on so  
 fast:  
 Rattle his bones over the stones!  
 He's only a pauper whom nobody  
 owns!

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother  
 convey'd,  
 Behold what respect to a cloddy is  
 paid!  
 And be joyful to think, when by death  
 you're laid low,  
 You've a chance to the grave like a gem-  
 man to go!  
 Rattle his bones over the stones!  
 He's only a pauper whom nobody  
 owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it  
 is sad,  
 To think that a heart in humanity clad  
 Should make, like the brutes, such a deso-  
 late end,  
 And depart from the light without leaving  
 a friend!  
 Bear soft his bones over the stones!  
 Though a pauper, he's one whom his  
 Maker yet owns!

THOMAS NOEL.

### TIME.

"WHY sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,  
 Thou aged carle so stern and gray?  
 Dost thou its former pride recall,  
 Or ponder how it pass'd away?"—

"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep Voice  
 cried;

"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—  
 Alternate, in thy fickle pride,  
 Desired, neglected, and accused!

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,  
 Man and his marvels pass away!  
 And changing empires wane and wax,  
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—  
 While in my glass the sand grains shiver,  
 And measureless thy joy or grief,  
 When Time and thou shalt part for ever!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

DOWNWARD sinks the setting sun,  
Soft the evening shadows fall;  
Light is flying,  
Day is dying,  
Darkness stealeth over all.  
Good-night!

Autumn garners in her stores—  
Foiison of the fading year;  
Leaves are dying,  
Winds are sighing—  
Whispering of the Winter near.  
Good-night!

Youth is vanished, manhood wanes;  
Age its forward shadows throws;  
Day is dying,  
Years are flying,  
Life runs onward to its close.  
Good-night!  
AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

## GOOD COUNSELL OF CHAUCER.

FLEE fro the pres, and duelle with soth-  
fastnesse;

Suffice the thy good though hit be smale;  
For horde hath hate, and clymbyng tikel-  
nesse,

Preshath envye, and wele is blent over alle.  
Savoure no more then the behove shalle;  
Redewel thy self that other folke canst rede,  
And trouthe the shal delyver, hit ys no  
drede.

Peyne the not eche croked to redresse  
In trust of hire that turneth as a balle,  
Grete rest stant in lytil besynesse;  
Bewar also to spurne ayeine an nalle,  
Stryve not as doth a croke with a walle;  
Daunt thy selfe that dauntest otheres dede,  
And trouthe the shal delyver, hit is no  
drede.

That the ys sent receyve in buxomnesse,  
The wrasteling of this world asketh a falle;  
Her is no home, her is but wyldyrnesse.  
Forth pilgryme! forth best out of thy  
stalle!

Loke up on hye, and thonke God of alle;  
Weyve thy lust, and let thy goste the lede,  
And trouthe the shal delyver, hit is no  
drede.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

## SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood—  
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light  
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies,  
The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past—and man forgot!

HENRY KING.

## LINES.

WRITTEN BY ONE IN THE TOWER, BEING  
YOUNG AND CONDEMNED TO DIE.

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares,  
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,  
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,  
And all my goodes is but vain hope of  
gain.

The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

My spring is past, and yet it hath not  
sprung,

The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are  
green;

My youth is past, and yet I am but young,  
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.  
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

I sought for death, and found it in the  
wombe,

I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,  
I trade the ground, and knew it was my  
tombe,

And now I die, and now I am but made.  
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

CHILDIOCK TYCHBORN.

## ON HIS DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor  
write,

The subject made us able to indite:  
The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,  
The body stooping, does herself erect:  
No mortal parts are requisite to raise  
Her that unbodied can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;  
So calm are we when passions are no more.  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.  
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lies in new light through chinks that time  
has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home.  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they  
view,

That stand upon the threshold of the new.  
EDMUND WALLER.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

I.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years  
And find in loss a gain to match?  
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,  
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:  
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,  
To dance with death, to beat the ground,  
Than that the victor Hours should scorn  
The long result of love, and boast,  
"Behold the man that loved and lost,  
But all he was is overworn."

XXXII.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
Nor other thought her mind admits  
But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede  
All other, when her ardent gaze  
Roves from the living brother's face,  
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
Borne down by gladness so complete,  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure;  
What soul possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

LIV.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry.

LXXXVIII.

Again at Christmas did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth;  
The silent snow possessed the earth,  
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost.  
No wing of wind the region swept,  
But over all things brooding slept  
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind  
Again our ancient games had place,  
The mimic picture's breathing grace,  
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who show'd a token of distress?  
No single tear, no mark of pain:  
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?  
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!  
No—mixt with all this mystic frame,  
Her deep relations are the same,  
But with long use her tears are dry.

## CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
 The year is dying in the night;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
 The year is going, let him go;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times;  
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—♦—  
 Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
 Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
 Thou madest Life in man and brute;  
 Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot  
 Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
 Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
 He thinks he was not made to die;  
 And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou:  
 Our wills are ours, we know not how  
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;  
 They have their day and cease to be:  
 They are but broken lights of thee,  
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;  
 For knowledge is of things we see;  
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
 A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
 But more of reverence in us dwell;  
 That mind and soul, according well,  
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;  
 We mock thee when we do not fear:  
 But help thy foolish ones to bear;  
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,  
 What seemed my worth since I began;  
 For merit lives from man to man,  
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
 I trust he lives in thee, and there  
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
 Confusions of a wasted youth;  
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



I see the inundation sweet,  
I hear the spending of the stream  
Through years, through men, through Nature  
Through passion, thought, <sup>flesh.</sup> through power and dream.

R. Waldo Emerson

Concord, Massachusetts -  
December 10, 1878.



## POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

---

### *ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.*

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial  
sun

And virgin earth such scenes ensue,  
The force of Art by Nature seems outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,  
Where Nature guides and Virtue rules,  
Where men shall not impose for truth and  
sense

The pedantry of courts and schools;

There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her  
clay,  
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its  
way;

The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

---

### *A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.*

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,

Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a  
goat,

And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep, cool bed of the river.

The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flow'd the river,  
And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can  
With his hard, bleak steel at the patient  
reed,

Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew the pith like the heart of a  
man,

Steadily from the outside ring,  
Then notch'd the poor dry empty thing  
In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laugh'd the great god  
Pan

(Laugh'd while he sate by the river),  
"The only way since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed."  
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the  
reed,

He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,

Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!

The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.



Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
 To laugh, as he sits by the river,  
 Making a poet out of a man.  
 The true gods sigh for the cost and the  
 pain,—

For the reed that grows nevermore again  
 As a reed with the reeds of the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

—♦—  
*ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE  
 POWER OF MUSIC.*

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son:  
 Aloft, in awful state,  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were placed around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles  
 bound

(So should desert in arms be crown'd):  
 The lovely Thais, by his side,  
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the  
 fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the  
 fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high  
 Amid the tuneful quire,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above  
 (Such is the power of mighty Love).

A dragon's fiery form belied the god;  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
 And while he sought her snowy  
 breast:

Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sover-  
 eign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty  
 sound—

A present deity! they shout around;  
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs re-  
 bound.

With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet  
 musician sung—

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;  
 The jolly god in triumph comes:  
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums!  
 Flush'd with a purple grace,  
 He shows his honest face;

Now give the hautboys breath—he comes,  
 he comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure;  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure:  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew  
 vain;

Fought all his battles o'er again;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and  
 thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise—  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
And, while he Heaven and earth defied,  
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,  
Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen—

Fallen from his high estate,

And welt'ring in his blood;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed;

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor  
sate

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance be-  
low;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

#### CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance be-  
low;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

#### V.

The mighty master smiled to see

That love was in the next degree:

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;

Honor but an empty bubble—

Never ending, still beginning—

Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, oh think it worth enjoying!

Lovely Thais sits beside thee—

Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the sky with loud ap-  
plause;

So Love was crown'd, but Music won the  
cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

At length, with love and wine at once op-  
press'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her  
breast.

#### CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

At length, with love and wine at once op-  
press'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her  
breast.

#### VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again—

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of  
thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound

Has raised up his head!

As awaked from the dead,

And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries;

See the Furies arise!

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their  
eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle  
were slain,

And unburied remain,

Inglorious, on the plain!

Give the vengeance due

To the gallant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile  
gods!

The princes applaud with a furious joy,

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal  
to destroy;

Thais led the way

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another  
Troy.

## CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal  
to destroy ;  
Thais led the way  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another  
Troy.

## VII.

Thus, long ago—  
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
While organs yet were mute—  
Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft  
desire.  
At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred  
store,  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-  
known before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown ;  
He raised a mortal to the skies—  
She drew an angel down.

## GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred  
store,  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-  
known before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown ;  
He raised a mortal to the skies—  
She drew an angel down.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

## I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began.  
When Nature underneath a heap  
Of jarring atoms lay,

And could not heave her head,  
The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
Arise, ye more than dead !  
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry  
In order to their stations leap,  
And Music's power obey.  
From harmony, from heavenly harmony.  
This universal frame began :  
From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it  
ran,  
The diapason closing full in Man.

## II.

What passion cannot Music raise and  
quell ?  
When Jubal struck the chorded shell  
His listening brethren stood around,  
And, wondering, on their faces fell  
To worship that celestial sound.  
Less than a god they thought there could  
not dwell  
Within the hollow of that shell  
That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
What passion cannot Music raise and  
quell ?

## III.

The trumpet's loud clangor  
Excites us to arms,  
With shrill notes of anger  
And mortal alarms.  
The double double double beat  
Of the thundering drum  
Cries, " Hark ! the foes come ;  
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat ! "

## IV.

The soft complaining flute  
In dying notes discovers  
The woes of hopeless lovers,  
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling  
lute.

## V.

Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
Fury, frantic indignation,  
Depth of pains, and height of passion  
For the fair, disdainful dame.

## VI.

But oh! what art can teach,  
 What human voice can reach,  
 The sacred organ's praise?  
 Notes inspiring holy love,  
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
 To mend the choirs above.

## VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
 And trees uprooted left their place  
 Sequacious of the lyre:  
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder  
 higher:  
 When to her organ vocal breath was given  
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd—  
 Mistaking Earth for Heaven!

## GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays  
 The spheres began to move,  
 And sung the great Creator's praise  
 To all the blest above;  
 So when the last and dreadful hour  
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
 The dead shall live, the living die,  
 And Music shall untune the sky.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

## i.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;  
 The breathing instruments inspire;  
 Wake into voice each silent string,  
 And sweep the sounding lyre!  
 In a sadly-pleasing strain  
 Let the warbling lute complain:  
 Let the loud trumpet sound,  
 Till the roofs all around  
 The shrill echoes rebound:  
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow  
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.  
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear  
 Gently steal upon the ear;  
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies;  
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold  
 notes,  
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music  
 floats:

Till by degrees, remote and small,  
 The strains decay,  
 And melt away  
 In a dying, dying fall.

## II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,  
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.  
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;  
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,  
 Exalts her in enliv'ning airs:  
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;  
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's  
 wounds:  
 Melancholy lifts her head,  
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
 List'ning Envy drops her snakes,  
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,  
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

## III.

But when our country's cause provokes to  
 arms,  
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!  
 So when the first bold vessel dared the  
 seas,  
 High on the stern the Thracian raised his  
 strain,  
 While Argo saw her kindred trees  
 Descend from Pelion to the main.  
 Transported demigods stood round,  
 And men grew heroes at the sound,  
 Inflamed with glory's charms:  
 Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,  
 And half unsheathed the shining blade:  
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,  
 To arms! to arms! to arms!

## IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,  
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,  
 Love, strong as Death, the poet led  
 To the pale nations of the dead,  
 What sounds were heard,  
 What scenes appear'd  
 O'er all the dreary coasts!  
 Dreadful gleams,  
 Dismal screams,  
 Fires that glow,  
 Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans,  
Hollow groans,  
And cries of tortured ghosts !  
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;  
And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,  
See, shady forms advance !  
Thy stone, O Sisypheus, stands still,  
Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
And the pale spectres dance !  
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,  
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round  
their heads.

## V.

By the streams that ever flow,  
By the fragrant winds that blow  
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;  
By those happy souls who dwell  
In yellow meads of asphodel,  
Or amaranthine bow'rs ;  
By the heroes' armèd shades,  
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades,  
By the youths that died for love,  
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove ;  
Restore, restore Eurydice to life :  
Oh take the husband, or return the wife !  
He sung, and Hell consented  
To hear the poet's prayer :  
Stern Proserpine relented,  
And gave him back the fair.  
Thus song could prevail  
O'er Death and o'er Hell,  
A conquest how hard, and how glorious !  
Though Fate had fast bound her  
With Styx nine times round her,  
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

## VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his  
eyes :  
Again she falls—again she dies—she dies !  
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?  
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.  
Now under hanging mountains,  
Beside the falls of fountains,  
Or where Hebrus wanders,  
Rolling in meanders,  
All alone,  
Unheard, unknown,  
He makes his moan ;  
And calls her ghost,  
For ever, ever, ever lost !

Now with Furies surrounded,  
Despairing, confounded,  
He trembles, he glows,  
Amidst Rhodope's snows :  
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he  
flies ;  
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bac-  
chanals' cries—Ah see, he dies !  
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,  
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,  
Eurydice the woods,  
Eurydice the floods,  
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains  
rung.

## VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And fate's severest rage disarm ;  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please ;  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above.  
This the divine Cecilia found,  
And to her Maker's praise confined the  
sound.  
When the full organ joins the tuneful  
quire,  
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear ;  
Borne on the swelling notes our souls as-  
pire,  
While solemn airs improve the sacred  
fire ;  
And angels lean from Heav'n to hear.  
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,  
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;  
His numbers raised a shade from Hell,  
Hers lift the soul to Heav'n.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling  
strings.  
From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress  
take ;  
The laughing flowers that round them  
blossom  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden  
 reign;  
 Now rolling down the steep amain  
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:  
 The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow  
 to the roar.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,  
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing  
 airs,  
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares  
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft con-  
 trol.

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
 Has curb'd the fury of his car  
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy com-  
 mand.

Perching on the sceptred hand  
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd  
 king

With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;  
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of  
 his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey  
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.  
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
 The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen  
 On Cytherea's day,  
 With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
 Frisking light in frolic measures;  
 Now pursuing, now retreating,  
 Now in circling troops they meet,  
 To brisk notes in cadence beating  
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
 Slow melting strains their Queen's ap-  
 proach declare:

Where'er she turns the Graces homage  
 pay.  
 With arms sublime that float upon the air  
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:  
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom  
 move  
 The bloom of young Desire and purple  
 light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!  
 Labor, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms  
 of Fate!

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly  
 Muse?

Night, and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding  
 cry

He gives to range the dreary sky,  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering  
 shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built moun-  
 tains roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
 To cheer the shivering native's dull  
 abode.

And oft, beneath the od'rous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage youth re-  
 peat

In loose numbers wildly sweet  
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky  
 loves.

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,  
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's  
 holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,  
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In lingering lab'rins creeps,  
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish!  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breathed around;  
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain  
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound;  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian  
 plains.

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant  
 Power,

And coward Vice, that revels in her  
 chains.

When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They sought, O Albion! next, thy sea-en-  
 circled coast.

Far from the sun and summer gale,  
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,

To him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face: the dauntless child  
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.  
This pencil take (she said), whose colors  
clear

Richly paint the vernal year;  
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal  
boy!

This can unlock the gates of Joy;  
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic  
Tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place  
and Time,

The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze  
Where angels tremble while they gaze;  
He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous  
car

Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
Two coursers of ethereal race,  
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-  
resounding pace.

Hark! his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that  
burn.

But ah! 'tis heard no more—  
O Lyre divine! what daring Spirit  
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Thro' the azure deep of air;  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray  
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun;  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant  
way

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the Good how far, but far above  
the Great.

THOMAS GRAY.

### THE PASSIONS.

#### AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre  
And swept with hurried hand the  
strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—  
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled:  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance  
hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong;  
And from the rocks, the woods, the  
vale  
She call'd on Echo still through all the  
song;

And, where her sweetest theme she  
chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at  
every close;  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved  
her golden hair.

And longer had she sung :—but with a frown

Revenge impatient rose :

He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;

And with a withering look

The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,

Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !

And ever and anon he beat

The doubling drum with furious heat ;

And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,

Dejected Pity at his side

Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,

While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fix'd :

Sad proof of thy distressful state !

Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;

And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,

Pale Melancholy sat retired ;

And from her wild sequester'd seat,

In notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pen-sive soul :

And dashing soft from rocks around

Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;

Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,

Love of peace, and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known.

The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,

Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen

Peeping from forth their alleys green :

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;

And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :

He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;

But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol

Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :

They would have thought who heard the strain

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids

Amidst the festal-sounding shades

To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,

Love framed with Mirth a gay, fantastic round :

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;

And he, amidst his frolic play,

As if he would the charming air repay,

Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,

Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !

Why, goddess, why, to us denied,

Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?

As in that loved Athenian bower

You learn'd an all-commanding power,

Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd !

Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,

Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?

Arise, as in that elder time,

Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !

Thy wonders, in that god-like age,

Fill thy recording Sister's page ;—

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,

Thy humblest reed could more prevail,



Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age,  
E'en all at once together found  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound :—  
Oh bid our vain endeavors cease :  
Revive the just designs of Greece :  
Return in all thy simple state !  
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

### INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing :  
To his music, plants and flowers  
Ever sprung, as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by—  
In sweet music is such art :  
Killing care, and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE.

*Ariel to Miranda* :—Take  
This slave of Music, for the sake  
Of him who is the slave of thee ;  
And teach it all the harmony  
In which thou canst, and only thou,  
Make the delighted spirit glow,  
Till joy denies itself again,  
And, too intense, is turn'd to pain.  
For by permission and command  
Of thine own prince Ferdinand,  
Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
Of more than ever can be spoken ;  
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who  
From life to life must still pursue  
Your happiness, for thus alone  
Can Ariel ever find his own.  
From Prospero's enchanted cell,  
As the mighty verses tell,  
To the throne of Naples he  
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,  
Flitting on, your prow before,  
Like a living meteor.  
When you die, the silent Moon  
In her interlunar swoon  
Is not sadder in her cell  
Than deserted Ariel ;

When you live again on earth,  
Like an unseen star of birth  
Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
Of life from your nativity.  
Many changes have been run  
Since Ferdinand and you begun  
Your course of love, and Ariel still  
Has track'd your steps and served your  
will.

Now in humbler, happier lot,  
This is all remember'd not ;  
And now, alas ! the poor sprite is  
Imprison'd for some fault of his  
In a body like a grave—  
From you he only dares to crave  
For his service and his sorrow  
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought  
To echo all harmonious thought,  
Fell'd a tree, while on the steep  
The woods were in their winter sleep,  
Rock'd in that repose divine  
On the wind-swept Apennine ;  
And dreaming, some of autumn past,  
And some of spring approaching fast,  
And some of April buds and showers,  
And some of songs in July bowers,  
And all of love ; and so this tree—  
Oh, that such our death may be !—  
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,  
To live in happier form again ;  
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest  
star,

The artist wrought this loved guitar ;  
And taught it justly to reply,  
To all who question skilfully,  
In language gentle as thine own ;  
Whispering in enamor'd tone  
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
And summer winds in sylvan cells.  
For it had learn'd all harmonies  
Of the plains and of the skies,  
Of the forests and the mountains,  
And the many-voic'd fountains ;  
The clearest echoes of the hills,  
The softest notes of falling rills,  
The melodies of birds and bees,  
The murmuring of summer seas,  
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
And airs of evening ; and it knew  
That seldom-heard mysterious sound  
Which, driven on its diurnal round,

As it floats through boundless day  
 Our world enkindles on its way.  
 All this it knows, but will not tell  
 To those who cannot question well  
 The spirit that inhabits it.  
 It talks according to the wit  
 Of its companions; and no more  
 Is heard than has been felt before  
 By those who tempt it to betray  
 These secrets of an elder day.  
 But, sweetly as its answers will  
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone  
 For our beloved Jane alone.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

—◆—  
*L'ALLEGRO.*

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born!  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and  
 sights unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his  
 jealous wings,  
 And the night raven sings;  
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd  
 rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In heav'n y-clep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
 With two sister Graces more,  
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;  
 Or whether (as some sager sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a-maying;  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And, if I give thee honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of the crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unprovoked pleasures free;  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine:  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before:  
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
 Some time walking, not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state,  
 Robed in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
 While the ploughman near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures;  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead,  
 Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the live-long daylight fail;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat;  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd she said,  
 And he by friars' lanthorn led  
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of

morn,

His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the  
 corn,

That ten day-lab'rs could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Tower'd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learn'd sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse;  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes run-  
 ning,

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON.

#### SONNET TO HIS LUTE.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst  
 grow

With thy green mother in some shady  
 grove,

When immelodious winds but made thee  
 move,

And birds their ramage did on thee be-  
 stow.

Since that dear voice which did thy  
 sounds approve,

Which wont in such harmonious strains  
 to flow,

Is reft from earth to tune the spheres  
 above,

What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no  
 more,

But orphan wallings to the fainting ear;  
 Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws  
 forth a tear;

For which be silent as in woods before:  
 Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,  
 Like widow'd turtle still her loss com-  
 plain.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

## A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

*Et remigem cantus hortatur.*

QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep  
time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?—  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.  
But when the wind blows off the shore  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—  
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring  
airs!

Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
past!

THOMAS MOORE.

## IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
The brood of folly without father bred,  
How little you bestead,  
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes pos-  
sess,

As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sun-  
beams,

Or likest hovering dreams,  
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,  
Hail, divinest Melancholy,  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view  
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs of-  
fended:

Yet thou art higher far descended;  
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign  
Such mixture was not held a stain).  
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cyprus lawn  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,  
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of  
folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among  
I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way ;  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
Or if the air will not permit,  
Some still removèd place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold  
The immortal mind, that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
And of those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.  
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what love did seek.  
Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride ;  
And if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
Nor trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.  
And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honey'd thigh,  
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep ;  
And let some strange, mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in æry stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eyelids laid.  
And as I wake sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.  
But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloisters pale,,  
And love the high-embowèd roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious right :  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightlly spell  
Of every star that heav'n doth show,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;

Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.  
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

JOHN MILTON.

—♦—  
*MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.*

My minde to me a kingdom is ;  
Such perfect joy therein I finde  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse  
That God or Nature hath assignde ;  
Though much I want, that most would  
have,  
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live ; this is my stay—  
I seek no more than may suffice.  
I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;  
Look, what I lack my minde supplies.  
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,  
And hastie clymbers soonest fall ;  
I see that such as sit aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all.  
These get with toile, and keepe with feare :  
Such cares my minde could never beare.

No princely pompe nor welthie store,  
No force to win the victorie,  
No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to winne a lover's eye—  
To none of these I yeeld as thrall ;  
For why, my minde despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;  
I little have, yet seek no more.  
They are but poore, though much they have,  
And I am rich with little store.  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,  
I grudge not at another's gaine ;  
No worldly wave my minde can toss ;  
I brooke that is another's bane.  
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ;  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse ;  
I weigh not Cresus' wealth a straw ;

For care, I care not what it is ;  
I feare not fortune's fatal law :  
My minde is such as may not move  
For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;  
I wander not to seeke for more ;  
I like the plaine, I clime no hill ;  
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;  
I feigne not love where most I hate ;  
I breake no sleepe to winne my will ;  
I wayte not at the mightie's gate.  
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ;  
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath—  
Extreames are counted worst of all ;  
The golden meane betwixt them both  
Dost surest sit, and feares no fall ;  
This is my choyce ; for why, I finde  
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;  
My conscience clere my chiefe defence ;  
I never seeke by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence.  
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
Would all did so as well as I !

WILLIAM BYRD

—♦—  
*MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE  
PASSED.*

My days among the dead are pass'd ;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old ;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe ;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with  
them  
I live in long-past years ;

Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; soon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity,  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

#### THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

SPEAK low! tread softly through these  
halls;

Here Genius lives, enshrined;  
Here reign, in silent majesty,  
The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host they come  
From every age and clime;  
Above the buried wrecks of years  
They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence-chamber here  
They hold their regal state,  
And round them throng a noble train,  
The gifted and the great.

O child of Earth! when round thy path  
The storms of life arise,  
And when thy brothers pass thee by  
With stern, unloving eyes,

Here shall the poets chant for thee  
Their sweetest, loftiest lays,  
And prophets wait to guide thy steps  
In Wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings  
Be thou companion here;  
And in the mighty realm of mind  
Thou shalt go forth a peer!

ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA.

#### THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,  
A wretch forsakes his native land,  
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam  
An endless exile from his home;

Pensive he treads the destined way,  
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;  
Till on some neighboring mountain's  
brow

He stops, and turns his eyes below;  
There, melting at the well-known view,  
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu;  
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,  
Gay Queen of Fancy and of Art,  
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,  
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,  
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,  
How blithesome we were wont to rove  
By verdant hill or shady grove,  
Where fervent bees, with humming  
voice,

Around the honey'd oak rejoice,  
And aged elms with awful bend  
In long cathedral walks extend!  
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,  
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,  
How bless'd my days, my thoughts how  
free

In sweet society with thee!  
Then all was joyous, all was young,  
And years unheeded roll'd along:  
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,  
These scenes must charm me now no  
more;

Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—  
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn  
law,

To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw:  
There selfish Faction rules the day,  
And Pride and Avarice throng the way;  
Diseases taint the murky air,  
And midnight conflagrations glare;  
Loose Revelry and Riot bold  
In frighted streets their orgies hold;  
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,  
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;  
No room for Peace, no room for you,  
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakespeare no more thy sylvan son,  
Nor all the art of Addison,  
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's  
ease,

Nor Milton's mighty self, must please:  
Instead of these, a formal band  
In furs and coifs around me stand;

With sounds uncouth, and accents dry,  
That grate the soul of harmony;  
Each pedant sage unlocks his store  
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;  
And points with tottering hand the ways  
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat,  
Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat;  
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,  
She keeps the wondering world in awe;  
And there, from vulgar sight retired,  
Like Eastern queen, is more admired.

Oh let me pierce the secret shade  
Where dwells the venerable maid!  
There humbly mark, with reverend awe,  
The guardian of Britannia's law;  
Unfold with joy her sacred page,  
Th' united boast of many an age;  
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears  
The wisdom of a thousand years.  
In that pure spring the bottom view,  
Clear, deep, and regularly true;  
And other doctrines thence imbibe  
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;  
Observe how parts with parts unite  
In one harmonious rule of right;  
See countless wheels distinctly tend  
By various laws to one great end:  
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul  
Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,  
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,  
The visage wan, the purblind sight,  
The toil by day, the lamp at night,  
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,  
The pert dispute, the dull debate,  
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,—  
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!  
Thus though my noon of life be past,  
Yet let my setting sun, at last,  
Find out the still, the rural cell,  
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!  
There let me taste the homefelt bliss  
Of innocence and inward peace;  
Untainted by the guilty bribe,  
Uncours'd amid the harpy tribe;  
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;  
My honor and my conscience clear;  
Thus may I calmly meet my end,  
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAP-  
MAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of  
gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms  
seen;

Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his de-  
mesne;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and  
bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild sur-  
mise—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT  
OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave wheré Laura  
lay,

Within that temple, where the vestal  
flame

Was wont to burn; and passing by that way,  
To see that buried dust of living fame,  
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue  
kept,

All suddenly I saw the Faerie Queene;  
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch  
wept,

And, from thenceforth, those Graces were  
not seen;

For they this Queen attended; in whose  
stead

Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:  
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to  
bleed,

And groans of buried ghosts the heavens  
did pierce,

Where Homer's spright did tremble all for  
grief,

And cursed the access of that celestial  
thief!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.



## ODE.

BARDS of passion and of mirth,  
 Ye have left your souls on earth !  
 Have ye souls in Heaven too,  
 Double-lived in regions new ?  
 Yes, and those of Heaven commune  
 With the spheres of sun and moon ;  
 With the noise of fountains wondrous,  
 And the parle of voices thund'rous ;  
 With the whisper of Heaven's trees  
 And one another, in soft ease  
 Seated on Elysian lawns  
 Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;  
 Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
 Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
 And the rose herself has got  
 Perfume which on earth is not ;  
 Where the nightingale doth sing  
 Not a senseless, tranced thing,  
 But divine, melodious truth—  
 Philosophic numbers smooth—  
 Tales and golden histories  
 Of Heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then  
 On the earth ye live again ;  
 And the souls ye left behind you  
 Teach us here the way to find you,  
 Where your other souls are joying,  
 Never slumber'd, never cloying.  
 Here your earth-born souls still speak  
 To mortals, of their little week ;  
 Of their sorrows and delights ;  
 Of their passions and their spites ;  
 Of their glory and their shame ;  
 What doth strengthen and what maim.  
 Thus ye teach us, every day,  
 Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of passion and of mirth,  
 Ye have left your souls on earth !  
 Ye have souls in Heaven too,  
 Double-lived in regions new !

JOHN KEATS.

## SONG.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast ;  
 Still to be powder'd, still perfumed,  
 Lady, it is to be presumed,  
 Though art's hid causes are not found,  
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
 That makes simplicity a grace ;  
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
 Than all the adulteries of art ;  
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

## DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress  
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness :  
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction—  
 An erring lace, which here and there  
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher—  
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
 Ribbons to flow confusedly—  
 A winning wave, deserving note,  
 In the tempestuous petticoat—  
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
 I see a wild civility,—  
 Do more bewitch me than when art  
 Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## THE LACHRYMATORY.

FROM out the grave of one whose budding  
 years  
 Were cropp'd by death when Rome was  
 in her prime,  
 I brought the vial of his kinsman's tears,  
 There placed, as was the wont of ancient  
 time ;  
 Round me, that night, in meads of asphodel,  
 The souls of th' early dead did come and  
 go,  
 Drawn by that flask of grief, as by a spell,  
 That long-imprison'd shower of human  
 woe ;  
 As round Ulysses, for the draught of blood,  
 The heroes throng'd, those spirits flock'd  
 to me,  
 Where, lonely, with that charm of tears I  
 stood ;  
 Two, most of all, my dreaming eyes did  
 see ;  
 The young Marcellus, young, but great  
 and good,  
 And Tully's daughter mourn'd so ten-  
 derly.

CHARLES TURNER.

*AGE AND SONG.*

IN vain men tell us time can alter  
 Old loves or make old memories falter,  
 That with the old year the old year's life  
 closes.  
 The old dew still falls on the old sweet  
 flowers,  
 The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,  
 The old summer rears the new-born roses.

Much more a Muse that bears upon her  
 Raiment and wreath and flower of honor,  
 Gather'd long since and long since woven,  
 Fades not or falls as falls the vernal  
 Blossoms that bear no fruit eternal,  
 By summer or winter charr'd or cloven.

No time casts down, no time upraises  
 Such loves, such memories and such praises,  
 As need no grace of sun or shower,  
 No saving screen from frost or thunder,  
 To tend and house around and under  
 The imperishable and peerless flower.

Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,  
 Outlive men's lives and lives of nations,  
 Dead, but for one thing which survives—  
 The inalienable and unpriced treasure,  
 The old joy of power, the old pride of  
 pleasure,  
 That lives in light above men's lives.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

*BEAUTY FADES.*

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curl'd waves  
 of gold  
 With gentle tides that on your temples  
 flow,  
 Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin  
 snow,  
 Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain en-  
 roll'd.  
 Trust not those shining lights which  
 wrought my woe  
 When first I did their azure rays be-  
 hold,  
 Nor voice, whose sounds more strange ef-  
 fects do show  
 Than of the Thracian harper have been  
 told.

Look to this dying lily, fading rose.  
 Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing  
 beams  
 Made all the neighboring herbs and grass  
 rejoice,  
 And think how little is 'twixt life's ex-  
 tremes :  
 The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers  
 Shall once, ah me ! not spare that spring  
 of yours.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

*SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.*

SHE walks in beauty like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meets in her aspect and her eyes :  
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
 Which waves in every raven tress,  
 Or softly lightens o'er her face—  
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-  
 place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

*THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.*

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
 The village smithy stands ;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;  
 His face is like the tan ;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat ;  
 He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow;  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
 With measured beat and slow,  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell  
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
 Look in at the open door;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
 And sits among his boys;  
 He hears the parson pray and preach,  
 He hears his daughter's voice  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice  
 Singing in Paradise!  
 He needs must think of her once more,  
 How in the grave she lies;  
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—  
 Onward through life he goes:  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close;  
 Something attempted—something done,  
 Has earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught!  
 Thus at the flaming forge of Life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought,  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### SONNET: THE FIRST MAN.

WHAT was't awakened first the untried  
 ear  
 Of that sole man who was all humankind?  
 Was it the glad some welcome of the wind,  
 Stirring the leaves that never yet were  
 sere?  
 The four mellifluous streams which flowed  
 so near,

Their lulling murmurs all in one com-  
 bined?

The note of bird unnamed? The startled  
 hind

Bursting the brake, in wonder, not in fear,  
 Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground  
 Send forth mysterious melody to greet  
 The gracious presence of immaculate feet?  
 Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,  
 Making sweet music out of air as sweet?  
 Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

### STANZAS.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair  
 As aught of mortal birth;  
 And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
 Too soon return'd to earth!  
 Though Earth received them in her bed,  
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
 In carelessness or mirth,  
 There is an eye which could not brook  
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
 Nor gaze upon the spot;  
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
 So I behold them not:  
 It is enough for me to prove  
 That what I loved, and long must love,  
 Like common earth can rot;  
 To me there needs no stone to tell,  
 'Tis nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last  
 As fervently as thou,  
 Who didst not change through all the past.  
 And canst not alter now.  
 The love where death has set his seal,  
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
 Nor falsehood disavow:  
 And what were worse, thou canst not see  
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;  
 The worst can be but mine;  
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers.  
 Shall never more be thine.  
 The silence of that dreamless sleep  
 I envy now too much to weep;  
 Nor need I to repine  
 That all those charms have pass'd away,  
 I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd  
 Must fall the earliest prey;  
 Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,  
 The leaves must drop away:  
 And yet it were a greater grief  
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
 Than see it pluck'd to-day;  
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
 To see thy beauties fade;  
 The night that follow'd such a morn  
 Had worn a deeper shade:  
 Thy day without a cloud hath past,  
 And thou wert lovely to the last;  
 Extinguish'd, not decay'd;  
 As stars that shoot along the sky  
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
 My tears might well be shed,  
 To think I was not near to keep  
 One vigil o'er thy bed;  
 To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,  
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
 Uphold thy drooping head;  
 And show that love, however vain,  
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
 Though thou hast left me free,  
 The loveliest things that still remain,  
 Than thus remember thee!  
 The all of thine that cannot die  
 Through dark and dread eternity  
 Returns again to me,  
 And more thy buried love endears  
 Than aught, except its living years.

LORD BYRON.

*OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S  
 BLOOM.*

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom  
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;  
 But on thy turf shall roses rear  
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year;  
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,

And feed deep thought with many a dream,  
 And lingering pause and lightly tread:  
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd  
 the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,  
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress.  
 Will this unteach us to complain?  
 Or make one mourner weep the less?  
 And thou—who tell'st me to forget,  
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.

*THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO'  
 ROLLING DRUMS.*

THY voice is heard thro' rolling drums,  
 That beat to battle where he stands;  
 Thy face across his fancy comes,  
 And gives the battle to his hands:  
 A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
 He sees his brood about thy knee;  
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.*

How sweet it were, if without feeble  
 fright,  
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
 An angel came to us, and we could bear  
 To see him issue from the silent air  
 At evening in our room, and bend on  
 ours  
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his  
 bowers  
 News of dear friends, and children who  
 have never  
 Been dead indeed—as we shall know for  
 ever.  
 Alas! we think not what we daily see  
 About our hearths—angels that are to  
 be,  
 Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;  
 A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart  
 sings  
 In unison with ours, breeding its future  
 wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

## C'HORUS.

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

BEFORE the beginning of years  
 There came to the making of man  
 Time, with a gift of tears;  
 Grief, with a glass that ran;  
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven;  
 Summer, with flowers that fell;  
 Remembrance, fallen from heaven;  
 And madness risen from hell;  
 Strength, without hands to snite;  
 Love, that endures for a breath;  
 Night, the shadow of light,  
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand  
 Fire, and the falling of tears,  
 And a measure of sliding sand  
 From under the feet of the years;  
 And froth and drift of the sea;  
 And dust of the laboring earth;  
 And bodice of things to be  
 In the houses of death and of birth;  
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
 And fashion'd with loathing and love,  
 With life before and after,  
 And death beneath and above,  
 For a day and a night and a morrow,  
 That his strength might endure for a span  
 With travail and heavy sorrow,  
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south  
 They gather'd as unto strife;  
 They breathed upon his mouth,  
 They fill'd his body with life;  
 Eyesight and speech they wrought  
 For the veils of the soul therein,  
 A time for labor and thought,  
 A time to serve and to sin;  
 They gave him light in his ways,  
 And love, and a space for delight,  
 And beauty and length of days,  
 And night, and sleep in the night.  
 His speech is a burning fire;  
 With his lips he travaileth;  
 In his heart is a blind desire,  
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;  
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;  
 Sows, and he shall not reap;  
 His life is a watch or a vision  
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalm'd at eve, that lay  
 With canvas drooping, side by side,  
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day,  
 Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried;  
 When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
 And all the darkling hours they plied,  
 Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas  
 By each was cleaving, side by side:  
 E'en so,—but why the tale reveal  
 Of those whom, year by year unchanged,  
 Brief absence join'd anew to feel,  
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were fill'd,  
 And onward each rejoicing steer'd:  
 Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd,  
 Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
 Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,  
 Through winds and tides one compass  
 guides,—  
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But, O blithe breeze, and O great seas,  
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
 On your wide plain they join again,  
 Together lead them home at last!

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,  
 At last, at last, unite them there.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BEL-  
ZONTS EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walk'd about (how strange  
 a story!)  
 In Thebes' streets three thousand years  
 ago,  
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
 And time had not begun to overthrow  
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupen-  
 dous,  
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous?  
 Speak! for thou long enough hast acted  
 dummy;  
 Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear  
 its tune;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground,  
mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon—  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied crea-  
tures,

But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs,  
and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recol-  
lect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's  
fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either pyramid that bears his name?  
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by  
Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—  
Then say what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise  
play'd?

Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my  
struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its  
juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinion'd flat,  
Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass  
to glass;

Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat;  
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido  
pass;

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when  
arm'd,

Has any Roman soldier maul'd and  
knuckled;

For thou wert dead, and buried, and em-  
balm'd

Ere Romulus and Remus had been  
suckled:

Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop—if that wither'd  
tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs  
have seen—

How the world look'd when it was fresh  
and young,  
And the great deluge still had left it  
green;

Or was it then so old that history's pages  
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy  
vows;

But prythee tell us something of thyself—  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast  
slumber'd—

What hast thou seen—what strange adven-  
tures-number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box ex-  
tended

We have, above ground, seen some  
strange mutations;

The Roman empire has begun and ended—  
New worlds have risen—we have lost  
old nations;

And countless kings have into dust been  
humbled,

While not a fragment of thy flesh has  
crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy  
head

When the great Persian conqueror, Cam-  
byses,

March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thun-  
dering tread—

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;

And shook the pyramids with fear and  
wonder,

When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,  
The nature of thy private life unfold:

A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern  
breast,

And tears adown that dusty cheek have  
roll'd;

Have children climb'd those knees and  
kiss'd that face?

What was thy name and station, age and  
race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!  
Imperishable type of evanescence!

Posthumous man—who quitt'st thy narrow bed,  
And standest undecay'd within our presence!

Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,

When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,

If its undying guest be lost for ever?

Oh! let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure

In living virtue—that when both must sever,

Although corruption may our frame consume,

The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

#### ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness!  
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time!

Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme!

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? what maidens loath?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on—

Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal; yet do not grieve—

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu:

And, happy melodist, unwearièd,

For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

For ever panting and for ever young;

All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,

A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea-shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed;

Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought,

As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is  
all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to  
know.

JOHN KEATS.

—o—  
*THE MEN OF OLD.*

I KNOW not that the men of old  
Were better than men now,  
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,  
Of more ingenuous brow;  
I heed not those who pine for force  
A ghost of time to raise,  
As if they thus could check the course  
Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over-true,  
That I delight to close  
This book of life self-wise and new,  
And let my thoughts repose  
On all that humble happiness  
The world has since foregone,—  
The daylight of contentedness  
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scann'd,  
Enjoy'd as far as known,  
With will, by no reverse unmann'd,  
With pulse of even tone,  
They from to-day, and from to-night,  
Expected nothing more  
Than yesterday and yesternight  
Had proffer'd them before.

To them was life a simple art  
Of duties to be done,  
A game where each man took his part,  
A race where all must run;  
A battle whose great scheme and scope  
They little cared to know,  
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope  
Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem  
Puts on, and proudly wears,—  
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to  
them  
Like instincts unawares;  
Blending their souls' sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest deeds  
As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound  
They did not probe and bare,  
For that their spirits never swoon'd  
To watch the misery there,—  
For that their love but flow'd more fast,  
Their charities more free,  
Not conscious what mere drops they cast  
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,  
Lie close about his feet;  
It is the distant and the dim  
That we are sick to greet;  
For flowers that grow our hands beneath  
We struggle and aspire,—  
Our hearts must die, except they breathe  
The air of fresh desire.

Yet, brothers, who up reason's hill  
Advance with hopeful cheer,—  
Oh, loiter not, those heights are chill,  
As chill as they are clear;  
And still restrain your haughty gaze  
The loftier that ye go,  
Remembering distance leaves a haze  
On all that lies below.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES  
(LORD HOUGHTON).

—o—  
*OH! THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD.*

OH! the pleasant days of old, which so of-  
ten people praise!  
True, they wanted all the luxuries that  
grace our modern days:

Bare floors were strew'd with rushes—the  
walls let in the cold;  
Oh! how they must have shiver'd in those  
pleasant days of old!

Oh! those ancient lords of old, how mag-  
nificent they were!  
They threw down and imprison'd kings—  
to thwart them who might dare?  
They ruled their serfs right sternly; they  
took from Jews their gold—  
Above both law and equity were those  
great lords of old!

Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their  
valor so renown'd!  
With sword and lance, and armor strong,  
they scour'd the country round;



And whenever aught to tempt them they  
met by wood or wold,  
By right of sword they seized the prize—  
those gallant knights of old!

Oh! the gentle dames of old! who, quite  
free from fear or pain,  
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and  
see their champions slain;  
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale,  
which made them strong and bold—  
Oh! more like men than women were  
those gentle dames of old!

Oh! those mighty towers of old! with  
their turrets, moat, and keep,  
Their battlements and bastions, their dun-  
geons dark and deep.  
Full many a baron held his court within  
the castle hold;  
And many a captive languish'd there, in  
those strong towers of old.

Oh! the troubadours of old! with their  
gentle minstrelsie  
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, which-  
e'er their lot might be—  
For years they served their lady-love ere  
they their passions told—  
Oh! wondrous patience must have had  
those troubadours of old!

Oh! those blessed times of old! with their  
chivalry and state;  
I love to read their chronicles, which such  
brave deeds relate;  
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear  
their legends told—  
But, Heaven be thank'd! I live not in  
those blessed times of old!

FRANCES BROWNE.

### IS IT COME?

Is it come? they said, on the banks of the  
Nile,  
Who look'd for the world's long-promised  
day,  
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil,  
With the desert's sand and the granite  
grav.

From the pyramid, temple, and treasured  
dead,

We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;  
They tell us of the tyrant's dread—  
Yet there was hope when that day be-  
gan.

The Chaldee came, with his starry lore,  
And built up Babylon's crown and creed;  
And brick were stamp'd on the Tigris  
shore  
With signs which our sages scarce can  
read.

From Ninus' temple, and Nimrod's tower,  
The rule of the old East's empire spread  
Unreasoning faith and unquestion'd pow-  
er—  
But still, Is it come? the watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipp'd  
flame,  
The ancient bondage its splendor threw;  
And once, on the West a sunrise came,  
When Greece to her freedom's trust was  
true;

With dreams to the utmost ages dear,  
With human gods, and with god-like  
men,  
No marvel the far-off day seem'd near  
To eyes that look'd through her laurels  
then.

The Romans conquer'd, and revell'd too,  
Till honor, and faith, and power, were  
gone;  
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew,  
As, wave after wave, the Goth came on.  
The gown was learning, the sword was  
law;  
The people served in the oxen's stead;  
But ever some gleam the watcher saw,  
And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and Seer that question caught,  
Above the din of life's fears and frets;  
It march'd with letters, it toil'd with  
thought,  
Through schools and creeds which the  
earth forgets.  
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,  
And traders barter our world away—  
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,  
And still, at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace  
 Of all the sunshine so far foretold;  
 The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—  
 The age is weary with work and gold;  
 And high hopes wither, and memories  
 wane;  
 On hearths and altars the fires are dead;  
 But that brave faith hath not lived in  
 vain—  
 And this is all that our watcher said.

FRANCES BROWNE.

CONTENT. A PASTORAL.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,  
 and bare,  
 As 'wilder'd and wearied I roam,  
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair  
 And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home:  
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage  
 had crown'd,  
 Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,  
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly  
 round,  
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sate ourselves down to a cooling repast,  
 Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best;  
 While thrown from my guard by some  
 glances she cast,  
 Love slyly stole into my breast!  
 I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied,  
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)  
 I've rich ones rejected, and great ones  
 denied,  
 But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek;  
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms!  
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her  
 cheek,  
 And lock'd the loved maid in my arms.  
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
 And if, by yon prattler, the stream,  
 Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,  
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,  
 Delighted with pastoral views,  
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet  
 distils,  
 And point out new themes for my Muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,  
 The damsel's of humble descent;  
 The cottager, Peace, is well known for her  
 sire,  
 And shepherds have named her Content.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

SONNET WRITTEN ON A BLANK  
 LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

DEEM not devoid of elegance the sage,  
 By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,  
 Of painful pedantry the poring child,  
 Who turns of these proud domes the historic  
 page,  
 Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.  
 Think'st thou the warbling Muses never  
 smiled  
 On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage  
 His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely  
 styled,  
 Intent. While cloistered Piety displays  
 Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores  
 New manners, and the pomp of elder days,  
 Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured  
 stores,  
 Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways  
 Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers,

THOMAS WARTON.

GIVE ME THE OLD—

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN,  
 OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS  
 TO CONVERSE WITH.

OLD wine to drink!—  
 Ay, give the slippery juice  
 That drippeth from the grape thrown loose  
 Within the tun;  
 Pluck'd from beneath the cliff  
 Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,  
 And ripen'd 'neath the blink  
 Of India's sun!  
 Peat whiskey hot,  
 Temper'd with well-boil'd water!  
 These make the long night shorter,—  
 Forgetting not  
 Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!—  
 Ay, bring the hill-side beech  
 From where the owlets meet and screech,  
   And ravens croak;  
 The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;  
 Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,  
   Dug 'neath the fern;  
   The knotted oak,  
   A fagot too, perhaps,  
 Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,  
 Shall light us at our drinking;  
   While the oozing sap  
 Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!—  
 Ay, bring those nodes of wit,  
 The brazen-clasp'd, the vellum writ,  
   Time-honor'd tomes!  
 The same my sire scann'd before,  
 The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er,  
 The same his sire from college bore,  
   The well-earn'd meed  
   Of Oxford's domes:  
   Old Homer blind,  
 Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by  
 Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;  
 Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,  
 Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!  
 And Gervase Markham's venerie—  
   Nor leave behind  
 The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!—  
 Ay, bring those chosen few,  
 The wise, the courtly, and the true,  
   So rarely found;  
 Him for my wine, him for my stud,  
 Him for my easel, distich, bud  
   In mountain-walk!  
   Bring Walter good:  
 With soulful Fred; and learn'd Will,  
 And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still  
   For every mood).  
 These add a bouquet to my wine!  
 These add a sparkle to my pine!  
   If these I time,  
   Can books, or fire, or wine be good?  
                     ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

### THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 We may not live to see the day,  
 But earth shall glisten in the ray  
   Of the good time coming.

Cannon-balls may aid the truth,  
 But thought's a weapon stronger;  
 We'll win our battle by its aid;—  
   *Wait a little longer.*

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 The pen shall supersede the sword,  
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord.  
   In the good time coming.  
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,  
   And be acknowledged stronger;  
 The proper impulse has been given;—  
   *Wait a little longer.*

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 War in all men's eyes shall be  
 A monster of iniquity  
   In the good time coming.  
 Nations shall not quarrel then,  
   To prove which is the stronger;  
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—  
   *Wait a little longer.*

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 Hateful rivalries of creed  
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed  
   In the good time coming.  
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,  
   And flourish all the stronger;  
 And Charity shall trim her lamp;—  
   *Wait a little longer.*

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 The people shall be temperate,  
 And shall love instead of hate,  
   In the good time coming.  
 They shall use, and not abuse,  
   And make all virtue stronger;—  
 The reformation has begun;—  
   *Wait a little longer.*

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 Let us aid it all we can,  
 Every woman, every man,  
   The good time coming.  
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,  
   Make the impulse stronger;—  
 'Twill be strong enough one day;—  
   *Wait a little longer.*

CHARLES MACKAY.

*A PETITION TO TIME.*

TOUCH us gently, Time!

Let us glide adown thy stream

Gently,—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream!

Humble voyagers are we,

Husband, wife, and children three,—

(One is lost,—an angel, fled

To the azure overhead).

Touch us gently, Time!

We've not proud nor soaring wings;

Our ambition, our content,

Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we

O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,

Seeking only some calm clime;—

Touch us gently, gentle Time!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
(BARRY CORNWALL).

*THE AGED MAN-AT-ARMS.*

HIS golden locks time hath to silver turn'd;

O time too swift, O swiftness never  
ceasing!

HIS 'youth 'gainst time and age hath ever  
spurn'd,

But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by  
increasing:

Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but  
fading seen,

Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

HIS helmet now shall make a hive for  
bees,

And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy  
psalms,

A man-at-arms must now serve on his  
knees,

And feed on prayers, which are old  
age's alms;

But though from court to cottage he de-  
part,

His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
He'll teach his swains this carol for a  
song:

"Bless'd be the hearts that wish my sov-  
ereign well,

Cursed be the souls that think her any  
wrong!"

Goddess, allow this aged man his right,  
To be your beadsman now that was your  
knight.

GEORGE PEELE.

*THE ONE GRAY HAIR.*

THE wisest of the wise

Listen to pretty lies,

And love to hear 'em told;

Doubt not that Solomon

Listen'd to many a one,—

Some in his youth, and more when he  
grew old.

I never sat among

The choir of Wisdom's song,

But pretty lies loved I

As much as any king—

When youth was on the wing,

And (must it then be told?) when youth  
had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not

The pleasant hour forgot,

When one pert lady said,

"O Walter! I am quite

Bewilder'd with affright!

I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your  
head!"

Another, more benign,

Snipt it away from mine,

And in her own dark hair

Pretended it was found. . . .

She leapt, and twirl'd it round.

Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*I'M GROWING OLD.*

MY days pass pleasantly away,

My nights are bless'd with sweetest  
sleep;

I feel no symptoms of decay,

I have no cause to mourn nor weep;

My foes are impotent and shy,

My friends are neither false nor cold,

And yet, of late, I often sigh,—

I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,

My growing thirst for early news

My growing apathy for rhymes,  
 My growing love for easy shoes,  
 My growing hate of crowds and noise,  
 My growing fear of taking cold,  
 All whisper, in the plainest voice,  
 I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,  
 I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,  
 I'm growing fainter in my laugh,  
 I'm growing deeper in my sighs,  
 I'm growing careless of my dress,  
 I'm growing frugal of my gold,  
 I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—  
 I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste,  
 I see it in my changing hair,  
 I see it in my growing waist,  
 I see it in my growing heir;  
 A thousand signs proclaim the truth,  
 As plain as truth was ever told,  
 That even in my vaunted youth  
 I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe  
 The tale in my reluctant ears;  
 And every boon the Hours bequeath  
 But makes me debtor to the Years;  
 E'en Flattery's honey'd words declare  
 The secret she would fain withhold,  
 And tells me in "How young you are!"  
 I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight  
 My sombre muse too sadly sings;  
 Thanks for the gleams of golden light  
 That tint the darkness of their wings,—  
 The light that beams from out the sky,  
 Those heavenly mansions to unfold,  
 Where all are blest, and none may sigh,  
 "I'm growing old!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

## SONNET.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were, when first your eye I  
 eyed,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three win-  
 ters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three sum-  
 mers' pride;

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn  
 turn'd,  
 In process of the seasons have I seen;  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes  
 burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are  
 green.  
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace per-  
 ceived;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still  
 doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be de-  
 ceived:  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age un-  
 bred,—  
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer  
 dead.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## SONNET.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the  
 time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous  
 night;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with  
 white;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And Summer's green all girded up in  
 sheaves,  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly  
 beard;  
 Then, of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time  
 must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves  
 forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow;  
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can  
 make defence,  
 Save breed, to brave him, when he takes  
 thee hence.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## SONNET.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments  
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful  
 rhyme;

But you shall shine more bright in these contents

Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,

Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn

The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity

Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still find room

Even in the eyes of all posterity,

That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

OH, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,

By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

The canker blooms have full as deep a dye,  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;

Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their mask'd

buds discloses ;

But, for their virtue only is their show,

They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;

Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made :

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, my verse distills  
your truth.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought

I summon up remembrance of things past,

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,

And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.

Then, can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,

And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,

And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er

The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,  
Which I new pay, as if not paid before ;

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,

All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

LIKE as the waves make toward the pebbled shore

So do our minutes hasten to their end ;

Each changing place with that which goes before,

In sequent toil all forward do contend.

Nativity once in the main of light

Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,

And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,

And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;

Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,

Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,

Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion  
spend?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's  
end?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's  
loss,

And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no  
more:—

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on  
men,  
And death once dead, there's no more dy-  
ing then.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—  
*SONNET.*

THEY that have power to hurt, and will  
do none,

That do not do the thing they most do  
show,

Who, moving others, are themselves as  
stone,

Unmoved, cold, and to temptation  
slow,—

They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,  
And husband Nature's riches from ex-  
pense;

They are the lords and owners of their  
faces,

Others, but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer  
sweet,

Though to itself it only live and die;

But if that flower with base infection meet,

The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their  
deeds;

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

—♦—  
*AWAKENING SONG.*

FLY hence, shadows, that do keep  
Watchful sorrows, charmed in sleep!  
Though the eyes be overtaken,  
Yet the heart doth ever waken  
Thoughts, chained up in busy snares  
Of continual woes and cares:

Love and griefs are so exprest,  
As they rather sigh than rest.  
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep  
Watchful sorrows, charmed in sleep.

JOHN FORD.

—♦—  
*TO THE MUSES.*

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow  
Or in the chambers of the East,  
The chambers of the sun, that now,  
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair  
Or the green corners of the earth,  
Or the blue regions of the air,  
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,  
Beneath the bosom of the sea  
Wandering in many a coral grove,  
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love  
That bards of old enjoyed in you!  
The languid strings do scarcely move,  
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

—♦—  
*TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER.*

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so,  
With thy delicious numbers,  
That being ravished, hence I go  
Away in easy slumbers.  
Ease my sick head,  
And make my bed,  
Thou power that canst sever  
From me this ill,  
And quickly still,  
Though thou not kill  
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire,  
Into a gentle-licking flame,  
And make it thus expire.  
Then make me weep  
My pains asleep,  
And give me such repose,  
That I, poor I,  
May think thereby,  
I live, and die  
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew  
 Or like those maiden showers,  
 Which, by the peep of day, do strew  
 A baptism o'er the flowers.  
 Melt, melt my pains,  
 With thy soft strains,  
 That having ease me given,  
 With full delight,  
 I leave this light,  
 And take my flight  
 For heaven.

ROBERT HERRICK.

*THE LAST LEAF.*

I SAW him once before,  
 As he pass'd by the door;  
 And again  
 The pavement-stones resound  
 As he totters o'er the ground  
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
 Cut him down,  
 Not a better man was found  
 By the crier on his round  
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
 And he looks at all he meets  
 Sad and wan;  
 And he shakes his feeble head,  
 That it seems as if he said,  
 "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
 On the lips that he has press'd  
 In their bloom;  
 And the names he loved to hear  
 Have been carved for many a year  
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
 Poor old lady! she is dead  
 Long ago—  
 That he had a Roman nose,  
 And his cheek was like a rose  
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
 And it rests upon his chin  
 Like a staff;  
 And a crook is in his back,  
 And a melancholy crack  
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
 For me to sit and grin  
 At him here,  
 But the old three-corner'd hat,  
 And the breeches,—and all that,  
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
 The last leaf upon the tree  
 In the spring,  
 Let them smile, as I do now,  
 At the old forsaken bough  
 Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*ODE ON SOLITUDE.*

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care  
 A few paternal acres bound,  
 Content to breathe his native air  
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with  
 bread,  
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;  
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
 In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away  
 In health of body, peace of mind,  
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease  
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation,  
 And innocence, which most does please  
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;  
 Thus unlamented let me die;  
 Steal from the world, and not a stone  
 Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

*TO MY PICTURE.*

WHEN age hath made me what I am not  
 now,  
 And every wrinkle tells me where the  
 plough  
 Of Time hath furrow'd; when an ice shall  
 flow  
 Through every vein, and all my head be  
 snow;



When Death displays his coldness in my  
cheek,

And I myself in my own picture seek,  
Not finding what I am, but what I was,  
In doubt which to believe—this or my  
glass;

Yet though I alter, this remains the same  
As it was drawn, retains the primitive  
frame

And first complexion; here will still be seen  
Blood on the cheek and down upon the chin;  
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively  
eye,

The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.  
Behold what frailty we in man may see,  
Whose shadow is less given to change than  
he!

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

#### CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

CRABBED age and youth

Cannot live together;

Youth is full of pleasance,

Age is full of care;

Youth like summer morn,

Age like winter weather;

Youth like summer brave,

Age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport,

Age's breath is short;

Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold,

Age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee,

Youth, I do adore thee;

Oh, my love, my love is young!

Age, I do defy thee;

O sweet shepherd! hie thee,

For methinks thou stay'st too long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

#### LIFE.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by:

Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie

My life within this band.

But time did beckon to the flowers, and  
they

By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my  
heart;

I took, without more thinking, in good  
part,

Time's gentle admonition;

Who did so sweetly death's sad taste con-  
vey,

Making my mind to smell my fatal day,

Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time  
ye spent,

Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,  
And after death for cures.

I follow straight without complaints or  
grief,

Since, if my scent be good, I care not if

It be as short as yours.

GEORGE HERBERT.

#### THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the  
plain,

Where health and plenty cheer'd the  
laboring swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit  
paid,

And parting summer's lingering blooms  
delay'd—

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and  
ease,

Seats of my youth, when every sport could  
please—

How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endear'd each  
scene;

How often have I paused on every  
charm—

The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,

The decent church that topt the neighbor-  
ing hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath  
the shade

For talking age and whispering lovers  
made;

How often have I blest the coming day,

When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,

And all the village train, from labor free,

Led up their sports beneath the spreading  
tree;

While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 The young contending as the old survey'd;  
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;  
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:  
 The dancing pair, that simply sought renown  
 By holding out, to tire each other down;  
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,  
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;  
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:  
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;  
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet-smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green;  
 One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;  
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:  
 For him light Labor spread her wholesome store—  
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more;  
 His best companions, innocence and health;  
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train  
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;  
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;  
 And every want to opulence allied,  
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
 Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green,—  
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds  
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd  
 grounds,  
 And, many a year elapsed, return to  
 view  
 Where once the cottage stood, the haw-  
 thorn grew,  
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy  
 train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to  
 pain.

In all my wanderings round this world  
 of care,  
 In all my griefs—and God has given my  
 share—  
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me  
 down ;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting by re-  
 pose ;  
 I still had hopes—for pride attends us  
 still—  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-  
 learn'd skill,  
 Around my fire an evening group to  
 draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;  
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns  
 pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first she  
 flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's de-  
 cline!  
 Retreats from care, that never must be  
 mine!  
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like  
 these,  
 A youth of labor with an age of ease ;  
 Who quits a world where strong tempta-  
 tions try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to  
 fly.  
 For him no wretches, born to work and  
 weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous  
 deep ;  
 No surly porter stands, in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;

But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 While Resignation gently slopes the way ;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the  
 last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be  
 past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at even-  
 ing's close  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;  
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and  
 slow,  
 The mingling notes came soften'd from  
 below :  
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their  
 young,  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from  
 school,  
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whis-  
 pering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant  
 mind,—  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the  
 shade,  
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had  
 made.  
 But now the sounds of population fail ;  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the  
 gale ;  
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway  
 tread,  
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled—  
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,  
 That feebly bends beside the plashy  
 spring ;  
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for  
 bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses  
 spread,  
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till  
 morn,—  
 She only left of all the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the gar-  
 den smiled,  
 And still where many 'a garden-flower  
 grows wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place  
disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a  
year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to  
change, his place;  
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying  
hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to  
prize—  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to  
rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant  
train;  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved  
their pain.  
The long-remember'd beggar was his  
guest,  
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged  
breast;  
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer  
proud,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims  
allow'd;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night  
away—  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow  
done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how  
fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man  
learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to  
scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his  
pride;  
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's  
side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt  
for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the  
skies,

He tried each art, reprov'd each dull  
delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the  
way.

Beside the bed where parting life was  
laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dis-  
may'd,  
The reverend champion stood. At his  
control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling  
soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch  
to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whisper'd  
praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected  
grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double  
sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to  
pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
E'en children follow'd with endearing  
wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good  
man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-  
press'd;  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares  
distress'd;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs  
were given—  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in  
heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves  
the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds  
are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts  
the way,  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view—  
I knew him well, and every truant knew;

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
 Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited  
   glee,  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he  
   frown'd ;  
 Yet he was kind—or, if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
 The village all declared how much he  
   knew ;  
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher  
   too ;  
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides  
   presage,  
 And e'en the story ran that he could  
   gauge.  
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his  
   skill,  
 For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could  
   argue still ;  
 While words of learn'd length and thun-  
   dering sound  
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;  
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder  
   grew,  
 That one small head could carry all he  
   knew.  
 But past is all his fame ; the very spot,  
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is for-  
   got.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on  
   high,  
 Where once the sign-post caught the pass-  
   ing eye,  
 Low lies that house where nut-brown  
   draughts inspired,  
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil  
   retired,  
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks  
   profound,  
 And news much older than their ale went  
   round.  
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
 The parlor splendors of that festive place :  
 The whitewash'd wall, the nicely-sanded  
   floor, .  
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind  
   the door,

The chest contrived a double debt to pay—  
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,  
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of  
   goose ;  
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the  
   day,  
 With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel  
   gay ;  
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for  
   show,  
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a  
   row.

Vain, transitory splendors ! could not all  
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its  
   fall ?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's  
   heart ;  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's  
   tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall pre-  
   vail ;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall  
   clear,  
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to  
   hear ;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud dis-  
   dain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm than all the gloss of art.  
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its  
   play,  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born  
   sway ;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined ;  
 But the long pomp, the midnight mas-  
   querade,  
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth ar-  
   ray'd—  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish ob-  
   tain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;

And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay!  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand

Between a splendid and a happy land.  
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,

And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;

Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,

And rich men flock from all the world around.

Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name,

That leaves our useful products still the same.

Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride

Takes up a space that many poor supplied—

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds—

Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;

The robe that wraps his limbs in silken cloth

Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;

Around the world each needful product flies,

For all the luxuries the world supplies;  
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,

In barren splendor, feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,

Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,

Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,

Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;

But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—

When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress:  
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd:  
In Nature's simplest charms at first array'd;

But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land

The mournful peasant leads his humble band;

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,

The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside

To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,

He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,

Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,

And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there?  
To see profusion that he must not share;

To see ten thousand baneful arts combined

To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;  
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know

Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.  
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,

There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;

Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,

Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;

Tamultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square—

The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!

Sure these denote one universal joy!  
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn  
thine eyes

Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies;

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:

Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled—

Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,

And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour

When, idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn—thine the loveliest train—

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,

At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,

Where half the convex world intrudes between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.  
Far different there, from all that charm'd before,

The various terrors of that horrid shore:  
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,

And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,

And savage men more murderous still than they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.

Far different these from every former scene—

The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day

That call'd them from their native walks away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain

For seats like these beyond the western main,

And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,

Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!

The good old sire the first prepared to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his helpless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,

And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;

And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,

And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief

In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,  
How ill exchanged are things like these  
for thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness  
grown

Boast of a florid vigor not their own.  
At every draught more large and large  
they grow,

A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;  
Till, sapp'd their strength and every part  
unsound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin  
round.

Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done;  
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I  
stand,

I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads  
the sail

That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale—  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the  
strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness are there;  
And piety with wishes placed above,  
And steady loyalty and faithful love.  
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest  
maid,

Still first to fly where sensual joys invade—  
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest  
fame;

Dear, charming nymph, neglected and de-  
cied,

My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!  
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe—  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st  
me so;

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts  
excel,

Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!  
Farewell!—and oh! where'er thy voice be  
tried,

On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side—  
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in  
snow—

Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive  
strain,

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
Teach him that states, of native strength  
possest,

Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift  
decay,

As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

*I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO  
GRACEFULLY CURLED.*

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully  
curl'd

Above the green elms, that a cottage  
was near,

And I said, "If there's peace to be found  
in the world,

A heart that is humble might hope for  
it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd  
around

In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;  
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a  
sound

But the woodpecker tapping the hollow  
beech tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I  
exclaim'd,

"With a maid who was lovely to soul  
and to eye,

Who would blush when I praised her, and  
weep if I blamed,

How blest could I live, and how calm  
could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumac, whose red  
berry dips

In the gush of the fountain, how sweet  
to recline,

And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent  
lips,

Which had never been sigh'd on by any  
but mine!"

THOMAS MOORE.



*NEVER AGAIN.*

THERE are gains for all our losses,  
 There are balms for all our pain :  
 But when youth, the dream, departs,  
 It takes something from our hearts,  
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
 Under manhood's sterner reign :  
 Still we feel that something sweet  
 Follow'd youth, with flying feet,  
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanish'd,  
 And we sigh for it in vain :  
 We behold it everywhere,  
 On the earth and in the air,  
 But it never comes again !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

*SONNET: TO HIS FAIR IDEA.*

IN pride of wit, when high desire of fame  
 Gave life and courage to my laboring pen,  
 And first the sound and virtue of my name  
 Won grace and credit in the ears of men ;  
 With those the throng'd theatres that press,  
 I in the circuit for the laurel strove,  
 Where, the full praise, I freely must confess,  
 In heat of blood, a modest mind might move.

With shouts and claps, at every little pause,  
 When the proud round on every side hath rung,

Sadly I sit unmoved with the applause,  
 As though to me it nothing did belong :  
 Not public glory vainly I pursue ;  
 The praise I strive, is to eternize you.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

*ROSE AYLMER.*

AH, what avails the sceptred race,  
 Ah, what the form divine !  
 What every virtue, every grace !  
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.  
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
 May weep, but never see,  
 A night of memories and of sighs  
 I consecrate to thee.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*BALLAD OF THE UNATTAINABLE.*

THE books I cannot hope to buy,  
 Their phantoms round me waltz and wheel,  
 They pass before the dreaming eye,  
 Ere Sleep the dreaming eye can seal.  
 A kind of literary reel  
 They dance ; but fair the bindings shine.  
 Prose cannot tell them what I feel,—  
 The Books that never can be mine !

INCUNABLES ! for you I sigh,  
 Morocco clad from head to heel ;  
 Shaksperian quartos ; Comedy  
 As first she flashed from Richard Steele ;  
 And quaint De Foe or Mrs. Veal ;  
 And, lord of landing net and line,  
 Old Izaak with his fishing creel,—  
 The Books that never can be mine !

INCUNABLES ! for you I sigh,  
 Black letter, at thy founts I kneel ;  
 Old tales of Perrault's nursery,  
 For you I'd go without a meal !  
 For Books wherein did Aldus deal  
 And rare Galiot du Pré I pine,  
 The watches of the night reveal  
 The Books that never can be mine !

*ENVOY.*

PRINCE, hear a hopeless Bard's appeal ;  
 Reverse the rules of Mine and Thine ;  
 Make it legitimate to steal  
 The Books that never can be mine !

ANDREW LANG.

*THOSE EVENING BELLS.*

THOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !  
 How many a tale their music tells  
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
 When last I heard their soothing chime !

THOSE joyous hours are pass'd away ;  
 And many a heart that then was gay  
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
 And hears no more those evening bells.

AND so 'twill be when I am gone,—  
 That tuneful peal will still ring on ;  
 While other bards shall walk these dells,  
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

## THE BELLS.

## I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells,—  
 Silver bells,—  
 What a world of merriment their melody  
 foretells !  
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 In the icy air of night !  
 While the stars that oversprinkle  
 All the heavens seem to twinkle  
 With a crystalline delight,—  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically  
 wells  
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells,—  
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the  
 bells.

## II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,—  
 Golden bells !  
 What a world of happiness their harmony  
 foretells !  
 Through the balmy air of night  
 How they ring out their delight !  
 From the molten-golden notes,  
 And all in tune,  
 What a liquid ditty floats  
 To the turtle-dove that listens while she  
 gloats  
 On the moon !  
 Oh, from out the sounding cells  
 What a gush of euphony voluminously  
 wells !

How it swells !  
 How it dwells  
 On the Future ! how it tells  
 Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells,—  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the  
 bells.

## III.

Hear the loud alarum-bells,—  
 Brazen bells !  
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbu-  
 lency tells !

In the startled ear of night  
 How they scream out their affright !  
 Too much horrified to speak,  
 They can only shriek, shriek,  
 Out of tune,  
 In the clamorous appealing to the mercy  
 of the fire,  
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and  
 frantic fire  
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
 With a desperate desire,  
 And a resolute endeavor,  
 Now—now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
 Oh the bells, bells, bells,  
 What a tale their terror tells  
 Of despair !  
 How they clang and clash and roar !  
 What a horror they outpour  
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !  
 Yet the ear it fully knows,  
 By the twanging,  
 And the clanging,  
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;  
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
 In the jangling,  
 And the wrangling,  
 How the danger sinks and swells,  
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger  
 of the bells,—  
 Of the bells,—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells,—  
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

## IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells,—  
 Iron bells !  
 What a world of solemn thought their  
 monody compels !  
 In the silence of the night,  
 How we shiver with affright  
 At the melancholy menace of their tone ;  
 For every sound that floats  
 From the rust within their throats  
 Is a groan.  
 And the people,—ah, the people,—  
 They that dwell up in the steeple,  
 All alone,  
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
 In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling  
 On the human heart a stone—  
 They are neither man nor woman,—  
 They are neither brute nor human,—

They are ghouls:  
 And their king it is who tolls;  
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
 Rolls,

A pæan from the bells!  
 And his merry bosom swells  
 With the pæan of the bells!

And he dances and he yells;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the pæan of the bells,—  
 Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the throbbing of the bells,—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—  
 To the sobbing of the bells;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,  
 To the rolling of the bells,—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—  
 To the tolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—  
 Bells, bells, bells,—

To the moaning and the groaning of the  
 bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

### WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus for ever sighing,  
 For the far-off, unattain'd and diin,  
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,  
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
 All thy restless yearnings it would still;  
 Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching  
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first  
 to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be if around thee  
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst  
 throw—

If no silken cord of love hath bound thee  
 To some little world through weal and  
 woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—  
 No fond voices answer to thine own;  
 If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,  
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's ap-  
 plauses,  
 Not by works that give thee world-renown,  
 Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,  
 Canst thou win and wear the immortal  
 crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and  
 lonely,  
 Every day a rich reward will give;  
 Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,  
 And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,  
 When all Nature hails the lord of light,  
 And his smile, the mountain-tops adorn-  
 ing,  
 Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance  
 bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and  
 forest,  
 Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;  
 But with fervent love if thou adorest,  
 Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou  
 rovest,  
 Sighing that they are not thine alone,  
 Not those fair fields, but thyself thou  
 lovest,  
 And their beauty and thy wealth are  
 gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;  
 Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;  
 All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,  
 Round her trusting child she fondly  
 flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

### A LAMENT.

O WORLD! O Life! O Time!  
 On whose last steps I climb,  
 Trembling at that where I had stood be-  
 fore;  
 When will return the glory of your prime?  
 No more—oh never more!

Out of the day and night  
 A joy has taken flight:  
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter  
 hoar  
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with  
 delight  
 No more—oh never more!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

— — —  
*THE TRAVELLER; OR, A PROSPECT  
 OF SOCIETY.*

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
 Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,  
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian  
 boor  
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the  
 door,  
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
 A weary waste expanding to the skies;  
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
 My heart untravell'd fondly turns to  
 thee;  
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless  
 pain,  
 And drags at each remove a lengthening  
 chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest  
 friend,  
 And round his dwelling guardian saints  
 attend!  
 Blest be that spot where cheerful guests  
 retire  
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening  
 fire!  
 Blest that abode where want and pain re-  
 pair,  
 And every stranger finds a ready chair;  
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty  
 crown'd,  
 Where all the ruddy family around  
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never  
 fail,  
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;  
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
 And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destined such delights to  
 share,  
 My prime of life in wandering spent, and  
 care;

Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
 Some fleeting good that mocks me with the  
 view,  
 That, like the circle bounding earth and  
 skies,  
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;  
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;  
 And, placed on high above the storm's  
 career,  
 Look downward where a hundred realms  
 appear:  
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending  
 wide,  
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's hum-  
 bler pride.

When thus creation's charms around  
 combine,  
 Amidst the store should thankless pride  
 repine?  
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
 That good which makes each humbler  
 bosom vain?  
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it  
 can,  
 These little things are great to little man;  
 And wiser he whose sympathetic mind  
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and  
 splendor crown'd;  
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profu-  
 sion round;  
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy  
 gale;  
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery  
 vale,—  
 For me your tributary stores combine:  
 Creation's heir, the world—the world is  
 mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it  
 o'er,  
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting  
 still:  
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to  
 man supplies;

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small:  
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find  
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,  
 Where my worn soul, each wandering  
     hope at rest,  
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot be-  
     low  
 Who can direct, when all pretend to  
     know?  
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone  
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his  
     own;  
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
 And his long nights of revelry and ease:  
 The naked negro, panting at the line,  
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy  
     wine,  
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid  
     wave,  
 And thanks his gods for all the good they  
     gave.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we  
     roam,  
 His first, best country, ever is at home.  
 And yet perhaps, if countries we com-  
     pare,  
 And estimate the blessings which they  
     share,  
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom  
     find  
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind;  
 As different good, by Art or Nature given,  
 To different nations, makes their blessings  
     even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
 Still grants her bliss at Labor's earnest  
     call;  
 With food as well the peasant is supplied  
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side,  
 And though the rocky-crested summits  
     frown,  
 These rocks by custom turn to beds of  
     down.  
 From Art more various are the blessings  
     sent,—  
 Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.  
 Yet these each other's power so strong  
     contest,  
 That either seems destructive of the rest.

Where wealth and freedom reign, content-  
     ment fails,  
 And honor sinks where commerce long  
     prevails.  
 Hence every state, to one loved blessing  
     prone,  
 Conforms and models life to that alone.  
 Each to the favorite happiness attends,  
 And spurns the plan that aims at other  
     ends,  
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,  
 This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer  
     eyes,  
 And trace them through the prospect as it  
     lies:  
 Here, for a while, my proper cares re-  
     sign'd,  
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;  
 Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,  
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every  
     blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine as-  
     cends,  
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends;  
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's  
     side,  
 Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride,  
 While oft some temple's mouldering tops  
     between  
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
 The sons of Italy were surely blest:  
 Whatever fruits in different climes are  
     found,  
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the  
     ground;  
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
 Whose bright succession decks the varied  
     year;  
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;  
 These here disporting own the kindred  
     soil,  
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's  
     toil;  
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings ex-  
     pand,  
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling  
     land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,  
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.  
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,  
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.  
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:  
 Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;  
 Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;  
 And e'en in penance planning sins anew.  
 All evils here contaminate the mind,  
 That opulence departed leaves behind;  
 For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,  
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state.  
 At her command the palace learn'd to rise,  
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies,  
 The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,  
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;  
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,  
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;  
 While naught remained, of all that riches gave,  
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:  
 And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,  
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied  
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;  
 From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind  
 An easy compensation seem to find.  
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,  
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;  
 Processions form'd for piety and love,  
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;  
 The sports of children satisfy the child:  
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,  
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;  
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,  
 In happier meanness occupy the mind.  
 As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,  
 Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,  
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;  
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,  
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them! turn me to survey,  
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,  
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,  
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:  
 No product here the barren hills afford  
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;  
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May;  
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here content can spread a charm,  
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,  
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;  
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;  
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal;  
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,  
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;  
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;  
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,  
And drags the struggling savage into day.  
At night returning, every labor sped,  
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;  
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze,  
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;  
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;  
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar  
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:  
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.  
Yet let them only share the praises due,—  
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:  
For every want that stimulates the breast  
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.

Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,  
That first excites desire, and then supplies;  
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,  
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;  
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,  
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.  
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,  
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;  
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer  
On some high festival of once a year,  
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow,—  
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:  
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son  
Unalter'd, unimproved the manners run;  
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart  
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.  
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast  
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;  
But all the gentler morals,—such as play  
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,—  
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,  
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,  
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.  
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,  
How often have I led thy sportive choir  
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire?  
Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;  
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,  
But mock'd all tune and marr'd the dancer's skill;

Yet would the village praise my wondrous  
power,  
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.  
Alike all ages : dames of ancient days  
Have led their children through the mirth-  
ful maze ;  
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,  
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-  
score.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms  
display,  
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.  
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind  
cudear,  
For honor forms the social temper here :  
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,  
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,  
Here passes current ; paid from hand to  
hand,  
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;  
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,  
And all are taught an avarice of praise :  
They please, are pleased ; they give to get  
esteem ;  
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what  
they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss sup-  
plies,  
It gives their follies also room to rise ;  
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly  
sought,  
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;  
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,  
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools  
impart ;  
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
And trims her robes of frieze with copper  
lace ;  
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily  
cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a  
year ;  
The mind still turns where shifting fashion  
draws,  
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-ap-  
plause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.

Methinks her patient sons before me  
stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the  
land,  
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.  
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm connected bulwark seems to  
grow,  
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery  
roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the  
shore ;  
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him  
smile ;  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd  
vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected  
soil  
Impels the native to repeated toil,  
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
And industry begets a love of gain.  
Hence all the good from opulence that  
springs,  
With all those ills superfluous treasure  
brings,  
Are here displayed. Their much-loved  
wealth imparts  
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts :  
But view them closer, craft and fraud ap-  
pear ;  
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here ;  
At gold's superior charms all freedom  
flies,  
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.  
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,  
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,  
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the  
storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires  
of old !  
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,  
War in each breast and freedom on each  
brow ;  
How much unlike the sons of Britain  
now !



Fired at the sound, my genius spreads  
 her wing,  
 And flies where Britain courts the western  
 spring;  
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian  
 pride,  
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes  
 glide.  
 There all around the gentlest breezes  
 stray,  
 There gentle music melts on every spray;  
 Creation's mildest charms are there com-  
 bined,  
 Extremes are only in the master's mind.  
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her  
 state,  
 With daring aims irregularly great;  
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
 I see the lords of humankind pass by:  
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's  
 hand,  
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
 True to imagined right, above control,—  
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights  
 to scan,  
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pic-  
 tured here,  
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and  
 endear!  
 Too blest indeed were such without al-  
 loy;  
 But, fostered e'en by freedom, ills annoy;  
 That independence Britons prize too high  
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the  
 social tie;  
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,  
 All claims that bind and sweeten life un-  
 known:  
 Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,  
 Minds combat minds, repelling and re-  
 pell'd;  
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,  
 Repress'd ambition struggles round her  
 shore,  
 Till, overwrought, the general system feels  
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.  
 Nor this the worst: as Nature's ties de-  
 cay,  
 As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and  
 law,  
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling  
 awe.  
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,  
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps un-  
 known;  
 Till time may come when, stripp'd of all  
 her charms,  
 The land of scholars and the nurse of  
 arms,  
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot  
 flame,  
 Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote  
 for fame,  
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, un'honor'd  
 die.

But think not, thus when Freedom's ills  
 I state,  
 I mean to flatter kings or court the  
 great;  
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul as-  
 pire,  
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire!  
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to  
 feel  
 The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry  
 steel;  
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone  
 By proud contempt or favor's fostering  
 sun,—  
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime  
 endure!  
 I only would repress them to secure.  
 For just experience tells, in every soil,  
 That those who think must govern those  
 that toil;  
 And all that Freedom's highest aims can  
 reach  
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.  
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd  
 grow,  
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth re-  
 quires,  
 Who think it freedom when a part as-  
 pires!  
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
 Except when fast-approaching danger  
 warms;

But when contending chiefs blockade the  
 throne,  
 Contracting regal power to stretch their  
 own ;  
 When I behold a factious band agree  
 To call it freedom when themselves are  
 free,  
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes  
 draw,  
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule  
 the law,  
 The wealth of climes where savage nations  
 roam  
 Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at  
 home,—  
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,  
 Tear off reserve and bare my swelling  
 heart ;  
 Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful  
 hour  
 When first ambition struck at regal power ;  
 And thus, polluting honor in its source,  
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double  
 force.  
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled  
 shore,  
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless  
 ore ?  
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction  
 haste,  
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they  
 waste ?  
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets  
 rose  
 In barren, solitary pomp repose ?  
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,  
 The smiling, long-frequented village fall ?  
 Beheld the dutious son, the sire decay'd,  
 The modest matron, and the blushing  
 maid,  
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy  
 train,  
 To traverse climes beyond the western  
 main,  
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps  
 around,  
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound ?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pil-  
 grim strays  
 Through tangled forests and through dan-  
 gerous ways,  
 Where beasts with man divided empire  
 claim,  
 And the brown Indian marks with mur-  
 derous aim ;  
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
 And all around distressful yells arise,  
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
 Casts a long look where England's glories  
 shine,  
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
 That bliss which only centres in the mind ;  
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and re-  
 pose  
 To seek a good each government bestows ?  
 In every government, though terrors reign,  
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws re-  
 strain,  
 How small, of all that human hearts en-  
 dure,  
 That part which laws or kings can cause  
 or cure !  
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
 Our own felicity we make or find ;  
 With secret course which no loud storms  
 annoy  
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
 Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of  
 steel,  
 To men remote from power but rarely  
 known,  
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our  
 own.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

#### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are number'd,  
 And the voices of the night  
 Wake the better soul that slumber'd  
 To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
 And, like phantoms grin and tall,  
 Shadows from the fitful firelight  
 Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
 Enter at the open door;  
 The beloved, the true-hearted,  
 Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd  
 Noble longings for the strife,  
 By the roadside fell and perish'd,  
 Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
 Who the cross of suffering bore,  
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
 Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous  
 Who unto my youth was given,  
 More than all things else to love me,  
 And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
 Comes that messenger divine,  
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
 With those deep and tender eyes,  
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
 Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,  
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
 Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depress'd and lonely,  
 All my fears are laid aside,  
 If I but remember only  
 Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### A DREAM.

ALL yesterday I was spinning,  
 Sitting alone in the sun;  
 And the dream that I spun was so lengthy,  
 It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow  
 That flitted over the hill,  
 Or the humming-bees, or the swallows,  
 Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads for my spinning,  
 All of blue summer air,

And a flickering ray of sunlight  
 Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,  
 The evening wind pass'd by,  
 And the purple splendor of sunset  
 Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,  
 For so fair my dream had grown,  
 I heeded not, hour by hour,  
 How the silent day had flown.

At last the gray shadows fell round me,  
 And the night came dark and chill,  
 And I rose and ran down the valley,  
 And left it all on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning,  
 To the place where my spinning lay,—  
 There was nothing but glistening dewdrops  
 Remain'd of my dream to-day.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

### THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness  
 Falls from the wings of Night,  
 As a feather is wafted downward  
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
 Glean through the rain and the mist;  
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
 That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
 That is not akin to pain,  
 And resembles sorrow only  
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
 Not from the bards sublime,  
 Whose distant footsteps echo  
 Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
 Their mighty thoughts suggest  
 Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
 And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gush'd from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice ;  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be fill'd with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### NIGHT.

THE crackling embers on the hearth are  
dead ;

The indoor note of industry is still ;  
The latch is fast ; upon the window-sill  
The small birds wait not for their daily  
bread ;

The voiceless flowers,—how quietly they  
shed

Their nightly odors !—and the household  
rill

Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds that  
fill

The vacant expectation, and the dread  
Of listening night. And haply now she  
sleeps ;

For all the garrulous noises of the air  
Are hush'd in peace ; the soft dew silent  
weeps ,

Like hopeless lovers for a maid so fair :—  
Oh, that I were the happy dream that  
creeps

To her soft heart, to find my image  
there !

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

### THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary.  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering  
Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### NIGHT.

WHEN I survey the bright  
Celestial sphere,  
So rich with jewels hung that night  
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread,  
And heavenward flies,  
The Almighty's mysteries to read  
In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament  
Shoots forth no flame  
So silent but is eloquent  
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star  
Contracts its light  
Into so small character,  
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,  
We shall discern  
In it, as in some holy book,  
How man may heavenly knowledge  
learn.

It tells the conqueror  
That far-stretch'd power,  
Which his proud dangers traffic for,  
Is but the triumph of an hour,—

That from the farthest north  
Some nation may,  
Yet undiscover'd, issue forth,  
And o'er his new-got conquest sway!

Some nation, yet shut in  
With hills of ice,  
May be let out to scourge his sin,  
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And they likewise shall  
Their ruin have;  
For as yourselves your empires fall,  
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,  
Though seeming mute,  
The fallacy of our desires  
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watch'd since first  
The world had birth,  
And found sin in itself accursed,  
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

### SONNET ON SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable  
Night,

Brother to Death, in silent darkness  
born,  
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;  
With dark forgetting of my care re-  
turn.

And let the day be time enough to mourn  
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured  
youth:

Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,  
Without the torment of the night's un-  
truth.

Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,  
To model forth the passions of the  
morrow;

Never let rising sun approve you liars  
To add more grief to aggravate my  
sorrow:

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in  
vain,

And never wake to feel the day's dis-  
dain.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

### SONNET ON SLEEP.

COME sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of  
peace,

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of  
woe;

The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's re-  
lease,

The indifferent judge between the high  
and low!

With shield of proof, shield me from out  
the prease

Of those fierce darts Despair doth at me  
throw.

Oh make in me those civil wars to cease;

I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest  
bed,

A chamber deaf to noise and blind to  
light,

A rosy garland and a weary head;

And if these things, as being thine by  
right,

Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in  
me,

Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

### PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY GARRICK AT THE OPENING OF  
THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,  
1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her bar-  
barous foes

First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare  
rose;

Each change of many-color'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:  
Existencesaw himspurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain;  
His powerful strokes presiding truth im-  
press'd,

And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the  
school

To please in method, and invent by rule;  
His studious patience and laborious art,  
By regular approach, essay'd the heart;  
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;  
For those who durst not censure, scarce  
could praise.

A mortal born, he met the general doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to  
fame,  
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's  
flame.

Themselves they studied; as they felt, they  
writ:

Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.  
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;  
They pleased their age, and did not aim to  
mend.

Yet bards like these aspired to lasting  
praise,  
And proudly hoped to pimp in future  
days.

Their cause was general, their supports were  
strong;

Their slaves were willing, and their reign  
was long:

Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense  
betray'd,

And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as  
refined,

For years the power of tragedy declined;  
From bard to hard the frigid caution crept,  
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept.  
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,  
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled;  
But forced, at length, her ancient reign to  
quit,

She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit,  
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyous day,  
And pantomime and song confirm'd her  
sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,  
And mark the future periods of the stage?  
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,  
New Behns, new Durfey's, yet remain in  
store;

Perhaps where Lear has raved, and Ham-  
let died,  
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;  
Perhaps (for who can guess the effects of  
chance?)

Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may  
dance.

Hard is his lot that here, by fortune  
placed,

Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;  
With every meteor of caprice must play,

And chase the new-blown bubbles of the  
day.

Ah! let not censure term our fate our  
choice:

The stage but echoes back the public voice;  
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;  
For we that live to please, must please—to  
live.

Then prompt no more the follies you de-  
cry,

As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;  
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign com-  
mence

Of rescued nature, and reviving sense;  
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp  
of show,

For useful mirth and salutary woe;  
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,  
And truth diffuse her radiance from the  
stage.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

#### EPIGRAM: TREASON.

TREASON doth never prosper: what's the  
reason?

For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

#### HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour  
The bad affright, afflict the best!  
Bound in thy adamant chain  
The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
And purple tyrants vainly groan  
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and  
alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth  
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
And bade to form her infant mind.  
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
With patience many a year she bore:  
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,  
And from her own she learn'd to melt at  
others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,

Wild Laughter, Noise and thoughtless  
Joy,

And leave us leisure to be good.  
Light they disperse, and with them go  
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;  
By vain Prosperity received,  
To her they vow their truth, and are again  
believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,  
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,

And Melancholy, silent maid,  
With leaden eye that loves the ground,  
Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
Warm Charity, the general friend,  
With Justice, to herself severe,  
And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing  
tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening  
hand !

Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
Not circled with the vengeful band  
(As by the impious thou art seen)  
With thundering voice, and threatening  
mien,  
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly  
Poverty :

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,  
Thy milder influence impart,  
Thy philosophic train be there  
To soften, not to wound my heart.  
The generous spark extinct revive,  
Teach me to love and to forgive,  
Exact my own defects to scan,  
What others are to feel, and know myself  
a Man.

THOMAS GRAY.

—♦—  
*WHILST AS FICKLE FORTUNE  
SMILED.*

WHILST as fickle Fortune smiled,  
Thou and I were both beguiled.  
Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind ;  
Faithful friends are hard to find.

Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;  
But, if stores of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call ;  
And, with such-like flattering,  
"Pity but he were a king."  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice ;  
But if Fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown !  
They that fawn'd on him before  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need ;  
If thou sorrow, he will weep,  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.  
Thus, of every grief in heart,  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD.

—♦—  
*TIMES GO BY TURNS.*

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again ;  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and  
flower ;  
The sorest wight may find release of  
pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning  
shower :  
Times go by turns, and chances change  
by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to  
worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow ;  
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb ;  
Her tides have equal times to come and  
go ;  
Her loom doth weave the fine and  
coarsest web :  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,  
No endless night, yet not eternal day ;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon  
allay ;

Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth  
all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to  
fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was  
lost ;

The well that holds no great, takes little  
fish ;

In some things all, in all things none are  
cross'd ;

Few all they need, but none have all  
they wish ;

Unmeddled joys here to no man befall ;

Who least, hath some ; who most, hath  
never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

—♦—  
*SONG.*

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight !  
Wherefore hast thou left me now  
Many a day and night ?  
Many a weary night and day  
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
Win thee back again ?  
With the joyous and the free  
Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot  
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd ;  
Even the sighs of grief  
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure ;—  
Thou wilt never come for pity,  
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;—  
Pity, then, will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of Delight !  
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest  
And the starry night ;  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost ;  
I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
Everything almost  
Which is Nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society  
As is quiet, wise, and good ;  
Between thee and me  
What difference ? But thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
And like light can flee,  
But above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee—  
Thou art love and life ! Oh come !  
Make once more my heart thy home !  
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

—♦—  
*TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON.*

Too late I stay'd,—forgive the crime !  
Unheeded flew the hours ;  
How noiseless falls the foot of Time  
That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks  
The ebbing of the glass,  
When all its sands are diamond sparks,  
That dazzle as they pass ?

Oh, who to sober measurement  
Time's happy swiftness brings,  
When birds of paradise have lent  
Their plumage for his wings ?  
WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

—♦—  
*SONNET: NO TRUST IN TIME.*

Look, how the flower which ling'ringly  
doth fade,  
The morning's darling late, the summer's  
queen,  
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh  
and green,  
As high as it did raise, bows low the head :  
Right so the pleasures of my life being  
dead,  
Or in their contraries but only seen,



With swifter speed declines than erst it  
 spread,  
 And (blasted) scarce now shows what it  
 hath been.  
 As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the  
 night  
 By darkness would imprison on his way,  
 Think on thy home (my soul) and think  
 aright,  
 Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day;  
 The sun posts westward, passèd is thy  
 morn,  
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

— — —  
*ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF  
 MINERVA.*

BENEATH the warrior's helm behold  
 The flowing tresses of a woman!  
 Minerva—Pallas—what you will,—  
 A winsome creature, Greek or Roman.

Minerva? No! 'tis some sly minx  
 In cousin's helmet masquerading;  
 If not, then Wisdom was a dame  
 For sonnets and for serenading.

I thought the goddess cold, austere,  
 Not made for love's despairs and blisses:  
 Did Pallas wear her hair like that?  
 Was Wisdom's mouth so shaped for  
 kisses?

The nightingale should be her bird,  
 And not the owl, big-eyed and solemn:  
 How very fresh she looks,—and yet  
 She's older far than Trajan's Column!

The magic hand that carved this face,  
 And set this vine-work round it running,  
 Perhaps ere mighty Phidias wrought  
 Had lost its subtle skill and cunning.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,  
 Who knew to carve in such a fashion?  
 Perchance he 'graved the dainty head  
 For some brown girl that scorn'd his  
 passion.

Perchance, in some still garden-place,  
 Where neither fount nor tree to-day is,  
 He flung the jewel at the feet  
 Of Phryne, or perhaps 'twas Lais.

But he is dust; we may not know  
 His happy or unhappy story:  
 Nameless, and dead these centuries,  
 His work outlives him—there's his  
 glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth  
 Beneath a lava-buried city;  
 The countless summers came and went  
 With neither haste, nor hate, nor pity.

Years blotted out the man, but left  
 The jewel fresh as any blossom,  
 Till some Visconti dug it up,  
 To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O nameless brother! see how Time  
 Your gracious handiwork has guarded;  
 See how your loving, patient art  
 Has come, at last, to be rewarded.

Who would not suffer slights of men,  
 And pangs of hopeless passion also,  
 To have his carven agate-stone  
 On such a bosom rise and fall so?  
 THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

— — —  
*DOLCINO TO MARGARET.*

THE world goes up and the world goes  
 down,  
 And the sunshine follows the rain;  
 And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's  
 frown  
 Can never come over again,  
 Sweet wife,  
 No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,  
 And the night will hallow the day;  
 Till the heart which at even was weary  
 and old  
 Can rise in the morning gay,  
 Sweet wife,  
 To its work in the morning gay.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

— — —  
*SONNET.*

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a  
 brere;  
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his  
 bough;

Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near,  
 Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches  
 rough ;  
 Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is  
 tough ;  
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill ;  
 Sweet is the broom-flower, but yet sour  
 enough ;  
 And sweet is moly, but his root is ill ;  
 So, every sweet with sour is temper'd still,  
 That maketh it be coveted the more :  
 For easy things that may be got at will  
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.  
 Why then should I account of little pain  
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain ?  
 EDMUND SPENSER.

---

*SONNET.*

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have  
 frown'd,  
 Mindless of its just honors; with this Key  
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the  
 melody  
 Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's  
 wound,  
 A thousand times this Pipe did Tasso  
 sound ;  
 Camoens soothed with it an Exile's grief;  
 The Sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle Leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante  
 crown'd  
 His visionary brow : a glow-worm Lamp,  
 It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from  
 Faery-land  
 To struggle through dark ways ; and, when  
 a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his  
 hand  
 The Thing became a Trumpet, whence he  
 blew  
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !  
 WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

---

*SONNET.*

BECAUSE I oft in dark abstracted guise  
 Seem most alone in greatest company,  
 With dearth of words, or answers quite  
 awry  
 To them that would make speech of speech  
 arise,

They deem, and of their doom the rumor  
 flies,  
 That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth  
 lie  
 So in my swelling breast, that only I  
 Fawn on myself, and others do despise.  
 Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul pos-  
 sess,  
 Which looks too oft in his unflattering  
 glass ;  
 But one worse fault Ambition I confess,  
 That makes me oft my best friends  
 overpass,  
 Unseen, unheard, while thought to high-  
 est place  
 Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's  
 grace.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

---

*FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S  
 DAUGHTER.*

FAREWELL,—farewell to thee, Araby's  
 daughter !  
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark  
 sea) ;  
 No pearl ever lay under Oman's green  
 water  
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in  
 thee.  
 Oh, fair as the sea-flower close to thee  
 growing,  
 How light was thy heart till love's witch-  
 ery came,  
 Like the wind of the south o'er a summer  
 lute blowing,  
 And hush'd all its music and wither'd its  
 frame !  
 But long upon Araby's green sunny high-  
 lands  
 Shall maids and their lovers remember  
 the doom  
 Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl  
 Islands,  
 With naught but the sea-star to light up  
 her tomb.  
 And still, when the merry date-season is  
 burning,  
 And calls to the palm-groves the young  
 and the old,

The happiest there, from their pastime re-  
turning  
At sunset, will weep when thy story is  
told.

The young village maid, when with flowers  
she dresses  
Her dark-flowing hair for some festival  
day,  
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her  
tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror  
away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget  
thee,—  
Though tyrants watch over her tears as  
they start,  
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll  
set thee,  
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of  
her heart.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy  
pillow  
With everything beauteous that grows in  
the deep;  
Each flower of the rock and each gem of  
the billow  
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy  
sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest  
amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has  
wept;  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-  
wreathed chamber  
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have  
slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie  
darkling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy  
head;  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian  
are sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over thy  
bed.

Farewell!—farewell!—until Pity's sweet  
fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the  
brave,

They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on  
that mountain,  
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps  
in the wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

### STANZAS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;  
Man by man was never seen;  
All our deep communing fails  
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;  
Mind with mind did never meet;  
We are columns left alone  
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
Far apart though seeming near,  
In our light we scattered lie;  
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
But a babbling summer stream?  
What our wise philosophy  
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love  
Melts the scattered stars of thought,  
Only when we live above  
What the dim-eyed world hath taught.

Only when our souls are fed  
By the fount which gave them birth,  
And by inspiration led  
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,  
Swelling till they meet and run,  
Shall be all absorbed again,  
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

### THE MORNING STREET.

ALONE I walk the morning street,  
Filled with the silence vague and sweet:  
All seems as strange, as still, as dead,  
As if unnumbered years had fled,

Letting the noisy Babel lie  
 Breathless and dumb against the sky;  
 The light wind walks with me alone  
 Where the hot day flame-like was blown,  
 Where the wheels roared, the dust was  
 beat:

The dew is in the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour  
 Along this mighty corridor  
 While the noon shines?—the hurrying  
 crowd

Whose footsteps make the city loud,—  
 The myriad faces, hearts that beat  
 No more in the deserted street?  
 Those footsteps in their dreaming maze  
 Cross thresholds of forgotten days;  
 Those faces brighten from the years  
 In rising suns long set in tears;  
 Those hearts,—far in the Past they beat,  
 Unheard within the morning street.

A city of the world's gray prime,  
 Lost in some desert far from time,  
 Where noiseless ages, gliding through,  
 Have only sifted sand and dew,—  
 Yet a mysterious hand of man  
 Lying on all the haunted plan,  
 The passions of the human heart  
 Quickening the marble breast of Art,—  
 Were not more strange to one who first  
 Upon its ghostly silence burst  
 Than this vast quiet where the tide  
 Of life, upheaved on either side,  
 Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat  
 With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood  
 Breaks through the charmed solitude:  
 This silent stone, to music won,  
 Shall murmur to the rising sun;  
 The busy place, in dust and heat,  
 Shall rush with wheels and swarm with  
 feet;

The Arachne-threads of Purpose stream  
 Unseen within the morning gleam;  
 The life shall move, the death be plain;  
 The bridal throng, the funeral train,  
 Together, face to face shall meet  
 And pass within the morning street.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

### THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

OUT and in the river is winding  
 The links of its long, red chain,  
 Through belts of dusky pine-land  
 And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath  
 With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—  
 The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
 Of the wild Assiniboin!

Drearly blows the north wind  
 From the land of ice and snow;  
 The eyes that look are weary,  
 And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,  
 And one upon the shore,  
 The Angel of Shadow gives warning  
 That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese,  
 Is it the Indian's yell,  
 That lends to the voice of the north wind  
 The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
 To the sound that grows apace;  
 Well he knows the vesper ringing  
 Of the bells of St. Boniface,—

The bells of the Roman Mission,  
 That call from their turrets twain  
 To the boatman on the river,  
 To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey  
 The bitter north winds blow,  
 And thus upon life's Red River  
 Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
 Rests his feet on wave and shore,  
 And our eyes grow dim with watching  
 And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth  
 The signal of his release  
 In the bells of the Holy City,  
 The chimes of eternal peace!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SONNET ON PARTING WITH HIS  
BOOKS.

As one who destined from his friends to part  
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile  
To share their converse and enjoy their  
smile,

And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart;  
Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,  
Teachers of wisdom, who could once be-  
guile

My tedious hours and lighten every toil,  
I now resign you! Nor with fainting heart;  
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,  
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,  
And all your sacred fellowship restore;  
When, freed from earth, unlimited its pow-  
ers,

Mind shall with mind direct communion  
hold,

And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight;  
Good man! old man!

He's painted standing bolt upright,  
With his hose rolled over his knee;

His periwig's as white as chalk,  
And on his fist he holds a hawk,  
And he looks like the head

Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide;  
Good man! old man!

His spaniels lay by the fireside;  
And in other parts, d'ye see,  
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,  
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;  
And he looked like the head  
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from his gate;  
Good man! old man!

But was always ready to break the pate  
Of his country's enemy.

What knight could do a better thing  
Than serve the poor and fight for his king?  
And so may every head  
Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

A THOUSAND silent years ago,  
The twilight faint and pale  
Was drawing o'er the sunset glow  
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed  
His hand, and turned to one  
Who stood beside him, half in shade,  
Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done.

"Thus much is saved from chance and  
change,

That waits for me and thee;  
Thus much—how little!—from the range  
Of Death and Destiny.

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,  
Thy rounded limbs decay,—  
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail  
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries  
On marble lips shall live,—  
For Art can grant what love denies,  
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade  
The youth of this cold bust;  
When this quick brain and hand that made,  
And thou and I are dust!

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,  
And both our hearts are cold,  
And love is like a tune that's played,  
And Life a tale that's told,

"This senseless stone, so coldly fair,  
That love nor life can warm,  
The same enchanting look shall wear,  
The same enchanting form.

"Its peace no sorrow shall destroy;  
Its beauty age shall spare  
The bitterness of vanished joy,  
The wearing waste of care.

"And there upon that silent face  
Shall unborn ages see  
Perennial youth, perennial grace,  
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,  
Shall say, not quite unmoved,  
So smiled upon Praxiteles  
The Phryne whom he loved."

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

*THE HOUSE IS DARK AND DREARY.*

THE house is dark and dreary,  
 And my heart is full of gloom;  
 But out of doors, in the blessed air,  
 The sun is warm, the sky is fair,  
 And the flowers are still in bloom.

A moment ago in the garden  
 I scattered the shining dew:  
 The wind was soft in the swaying trees,  
 The morning-glories were full of bees,  
 And straight in my face they flew!

Yet I left them unmolested,  
 Draining their honey-wine,  
 And entered the weary house again,  
 To sit, as now, by a bed of pain,  
 With a fevered hand in mine.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

*EXCELSIOR.*

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through an Alpine village pass'd  
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner, with the strange device—  
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
 Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath;  
 And like a silver clarion rung  
 The accents of that unknown tongue—  
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
 Of household fires gleam warm and  
 bright:

Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
 And from his lips escaped a groan—  
 Excelsior!

"Try not the pass," the old man said:  
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead;  
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
 And loud that clarion voice replied,  
 Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
 But still he answer'd with a sigh,  
 Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's wither'd branch!  
 Beware the awful avalanche!"  
 This was the peasant's last good-night:  
 A voice replied, far up the height,  
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
 The pious monks of St. Bernard  
 Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,  
 A voice cried through the startled air,  
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
 Half buried in the snow was found,  
 Still grasping in his hand of ice  
 That banner with the strange device,  
 Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
 And from the sky, serene and far,  
 A voice fell, like a falling star—  
 Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

*FATE.*

"THE sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,  
 The spray of the tempest is white in air,  
 The winds are out with the waves at play,  
 And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,  
 The panther clings to the arching limb,  
 And the lion's whelps are abroad at  
 play,  
 And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sail'd safely over the sea,  
 And the hunters came from the chase in  
 glee,  
 And the town that was builded upon a  
 rock  
 Was swallow'd up in the earthquake  
 shock.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

*THE WRETCH, CONDEMNED WITH  
LIFE TO PART.*

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,  
 Still, still on hope relies,  
 And every pang that rends the heart  
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,  
Adorns and cheers the way;  
And still, as darker grows the night,  
Emits a brighter ray.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

—♦—  
*WEEP NO MORE.*

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;  
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh nor grow again;  
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,  
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see;  
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last?  
Grief is but a wound to woe;  
Gentlest fair one, mourn no mo.

JOHN FLETCHER.

—♦—  
*AFTER THE BALL.*

THEY sat and comb'd their beautiful  
hair,

Their long, bright tresses, one by one,  
As they laugh'd and talk'd in the chamber  
there,

After the revel was done.

Idly they talk'd of waltz and quadrille,

Idly they laugh'd, like other girls,  
Who over the fire, when all is still,  
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,  
Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,  
Scatter'd about in every place,  
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,  
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,  
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,  
For the revel is done,—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,  
Those wonderful waves of brown and  
gold,

Till the fire is out in the chamber there,  
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,  
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,  
While the fire is out and the house is still,  
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,  
The prettiest night-gowns under the  
sun,  
Curtain'd away from the chilly night,  
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,  
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,  
While a thousand lustres shimmering  
stream  
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,  
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,  
Men and women with beautiful faces,  
And eyes of tropical dusk;

And one face shining out like a star,  
One face haunting the dreams of each,  
And one voice, sweeter than others are,  
Breaking into silvery speech,—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,  
An old, old story over again,  
As down the royal banner'd room,  
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,  
While an unseen spirit walks beside,  
And all unheard in the lovers' talk,  
He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,  
With never a pang of jealous fear!  
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather  
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the  
tomb,

Braided brown hair and golden tress,  
There'll be only one of you left for the  
bloom

Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,  
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,—  
Only one to blush through her curls  
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,  
For you the revel has just begun,  
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-  
night  
The revel of Life is done!

But robed and crown'd with your saintly  
 bliss,  
 Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,  
 O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss  
 The kisses another hath won.

NORA PERRY.

—♦—  
*INDIAN REVELRY.*

WE meet 'neath the sounding rafter,  
 And the walls around are bare;  
 As they shout back our peals of laughter  
 It seems that the dead are there.  
 Then stand to your glasses, steady!  
 We drink in our comrades' eyes;  
 One cup to the dead already—  
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,  
 Not here is the vintage sweet;  
 'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,  
 And dark as the doom we meet.  
 But stand to your glasses, steady!  
 And soon shall our pulses rise;  
 A cup to the dead already—  
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,  
 And many a cheek that's sunk;  
 But soon, though our hearts are breaking,  
 They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.  
 Then stand to your glasses, steady!  
 'Tis here the revival lies;  
 Quaff a cup to the dead already—  
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laugh'd at others;  
 We thought we were wiser then;  
 Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,  
 Who hope to see them again.  
 No! stand to your glasses, steady!  
 The thoughtless is here the wise;  
 One cup to the dead already—  
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,  
 Not a tear for the friends that sink;  
 We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,  
 As mute as the wine we drink.  
 Come stand to your glasses, steady!  
 'Tis this that the respite buys;  
 A cup to the dead already—  
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

50

There's a mist on the glass congealing,  
 'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;  
 And thus does the warmth of feeling  
 Turn ice in the grasp of Death.  
 But stand to your glasses, steady!  
 For a moment the vapor flies;  
 Quaff a cup to the dead already—  
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?  
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,  
 Where the high and haughty yearning  
 Of the soul can sting no more?  
 No, stand to your glasses, steady!  
 The world is a world of lies;  
 A cup to the dead already—  
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,  
 Betray'd by the land we find,  
 When the brightest have gone before us,  
 And the dullest are most behind—  
 Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!  
 'Tis all we have left to prize;  
 One cup to the dead already—  
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

—♦—  
*TITHONUS.*

THE woods decay, the woods decay and  
 fall,  
 The vapors weep their burthen to the  
 ground,  
 Man comes and tills the field and lies  
 beneath,  
 And after many a summer dies the swan.  
 Me only cruel immortality  
 Consumes: I wither slowly in thine  
 arms,  
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,  
 A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a  
 dream  
 The ever-silent spaces of the East,  
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of  
 morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—  
 So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,  
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he  
 seem'd  
 To his great heart none other than a god!



I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."  
 Then didst thou grant mine asking with a  
     smile,  
 Like wealthy men who care not how they  
     give.  
 But thy strong Hours indignant work'd  
     their wills,  
 And beat me down and marr'd and wasted  
     me,  
 And tho' they could not end me, left me  
     maim'd

To dwell in presence of immortal youth,  
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,  
 Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,  
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,  
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with  
     tears

To hear me? Let me go: take back thy  
     gift:

Why should a man desire in any way  
 To vary from the kindly race of men,  
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance  
 Where all should pause, as is most meet  
     for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart: there  
     comes

A glimpse of that dark world where I was  
     born.

Once more the old mysterious glimmer  
     steals

From thy pure brows, and from thy shoul-  
     ders pure,

And bosom beating with a heart re-  
     new'd.

Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the  
     gloom,

Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to  
     mine,

Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild  
     team

Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke,  
     arise,

And shake the darkness from their loos-  
     en'd manes,

And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful  
 In silence, then before thine answer  
     given

Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy  
     tears,

And make me tremble lest a saying  
     learnt,

In days far-off, on that dark earth, be  
     true:

"The gods themselves cannot recall their  
     gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart  
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes  
 I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—  
 The lucid outline forming round thee,  
     saw

The dim curls kindle into sunny rings,  
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt  
     my blood

Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd  
     all

Thy presence and thy portals, while I  
     lay,

Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-  
     warm

With kisses balmier than half-opening  
     buds

Of April, and could hear the lips that  
     kiss'd

Whispering I knew not what of wild and  
     sweet,

Like that strange song I heard Apollo  
     sing,

While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:

How can my nature longer mix with  
     thine?

Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold  
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled  
     feet

Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when  
     the steam

Floats up from those dim fields about the  
     homes

Of happy men that have the power to die,  
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.

Release me, and restore me to the ground;  
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my  
     grave;

Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by  
     morn;

I earth in earth forget these empty  
     courts,

And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*SHIPS AT SEA.*

I HAVE ships that went to sea  
 More than fifty years ago :  
 None have yet come home to me,  
 But keep sailing to and fro.  
 I have seen them, in my sleep,  
 Plunging through the shoreless deep,  
 With tattered sails and battered hulls,  
 While around them screamed the gulls,  
 Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they stayed  
 From me, sailing round the world ;  
 And I've said, "I'm half afraid  
 That their sails will ne'er be furled."  
 Great the treasures that they hold—  
 Silks and plumes, and bars of gold ;  
 While the spices which they bear  
 Fill with fragrance all the air,  
 As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port  
 Knows that I have ships at sea,  
 Of the waves and winds the sport ;  
 And the sailors pity me.  
 Oft they come and with me walk,  
 Cheering me with hopeful talk,  
 Till I put my fears aside,  
 And contented watch the tide  
 Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,  
 Gazing for them down the bay,  
 Days and nights, for many years,  
 Till I turned heart-sick away.  
 But the pilots, when they land,  
 Stop and take me by the hand,  
 Saying, "You will live to see  
 Your proud vessels come from sea,  
 One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,  
 Nor let hope or courage fail ;  
 And some day when skies are fair,  
 Up the bay my ship will sail.  
 I can buy then all I need—  
 Prints to look at, books to read,  
 Horses, wines, and works of art,  
 Everything except a heart :  
 That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,  
 Poorer, too, than I am now,  
 Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,  
 Or a wrinkle creased my brow,

There was one whose heart was mine ;  
 But she's something now divine,  
 And though come my ships from sea,  
 They can bring no heart to me,  
 Evermore, evermore.

R. B. COFFIN.

*MY SHIP.*

Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down,  
 And the daylight's tumult and dust and din  
 Are dying away in the busy town,  
 I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea,  
 Rosy with sunset, like mellow wine,  
 Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly,  
 Many and fair, but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night  
 Who over the bulwarks idly lean,  
 Noting the sails as they come in sight :  
 "Have you seen my beautiful ship come  
 in?"

"Whence does she come?" they ask of me ;  
 "Who is her master, and what her name?"  
 And they smile upon me pityingly  
 When my answer is ever and ever the  
 same.

Oh mine was a vessel of strength and truth,  
 Her sails were white as a young lamb's  
 fleece,  
 She sailed long since from the port of  
 Youth,—  
 Her master was Love, and her name was  
 Peace.

And like all beloved and beauteous things,  
 She faded in distance and doubt away,—  
 With only a tremble of snowy wings  
 She floated, swan-like, adown the bay,

Carrying with her a precious freight,—  
 All I had gathered by years of pain ;  
 A tempting prize to the pirate Fate,—  
 And still I watch for her back again—

Watch from the earliest morning light,  
 Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying  
 day,  
 To catch the gleam of her canvas white  
 Among the islands which gem the bay

But she comes not yet—she will never come  
To gladden my eyes and my spirit more;  
And my heart grows hopeless and faint and  
dumb,

As I wait and wait on the lonesome  
shore,

Knowing that tempest and time and storm  
Have wrecked and shattered my beau-  
teous bark;

Rank sea-weeds cover her wasting form,  
And her sails are tattered and stained  
and dark.

But the tide comes up, and the tide goes  
down,

And the daylight follows the night's  
eclipse,—

And still with the sailors, tanned and  
brown,

I wait on the wharves and watch the  
ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope,  
For vain and empty it long hath been,

I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,  
And watch to see if my ship comes in.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

### THE DREAM.

#### I.

OUR life is twofold: sleep hath its own  
world—

A boundary between the things misnamed  
Death and existence: sleep hath its own  
world,

And a wide realm of wild reality;

And dreams in their development have  
breath,

And tears, and tortures, and the touch of  
joy;

They leave a weight upon our waking  
thoughts;

They take a weight from off our waking  
toils;

They do divide our being; they become

A portion of ourselves as of our time,

And look like heralds of eternity;

They pass like spirits of the past,—they  
speak

Like sibyls of the future; they have power—  
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;

They make us what we were not—what  
they will;

And shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
The dread of vanished shadows—are they  
so?

Is not the past all shadow? What are they?  
Creations of the mind?—the mind can  
make

Substance, and people planets of its own  
With beings brighter than have been, and  
give

A breath to forms which can outlive all  
flesh.

I would recall a vision, which I dreamed  
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,  
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
And curdles a long life into one hour.

#### II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
Green and of mild declivity; the last,  
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,  
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
But a most living landscape, and the wave  
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of  
men

Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill  
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees, in circular array—so fixed,  
Not by the sport of nature, but of man.

These two, a maiden and a youth, were there  
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath  
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;  
And both were young, and one was beauti-  
ful;

And both were young—yet not alike in  
youth.

As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,  
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
The boy had fewer summers; but his heart  
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye  
There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him; he had looked  
Upon it till it could not pass away;  
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;  
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,  
But trembled on her words; she was his  
sight,

For his eye followed hers, and saw with  
hers,

Which colored all his objects;—he had  
ceased

To live within himself; she was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all; upon a tone,  
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and  
flow,  
And his cheek change tempestuously—his  
heart

Unknowing of its cause of agony.  
But she in these fond feelings had no share:  
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was  
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas  
much;

For brotherless she was, save in the name  
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;  
Herself the solitary scion left  
Of a time-honored race.—It was a name  
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him  
not—and why?

Time taught him a deep answer—when she  
loved

Another. Even now she loved another;  
And on the summit of that hill she stood  
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed  
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

### III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
There was an ancient mansion; and before  
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.  
Within an antique oratory stood  
The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,  
And pale, and pacing to and fro. Anon  
He sate him down, and seized a pen and  
traced

Words which I could not guess of; then  
he leaned

His bowed head on his hands, and shook  
as 'twere

With a convulsion—then arose again;  
And with his teeth and quivering hands  
did tear

What he had written; but he shed no tears.  
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow  
Into a kind of quiet. As he paused  
The lady of his love re-entered there;  
She was serene and smiling then; and yet  
She knew she was by him beloved: she knew,  
For quickly comes such knowledge, that  
his heart

Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw  
That he was wretched; but she saw not all.

He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp  
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face  
A tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced; and then it faded as it came.  
He dropped the hand he held, and with  
slow steps

Retired; but not as bidding her adieu,  
For they did part with mutual smiles. He  
passed

From out the massy gate of that old hall,  
And, mounting on his steed, he went his  
way;  
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold  
more.

### IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
The boy was sprung to manhood. In the  
wilds

Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he  
was girt

With strange and dusky aspects; he was not  
Himself like what he had been; on the sea  
And on the shore he was a wanderer;  
There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all; and in the last he lay  
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,  
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade  
Of ruined walls that had survived the names  
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping  
side

Stood camels grazing, and some goodly  
steeds

Were fastened near a fountain; and a man  
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,  
While many of his tribe slumbered around:  
And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

### V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
The lady of his love was wed with one  
Who did not love her better. In her home,  
A thousand leagues from his,—her native  
home—

She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,  
Daughters and sons of beauty. But behold!  
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lids were charged with unshed tears.

What could her grief be?—She had all she loved;

And he who had so loved her was not there  
To trouble with bad hopes or evil wish,  
Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.

What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,

Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;

Nor could he be a part of that which preyed  
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

## VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
The wanderer was returned—I saw him stand

Before an altar, with a gentle bride;  
Her face was fair; but was not that which made

The starlight of his boyhood. As he stood,  
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock

That in the antique oratory shook  
His bosom in its solitude; and then—  
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face  
The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced—and then it faded as it came;  
And he stood calm and quiet; and he spoke

The fitting vows, but heard not his own words;

And all things reeled around him; he could see

Not that which was, nor that which should have been—

But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,

And the remembered chambers, and the place,

The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,

All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
And her who was his destiny, came back  
And thrust themselves between him and the light:

What business had they there at such a time?

## VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
The lady of his love—oh! she was changed,  
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind

Had wandered from its dwelling; and her eyes,

They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts

Were combinations of disjointed things;  
And forms impalpable and unperceived  
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.

And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise

Have a far deeper madness, and the glance  
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;  
What is it but the telescope of truth?  
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,  
And brings life near in utter nakedness,  
Making the cold reality too real!

## VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
The wanderer was alone, as heretofore;  
The beings which surrounded him were gone

Or were at war with him; he was a mark  
For blight and desolation—compassed round

With hatred and contention; pain was mixed

In all which was served up to him; until,  
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,  
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
But were a kind of nutriment. He lived  
Through that which had been death to many men,

And made him friends of mountains. With the stars,

And the quick Spirit of the Universe,  
He held his dialogues, and they did teach  
To him the magic of their mysteries;  
To him the book of night was opened wide,

And voices from the deep abyss revealed  
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

## IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.

It was of a strange order, that the doom  
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out

Almost like a reality—the one  
To end in madness—both in misery.

LOD BYRON.

*THE KING IS DYING.*

FOOL, stand back, the King is dying,  
 Give him what little air remains;  
 Seest thou not how his pulse is flying?  
 Hear'st thou not how he gasps and strains  
 To catch one other stertorous breath?  
 God! how he labors! yes, this is death!

Blow up the fire—his feet are cold;  
 Ay, though a king, he cannot buy  
 One briefest moment with all his gold;  
 His hour has come, and he must die;  
 Withered and wrinkled, and old and gray,  
 The King fares out on the common way.

Light the tapers: he's almost gone;  
 Stir, thou fool! 'tis past the hour  
 To cower and cringe, and flatter and fawn—  
 The thing lying there is shorn of power;  
 Henceforth the lips of the King are dumb:  
 Bring up thy ghostly viaticum.

Absolve his soul: need enough, God wot!  
 Mumble and sprinkle and do thy shriv-  
 ing;  
 Yet, methinks, here and there shall be left  
 a blot

Hideously foul, despite thy striving;  
 Nor purled quilts, nor pillows of lace,  
 Can relieve the guilt in that grim old face.

Soft! stand back! it is his last;  
 Get hence, thy priestly craft is o'er;  
 For him the pomp of the world is past—  
 The King that was is King no more:  
 Let the bells be rung, let the mass be said,  
 And the King's heir know that the King is  
 dead.

JAMES B. KENTON.

*CORONATION.*

At the king's gate the subtle noon  
 Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;  
 Into the drowsy snare too soon  
 The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned  
 then,  
 A beggar went, and laughed, "This  
 brings  
 Me chance, at last, to see if men  
 Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,  
 Propping his face with listless hand;  
 Watching the hour-glass sifting down  
 Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of  
 me?"

The beggar turned, and, pitying,  
 Replied, like one in a dream, "Of thee,  
 Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head  
 Shook off the crown and threw it by.  
 "O man, thou must have known," he said,  
 "A greater king than I!"

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,  
 Went king and beggar hand in hand.  
 Whispered the king, "Shall I know when  
 Before *his* throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste  
 Were wiping from the king's hot brow  
 The crimson lines the crown had traced.  
 "This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon  
 Unwove its yellow nets of sun;  
 Out of their sleep in terror soon  
 The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here! ho here! Has no man seen  
 The king?" The cry ran to and fro;  
 Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,  
 The laugh that freemen know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray:  
 The king came not. They called him  
 dead;

And made his eldest son one day  
 Slave in his father's stead.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

*TOM DUNSTAN; OR, THE POLITICIAN*

Now, poor Tom Dunstan's cold,  
 Our shop is duller;  
 Scarce a story is told,  
 And our chat has lost the old  
 Red republican color!

Though he was sickly and thin,  
 'Twas a sight to see his face,—  
 While, sick of the country's sin,  
 With bang of the fist, and chin  
 Thrust out, he argued the case!  
 He prophesied men should be free,  
 And the money-bags be bled;—  
 "She's coming, she's coming," said he;  
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!  
 Freedom's ahead!"

All day we sat in the heat,  
 Like spiders spinning,  
 Stitching full fine and fleet,  
 While old Moses on his seat  
 Sat greasily grinning;  
 And here Tom said his say,  
 And prophesied Tyranny's death;  
 And the tallow burnt all day,  
 And we stitch'd and stitch'd away  
 In the thick smoke of our breath.  
 Weary, weary were we,  
 Our hearts as heavy as lead,—  
 But "Patience! she's coming!" said he;  
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!  
 Freedom's ahead!"

And at night, when we took here  
 The rest allow'd to us,  
 The paper came with the beer,  
 And Tom read, sharp and clear,  
 The news out loud to us,  
 And then, in his witty way,  
 He threw the jests about,—  
 The cutting things he'd say  
 Of the wealthy and the gay!  
 How he turn'd them inside out!  
 And it made our breath more free  
 To hearken to what he said:  
 "She's coming, she's coming!" said he;  
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!  
 Freedom's ahead!"

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer,  
 Would mutter, "Master,  
 If Freedom means to appear,  
 I think she might step here  
 A little faster!"  
 Then 'twas fine to see Tom flame,  
 And argue and prove and preach,  
 Till Jack was silent for shame,  
 Or a fit of coughing came  
 O' sudden to spoil Tom's speech.

Ah! Tom had the eyes to see  
 When Tyranny should be sped;—  
 "She's coming, she's coming!" said he;  
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!  
 Freedom's ahead!"

But Tom was little and weak;  
 The hard hours shook him;  
 Hollower grew his cheek,  
 And when he began to speak  
 The coughing took him.  
 Erelong the cheery sound  
 Of his chat among us ceased,  
 And we made a purse all round,  
 That he might not starve, at least.  
 His pain was sorry to see,  
 Yet there, on his poor, sick bed,  
 "She's coming, in spite of me!  
 Courage and wait!" cried he,  
 "Freedom's ahead!"

A little before he died,  
 To see his passion!  
 "Bring me a paper!" he cried,  
 And then to study it tried  
 In his old sharp fashion;  
 And, with eyeballs glittering,  
 His look on me he bent,  
 And said that savage thing  
 Of the lords o' the Parliament.  
 Then, dying, smiling on me,  
 "What matter if one be dead?"  
 She's coming, at last!" said he;  
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!  
 Freedom's ahead!"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan's cold,  
 The shop feels duller;  
 Scarce a tale is told,  
 And our talk has lost the old  
 Red republican color.  
 But we see a figure gray,  
 And we hear a voice of death,  
 And the tallow burns all day,  
 And we stitch and stitch away  
 In the thick smoke of our breath;  
 Ay, while in the dark sit we,  
 Tom seems to call from the dead—  
 "She's coming, she's coming!" says he;  
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!  
 Freedom's ahead!"

How long, O Lord, how long  
 Must Thy handmaid linger?  
 She who shall right the wrong,  
 Make the poor sufferer strong?  
 Sweet morrow, bring her!  
 Hasten her over the sea,  
 O Lord, ere hope be fled,—  
 Bring her to men and to me!  
 O slave, pray still on thy knee,  
 "Freedom's ahead!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

—♦—  
*THE DEAD POLITICIAN.*

## FIFTH WARD.

"'WHO'S dead?' Ye want to know  
 Whose is this funeral show—  
 This A 1 corteg'?  
 Well, it was Jim Adair,  
 And the remains's hair  
 Sported a short edge!

"When a man dies like Jim,  
 There's no expense of him  
 We boys are sparing.  
 In life he hated fuss,  
 But—as he's left to us—  
 Them plumes he's wearing.

"All the boys here, you see,  
 Chock full each carriage!  
 Only one woman. She,  
 Cousin by marriage.

"Who was this Jim Adair?  
 Who? Well, you've got me there!  
 Reckon one of them 'air  
 Foggy 'old res'dents.'  
 Who? Why, that corpse you see  
 Ridin' so peacefully,  
 Head o' this jamboree—  
 'Lected three Pres'dents!

"Who was he? Ask the boys  
 Who made the biggest noise,  
 Rynders or Jimmy?  
 Who, when his hat he'd fling,  
 Knew how the 'Ayes' would ring,  
 Oh no! not Jimmy!

"Who was he? Ask the Ward  
 Who hed the rules aboard,  
 All parliament'ry?

Who ran the delegate  
 That ran the Empire State,  
 And—just as sure as fate—  
 Ran the whole 'kentry?

"Who was he? S'pose you try  
 That chap as wipes his eye  
 In that hack's corner;  
 Ask him, the only man  
 That agin Jimmy ran,—  
 Now his chief mourner!

"Well, that's the last o' Jim.  
 Yes, we *was* proud o' him."

F. BRET HARTE.

—♦—  
*A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.*

Is there for honest poverty  
 That hangs his head, an' a' that?  
 The coward slave, we pass him by;  
 We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp—  
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin gray, an' a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their  
 wine—  
 A man's a man for a' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that;  
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that!

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that—  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof for a' that;  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 His riband, star, an' a' that;  
 The man o' independent mind,  
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might—  
 Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their dignities, an' a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,  
 Are higher rank than a' that.



Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that,  
 That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 It's comin' yet, for a' that—  
 The man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,  
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;  
 And he inherits soft white hands,  
 And tender flesh, that fears the cold,  
 Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:  
 The bank may break, the factory burn,  
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
 And soft white hands could hardly earn  
 A living that would serve his turn;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
 His stomach craves for dainty fare;  
 With sated heart he hears the pants  
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,  
 And wearies in his easy-chair;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;  
 King of two hands, he does his part  
 In every useful toil and art;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
 Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,  
 A rank adjudged with toil-won merit,  
 Content that from employment springs,  
 A heart that in his labor sings;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
 A patience learn'd of being poor,

Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
 A fellow-feeling that is sure  
 To make the outcast bless his door;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil  
 That with all others level stands:  
 Large charity doth never soil,  
 But only whiten, soft white hands,—  
 This is the best crop from thy lands;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;  
 There is worse weariness than thine—  
 In merely being rich and great:  
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
 And makes rest fragrant and benign,—  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
 Are equal in the earth at last:  
 Both, children of the same dear God,  
 Prove title to your heirship vast  
 By record of a well-fill'd past;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

### DIFFERENCES.

#### I.

THE king can drink the best of wine—  
 So can I;  
 And has enough when he would dine—  
 So have I;  
 And cannot order rain or shine—  
 Nor can I.  
 Then where's the difference—let me see—  
 Betwixt my lord the king and me?

#### II.

Do trusty friends surround his throne  
 Night and day?  
 Or make his interest their own?  
 No, not they.  
 Mine love me for myself alone—  
 Bless'd be they!  
 And that's the difference which I see  
 Betwixt my lord the king and me.

## III.

Do knaves around me lie in wait  
 To deceive?  
 Or fawn and flatter when they hate,  
 And would grieve?  
 Or cruel pomps oppress my state  
 By my leave?  
 No, Heaven be thank'd! And here you  
 see  
 More difference 'twixt the king and me.

## IV.

He has his fools, with jests and quips,  
 When he'd play;  
 He has his armies and his ships—  
 Great are they;  
 But not a child to kiss his lips;  
 Well-a-day!  
 And that's a difference sad to see  
 Betwixt my lord the king and me.

## V.

I wear the cap and he the crown—  
 What of that?  
 I sleep on straw and he on down—  
 What of that?  
 And he's the king and I'm the clown—  
 What of that?  
 If happy I, and wretched he,  
 Perhaps the king would change with me.

CHARLES MACKAY.

---

*WE ARE BRETHREN A'.*

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would  
 be  
 If men, when they're here, could make  
 shift to agree,  
 An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage an'  
 ha',  
 "Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are breth-  
 ren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should  
 fight,  
 When to 'gree would make a' body cosie  
 an' right,  
 When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best  
 way ava,  
 To say, "Gi'e me your hand,—we are  
 brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be  
 fine,  
 And I maun drink water, while you may  
 drink wine;  
 But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted  
 to shaw:  
 Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu'  
 deride;  
 Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth  
 on your side;  
 Sae would I, an' naught else would I value  
 a straw:  
 Then gi'e me your hand,—we are breth-  
 ren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or  
 man;  
 I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;  
 We are ane in our joys, our affections,  
 an' a':  
 Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are breth-  
 ren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can  
 lo'e;  
 An' mine has done for me what mithers  
 can do;  
 We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna  
 be twa:  
 Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are breth-  
 ren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and  
 fair;  
 Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are  
 there!  
 Frae the puir air o' heaven the same life  
 we draw:  
 Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are breth-  
 ren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er  
 us baith,  
 An' creepin' alang at his back will be  
 death;  
 Syne into the same mither-yird we will  
 fa':  
 Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are breth-  
 ren a'.

ROBERT NICOLL.

*WITHOUT AND WITHIN.*

My coachman, in the moonlight there,  
Looks through the side-light of the door;  
I hear him with his brethren swear,  
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,  
He envies me my brilliant lot,  
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,  
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,  
A silken wonder by my side,  
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row  
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm  
'Neath its white-gloved and jewell'd  
load;  
And wishes me some dreadful harm,  
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore  
Of hunting still the same old coon,  
And envy him, outside the door,  
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold  
As the bright smile he sees me win,  
Nor the host's oldest wine so old  
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance  
By which his freezing feet he warms,  
And drag my lady's chains and dance  
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,  
And I his quiet!—past a doubt  
'Twould still be one man bored within,  
And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*EACH AND ALL.*

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloak'd  
clown

Of thee from the hill-top looking down;  
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;  
The sexton tolling his bell at noon,  
Deems not that great Napoleon

Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine  
height;

Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;  
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;  
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,  
For I did not bring home the river and  
sky;—

He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun and the sand and the wild  
uproar.

The lover watch'd his graceful maid,  
As 'mid the virgin train she stray'd,  
Nor knew her beauty's best attire  
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.  
At last she came to his hermitage,  
Like the bird from the woodlands to the  
cage;—

The gay enchantment was undone,  
A gentle wife, but fairy none.  
Then I said, "I covet truth;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;  
I leave it behind with the games of  
youth."

As I spoke, beneath my feet  
The ground-pine curl'd its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club-moss burs;  
I inhaled the violet's breath;  
Around me stood the oaks and firs;  
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;  
Over me soar'd the eternal sky,  
Full of light and of deity;  
Again I saw, again I heard,  
The rolling river, the morning bird;—  
Beauty through my senses stole;  
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RAJ-PH WALDO EMERSON.



New forms may feed the speech, new lands  
Arise within these ocean-portals,  
But Music waves eternal wands, —  
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

Edmund Clarence Steadman



# WEIRD AND FANTASTIC.

---

## *THE FAIRY QUEEN.*

COME, follow, follow me—  
You, fairy elves that be,  
Which circle on the green—  
Come, follow Mab, your queen!  
Hand in hand let's dance around,  
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest,  
Unheard and unespied,  
Through keyholes we do glide;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep;  
There we pinch their arms and thighs—  
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duly she is paid;  
For we use, before we go,  
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head  
Our tablecloth we spread;  
A grain of rye or wheat  
Is manchot, which we eat;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
In acorn cups, fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of snails,  
Between two cockles stew'd,  
Is meat that's easily chew'd;  
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,  
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve us for our minstrelsy;  
Grace said, we dance a while,  
And so the time beguile;  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass  
So nimbly do we pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk;  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.  
AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

---

## *SONG OF THE FAIRIES.*

BY the moon we sport and play;  
With the night begins our day:  
As we dance the dew doth fall;  
Trip it, little urchins, all.  
Lightly as the little bee,  
Two by two, and three by three,  
And about go we, and about go we.  
JOHN LYLY.

---

## *FAIRY SONG.*

SHED no tear! oh, shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Weep no more! oh, weep no more!  
Young buds sleep in the root's white core,  
Dry your eyes! oh, dry your eyes!  
For I was taught in Paradise  
To ease my breast of melodies,—  
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!  
'Mong the blossoms white and red,—  
Look up, look up! I flutter now  
On this fresh pomegranate bough.

See me! 'tis this silvery bill  
 Ever cures the good man's ill.  
 Shed no tear! oh, shed no tear!  
 The flower will bloom another year.  
 Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu!  
 I vanish in the Heaven's blue,—

Adieu, adieu!  
 JOHN KEATS.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

OVER hill, over dale,  
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
 Over park, over pale,  
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
 I do wander everywhere,  
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
 And I serve the fairy queen,  
 To dew her orbs upon the green.  
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be!  
 In their gold coats spots you see;  
 Those be rubies, fairy favors,  
 In those freckles live their savors:  
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ARIEL'S SONGS.

FROM "THE TEMPEST."

I.

COME unto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands:  
 Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,—  
 The wild waves whist,—  
 Foot it feately here and there;  
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

*Bow, wow.*

The watch-dogs bark—

*Bow, wow.*

Hark, hark! I hear  
 The strain of strutting chanticleer  
 Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.

II.

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
 Of his bones are coral made;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
 Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
*Ding-dong.*  
 Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell!

III.

Where the bee sucks there suck I;  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
 There I couch when owls do cry;  
 On the bat's back I do fly  
 After summer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the  
 bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONG OF FAIRIES.

WE the fairies, blithe and antic,  
 Of dimensions not gigantic,  
 Though the moonshine mostly keep us,  
 Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.  
 Stolen sweets are always sweeter;  
 Stolen kisses much completer;  
 Stolen looks are nice in chapels:  
 Stolen, stolen be your apples.  
 When to bed the world are bobbing,  
 Then's the time for orchard-robbing;  
 Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling  
 Were it not for stealing, stealing.

LEIGH HUNT.

(From the Latin of THOMAS RANDOLPH.)

THE FAIRIES.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Up the airy mountaïn,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We daren't go a-hunting  
 For fear of little men;  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together;  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore  
 Some make their home,  
 They live on crispy pancakes  
 Of yellow tide-foam;

Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain-lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columkill he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back,  
Between the night and morrow,  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lakes,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
As dig one up in spite,  
He shall find the thornies set  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROIC-COMICAL POEM.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;  
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.—MART.

### CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes  
springs,  
What mighty contests rise from trivial  
things,  
I sing—This verse to Caryl, muse! is due;  
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view;  
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,  
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.  
Say what strange motive, goddess! could  
compel  
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?  
Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unex-  
plored,  
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?  
In tasks so bold can little men engage,  
And in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage?  
Sol through white curtains shot a timor-  
ous ray,  
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the  
day.  
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing  
shake,  
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake:  
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd  
the ground,  
And the press'd watch returned a silver  
sound.  
Belinda still her downy pillow prest—  
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy  
rest;  
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed  
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her  
head:  
A youth more glittering than a birthnight  
beau  
(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to  
glow),  
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,  
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to  
say:  
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd  
cave  
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!  
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,  
Of all the nurse and all the priest have  
taught,



Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,  
 The silver token, and the circled green;  
 Or virgins visited by angel powers  
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav-  
 enly flowers—  
 Hear and believe! thy own importance  
 know,  
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things  
 below.  
 Some secret truths, from learnèd pride con-  
 cealed,  
 To maids alone and children are re-  
 veal'd:  
 What though no credit doubting wits may  
 give?  
 The fair and innocent shall still believe.  
 Know, then, unnumber'd spirits round  
 thee fly—  
 The light militia of the lower sky:  
 These, though unseen, are ever on the  
 wing,  
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the  
 ring.  
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,  
 And view with scorn two pages and a  
 chair.  
 As now your own, our beings were of old,  
 And once enclosed in woman's beauteous  
 mould;  
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair  
 From earthly vehicles to these of air.  
 Think not, when woman's transient breath  
 is fled,  
 That all her vanities at once are dead;  
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,  
 And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks  
 the cards.  
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,  
 And love of ombre, after death survive;  
 For when the fair in all their pride ex-  
 pire,  
 To their first elements their souls retire,  
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame  
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name;  
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,  
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea;  
 The graver prude sinks downward to a  
 gnome  
 In search of mischief still on earth to  
 roam;  
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,  
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

"Know further yet; whoever fair and  
 chaste  
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph em-  
 braced:  
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with  
 ease  
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they  
 please.  
 What guards the purity of melting maids,  
 In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,  
 Safe from the treacherous friend, the dar-  
 ing spark,  
 The glance by day, the whisper in the  
 dark—  
 When kind occasion prompts their warm  
 desires,  
 When music softens, and when dancing  
 fires?  
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials  
 know,  
 Though honor is the word with men be-  
 low.  
 "Some nymphs there are, too conscious  
 of their face,  
 For life predestined to the gnome's em-  
 brace;  
 These swell their prospects and exalt their  
 pride,  
 When offers are disdain'd, and love de-  
 nied;  
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,  
 While peers, and dukes, and all their  
 sweeping train,  
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear,  
 And in soft sounds 'Your Grace' salutes  
 their ear.  
 'Tis these that early taint the female  
 soul,  
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to  
 roll;  
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to  
 know,  
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau.  
 "Oft when the world imagine women  
 stray,  
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide  
 their way;  
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,  
 And old impertinence expel by new.  
 What tender maid but must a victim fall  
 To one man's treat, but for another's  
 ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could  
withstand,  
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her  
hand?

With varying vanities from every part  
They shift the moving toy-shop of their  
heart,

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots  
sword-knots strive,  
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches  
drive.

This erring mortals levity may call—  
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it  
all.

“Of these am I, who thy protection  
claim;

A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.  
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of  
air,

In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,  
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,  
Ere to the main this morning’s sun de-  
scend;

But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or  
where:

Warn’d by the sylph, O pious maid, be-  
ware!

This to disclose is all thy guardian can;  
Beware of all, but most beware of man!”

He said; when Shock, who thought she  
slept too long,

Leap’d up, and waked his mistress with  
his tongue.

’Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,  
Thy eyes first open’d on a billet-doux;  
Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no  
sooner read,

But all the vision vanish’d from thy head.

And now, unveil’d, the toilet stands dis-  
play’d,

Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent  
adores,

With head uncover’d, the cosmetic powers.  
A heavenly image in the glass appears—  
To that she bends, to that her eyes she  
rears;

Th’ inferior priestess, at her altar’s side,  
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.  
Unnumber’d treasures ope at once, and  
here

The various offerings of the world appear;

From each she nicely culls with curious  
toil,

And decks the goddess with the glittering  
spoil.

This casket India’s glowing gems unlocks,  
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
Transform’d to combs—the speckled, and  
the white.

Here files of pins extend their shining  
rows;

Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.  
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;  
The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,  
And calls forth all the wonders of her  
face;

Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
And keener lightnings quicken in her  
eyes.

The busy sylphs surround their darling  
care,

These set the head, and these divide the  
hair;

Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait  
the gown;

And Betty’s praised for labors not her  
own.

## CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th’ ethereal  
plain,

The sun first rises o’er the purpled main,  
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams  
Launch’d on the bosom of the silver  
Thames.

Fair nymphs and well-dress’d youths  
around her shone,

But every eye was fixed on her alone.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she  
wore,

Which Jews might kiss, and infidels  
adore;

Her lively looks a sprightly mind dis-  
close—

Quick as her eyes, and as unfix’d as  
those;

Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers  
strike;

And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of  
pride,  
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults  
to hide:

If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget them  
all.

This nymph, to the destruction of man-  
kind,  
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung  
behind

In equal curls, and well conspired to deck  
With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory  
neck.

Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
And mighty hearts are held in slender  
chains.

With hairy springes we the birds betray;  
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny  
prey;

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks  
admired;

He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize as-  
pired.

Resolved to win, he meditates the way,  
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;  
For when success a lover's toil attends,  
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his  
ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had im-  
plored

Propitious Heaven, and every power  
adored;

But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,  
Of twelve vast French romances neatly  
gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of  
gloves,

And all the trophies of his former loves;  
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,  
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise  
the fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent  
eyes

Soon to obtain, and long possess the  
prize.

The powers gave ear, and granted half  
his prayer;

The rest the winds dispersed in empty  
air.

But now secure the painted vessel  
glides,

The sunbeams trembling on the floating  
tides,

While melting music steals upon the sky,  
And soften'd sounds along the waters  
die;

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently  
play,

Belinda smiled, and all the world was  
gay.

All but the sylph—with careful thoughts  
oppress'd,

Th' impending woe sat heavy on his  
breast.

He summons straight his denizens of air:  
The lucid squadrons round the sails re-  
pair;

Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers  
breathe,

That seem'd but zephyrs to the train be-  
neath.

Some to the sun their insect-wings un-  
fold,

Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of  
gold,

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal  
sight,

Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light;  
Loose to the wind their airy garments  
flew,

Thin, glittering textures of the filmy dew,  
Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the  
skies,

Where light disports in ever-mingling  
dyes;

While every beam new transient colors  
flings,

Colors that change whene'er they wave  
their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,  
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;

His purple pinions opening to the sun,  
He raised his azure wand, and thus be-  
gun:

“Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief  
give ear!

Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons,  
hear!

Ye know the spheres and various tasks  
assign'd

By laws eternal to th' aerial kind:

Some in the fields of purest ether play,  
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of  
 day;  
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs  
 on high,  
 Or roll the planets through the boundless  
 sky;  
 Some, less refined, beneath the moon's  
 pale light  
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the  
 night,  
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,  
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry  
 main,  
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.  
 Others, on earth, o'er human race pre-  
 side,  
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions  
 guide:  
 Of these the chief the care of nations  
 own,  
 And guard with arms divine the British  
 throne.  
 "Our humbler province is to tend the  
 fair,  
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious  
 care;  
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;  
 To draw fresh colors from the vernal  
 flowers;  
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in  
 showers,  
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving  
 hairs,  
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their  
 airs;  
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,  
 To change a founce, or add a furbelow.  
 "This day black omens threat the bright-  
 est fair  
 That o'er deserved a watchful spirit's  
 care;  
 Some dire disaster, or by force or sleight;  
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd  
 in night—  
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's  
 law,  
 Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;  
 Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;  
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;

Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;  
 Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock  
 must fall—  
 Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge re-  
 pair:  
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;  
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;  
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;  
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;  
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.  
 "To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,  
 We trust th' important charge, the petti-  
 coat—  
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence  
 to fail,  
 Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with  
 ribs of whale—  
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,  
 And guard the wide circumference around.  
 "Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at  
 large,  
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake  
 his sins,  
 Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with  
 pins;  
 Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
 Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye:  
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight re-  
 strain,  
 While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in  
 vain;  
 Or alum styptics with contracting power  
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd  
 flower;  
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill;  
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,  
 And tremble at the sea that froths be-  
 low!"  
 He spoke; the spirits from the sails de-  
 scend;  
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph ex-  
 tend;  
 Some thread the mazy ringlets of her  
 hair;  
 Some hang upon the pendants of her  
 ear;  
 With beating hearts the dire event they  
 wait,  
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of  
 fate.

## CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd  
with flowers,  
Where Thames with pride surveys his  
rising towers,  
There stands a structure of majestic  
frame,  
Which from the neighboring Hampton  
takes its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-  
doom

Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at  
home;

Here thou, great Anna! whom three  
realms obey,

Dost sometimes counsel take—and some-  
times tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs re-  
sort,

To taste a while the pleasures of a court;  
In various talk th' instructive hours they  
past:

Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;  
One speaks the glory of the British  
queen;

And one describes a charming Indian  
screen;

A third interprets motions, looks, and  
eyes—

At every word a reputation dies;  
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of  
chat,

With singing, laughing, ogling, and all  
that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of  
day,

The sun obliquely shoots his burning  
ray;

The hungry judges soon the sentence  
sign,

And wretches hang that jurymen may  
dine;

The merchant from th' Exchange returns  
in peace,

And the long labors of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame in-  
vites,

Burns to encounter two adventurous  
knights

At ombre singly to decide their doom,  
And swells her breast with conquests yet  
to come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms  
to join,

Each band the number of the sacred  
Nine.

Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial  
guard

Descend, and sit on each important card:

First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,

Then each according to the rank they  
bore;

For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient  
race,

Are, as when women, wondrous fond of  
place.

Behold; four kings in majesty revered,

With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;

And four fair queens, whose hands sustain  
a flower,

Th' expressive emblem of their softer  
power;

Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty  
band,

Caps on their heads, and halberts in their  
hand;

And parti-colored troops, a shining train,

Draw forth to combat on the velvet  
plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with  
care;

"Let spades be trumps!" she said, and  
trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,

In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.  
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the  
board.

As many more Manillio forced to yield,  
And march'd a victor from the verdant  
field.

Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more  
hard

Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian  
card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in  
years,

The hoary majesty of spades appears,

Puts forth one manly leg, to sight re-  
veal'd,

The rest his many-color'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel knave, who dares his prince en-  
gage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens  
     o'erthrew,  
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of  
     loo,  
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,  
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!  
     Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;  
 Now to the baron fate inclines the field.  
 His warlike amazon her host invades,  
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of  
     spades.  
 The club's black tyrant first her victim  
     died,  
 Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous  
     pride:  
 What boots the regal circle on his head,  
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy  
     spread—  
 That long behind he trails his pompous  
     robe,  
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the  
     globe?  
     The baron now his diamonds pours  
     apace;  
 Th' embroider'd king who shows but half  
     his face,  
 And his refulgent queen, with powers  
     combined,  
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.  
 Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder  
     seen,  
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level  
     green.  
 Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,  
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons—  
 With like confusion different nations fly,  
 Of various habit, and of various dye;  
 The pierced battalions disunited fall  
 In heaps on heaps—one fate o'erwhelms  
     them all.  
 The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,  
 And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the  
     queen of hearts.  
 At this the blood the virgin's cheek for-  
     sook,  
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;  
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching  
     ill,  
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.  
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd  
     state)  
 On one nice trick depends the general fate:

An ace of hearts steps forth: the king un-  
     seen  
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his cap-  
     tive queen:  
 He springs to vengeance with an eager  
     pace,  
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate  
     ace.  
 The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the  
     sky;  
 The walls, the woods, and long canals re-  
     ply.  
     O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to  
     fate,  
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!  
 Sudden these honors shall be snatch'd  
     away,  
 And cursed for ever this victorious day.  
     For lo! The board with cups and spoons  
     is crown'd;  
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns  
     round;  
 On shining altars of japan they raise  
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;  
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors  
     glide,  
 While China's earth receives the smoking  
     tide.  
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
 Straight hover round the fair her airy  
     band:  
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor  
     fann'd;  
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes dis-  
     play'd,  
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich  
     brocade.  
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,  
 And see through all things with his half-  
     shut eyes)  
 Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain  
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.  
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too  
     late;  
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's  
     fate!  
 Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!  
     But when to mischief mortals bend their  
     will,  
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!

Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting  
grace  
A two-edged weapon from her shining  
case:

So ladies, in romance, assist their knight—  
Present the spear and arm him for the  
fight.

He takes the gift with reverence, and ex-  
tends

The little engine on his fingers' ends;  
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her  
head.

Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,  
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back  
the hair;

And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in  
her ear;

Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe  
drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:  
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,  
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,  
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,  
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.  
Amazed, confused, he found his power ex-  
pired,

Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering for-  
tex wide,

T' enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.  
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,  
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;  
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph  
in twain

(But airy substance soon unites again);

The meeting points the sacred hair dis-  
sever

From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!  
Then flash'd the living lightning from  
her eyes,

And screams of horror rend th' affrighted  
skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are  
cast

When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe  
their last;

Or when rich china vessels, fallen from  
high,

In glittering dust and painted fragments  
lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my  
temples twine,"

The victor cried, "the glorious prize is  
mine!

While fish in streams, or birds delight in  
air;

Or in a coach and six the British fair;

As long as Atalantis shall be read,

Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed;

While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
When numerous wax-lights in bright order  
blaze;

While nymphs take treats, or assignations  
give,

So long my honor, name, and praise shall  
live!

What time would spare, from steel re-  
ceives its date;

And monuments, like men, submit to  
fate!

Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,  
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of  
Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride con-  
found,

And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs  
should feel

The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

#### CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph op-  
prest,

And secret passions labor'd in her breast.

Not youthful kings in battle seized alive;

Not scornful virgins who their charms sur-  
vive;

Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their  
bliss;

Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss;

Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die;

Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd  
awry,

E'er felt such rage, resentment, and des-  
pair,

As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd  
hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs  
withdrew,

And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,

Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,

As ever sullied the fair face of light,

Down to the central earth, his proper scene,  
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,  
And in a vapor reach'd the dismal dome.  
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;  
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.

Here in a grotto shelter'd close from air,  
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,  
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,  
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,  
But differing far in figure and in face.

Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,

Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;

With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and noons,

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lam-poons.

There Affectation with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;  
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;

On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,

Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.

The fair ones feel such maladies as these,  
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies;  
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise—

Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,

Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.

Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,

Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;

Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,  
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,  
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.

Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,

One bent—the handle this, and that the spout;

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;  
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;

Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works;

And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the gnome through this fantastic band,

A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus address'd the power—"Hail, wayward queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;

Parent of vapors and of female wit,

Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit,

On various tempers act by various ways,

Make some take physic, others scribble plays;

Who cause the proud their visits to delay,  
And send the godly in a pet to pray;

A nymph there is that all your power disdains,

And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.

But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,

Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,

Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,

Or change complexions at a losing game—

If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,

Or rumpled petticoats or tumbled beds,

Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,

Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,

Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease,

Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease—

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;  
That single act gives half the world the spleen."

The goddess, with a discontented air,  
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.



A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,  
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;  
There she collects the force of female lungs,  
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,  
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.

The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,  
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,  
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.

Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,  
And all the furies issued at the vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,  
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.

"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands and cried

(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid," replied),

"Was it for this you took such constant care

The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?

For this your locks in paper durance bound?

For this with torturing irons wreathed around?

For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?

And bravely bore the double loads of lead?

Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,

While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?

Honor forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine  
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.

Methinks already I your tears survey,  
Already hear the horrid things they say;

Already see you a degraded toast,  
And all your honor in a whisper lost!

How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?

'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!

And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,

Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,

And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,

On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?

Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park circus grow,

And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,  
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,

And bids her beau demand the precious hairs.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,

With earnest eyes, and round, unthinking face,

He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,

And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what the devil!

Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!

Give her the hair."—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.

"It grieves me much (replied the peer again)

Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;

But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear  
(Which never more shall join its parted

hair;  
Which never more its honors shall renew.

Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),

That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,  
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread

The long-contended honors of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so;

He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief  
appears,  
Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd  
in tears;  
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping  
head,  
Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she  
said:

"For ever cursed be this detested day,  
Which snatch'd my best, my favorite curl  
away;

Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,  
If Hampton Court these eyes had never  
seen!

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid  
By love of courts to numerous ills be-  
tray'd.

Oh had I rather unadmired remain'd  
In some lone isle, or distant northern  
land;

Where the gilt chariot never marks the  
way,

Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste  
bohea!

There kept my charms conceal'd from  
mortal eye,

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What moved my mind with youthful lords  
to room?

Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers at  
home!

'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to  
tell,

Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-  
box fell;

The tottering china shook without a  
wind,

Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most  
unkind!

A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of  
fate,

In mystic visions, now believed too late!  
See the poor remnants of these slighted  
hairs!

My hand shall rend what e'en thy rapine  
spares:

These in two sable ringlets taught to  
break,

Once gave new beauties to the snowy  
neck;

The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,  
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears de-  
mands,  
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious  
hands.

Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to  
seize

Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

## CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in  
tears;

But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's  
ears.

In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,  
For who can move when fair Belinda  
fails?

Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,  
While Anna begg'd and Dido raged in  
vain.

Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her  
fan;

Silence ensued, and thus the nymph be-  
gan:

"Say, why are beauties praised and hon-  
or'd most,

The wise man's passion, and the vain man's  
toast?

Why deck'd with all that land and sea  
afford?

Why angels call'd, and angel-like adored?  
Why round our coaches crowd the white-  
gloved beaux?"

Why bows the side-box from its inmost  
rows?

How vain are all these glories, all our  
pains,

Unless good sense preserve what beauty  
gains;

That men may say, when we the front box  
grace,

Behold the first in virtue as in face!

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all  
day,

Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old age  
away,

Who would not scorn what housewife's  
cares produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of  
use?

To patch, nay ogle, might become a  
saint;

Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay ;  
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to  
gray ;

Since painted, or not painted, all shall  
fade,

And she who scorns a man must die a  
maid ;

What then remains, but well our power to  
use,

And keep good humor still, whate'er we  
lose ?

And trust me, dear, good humor can pre-  
vail,

When airs, and flights, and screams, and  
scolding fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may  
roll—

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the  
soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause en-  
sued ;

Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her  
prude.

"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago  
cries,

And swift as lightning to the combat flies.  
All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;

Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whale-  
bones crack ;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly  
rise,

And bass and treble voices strike the  
skies.

No common weapons in their hands are  
found—

Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal  
wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods en-  
gage,

And heavenly breasts with human passions  
rage ;

'Gainst Pallas Mars ; Latona Hermes  
arms ;

And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :  
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all  
around,

Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps  
resound :

Earth shakes her nodding towers, the  
ground gives way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of  
day !

Triumphant Umbriel, on a sponce's  
height,

Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the  
fight :

Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites  
survey

The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thales-  
tris flies,

And scatters death around from both her  
eyes,

A beau and witting perish'd in the throng—  
One died in metaphor, and one in song :

"O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,"  
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his  
chair.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward  
cast,

"Those eyes are made so killing"—was  
his last.

Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies  
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he  
dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Cla-  
rissa down,

Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a  
frown ;

She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,  
But at her smile the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in  
air,

Weighs the men's wits against the lady's  
hair ;

The doubtful beam long nods from side to  
side ;

At length the wits mount up, the hairs  
subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,  
With more than usual lightning in her  
eyes :

Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to  
try,

Who sought no more than on his foe to  
die.

But this bold lord, with manly strength  
endued,

She with one finger and a thumb subdued :  
Just where the breath of life his nostrils  
drew,

A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;  
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,  
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'er-  
flows,

And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate!" incensed Belinda  
cried,

And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.

(The same, his ancient personage to deck,  
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his  
neck,

In three seal-rings; which after, melted  
down,

Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's  
gown;

Her infant grandame's whistle next it  
grew;

The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;  
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's  
hairs,

Which long she wore, and now Belinda  
wears.)

"Boast not my fall (he cried), insulting  
foe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;  
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;  
All that I dread is leaving you behind!  
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,  
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn  
alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all  
around

"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs re-  
bound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain  
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused  
his pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,  
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!  
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept  
with pain,

In every place is sought, but sought in  
vain:

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,  
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can  
contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar  
sphere,

Since all things lost on earth are treasured  
there.

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous  
vases,

And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-  
cases;

There broken vows, and deathbed alms are  
found,

And lovers' hearts with ends of riband  
bound,

The courtier's promises, and sick men's  
prayers,

The smiles of harlots, and the tears of  
heirs,

Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,  
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward  
rise,

Though mark'd by none but quick poetic  
eyes

(So Rome's great founder to the heavens  
withdrew,

To Proculus alone confess'd in view);

A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,

And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,

The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd  
light.

The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,

And, pleased, pursue its progress through  
the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the  
Mall survey,

And hail with music its propitious ray;

This the blest lover shall for Venus take,

And send up vows from Rosamonda's  
lake;

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless  
skies

When next he looks through Galileo's  
eyes;

And hence th' egregious wizard shall  
foredoom

The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn  
thy ravish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining  
sphere!

Not all the tresses that fair head can  
boast

Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.

For after all the murders of your eye,

When, after millions slain, yourself shall  
die;

When those fair suns shall set, as set they  
must,

And all those tresses shall be laid in  
dust—

This lock the Muse shall consecrate to  
fame,  
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's  
name.

ALEXANDER POPE.

—♦—  
*THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN  
GOOD-FELLOW.*

FROM Oberon, in fairy-land,  
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,  
Mad Robin, I, at his command,  
Am sent to view the night-sports here.  
What revell rout  
Is kept about  
In every corner where I go,  
I will o'ersee,  
And merrie be,  
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I flye  
About this aëry welkin soone,  
And in a minute's space descrye  
Each thing that's done belowe the moone.  
There's not a hag  
Or ghost shall wag,  
Or cry 'Ware goblins! where I go;  
But Robin, I,  
Their feates will spy,  
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,  
As from their night-sports they trudge  
home,

With counterfeiting voice I greete,  
And call them on with me to roame  
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,  
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;  
Or else unseene, with them I go,  
All in the nicke  
To play some tricke,  
And frolick it with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man,  
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound,  
And to a horse I turn me can,  
To trip and trot about them round;  
But if, to ride,  
My backe they stride,  
More swift than wind away I goe;  
O'er hedge and lands,  
Through pools and ponds,  
I whirry, laughing ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,  
With possets, and with junkets fine,  
Unseene of all the company,  
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;  
And to make sport  
I fume and snort,  
And out the candles I do blow.  
The maids I kiss,—  
They shrieke, Who's this?  
I answer naught but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
At midnight I card up their wooll,  
And while they sleepe and take their ease,  
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.  
I grind at mill  
Their malt up still;  
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.  
If any wake,  
And would me take,  
I wend me, laughing ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,  
I pinch the maidens black and blue;  
The bedd-clothes from the bedd pull I,  
And lay them naked all to view.  
'Twixt sleepe and wake  
I do them take,  
And on the key-cold floor them throw;  
If out they cry,  
Then forth I fly,  
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,  
We lend them what they do require,  
And for the use demand we naught,—  
Our owne is all we do desire.  
If to repay  
They do delay,  
Abroad amongst them then I go;  
And night by night  
I them affright,  
With pinchings, dreams, and ho ho,  
ho!

When lazie queans have naught to do  
But study how to cog and lye,  
To make debate and mischief too,  
'Twixt one another secretly,  
I marke their gloze,  
And it disclose

To them whom they have wrongèd so.  
 When I have done  
 I get me gone,  
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set  
 In loope holes, where the vermine creepe,  
 Who from their foldes and houses get  
 Their duckes and geese, and lambes and  
 sheepe,

I spy the gin,  
 And enter in,  
 And seeme a vermine taken so;  
 But when they there  
 Approach me neare,  
 I leap out, laughing ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows greene,  
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise,  
 And to our fayrie kinge and queene  
 We chant our moon-lighte minstrelsies.

When larkes 'gin sing  
 Away we fling,  
 And babes new-born steale as we go,  
 And elfe in bed  
 We leave instead,  
 And wend us, laughing ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I  
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro,  
 And, for my pranks, men call me by  
 The name of Robin Good-Fellow.  
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites  
 Who haunt the nightes,  
 The hags and goblins, do me know;  
 And beldames old  
 My feates have told,—  
 So *vale, vale!* Ho, ho, ho!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

#### A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"AND where have you been, my Mary,  
 And where have you been from me?"  
 "I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,  
 The midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,  
 All up on the Caldon Low?"

"I saw the glad sunshine come down,  
 And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,  
 All up on the Caldon Hill?"  
 "I heard the drops of the water-made,  
 And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary—  
 All, all that ever you know;  
 For you must have seen the fairies  
 Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;  
 And listen, mother of mine:  
 A hundred fairies danced last night,  
 And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily  
 To their dancing feet so small;  
 But oh! the words of their talking  
 Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,  
 That then you heard them say?"  
 "I'll tell you all, my mother;  
 But let me have my way.

"Some of them play'd with the water,  
 And roll'd it down the hill;  
 'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn  
 The poor old miller's mill;

"For there has been no water  
 Ever since the first of May;  
 And a busy man will the miller be  
 At dawning of the day.

"Oh! the miller, how he will laugh  
 When he sees the mill-dam rise!  
 The jolly old miller, how he will laugh  
 Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

"And some they seized the little winds  
 That sounded over the hill;  
 And each put a horn unto his mouth,  
 And blew both loud and shrill;

"And there,' they said, 'the merry winds  
 go  
 Away from every horn;  
 And they shall clear the mildew dank  
 From the blind old widow's corn.

"Oh! the poor, blind widow,  
 Though she has been blind so long,  
 She'll be blithe enough when the mil-  
 dew's gone,  
 And the corn stands tall and strong."

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,

And flung it down from the Low;  
And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,  
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

Oh! the poor, lame weaver,  
How he will laugh outright  
When he sees his dwindling flax-field  
All full of flowers by night!

"And then outspoke a brownie,  
With a long beard on his chin;  
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,  
And I want some more to spin.

"I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,  
And I want to spin another;  
A little sheet for Mary's bed,  
And an apron for her mother.

"With that I could not help but laugh,  
And I laugh'd out loud and free;  
And then on the top of the Caldons  
Low  
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldons Low  
The mists were cold and gray,  
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones  
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hill-top,  
I heard afar below,  
How busy the jolly miller was,  
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peep'd into the widow's field,  
And, sure enough, were seen  
The yellow ears of the mildew'd corn,  
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,  
To see if the flax were sprung;  
And I met the weaver at his gate,  
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,  
And all that I did see;  
So, prythee, make my bed, mother,  
For I'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

### THE CULPRIT FAY.

"My visual orbs are purged from film, and, lo!  
Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales,  
I see old fairyland's miraculous show:  
Her trees of tinsel kiss'd by freakish gales,  
Her ouths that, cloak'd in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,  
And fairies, swarming . . ."

TENNANT'S *Anster Fair*.

#### I.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's  
night—

The earth is dark, but the heavens are  
bright;

Naught is seen in the vault on high  
But the moon, and the stars, and the  
cloudless sky,

And the flood which rolls its milky hue,  
A river of light on the welkin blue.  
The moon looks down on old Cronest;  
She mellows the shades on his shaggy  
breast,

And seems his huge gray form to throw  
In a silver cone on the wave below;  
His sides are broken by spots of shade,  
By the walnut bough and the cedar made.  
And through their clustering branches  
dark

Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—  
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break  
Through the rifts of the gathering tem-  
pest's rack.

#### II.

The stars are on the moving stream,  
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,  
A burnish'd length of wavy beam  
In an eel-like, spiral line below;  
The winds are whist, and the owl is still;  
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;  
And naught is heard on the lonely hill  
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer  
shrill

Of the gauze-wing'd kate-did;  
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-  
will,

Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,  
Ever a note of wail and woe,  
Till Morning spreads her rosy wings,  
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

#### III.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:  
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;

He has counted them all with click and stroke

Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,  
And he has awaken'd the sentry elfe

Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,

To bid him ring the hour of twelve,

And call the fays to their revelry ;

Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell  
( 'Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell )—

"Midnight comes, and all is well !

Hither, hither, wing your way !

'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

#### IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,  
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen ;

Some on the backs of beetles fly  
From the silver tops of moon-touch'd trees,

Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,

And rock'd about in the evening breeze ;

Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—

They had driven him out by elfin power,

And, pillow'd on plumes of his rainbow breast,

Had slumber'd there till the charmed hour ;

Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,  
With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;

And some had open'd the four-o'clock,  
And stole within its purple shade.

And now they throng the moonlight glade,

Above—below—on every side,

Their little minim forms array'd

In the tricky pomp of fairy pride !

#### V.

They come not now to print the lea  
In freak and dance around the tree,  
Or at the mushroom board to sup,  
And drink the dew from the buttercup ;—

A scene of sorrow waits them now,  
For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow ;

He has loved an earthly maid,

And left for her his woodland shade ;

He has lain upon her lip of dew,

And sunn'd him in her eye of blue,

Fann'd her cheek with his wing of air,  
Play'd in the ringlets of her hair,  
And, nestling on her snowy breast,  
Forgot the lily-king's behest.

For this the shadowy tribes of air

To the elfin court must haste away :—

And now they stand expectant there,

To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

#### VI.

The throne was rear'd upon the grass,  
Of spice-wood and the sassafras ;

On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell

Hung the burnish'd canopy—

And over it gorgeous curtains fell

Of the tulip's crimson drapery.

The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,

On his brow the crown imperial shone,

The prisoner fay was at his feet,

And his peers were ranged around the throne.

He waved his sceptre in the air,

He look'd around and calmly spoke ;

His brow was grave and his eye severe,

But his voice in a soften'd accent broke :

#### VII.

"Fairy ! fairy ! list and mark :

Thou hast broke thine elfin chain ;

Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,

And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—

Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity

In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye ;

Thou hast scorn'd our dread decree,

And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.

But well I know her sinless mind

Is pure as the angel forms above,

Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,

Such as a spirit well might love ;

Fairy ! had she spot or taint,

Bitter had been thy punishment :

Tied to the hornet's shardy wings ;

Toss'd on the pricks of nettle stings ;

Or seven long ages doom'd to dwell

With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell ;

Or every night to writhe and bleed

Beneath the tread of the centipede ;

Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,

Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,



Amid the carrion bodies to lie  
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murder'd fly :

These it had been your lot to bear,  
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.

Now list, and mark our mild decree—  
Fairy, this your doom must be :

## VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand  
Where the water bounds the elfin land ;  
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine  
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moon-shine,

Then dart the glistening arch below,  
And catch a drop from his silver bow.  
The water-sprites will wield their arms  
And dash around, with roar and rave,  
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms ;  
They are the imps that rule the wave.  
Yet trust thee in thy single might :  
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,  
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

## IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,  
The stain of thy wing is wash'd away ;  
But another errand must be done  
Ere thy crime be lost for aye :  
Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark,  
Thou must reillumine its spark.  
Mount thy steed and spur him high  
To the heaven's blue canopy ;  
And when thou seest a shooting star,  
Follow it fast, and follow it far—  
The last faint spark of its burning train  
Shall light the elfin lamp again.  
Thou hast heard our sentence, fay ;  
Hence ! to the water-side, away !"

## X.

The goblin mark'd his monarch well ;  
He spake not, but he bow'd him low,  
Then pluck'd a crimson colen-bell,  
And turn'd him round in act to go.  
The way is long, he cannot fly,  
His soiled wing has lost its power,  
And he winds adown the mountain high,  
For many a sore and weary hour.

Through dreary beds of tangled fern,  
Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn,

Over the grass and through the brake,  
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake ;  
Now over the violet's azure flush  
He skips along in lightsome mood ;  
And now he thrids the bramble-bush,  
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.

He has leap'd the bog, he has pierced the brier,  
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,  
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,

And the red wax'd fainter in his cheek.  
He had fallen to the ground outright,  
For rugged and dim was his onward track,

But there came a spotted toad in sight,  
And he laugh'd as he jump'd upon her back ;

He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,

He lash'd her sides with an osier thong ;  
And now, through evening's dewy mist,

With leap and spring they bound along,  
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,  
And the beach of sand is reach'd at last.

## XI.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,  
Moveless still the glassy stream ;  
The wave is clear, the beach is bright

With snowy shells and sparkling stones ;  
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,  
In murmurings faint and distant moans ;  
And ever afar in the silence deep  
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,

And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—  
A glittering arch of silver sheen,  
Spanning the wave of burnish'd blue,  
And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

## XII.

The elfin cast a glance around,  
As he lighted down from his courser toad ;

Then round his breast his wings he wound,  
And close to the river's brink he strode ;

He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,  
 Above his head his arms he threw,  
 Then toss'd a tiny curve in air,  
 And headlong plunged in the waters  
 blue.

## XIII.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves  
 From the sea-silk beds in their coral  
 caves;  
 With snail-plate armor snatch'd in haste,  
 They speed their way through the liquid  
 waste;  
 Some are rapidly borne along  
 On the mailed shrimp or the prickly  
 prong;  
 Some on blood-red leeches glide,  
 Some on the stony star-fish ride,  
 Some on the back of the lancing squab,  
 Some on the sideling soldier-crab;  
 And some on the jellied quarl, that flings  
 At once a thousand streamy stings;  
 They cut the wave with the living oar,  
 And hurry on to the moonlight shore,  
 To guard their realms and chase away  
 The footsteps of the invading fay.

## XIV.

Fearlessly he skims along,  
 His hope is high, and his limbs are  
 strong;  
 He spreads his arms like the swallow's  
 wing,  
 And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;  
 His locks of gold on the waters shine,  
 At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise,  
 His back gleams bright above the brine,  
 And the wake-line foam behind him  
 lies.  
 But the water-sprites are gathering near  
 To check his course along the tide;  
 Their warriors come in swift career  
 And hem him round on every side;  
 On his thigh the leech has fix'd his hold,  
 The quarl's long arms are round him  
 roll'd,  
 The prickly prong has pierced his skin,  
 And the squab has thrown his javelin;  
 The gritty star has rubb'd him raw,  
 And the crab has struck with his giant  
 claw;

He howls with rage, and he shrieks with  
 pain;  
 He strikes around, but his blows are vain;  
 Hopeless is the unequal fight,  
 Fairy! naught is left but flight.

## XV.

He turn'd him round, and fled amain  
 With hurry and dash to the beach again;  
 He twisted over from side to side,  
 And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;  
 The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,  
 And with all his might he flings his feet,  
 But the water-sprites are round him still,  
 To cross his path and work him ill.  
 They bade the waves before him rise;  
 They flung the sea-fire in his eyes;  
 And they stunn'd his ears with the scal-  
 lop stroke,  
 With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish  
 croak.  
 Oh! but a weary wight was he  
 When he reach'd the foot of the dogwood  
 tree.  
 Gash'd and wounded, and stiff and sore,  
 He laid him down on the sandy shore;  
 He bless'd the force of the charm'd line,  
 And he bann'd the water-goblins' spite,  
 For he saw around in the sweet moon-  
 shine  
 Their little wee faces above the brine,  
 Giggling and laughing with all their  
 might  
 At the piteous hap of the fairy wight.

## XVI.

Soon he gather'd the balsam dew  
 From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane-  
 bud;  
 Over each wound the balm he drew,  
 And with cobweb lint he stanch'd the  
 blood.  
 The mild west wind was soft and low,  
 It cool'd the heat of his burning brow,  
 And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,  
 As he suck'd the juice of the calamus-root;  
 And now he treads the fatal shore  
 As fresh and vigorous as before.

## XVII.

Wrapp'd in musing stands the sprite;  
 'Tis the middle wane of night;

His task is hard, his way is far,  
But he must do his errand right  
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,  
And rolls her chariot-wheels of light;  
And vain are the spells of fairy-land,—  
He must work with a human hand.

## XXVIII.

He cast a sadden'd look around,  
But he felt new joy his bosom swell,  
When, glittering on the shadow'd ground,  
He saw a purple mussel-shell;  
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,  
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at  
the bow,  
And he push'd her over the yielding sand,  
Till he came to the verge of the haunted  
land.  
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat  
As ever fairy had travell'd in,  
For she glow'd with purple paint without,  
And shone with silvery pearl within;  
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,  
An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;  
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome  
leap,  
And launch'd afar on the calm, blue  
deep.

## XIX.

The imps of the river yell and rave;  
They had no power above the wave;  
But they heaved the billow before the prow,  
And they dash'd the surge against her  
side,  
And they struck her keel with jerk and  
blow,  
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking  
tide.  
She whimp'd about to the pale moon-  
beam,  
Like a feather that floats on a wind-toss'd  
stream;  
And momentarily athwart her track  
The quarl uprear'd his island back,  
And the fluttering scallop behind would  
float,  
And spatter the water about the boat;  
But he bail'd her out with his colen-bell,  
And he kept her trimm'd with a wary  
tread,  
While on every side like lightning fell  
The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

## XX.

Onward still he held his way,  
Till he came where the column of moon-  
shine lay,  
And saw beneath the surface dim  
The brown-back'd sturgeon slowly swim;  
Around him were the goblin train,  
But he scull'd with all his might and main,  
And follow'd wherever the sturgeon led,  
Till he saw him upward point his head;  
Then he dropp'd his paddle blade,  
And held his colen-goblet up  
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

## XXI.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin  
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,  
And, like the heaven-shot javelin,  
He sprung above the waters blue.  
Instant as the star-fall light,  
He plunged him in the deep again,  
But left an arch of silver bright,  
The rainbow of the moony main.  
It was a strange and lovely sight  
To see the puny goblin there;  
He seem'd an angel form of light,  
With azure wings and sunny hair,  
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,  
Circled with blue and edged with white,  
And sitting at the fall of even  
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

## XXII.

A moment, and its lustre fell;  
But ere it met the billow blue,  
He caught within his crimson bell  
A droplet of its sparkling dew—  
Joy to thee, fay! thy task is done,  
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—  
Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,  
And haste away to the elfin shore.

## XXIII.

He turns, and, lo! on either side  
The ripples on his path divide;  
And the track o'er which his boat must  
pass  
Is smooth as a sheet of polish'd glass.  
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,  
With snowy arms half swelling out,  
While on the gloss'd and gleamy wave  
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;

They swim around with smile and song ;  
 They press the bark with pearly hand,  
 And gently urge her course along,  
 Toward the beach of speckled sand ;  
 And, as he lightly leap'd to land,  
 They bade adieu with nod and bow ;  
 Then gayly kiss'd each little hand,  
 And dropp'd in the crystal deep below.

## XXIV.

A moment stay'd the fairy there ;  
 He kiss'd the beach and breathed a prayer ;  
 Then spread his wings of gilded blue,  
 And on to the elfin court he flew :  
 As ever ye saw a bubble rise,  
 And shine with a thousand changing dyes,  
 Till, lessening far, through ether driven,  
 It mingles with the hues of heaven ;  
 As, at the glimpse of morning pale,  
 The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,  
 And gleams with blendings soft and  
     bright,  
 Till lost in the shades of fading night ;  
 So rose from earth the lovely fay—  
 So vanish'd, far in heaven away !

\* \* \* \* \*

Up, fairy ! quit thy chickweed bower,  
 The cricket has call'd the second hour ;  
 Twice again, and the lark will rise  
 To kiss the streakings of the skies—  
 Up ! thy charmed armor don,  
 Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

## XXV.

He put his acorn helmet on ;  
 It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-  
     down ;  
 The corslet-plate that guarded his breast  
 Was once the wild bee's golden vest ;  
 His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,  
 Was form'd of the wings of butterflies ;  
 His shield was the shell of a lady-bug  
     queen,  
 Studs of gold on a ground of green ;  
 And the quivering lance which he brand-  
     ish'd bright  
 Was the sting of a wasp he had slain  
     in fight.  
 Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed ;  
 He bared his blade of the bent-grass  
     blue ;

He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,  
 And away like a glance of thought he  
     flew,  
 To skim the heavens, and follow far  
 The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

## XXVI.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,  
 Crept under the leaf, and hid her there ;  
 The katy-did forgot its lay,  
 The prowling gnat fled fast away,  
 The fell mosquito check'd his drone  
 And folded his wings till the fay was  
     gone,  
 And the wily beetle dropp'd his head,  
 And fell on the ground as if he were  
     dead ;  
 They crouch'd them close in the darksome  
     shade,  
 They quaked all o'er with awe and  
     fear,  
 For they had felt the blue-bent blade,  
 And writhed at the prick of the elfin  
     spear ;  
 Many a time, on a summer's night,  
 When the sky was clear, and the moon was  
     bright,  
 They had been roused from the haunted  
     ground  
 By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound ;  
 They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,  
 They had heard the twang of the maize-  
     silk string,  
 When the vine-twigg bows were tightly  
     drawn,  
 And the nettle-shaft through the air was  
     borne,  
 Feather'd with down of the hum-bird's  
     wing.  
 And now they deem'd the courier oupâc  
 Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground ;  
 And they watch'd till they saw him mount  
     the roof  
 That canopies the world around ;  
 Then glad they left their covert lair,  
 And freak'd about in the midnight air.

## XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament  
 His path the fire-fly courser bent,  
 And at every gallop on the wind,  
 He flung a glittering spark behind ;

He flies like a feather in the blast  
 Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.  
 But the shapes of air have begun their  
     work,  
 And a drizzly mist is round him cast;  
 He cannot see through the mantle  
     murk;  
 He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;  
 Through storm and darkness, sleet and  
     shade,  
 He lashes his steed, and spurs amain—  
 For shadowy hands have twitch'd the  
     rein,  
 And flame-shot tongues around him  
     play'd,  
 And near him many a fiendish eye  
 Glared with a fell malignity,  
 And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,  
 Came screaming on his startled ear.

## XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,  
 The plume hangs dripping from his crest,  
 His eyes are blurr'd by the lightning's  
     glare,  
 And his ears are stunn'd with the thun-  
     der's blare,  
 But he gave a shout, and his blade he  
     drew,  
 He thrust before and he struck behind,  
 Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,  
 And gash'd their shadowy limbs of  
     wind;  
 Howling the misty spectres flew,  
 They rend the air with frightful cries;  
 For he has gain'd the welkin blue,  
 And the land of clouds beneath him  
     lies.

## XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift,  
 In breathless motion fast,  
 Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,  
 Or the sea-roc rides the blast,  
 The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,  
 The spherèd moon is past,  
 The earth but seems a tiny blot  
     On a sheet of azure cast.  
 Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,  
 To tread the starry plain of even!  
 To meet the thousand eyes of night,  
 And feel the cooling breath of heaven!

But the elfin made no stop or stay  
 Till he came to the bank of the milky-  
     way;  
 Then he check'd his courser's foot,  
 And watch'd for the glimpse of the planet-  
     shoot.

## XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide  
 That swell'd to meet their footsteps' fall,  
 The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,  
 Attired in sunset's crimson pall;  
 Around the fay they weave the dance,  
 They skip before him on the plain,  
 And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,  
 And one upholds his bridle-rein;  
 With warblings wild they lead him on  
 To where through clouds of amber seen.  
 Studded with stars, resplendent shone  
 The palace of the sylphid queen.  
 Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,  
 Were streamers of the northern light;  
 Its curtain's light and lovely flush  
 Was of the morning's rosy blush;  
 And the ceiling fair, that rose aboon,  
 The white and feathery fleece of noon.

## XXXI.

But, oh! how fair the shape that lay  
 Beneath a rainbow bending bright;  
 She seem'd to the entrancèd fay  
 The loveliest of the forms of light;  
 Her mantle was the purple roll'd  
 At twilight in the west afar;  
 'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,  
 And button'd with a sparkling star.  
 Her face was like the lily roon  
 That veils the vestal planet's hue;  
 Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,  
 Set floating in the welkin blue.  
 Her hair is like the sunny beam,  
 And the diamond gems which round it  
     gleam  
 Are the pure drops of dewy even  
 That ne'er have left their native heaven.

## XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering  
     sprite,  
 And they leap'd with smiles; for well I  
     ween

Never before in the bowers of light  
Had the form of an earthly fay been  
seen.

Long she look'd in his tiny face;  
Long with his butterfly cloak she  
play'd;

She smoothed his wings of azure lace,  
And handled the tassel of his blade;  
And as he told in accents low  
The story of his love and woe,  
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,  
And the tear-drop started in her eyes.  
And "O sweet spirit of earth," she cried,  
"Return no more to your woodland  
height,

But ever here with me abide  
In the land of everlasting light!  
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,  
We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;  
And all the jewels of the sky  
Around thy brow shall brightly beam!  
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream  
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,  
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,  
And dance upon the orb'd moon!  
We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,  
We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,  
And I will bid my sylphs to sing  
The song that makes the dew-mist melt;  
Their harps are of the umber shade  
That hides the blush of waking day,  
And every gleamy string is made  
Of silvery moonshine's lengthen'd ray;  
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,  
While heavenly breathings float around,  
And, with the sylphs of ether blest,  
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

## XXXIII.

She was lovely and fair to see,  
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;  
But lovelier far, and still more fair,  
The earthly form imprinted there;  
Naught he saw in the heavens above  
Was half so dear as his mortal love,  
For he thought upon her look so meek,  
And he thought of the light flush on her  
cheek;

Never again might he bask and lie  
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye;  
But in his dreams her form to see,  
To clasp her in his revery,

To think upon his virgin bride,  
Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

## XXXIV.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,  
On the word of a fairy-knight,  
To do my sentence-task aright;  
My honor scarce is free from stain—  
I may not soil its snows again;  
Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
Its mandate must be answer'd now."  
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,  
The tear was in her drooping eye;  
But she led him to the palace-gate,  
And call'd the sylphs who hover'd there,  
And bade them fly and bring him straight,  
Of clouds condensed, a sable car.  
With charm and spell she bless'd it there,  
From all the fiends of upper air;  
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,  
And tied his steed behind the cloud;  
And press'd his hand as she bade him fly  
Far to the verge of the northern sky,  
For by its wan and wavering light  
There was a star would fall to-night.

## XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,  
Northward away he speeds him fast,  
And his courser follows the cloudy wain  
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering  
rain.  
The clouds roll backward as he flies,  
Each flickering star behind him lies,  
And he has reach'd the northern plain,  
And back'd his fire-fly steed again,  
Ready to follow in its flight  
The streaming of the rocket-light.

## XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,  
But it rocks in the summer gale;  
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,  
And now 'tis deadly pale;  
And now 'tis wrapp'd in sulphur-smoke,  
And quench'd is its rayless beam;  
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke  
It bursts in flash and flame.  
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance  
That the storm-spirit flings from high,  
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,  
As it fell from the sheeted sky.

As swift as the wind in its train behind  
 The elfin gallops along ;  
 The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,  
 But the sylphid charm is strong ;  
 He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,  
 While the cloud-fiends fly from the  
 blaze ;  
 He watches each flake till its sparks expire,  
 And rides in the light of its rays.  
 But he drove his steed to the lightning's  
 speed,  
 And caught a glimmering spark ;  
 Then wheel'd around to the fairy ground,  
 And sped through the midnight dark.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ouphe and goblin ! imp and sprite !  
 Elf of eve ! and starry fay !  
 Ye that love the moon's soft light,  
 Hither—hither wend your way ;  
 Twine ye in a jocund ring,  
 Sing and trip it merrily,  
 Hand to hand, and wing to wing,  
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again  
 With dance and song, and lute and lyre ;  
 Pure his wing and strong his chain,  
 And doubly bright his fairy fire.  
 Twine ye in an airy round,  
 Brush the dew and print the lea ;  
 Skip and gambol, hop and bound,  
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,  
 He flies about the haunted place,  
 And if mortal there be found,  
 He hums in his ears and flaps his face ;  
 The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,  
 The owlet's eyes our lanterns be ;  
 Thus we sing and dance and play  
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

#### XXXVII.

But hark ! from tower on tree-top high  
 The sentry-elf his call has made ;  
 A streak is in the eastern sky,  
 Shapes of moonlight ! flit and fade !  
 The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,  
 The skylark shakes his dabbled wing,  
 The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,  
 The cock has crow'd, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

#### COMUS: A MASK.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD  
 WOOD.

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters,*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's  
 court

My mansion is, where those immortal  
 shapes

Of bright ærial spirits live inspher'd  
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim  
 spot,

Which men call Earth; and with low-  
 thoughted care

Confined, and pester'd in this pinfold here,  
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish  
 being,

Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,  
 After this mortal change, to her true ser-  
 vants,

Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted  
 seats.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that golden  
 key,

That opes the palace of eternity;  
 To such my errand is; and but for such,  
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial  
 weeds

With the rank vapors of this sin-worn  
 mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the  
 sway

Of every salt flood, and each ebbing  
 stream,

Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether  
 Jove

Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
 That like to rich and various gems inlay  
 The unadorn'd bosom of the deep ;

Which he, to grace his tributary gods,  
 By course commits to several government,  
 And gives them leave to wear their sap-  
 phire crowns,  
 And wield their little tridents: but this  
 Isle,

The greatest and the best of all the main,  
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities:  
 And all this tract that fronts the falling  
 sun

A noble Peer of mickle trust and power

Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to  
guide

An old and haughty nation proud in arms:  
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely  
lore,

Are coming to attend their father's state,  
And new-entrusted sceptre; but their way  
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this  
drear wood,

The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wandering pas-  
senger;

And here their tender age might suffer  
peril,

But that by quick command from sover-  
eign Jove

I was despatch'd for their defence and  
guard;

And listen why, for I will tell you now  
What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple  
grape

Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,  
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds  
listed,

On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not  
Circe,

The daughter of the Sun, whose charm'd  
cup

Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
And downward fell into a grovelling  
swine?)

This Nymph that gazed upon his clust'ring  
locks,

With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe  
youth,

Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
Much like his father, but his mother more,  
Whom therefore she brought up, and  
Comus named:

Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,  
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
And in thick shelter of black shades em-  
bower'd

Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
Offering to every weary traveller  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which  
as they taste

(For most do taste through fond intem-  
p'rate thirst),

Soon as the potion works, their human  
count'nance,

Th' express resemblance of the gods, is  
changed

Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were;

And they, so perfect is their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigure-  
ment,

But boast themselves more comely than  
before,

And all their friends and native home for-  
get,

To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

Therefore, when any favor'd of high Jove  
Chances to pass through this adventurous  
glade,

Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star

I shoot from heaven, to give him safe con-  
voy,

As now I do: But first I must put off

These my sky robes spun out of Iris'  
woof,

And take the weeds and likeness of a  
swain,

That to the service of this house belongs,

Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied  
song,

Well knows to still the wild winds when  
they roar,

And hush the waving woods; nor of less  
faith,

And in this office of his mountain-watch,

Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid

Of this occasion. But I hear the tread

Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

*COMUS enters with a charming-rod in one  
hand, his glass in the other; with him a  
rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts  
of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and  
women, their apparel glistening; they come  
in making a riotous and unruly noise, with  
torches in their hands.*

COMUS. The star that bids the shep  
herd fold

Now the top of heaven doth hold;

And the gilded car of day

His glowing axle doth allay



In the steep Atlantic stream;  
 And the slope sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing toward the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the east.  
 Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,  
 Midnight shout and revelry,  
 Tipsy dance and jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.  
 Rigor now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.  
 We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the starry quire,  
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres  
 Lead in swift round the months and  
 years.  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny  
 drove,  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice  
 move;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves  
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.  
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,  
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies  
 trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come, let us our rites begin,  
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto! t' whom the secret  
 flame  
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious  
 dame,  
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon  
 womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest  
 gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air;  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and be-  
 friend  
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left  
 out,  
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,

The nice Morn on th' Indian steep,  
 From her cabin'd loophole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

*The Measure.*

Break off, break off, I feel the different  
 pace  
 Of some chaste footing near about this  
 ground.  
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes  
 and trees;  
 Our number may affright. Some virgin  
 sure  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my  
 charms,  
 And to my wily trains; I shall ere long  
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as  
 grazed  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with bleat illu-  
 sion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the  
 place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonish-  
 ment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
 Which must not be, for that's against my  
 course:  
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,  
 Baited with reasons not unpalatable,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her  
 eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
 I shall appear some harmless villager,  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country  
 gear.  
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside,  
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

*The LADY enters.*

This way the noise was, if mine ear be  
 true,  
 My best guide now; methought it was the  
 sound

Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute or gamesome  
     pipe  
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges  
     full,  
 In wanton dance, they praise the boun-  
     teous Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be  
     loath  
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence  
 Of such late wassailers; yet oh! where  
     else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied  
     out  
 With this long way, resolving here to  
     lodge  
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
 Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket-  
     side  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded  
     Even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœ-  
     bus' wain.  
 But where they are, and why they came  
     not back,  
 Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis  
     likeliest  
 They had engaged their wand'ring steps too  
     far;  
 And envious darkness, ere they could re-  
     turn,  
 Had stole them from me: else, O thievish  
     Night,  
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious  
     end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That Nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd  
     their lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
 Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,  
 Yet naught but single darkness do I find.  
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,

Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows  
     dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wilder-  
     nesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not  
     astound  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks at-  
     tended  
 By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.—  
 O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed  
     Hope,  
 Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden  
     wings,  
 And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all  
     things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need  
     were,  
 To keep my life and honor unassail'd.  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:  
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard far-  
     thest  
 I'll venture, for my new-enliven'd spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far  
     off.

## SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st  
     unseen  
 Within thy airy shell,  
 By slow Mæander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth  
     well;  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?  
 Oh, if thou have  
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the  
     Sphere!  
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's  
     harmonies.

*Enter COMUS.*

COM. Can any mortal mixture of earth's  
mould  
Breathe such divine enchanting ravish-  
ment?

Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
And with these raptures moves the vocal  
air

To testify his hidden residence:  
How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted  
night,

At every fall smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft  
heard

My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,  
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful  
drugs,

Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd  
soul,

And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,  
And chid her barking waves into atten-  
tion,

And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft ap-  
plause:

Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the  
sense,

And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;  
But such a sacred, and homefelt delight,  
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign  
wonder!

Whom certain these rough shades did  
never breed,

Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest  
song

Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
To touch the prosperous growth of this  
tall wood.

LAD. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost  
that praise

That is address'd to unattending ears;  
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
How to regain my sever'd company,  
Compell'd me to awake the courteous  
Echo

To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COM. What chance, good Lady, hath  
bereft you thus?

LAD. Dim darkness, and this leafy laby-  
rinth.

COM. Could that divide you from near-  
ushering guides?

LAD. They left me weary on a grassy  
turf.

COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or  
why?

LAD. To seek i' th' valley some cool  
friendly spring.

COM. And left your fair side all un-  
guarded, Lady?

LAD. They were but twain, and pur-  
posed quick return.

COM. Perhaps forestalling night pre-  
vented them.

LAD. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM. Imports their loss, beside the pre-  
sent need?

LAD. No less than if I should my  
brothers lose.

COM. Were they of manly prime, or  
youthful bloom?

LAD. As smooth as Hebe's their unra-  
zor'd lips.

COM. Two such I saw, what time the  
labor'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;  
I saw them under a green mantling vine  
That crawls along the side of yon small  
hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender  
shoots;

Their port was more than human, as they  
stood:

I took it for a faery vision  
Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colors of the rainbow live,  
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was  
awestruck,

And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those  
you seek,

It were a journey like the path to heaven,  
To help you find them.

LAD. Gentle villager,  
What readiest way would bring me to that  
place?

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby  
point.

LAD. To find that out, good shepherd, I  
suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
Without the sure guess of well-practised  
feet.

COM. I know each lane, and every alley  
green,  
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
My daily walks and ancient neighbor-  
hood;

And if your stray attendants be yet lodged  
Or shroud within these limits, I shall  
know

Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
From her thatch'd pallat rouse; if other-  
wise,

I can conduct you, Lady, to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
Till further quest.

LAD. Shepherd, I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest-offer'd courtesy,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls  
And courts of princes, where it first was  
named,

And yet is most pretended: in a place  
Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change  
it.

Eye me, blest Providence, and square my  
trial

To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd,  
lead on.

*Enter The Two BROTHERS.*

1 BR. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou,  
fair moon,  
That wou't'st to love the traveller's benizon,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber  
cloud,

And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades;  
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle  
taper,

Though a rush candle, from the wicker-  
hole

Of some clay habitation, visit us  
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming  
light;

And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 BR. Or if our eyes  
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but  
hear

The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled  
cotes,

Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten  
stops,

Or whistle from the lodge, or village  
cock

Count the night watches to his feathery  
dames,

'Twould be some solace yet, some little  
cheering

In this close dungeon of innumerable  
boughs.

But oh, that hapless virgin, our lost  
sister!

Where may she wander now, whither be-  
take her

From the chill dew, among rude burs and  
thistles?

Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster  
now,

Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad  
elm

Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with  
sad fears.

What, if in wild amazement, and affright,  
Or, while we speak, within the direful  
grasp

Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 BR. Peace, brother, be not over ex-  
quisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;

For grant they be so, while they rest un-  
known,

What need a man forestall his date of  
grief,

And run to meet what he would most  
avoid?

Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion!

I do not think my sister so to seek,

Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,

And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms  
ever,

As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is  
not)

Could stir the constant mood of her calm  
thoughts,

And put them into misbecoming plight.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and  
moon

Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's  
self

Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
Where, with her best nurse Contempla-  
tion,

She plumes her feathers, and lets grow  
her wings,

That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes im-  
pair'd.

He that has light within his own clear  
breast,

May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright  
day :

But he that hides a dark soul, and foul  
thoughts,

Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 BR. 'Tis most true,  
That musing meditation most affects  
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and  
herds,

And sits as safe as in a senate-house ;  
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
His few books, or his beads, or maple  
dish,

Or do his gray hairs any violence ?  
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
Laden with blooming gold, had need the  
guard

Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,  
To save her blossoms, and defend her  
fruit

From the rash hand of bold incontinence.  
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd  
heaps

Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
Danger will wink on opportunity,  
And let a single helpless maiden pass  
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not ;  
I fear the dread events that dog them  
both,

Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the  
person

Of our unowned sister.

1 BR. I do not, brother,

Infer, as if I thought my sister's state  
Secure without all doubt, or controversy ;  
Yet where an equal poise of hope and  
fear

Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
My sister is not so defenceless left,  
As you imagine ; she has a hidden  
strength

Which you remember not.

2 BR. What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you  
mean that ?

1 BR. I mean that too, but yet a hidden  
strength,  
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd  
her own ;

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :  
She that has that, is clad in complete  
steel,

And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows  
keen

May trace huge forests, and unharbor'd  
heaths,

Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,  
Where through the sacred rays of chas-  
tity,

No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity :

Yea there, where very desolation dwells,  
By grotts, and caverns shagg'd with horrid  
shades,

She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presump-  
tion.

Some say no evil thing that walks by  
night,

In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid  
ghost,

That breaks his magic chains at curfew-  
time,

No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
To testify the arms of chastity ?

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread  
bow,

Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness

And spotted mountain-pard, and set at naught  
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men  
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.  
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,  
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal'd stone,  
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
 And noble grace that dash'd brute violence  
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?  
 So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants  
 Begins to cast a beam on th' outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Embodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,  
 Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,  
 As loath to leave the body that it loved,  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 BR. How charming is divine philosophy!

Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 BR. List, list, I hear

Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

2 BR. Methought so too; what should it be?

1 BR. For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here,

Or else some neighbor woodman, or, at worst,

Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 BR. Heaven keep my sister! Again, again, and near!

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

1 BR. I'll halloo;

If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,  
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

*Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.*

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak:

Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPIR. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.

2 BR. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

1 BR. Thyrsis! Whose artful strains have oft delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
 And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram

Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,

Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?

How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPIR. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,

I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth

That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But, oh my virgin Lady, where is she?  
How chance she is not in your company?

1 BR. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd,  
without blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

SPIR. Aye me unhappy! then my fears  
are true.

1 BR. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pri-  
thee briefly shew.

SPIR. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabu-  
lous,

Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,  
What the sage poets, taught by th' heav-  
enly Muse,

Storied of old in high immortal verse,  
Of dire chimæras, and enchanted isles,  
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to  
Hell;

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,  
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer  
dwells,

Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great  
Comus,

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witch-  
eries;

And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleas-  
ing poison

The visage quite transforms of him that  
drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mint-  
age

Character'd in the face: this I have learnt  
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly  
crofts,

That brow this bottom-glade, whence,  
night by night,

He and his monstrous rout are heard to  
howl,

Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their  
prey,

Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.  
Yet have they many baits, and guileful  
spells,

T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late, by then the chewing  
flocks

Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb  
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in  
fold,

I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
And fill'd the air with barbarous disso-  
nance;

At which I ceased, and listen'd them a  
while,

Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds,  
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd  
sleep;

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich-distill'd per-  
fumes,

And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she  
might

Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a  
soul

Under the ribs of death: but oh ere long  
Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear  
sister.

Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and  
fear,

And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the  
deadly snare!

Then down the lawns I ran with headlong  
haste,

Through paths and turnings often trod by  
day,

Till guided by mine ear I found the place,  
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly dis-  
guise

(For so by certain signs I knew), had met  
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
The aidless innocent lady his wish'd prey;  
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,  
Supposing him some neighbor villager.

Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
Ye were the two she meant; with that I  
sprung

Into swift flight, till I had found you  
here,  
But further know I not.

2 BR. O night and shades,  
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,  
Against th' unarmed weakness of one vir-  
gin,  
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence  
You gave me, brother?

1 BR. Yes, and keep it still,  
Lean on it safely; not a period  
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats  
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold  
firm,

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
Surprised by unjust force, but not en-  
thrall'd;

Yea even that which Mischief meant most  
harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at  
last

Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,  
It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble. But  
come, let's on.

Against the opposing will and arm of  
Heaven

May never this just sword be lifted up;  
But for that damn'd magician, let him be  
girt

With all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous  
forms

'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
And force him to restore his purchase back,  
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
Cursed as his life.

SPIR. Alas! good vent'rous youth,  
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;  
Far other arms and other weapons must  
Be those that quell the might of hellish  
charms:

He with his bare wand can unthread thy  
joints,  
And crumble all thy sinews.

1 BR. Why prithee, Shepherd,  
How durst thou then thyself approach so  
near,  
As to make this relation?

SPIR. Care and utmost shifts  
How to secure the lady from surprisal  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd  
lad,  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,  
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morn-  
ing ray:

He loved me well, and oft would beg me  
sing,

Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit, and hearken e'en to ecstacy,  
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And show me simples of a thousand names,  
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.  
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on  
it,

But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this  
soil:

Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull  
swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:  
And yet more med'cinal is it than that  
moly

That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;  
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,  
And bade me keep it as of sovereign use  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or  
damp,

Or ghastly Furies' apparition.

I pursed it up, but little reck'ning made,  
Till now that this extremity compell'd;  
But now I find it true, for by this means  
I knew the foul enchanter though dis-  
guised,

Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
And yet came off: if you have this about  
you

(As I will give you when we go), you may  
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
And brandish'd blade rush on him, break  
his glass,  
And shed the luscious liquor on the  
ground,



But seize his wand; though he and his  
cursed crew

Fierce sign of battle make, and menace  
high,

Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

1 BR. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll fol-  
low thee,

And some good angel bear a shield before  
us.

*The scene changes to a stately palace, set out  
with all manner of deliciousness; soft  
music, tables spread with all dainties.  
COMUS appears with his rabble, and the  
LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom  
he offers his glass, which she puts by, and  
goes about to rise.*

COM. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave  
this wand,

Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabas-  
ter,

And you a statue, or as Daphne was,  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LAD. Fool, do not boast,  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my  
mind

With all thy charms, although this cor-  
poral rind

Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees  
good.

COM. Why are you vext, Lady? why  
do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from  
these gates

Sorrow flies far; see, here be all the  
pleasures

That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and re-  
turns

Brisk as the April buds in primrose sea-  
son.

And first behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames, and dances in his crystal  
bounds,

With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups  
mix'd.

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of  
Thone

In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
And to those dainty limbs which Nature  
lent

For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
With that which you received on other  
terms;

Scorning the unexempt condition  
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
That have been tired all day without re-  
past,  
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair  
virgin,

This will restore all soon.

LAD. 'Twill not, false traitor,  
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue  
with lies.

Was this the cottage, and the safe abode  
Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are  
these,

These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard  
me!

Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul  
deceiver!

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?

And would'st thou seek again to trap me  
here

With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?  
Were it a draft for Juno when she ban-  
quets,

I would not taste thy treasonous offer;  
none

But such as are good men can give good  
things,

And that which is not good, is not de-  
licious

To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COM. O foolishness of men! that lend  
their ears

To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic  
tub,

Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.  
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties  
forth,

With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and  
flocks,

Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk  
 To deck her sons; and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hutch'd th' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems,  
 To store her children with: if all the world  
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
 Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised;  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility;  
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the winged air dark'd with plumes,  
 The herds would over-multitude their lords,  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds  
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
 List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd  
 With that same vaunted name Virginitv.  
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
 But must be current, and the good thereof  
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
 Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose

It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workman-ship;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions,  
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts;  
 Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.  
 LAD. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.  
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.  
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance; she, good cateress,  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:  
 If every just man, that now pines with want,  
 Had but a moderate and beseeing share  
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;  
 And then the Giver would be better thank'd,

His praise due paid ; for swinish gluttony  
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous  
feast,

But with besotted base ingratitude  
Crams, and blasphemous his feeder. Shall  
I go on?

Or have I said enow? To him that  
dares

Arm his profane tongue with contemptu-  
ous words

Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,  
Fain would I something say, yet to what  
end?

Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend  
The sublime notion, and high mystery,  
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
And serious doctrine of Virginity,  
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst  
not know

More happiness than this thy present lot.  
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
That hath so well been taught her dazzling  
fence;

Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;  
Yet should I try, the uncontroll'd worth  
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt  
spirits

To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
That dumb things would be moved to sym-  
pathize,

And the brute earth would lend her nerves,  
and shake,  
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,  
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false  
head.

COM. She fables not: I feel that I do fear  
Her words set off by some superior power:  
And though not mortal, yet a cold shud-  
d'ring dew

Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of  
Jove

Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,  
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,  
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no  
more,

This is mere moral babble, and direct  
Against the canon laws of our founda-  
tion;

I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the  
lees

And settlings of a melancholy blood:

But this will cure all straight; one sip of this

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and  
taste.—

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn,  
wrest his glass out of his hand, and break  
it against the ground; his rout make sign  
of resistance, but are all driven in. The  
ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.*

SPIR. What, have you let the false en-  
chanter 'scape?

Oh ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd  
his wand,

And bound him fast; without his rod re-  
versed,

And backward mutters of dissevering  
power,

We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:

Yet stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink  
me,

Some other means I have which may be  
used,

Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,  
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on  
plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from  
hence,

That with moist curb sways the smooth  
Severn stream,

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;  
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,  
That had the sceptre from his father  
Brute.

She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pur-  
suit

Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
Commended her fair innocence to the  
flood,

That stay'd her flight with his cross-flow-  
ing course.

The water-nymphs that in the bottom  
play'd,

Held up their pearl'd wrists, and took her  
in,

Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,  
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank  
head,

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,

And through the porch and inlet of each  
sense

Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,  
And underwent a quick immortal change,  
Made Goddess of the river: still she re-  
tains

Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
Visits the herds along the twilight mea-  
dows,

Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck  
signs

That the shrewd meddling elf delights to  
make,

Which she with precious vial'd liquors  
heals;

For which the shepherds at their festivals  
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into  
her stream

Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

And, as the old swain said, she can un-  
lock

The clasping charm, and thaw the numb-  
ing spell,

If she be right invoked in warbled song;  
For maidenhood she loves, and will be  
swift

To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,  
And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

#### SONG.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting  
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loosetrain of thy amber-dropping hair;

Listen for dear honor's sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake,

Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us  
In name of great Oceanus,  
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
And Tethys' grave majestic pace,  
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,  
By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,  
By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
And her son that rules the strands,  
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
And the songs of sirens sweet,  
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
And fair Ligea's golden comb,

Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
From thy coral-paven bed,  
And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

*SABRINA rises, attended by water-nymphs,  
and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,  
Where grows the willow and the osier  
dank,

My sliding chariot stays,  
Thick set with agate, and the azurn  
sheen

Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
That in the channel strays;

Whilst from off the waters fleet,  
Thus I set my printless feet

O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread;

Gentle Swain, at thy request  
I am here.

SPR. Goddess dear,  
We implore thy pow'rful hand  
To undo the charmed band  
Of true virgin here distrest,  
Through the force, and through the wile  
Of unlesser'd enchanter vile.

SABR. Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
To help ensnarèd chastity:  
Brightest Lady, look on me;  
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
Drops that from my fountain pure  
I have kept of precious cure,  
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;  
Next this marble venom'd seat,  
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
I touch with chaste palms moist and  
cold:

Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
And I must haste ere morning hour  
To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

*SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out  
of her seat.*

SPR. Virgin, daughter of Loocrine,  
Sprung of old Anchises' line,

May thy brimmèd waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills :  
 Summer drouth, or singèd air  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud ;  
 May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl, and the golden ore ;  
 May thy lofty head be crown'd  
 With many a tow'r and terrace round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us  
 grace,

Let us fly this cursèd place,  
 Lest the sorcerer us entice  
 With some other new device.  
 Not a waste or needless sound  
 Till we come to holier ground ;  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide,  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your Father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wish'd presence, and beside  
 All the swains that there abide,  
 With jigs and rural dance resort ;  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer ;  
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid  
 sky.

*The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town  
 and the President's castle ; then come in  
 country dancers, after them the ATTEND-  
 ANT SPIRIT, with the Two BROTHERS  
 and the LADY.*

#### SONG.

SPIR. Back, Shepherds, back, enough  
 your play,  
 Till next sunshine holiday ;  
 Here be without duck or nod  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise,  
 With the mincing Dryades,  
 On the lawns, and on the leas.

*This second Song presents them to their Father  
 and Mother.*

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight,  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own ;  
 Heav'n hath timely tried their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise.  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

*The dances ended, the SPIRIT epilogizes.*

SPIR. To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky :  
 There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree :  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,  
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring ;  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west winds, with musky wing,  
 About the cedarn alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purfled scarf can shew,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true),  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen ;  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced,  
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,  
 After her wand'ring labors long,  
 Till free consent the Gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.  
 But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run

Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,  
Love Virtue, she alone is free;  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime:  
Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON.

### FAREWELL TO THE FAIRIES.

FAREWELL rewards and Fairies!

Good housewives now may say;  
For now foule sluts in dairies  
Doe fare as well as they:  
And though they sweepe their hearths no  
less

Than mayds were wont to doe,  
Yet who of late for cleanness  
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old Abbies,  
The fairies lost command:  
They did but change priests babies,  
But some have changed your land:  
And all your children stoln from thence  
Are now growne Puritanes,  
Who live as changelings ever since,  
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both  
You merry were and glad,  
So little care of sleepe and sloth,  
These prettie ladies had.  
When Tom came home from labour,  
Or Ciss to milking rose,  
Then merrily went their tabour,  
And nimble went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes  
Of theirs, which yet remaine;  
Were footed in Qucene Maries dayes  
On many a grassy playne.  
But since of late Elizabeth  
And later James came in;  
They never danced on any heath,  
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies  
Were of the old profession:

Their songs were *Ave Maries*,  
Their dances were procession.  
But now, alas! they all are dead,  
Or gone beyond the seas,  
Or farther for religion fled,  
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company  
They never could endure;  
And whoso kept not secretly  
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:  
It was a just and Christian deed  
To pinch such blacke and blue:  
Oh how the common-welth doth need  
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;  
A Register they have,  
Who can preserve their charters;  
A man both wise and grave.  
An hundred of their merry pranks,  
By one that I could name  
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks  
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire  
Give laud and praises due,  
Who every meale can mend your cheare  
With tales both old and true:  
To William all give audience,  
And pray yee for his noddle:  
For all the fairies evidence  
Were lost, if it were addle.

RICHARD CORBET

### KILMENY.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen;  
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,  
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,  
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;  
The scarlet hyppe, and the hindberry,  
And the nut that hung frae the hazel  
tree;  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
But lang may her minny look o'er the  
wa',  
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood  
shaw;  
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,  
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come  
hame!

When many lang day had come and fled,  
 When grief grew calm, and hope was  
 dead,  
 When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been  
 sung,  
 When the bedes-man had prayed, and the  
 deadbell rung:  
 Late, late in a gloamin when all was  
 still,  
 When the fringe was red on the westlin  
 hill,  
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,  
 The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,  
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its  
 lane;  
 When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,  
 Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came  
 hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you  
 been?  
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;  
 By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,  
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.  
 Where gat you that joup o' the lily  
 sheen?  
 That bonny snood o' the birk sae green?  
 And these roses the fairest that ever was  
 seen?—  
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you  
 been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's  
 face;  
 As still was her look, and as still was  
 her ee,  
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant  
 lea,  
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless  
 sea.  
 For Kilmeny had been she ken'd not  
 where,  
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could  
 not declare;  
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never  
 crew,  
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind  
 never blew.  
 But it seemed as the harp of the sky had  
 rung,  
 And the airs of heaven played round her  
 tongue,

When she spake of the lovely forms she  
 had seen,  
 And a land where sin had never been;  
 A land of love, and a land of light,  
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night;  
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,  
 And the light a pure and cloudless beam;  
 The land of vision it would seem,  
 A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon greenwood there is a waik,  
 And in that waik there is a wene,  
 And in that wene there is a maike,  
 That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane;  
 And down in yon greenwood he walks his  
 lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,  
 Her bosom happ'd wi' flowerets gay;  
 But the air was soft and the silence deep,  
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.  
 She kenned nae mair, nor open'd her ee,  
 Till waked by the hymns of a far coun-  
 trye.

She woke on a couch of the silk sae  
 slim,  
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's  
 rim;  
 And lovely beings round were rife,  
 Who erst had travelled mortal life;  
 And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,  
 "What spirit has brought this mortal  
 here?"

"Lang have I ranged the world wide,"  
 A meek and reverend fere replied;  
 "Baith night and day I have watched the  
 fair  
 Eident a thousand years and mair.  
 Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,  
 Wherever blooms feminitie;  
 And sinless virgin, free of stain  
 In mind and body, fand I nane.  
 Never, since the banquet of time,  
 Found I a virgin in her prime,  
 Till late this bonnie maiden I saw,  
 As spotless as the morning snaw:  
 Full twenty years she has lived as free  
 As the spirits that sojourn in this coun-  
 trye:  
 I have brought her away frae the snares of  
 men,  
 That sin or death she never may ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,  
 They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair;  
 And round came many a blooming fere,  
 Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!

Women are freed of the littand scorn:—  
 O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!  
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
 Many lang year in sorrow and pain,  
 Many lang year through the world we've gane,  
 Commissioned to watch fair womankind,  
 For it's they who nurse the immortal mind.

We have watched their steps as the dawn-  
 ing shone,  
 And deep in the greenwood walks alone;  
 By lily bower and silken bed,  
 The viewless tears have o'er them shed;  
 Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,  
 Or left the couch of love to weep.  
 We have seen! we have seen! but the time  
 maun come,  
 And the angels will weep at the day of  
 doom!

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind  
 Aye keep these holy truths in mind,  
 That kindred spirits their motions see,  
 Who watch their ways with anxious ee,  
 And grieve for the guilt of humanity!  
 O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,  
 And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!  
 And dear to Heaven! the words of truth,  
 And the praise of virtue frae beauty's  
 mouth!

And dear to the viewless forms of air,  
 The mind that kythes as the body fair!

"O bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,  
 If ever you seek the world again,  
 That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,  
 O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;  
 And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;  
 Of the times that are now, and the times  
 that shall be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
 And she walked in the light of a sunless  
 day:

The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of  
 light:

The emrant fields were of dazzling glow,  
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
 Then deep in the stream her body they  
 laid,

That her youth and beauty never might  
 fade;

And they smiled on heaven, when they  
 saw her lie

In the stream of life that wandered by.  
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,  
 She kend not where; but sae sweetly it  
 rung,

It fell on her ear like a dream of the  
 morn:—

"O, blest be the day Kilmeny was  
 born!

Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
 The sun that shines on the world sae  
 bright,

A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of  
 light;

And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,  
 Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,  
 Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,  
 And the angels shall miss them travelling  
 the air.

But lang, lang after baith night and day,  
 When the sun and the world have fled  
 away;

When the sinner has gane to his waesome  
 doom,

Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

They bore her away, she wist not how,  
 For she felt not arm nor rest below;  
 But so swift they wained her through the  
 light,

'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;  
 They seemed to split the gales of air,  
 And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.  
 Unnumbered groves below them grew;  
 They came, they past, and backward  
 flew,

Like floods of blossoms gliding on,  
 A moment seen, in a moment gone.  
 O, never vales to mortal view  
 Appeared like those o'er which they flew!  
 That land to human spirits given,  
 The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;



From thence they can view the world  
below,  
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires  
glow,  
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,  
To see what mortal never had seen;  
And they seated her high on a purple  
sward,  
And bade her heed what she saw and  
heard;  
And note the changes the spirits wrought,  
For now she lived in the land of  
thought.

She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,  
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes;  
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,  
But an endless whirl of glory and light:  
And radiant beings went and came  
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.  
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,  
And clouds of amber sailing by;  
A lovely land beneath her lay,  
And that land had lakes and mountains  
gray;  
And that land had valleys and hoary  
piles,  
And marbled seas and a thousand isles.  
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
And its lakes were all of the dazzling  
sheen,  
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay  
The sun and the sky, and the cloudlet  
gray;  
Which heaved and trembled, and gently  
swung,  
On every shore they seemed to be hung:  
For there they were seen on their down-  
ward plain  
A thousand times, and a thousand again;  
In winding lake, and placid firth,  
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of  
earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,  
For she found her heart to that land did  
cleave;  
She saw the corn wave on the vâle,  
She saw the deer run down the dale;

She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,  
And the brows that the badge of freedom  
bore;—  
And she thought she had seen the land be-  
fore.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
The fairest that ever the sun shone on:  
A lion licked her hand of milk,  
And she held him in a leish of silk;  
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,  
With a silver wand and melting ee;  
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,  
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes-man came,  
And hundert the lion on his dame;  
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless  
ee,  
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;  
And she saw till the queen frae the lion  
fled,  
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay  
dead;  
A coffin was set on a distant plain,  
And she saw the red blood fall like rain:  
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
And she turned away, and could look nae  
mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,  
And they trampled him down, but he rose  
again;  
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,  
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom  
dear;  
And weening his head was danger-reef,  
When crowned with the rose and clover  
leaf,  
He gowled at the carle, and chased him  
away  
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain  
gray.  
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at  
Heaven;  
But his mark was set, and his arles given.  
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled  
One half of all the glowing world,  
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,  
To bound the aims of sinful man.

She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
 Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;  
 There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,  
 And she herked on her ravening crew,  
 Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a  
     blaze,  
 And the thunder it roared o'er the lands  
     and the seas.  
 The widows they wailed, and the red blood  
     ran,  
 And she threatened an end to the race of  
     man:  
 She never lened, nor stood in awe,  
 Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.  
 Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,  
 And brainzelled up a mortal strife;  
 But flew she north, or flew she south,  
 She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,  
 The eagle sought her ciry again;  
 But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,  
 And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,  
 Before she sey another flight,  
 To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,  
 So far surpassing nature's law,  
 The singer's voice wad sink away,  
 And the string of his harp wad cease to  
     play.  
 But she saw till the sorrows of man were  
     by,  
 And all was love and harmony;—  
 Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,  
 Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see  
 The friends she had left in her own  
     countrie,  
 To tell of the place where she had been,  
 And the glories that lay in the land un-  
     seen;  
 To warn the living maidens fair,  
 The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,  
 That all whose minds unmeled remain  
 Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,  
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;  
 And when she awakened, she lay her lane,  
 All happed with flowers in the greenwood  
     wene.

When seven lang years had come and  
     fled;

When grief was calm, and hope was dead;  
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's  
     name,

Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came  
     hame.

And O, her beauty was fair to see,  
 But still and steadfast was her ee!  
 Such beauty bard may never declare,  
 For there was no pride nor passion there;  
 And the soft desire of maidens' eeu  
 In that mild face could never be seen.  
 Her seymar was the lily flower,  
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the  
     shower;

And her voice like the distant melodye,  
 That floats along the twilight sea.  
 But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,  
 And keep afar frae the haunts of men;  
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
 To suck the flowers and drink the spring.  
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
 The wild beasts of the hills were cheered;  
 The wolf played blythely round the field,  
 The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;  
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,  
 And cowered aneath her lily hand.  
 And when at eve the woodlands rung,  
 When hymns of other worlds she sung  
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
 O, then the glen was all in motion!  
 The wild beasts of the forest came,  
 Broke from their boughts and faulds the  
     tame,

And goved around, charmed and amazed;  
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,  
 And murmured and looked with anxious  
     pain.

For something the mystery to explain.  
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;  
 The corby left her houw in the rock;  
 The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;  
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;  
 The wolf and the kid their raikie began,  
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret  
     ran;

The hawk and the hern attour them hung,  
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed  
     their young;

And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:—  
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and day had come and  
 gane,  
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene;  
 There laid her down on the leaves sae  
 green,  
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair  
 seen.  
 But O, the words that fell from her  
 mouth,  
 Were words of wonder and words of  
 truth!  
 But all the land were in fear and dread,  
 For they kendna whether she was living  
 or dead.  
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna re-  
 main;  
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
 And returned to the land of thought again.

JAMES HOGG.

---

*SONG*

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

TELL me where is fancy bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourished?  
 Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies:  
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.  
 Ding, dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

---

*ALICE BRAND.*

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,  
 When the mavis and merle are sing-  
 ing,  
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds  
 are in cry,  
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land  
 Is lost for love of you;  
 And we must hold by wood and wold,  
 As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,  
 And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,  
 That on the night of our luckless flight,  
 Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech,  
 The hand that held the glaive,  
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed,  
 And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small.  
 That wont on harp to stray,  
 A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd  
 deer,  
 To keep the cold away."—

"O Richard! if my brother died,  
 'Twas but a fatal chance;  
 For darkling was the battle tried,  
 And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,  
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
 As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,  
 As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
 And lost thy native land,  
 Still Alice has her own Richard,  
 And he his Alice Brand."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing;  
 On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,  
 Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
 Who wonn'd within the hill,—  
 Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,  
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and  
 oak,  
 Our moonlight circle's screen?  
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?  
 Or who may dare on wold to wear  
 The fairie's fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal lie,  
 For thou wert christen'd man;  
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
 For mutter'd word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the wither'd  
 heart,  
 The curse of the sleepless eye;  
 Till he wish and pray that his life would  
 part,  
 Nor yet find leave to die."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green-wood,  
Though the birds have still'd their singing;

The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
Before Lord Richard stands,  
And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,  
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,  
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
That woman void of fear,—  
"And if there's blood upon his hand,  
'Tis but the blood of deer.—"

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly blood,  
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,  
And made the holy sign,—  
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,  
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
By Him whom Demons fear,  
To show us whence thou art thyself,  
And what thine errand here?"—

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,  
When fairy birds are singing,  
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,  
With bit and bridle ringing:

"And gaily shines the Fairy-land—  
But all is glistening show,  
Like the idle gleam that December's beam  
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,  
Is our inconstant shape,  
Who now like knight and lady seem,  
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,  
When the Fairy King has power,  
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd away  
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,  
Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
I might regain my mortal mold,  
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice—

That lady was so brave;  
The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold;  
He rose beneath her hand  
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,  
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing,  
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,  
When all the bells were ringing.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
. . . Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me; her hair  
Fell all about my face. . . .  
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.  
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;

By God built over the sheer depth  
 The which is Space begun ;  
 So high, that looking downward thence  
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
 Of ether, as a bridge.

Beneath, the tides of day and night  
 With flame and darkness ridge  
 The void, as low as where this earth  
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends  
 Amid their loving games  
 Spake evermore among themselves  
 Their virginal chaste names ;  
 And the souls mounting up 'to God  
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself, and stooped  
 Out of the circling charm ;  
 Until her bosom must have made  
 The bar she leaned on warm,  
 And the lilies lay as if asleep  
 Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
 Time like a pulse shake fierce  
 Through all the worlds. Her gaze still  
 strove

Within the gulf to pierce  
 Its path ; and now she spoke as when  
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon  
 Was like a little feather  
 Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now  
 She spoke through the still weather.  
 Her voice was like the voice the stars  
 Had when they sang together.

(Ah, sweet ! Even now, in that bird's  
 song,  
 Strove not her accents there,  
 Fain to be hearken'd ? When those bells  
 Possessed the mid-day air,  
 Strove not her steps to reach my side  
 Down all the echoing stair ?)

"I wish that he were come to me,  
 For he will come," she said.  
 "Have I not pray'd in heaven ?—on earth,  
 Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?  
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?  
 And shall I feel afraid ?

"When round his head the aureole clings  
 And he is clothed in white,  
 I'll take his hand and go with him  
 To the deep wells of light ;  
 We will step down as to a stream,  
 And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,  
 Occult, withheld, untrod,  
 Whose lamps are stirred continually  
 With prayer sent up to God ;  
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
 Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of  
 That living mystic tree,  
 Within whose secret growth the Dove  
 Is sometimes felt to be,  
 While every leaf that His plumes touch  
 Saith His name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,  
 I myself, lying so,  
 The songs I sing here ; which his voice  
 Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
 And find some knowledge at each pause,  
 Or some new thing to know."

(Alas ! We two, we two, thou say'st !  
 Yea, one wast thou with me  
 That once of old. But shall God lift  
 To endless unity  
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
 Was but its love for thee ?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves  
 Where the lady Mary is,  
 With her five handmaidens, whose names  
 Are five sweet symphonies,  
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
 Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
 And foreheads garlanded ;  
 Into the fine cloth white like flame,  
 Weaving the golden thread,  
 To fashion the birth-robos for them  
 Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :  
 Then will I lay my cheek  
 To his, and tell about our love,  
 Not once abash'd or weak :  
 And the dear Mother will approve  
 My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles :  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me :—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love,—only to be,  
And then a while, for ever now  
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild,—  
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.  
The light thrill'd toward her, fill'd  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres ;  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)  
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

### CHRISTABEL.

#### PART I.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle  
clock,  
And the owls have awakened the crowing  
cock ;  
Tu-whit !—Tu-whoo !  
And hark, again ! the crowing cock,  
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ;  
From her kennel beneath the rock  
She maketh answer to the clock,  
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the  
hour ;  
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,  
Sixteen short howls, not over-loud ;  
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark ?  
The night is chilly, but not dark.  
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,  
It covers but not hides the sky.

The moon is behind, and at the full ;  
And yet she looks both small and dull.  
The night is chill, the cloud is gray :  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wood so late,  
A furlong from the castle-gate ?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight ;  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
And naught was green upon the oak,  
But moss and rarest mistletoe :  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel !  
It moaned as near, as near can be,  
But what it is, she cannot tell.—  
On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill ; the forest bare ;  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek—  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the  
sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel !  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well !  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there ?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone :  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandall'd were,

And wildly glittered here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she,—  
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"  
(Said Christabel;) "And who art thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet:—  
"Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak for weariness."  
"Stretch forth thy hand, and have no  
fear!"  
Said Christabel, "how camest thou here?"  
And the lady, whose voice was faint and  
sweet,  
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

"My sire is of a noble line,  
And my name is Geraldine:  
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:  
They choked my cries with force and  
fright,  
And tied me on a palfrey white.  
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.  
They spurred amain, their steeds were  
white:

And once we crossed the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
I have no thought what men they be;  
Nor do I know how long it is  
(For I have lain entranced I wis)  
Since one, the tallest of the five,  
Took me from the palfrey's back,  
A weary woman, scarce alive.  
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:  
He placed me underneath this oak;  
He swore they would return with haste;  
Whither they went, I cannot tell—  
I thought I heard, some minutes past,  
Sounds as of a castle bell.  
Stretch forth thy hand" (thus ended she),  
"And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand  
And comforted fair Geraldine:  
"Oh, well, bright dame! may you com-  
mand  
The service of Sir Leoline;

And gladly our stout chivalry  
Will he send forth and friends withal  
To guide and guard you safe and free  
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose: and forth with steps they passed  
That strove to be, and were not, fast.  
Her gracious stars the lady blest,  
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:  
"All our household are at rest,  
The hall as silent as the cell;  
Sir Leoline is weak in health,  
And may not well awakened be,  
But we will move as if in stealth,  
And I beseech your courtesy,  
This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well;  
A little door she opened straight,  
All in the middle of the gate;  
The gate that was ironed within and without,  
Where an army in battle array had  
marched out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And Christabel with might and main  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate:  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court: right glad they  
were.

And Christabel devoutly cried  
To the Lady by her side,  
"Praise we the Virgin all divine  
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"  
"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,  
"I cannot speak for weariness."  
So, free from danger, free from fear,  
They cross'd the court: right glad they  
were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
The mastiff old did not awake,  
Yet she an angry moan did make!  
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?  
Never till now she uttered yell  
Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
Perhaps it is the owl's scritch,  
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,  
 Pass as lightly as you will!  
 The brands were flat, the brands were dying,  
 Amid their own white ashes lying;  
 But when the lady passed, there came  
 A tongue of light, a fit of flame;  
 And Christabel saw the lady's eye,  
 And nothing else saw she thereby,  
 Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline  
     tall,  
 Which hung in a murky old niche in the  
     wall.

"O, softly tread!" said Christabel,  
 "My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,  
 And, jealous of the listening air,  
 They steal their way from stair to stair,  
 Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,  
 And now they pass the Baron's room,  
 As still as death with stifled breath!  
 And now have reach'd her chamber door;  
 And now doth Geraldine press down  
 The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,  
 And not a moonbeam enters here.  
 But they without its light can see  
 The chamber carved so curiously,  
 Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
 All made out of the carver's brain,  
 For a lady's chamber meet:  
 The lamp with twofold silver chain  
 Is fastened to an angel's feet.  
 The silver lamp burns dead and dim;  
 But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
 She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,  
 And left it swinging to and fro,  
 While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
 Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,  
 I pray you, drink this cordial wine!  
 It is a wine of virtuous powers;  
 My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,  
 Who am a maiden most forlorn?"  
 Christabel answered—"Woe is me!  
 She died the hour that I was born.  
 I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,  
 How on her deathbed she did say,  
 That she should hear the castle-bell  
 Strike twelve upon my wedding day.

O mother dear! that thou wert here!"  
 "I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"  
 But soon with altered voice, said she—  
 "Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!  
 I have power to bid thee flee."  
 Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?  
 Why stares she with unsettled eye?  
 Can she the bodiless dead espy?  
 And why with hollow voice cries she,  
 "Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—  
 Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
 Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,  
 And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—  
 "Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride—  
 Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"  
 The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
 And faintly said, "'tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:  
 Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,  
 And from the floor whereon she sank,  
 The lofty lady stood upright;  
 She was most beautiful to see,  
 Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—  
 "All they, who live in the upper sky.  
 Do love you, holy Christabel!  
 And you love them, and for their sake  
 And for the good which me befell,  
 Even I in my degree will try,  
 Fair maiden, to requite you well.  
 But now unrobe yourself; for I  
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"  
 And as the lady bade, did she.  
 Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
 And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe  
 So many thoughts moved to and fro,  
 That vain it were her lids to close;  
 So halfway from the bed she rose,  
 And on her elbow did recline  
 To look at the Lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,  
 And slowly rolled her eyes around;  
 Then drawing in her breath aloud  
 Like one that shuddered, she unbound  
 The cincture from beneath her breast:  
 Her silken robe, and inner vest,



Dropt to her feet, and full in view,  
Behold! her bosom and half her side—  
A sight to dream of, not to tell!  
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;  
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!  
Deep from within she seems half-way  
To lift some weight with sick assay,  
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;  
Then suddenly as one defied  
Collects herself in scorn and pride,  
And lay down by the maiden's side!—  
And in her arms the maid she took,

Ah well-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look  
These words did say:  
"In the touch of this bosom there worketh  
a spell,  
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christa-  
bel!  
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-  
morrow  
This mark of my shame, this seal of my  
sorrow;  
But vainly thou warrest,  
For this is alone in  
Thy power to declare,  
That in the dim forest  
Thou heard'st a low moaning,  
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly  
fair:  
And didst bring her home with thee in love  
and in charity,  
To shield her and shelter her from the damp  
air."

#### THE CONCLUSION TO PART I.

It was a lovely sight to see  
The Lady Christabel, when she  
Was praying at the old oak tree.  
Amid the jagged shadows  
Of mossy leafless boughs,  
Kneeling in the moonlight,  
To make her gentle vows;  
Her slender palms together prest,  
Heaving sometimes on her breast;  
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—  
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,  
And both blue eyes more bright than  
clear,  
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, woe is me!)  
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,  
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,  
Dreaming that alone which is—  
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,  
The lady who knelt at the old oak tree?  
And lo! the worker of these harms,  
That holds the maiden in her arms,  
Seems to slumber still and mild,  
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,  
O Geraldine! since arms of thine  
Have been the lovely lady's prison.  
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—  
Thou'st had thy will! By tarn and rill,  
The night-birds all that hour were still.  
But now they are jubilant anew,  
From cliff and tower, tu-whoo! tu-whoo!  
Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! from wood and fell!  
And see! the Lady Christabel  
Gathers herself from out her trance;  
Her limbs relax, her countenance  
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids  
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—  
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!  
And oft the while she seems to smile  
As infants at a sudden light!  
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,  
Like a youthful hermitess,  
Beauteous in a wilderness,  
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.  
And, if she move unquietly,  
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,  
Comes back and tingles in her feet.  
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.  
What if her guardian spirit 'twere?  
What if she knew her mother near?  
But this she knows, in joys and woes,  
That saints will aid if men will call:  
For the blue sky bends over all!

#### PART II.

"Each matin bell," the Baron saith,  
"Knells us back to a world of death."  
These words Sir Leoline first said,  
When he rose and found his lady dead:  
These words Sir Leoline will say,  
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began,  
That still at dawn the sacristan,

Who duly pulls the heavy bell,  
Five and forty beads must tell  
Between each stroke—a warning knell,  
Which not a soul can choose but hear  
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, "So let it knell!  
And let the drowsy sacristan  
Still count as slowly as he can.  
There is no lack of such, I ween,  
As well fill up the space between.  
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,  
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,  
With ropes of rock and bells of air  
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,  
Who all give back, one after t'other,  
The death-note to their living brother;  
And oft too, by the knell offended,  
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,  
The devil mocks the doleful tale  
With a merry peal from Borodale."

The air is still! through mist and cloud  
That merry peal comes ringing loud;  
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,  
And rises lightly from the bed;  
Puts on her silken vestments white,  
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,  
And, nothing doubting of her spell,  
Awakens the Lady Christabel.  
"Sleep you, sweet Lady Christabel?  
I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied  
The same who lay down by her side—  
O, rather say, the same whom she  
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!  
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!  
For she belike hath drunken deep  
Of all the blessedness of sleep!  
And while she spake, her looks, her air,  
Such gentle thankfulness declare,  
That (so it seemed) her girded vests  
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.  
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,  
"Now Heaven be praised if all be well!"  
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,  
Did she the lofty lady greet  
With such perplexity of mind  
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed  
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed

That He, who on the cross did groan,  
Might wash away her sins unknown,  
She forthwith led fair Geraldine  
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall  
Are pacing both into the hall,  
And pacing on through page and groom,  
Enter the Baron's presence room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest  
His gentle daughter to his breast,  
With cheerful wonder in his eyes  
The Lady Geraldine espies,  
And gave such welcome to the same  
As might besem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,  
And when she told her father's name,  
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,  
Murmuring o'er the name again,  
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother:  
They parted—ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between;—  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,  
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:  
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine  
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,  
His noble heart swelled high with rage;  
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,  
He would proclaim it far and wide  
With trump and solemn heraldry,  
That they who thus had wronged the dame,

Were base as spotted infamy!  
 "And if they dare deny the same,  
 My herald shall appoint a week,  
 And let the recreant traitors seek  
 My tourney court—that there and then  
 I may dislodge their reptile souls  
 From the bodies and forms of men!"  
 He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!  
 For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he  
     kenned  
 In the beautiful lady the child of his  
     friend!

And now the tears were on his face,  
 And fondly in his arms he took  
 Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,  
 Prolonging it with joyous look.  
 Which when she viewed, a vision fell  
 Upon the soul of Christabel,  
 The vision of fear, the touch and pain!  
 Sheshrunk and shuddered, and saw again—  
 (Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,  
 Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)  
 Again she saw that bosom old,  
 Again she felt that bosom cold,  
 And drew in her breath with a hissing  
     sound:

Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,  
 And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid  
 With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,  
 And in its stead that vision blest,  
 Which comforted her after-rest  
 While in the lady's arms she lay,  
 Had put a rapture in her breast,  
 And on her lips and o'er her eyes  
 Spread smiles like light!

    With new surprise,  
 "What ails then my beloved child?"  
 The Baron said.—His daughter mild  
 Made answer, "All will yet be well!"  
 I ween, she had no power to tell  
 Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,  
 Had deemed her sure a thing divine.  
 Such sorrow with such grace she blended,  
 As if she feared she had offended  
 Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!  
 And with such lowly tones she prayed,  
 She might be sent without delay  
 Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!

Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.  
 "Ho! Bracy, the bard, the charge be thine!  
 Go thou, with music sweet and loud,  
 And take two steeds with trappings proud,  
 And take the youth whom thou lov'st  
     best

To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,  
 And clothe you both in solemn vest,  
 And over the mountains haste along,  
 Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,  
 Detain you on the valley road.  
 And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,  
 My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes  
 Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth  
     Wood,  
 And reaches soon that castle good  
 Which stands and threatens Scotland's  
     wastes.

"Bard Bracy! Bard Bracy! your horses  
     are fleet,  
 Ye must ride up the hall, your music so  
     sweet,  
 More loud than your horses' echoing feet!  
 And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,  
 Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!  
 Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free,—  
 Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.  
 He bids thee come without delay  
 With all thy numerous array;  
 And take thy lovely daughter home:  
 And he will meet thee on the way  
 With all his numerous array  
 White with their panting palfreys' foam:  
 And by mine honor! I will say,  
 That I repent me of the day  
 When I spake words of fierce disdain  
 To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—  
 For since that evil hour hath flown,  
 Many a summer's sun hath shone;  
 Yet ne'er found I a friend again  
 Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasp'd his knees,  
 Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;  
 And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,  
 His gracious hail on all bestowing!—  
 "Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,  
 Are sweeter than my harp can tell;  
 Yet might I gain a boon of thee,  
 This day my journey should not be,  
 So strange a dream hath come to me;  
 That I had vowed with music loud

To clear yon wood from thing unblest,  
 Warned by a vision in my rest!  
 For in my sleep I saw that dove,  
 That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,  
 And call'st by thy own daughter's name—  
 Sir Leoline! I saw the same  
 Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,  
 Among the green herbs in the forest alone.  
 Which when I saw and when I heard,  
 I wonder'd what might ail the bird;  
 For nothing near it could I see,  
 Save the grass and green herbs underneath  
 the old tree.

“And in my dream methought I went  
 To search out what might there be found;  
 And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,  
 That thus lay fluttering on the ground.  
 I went and peered and could descry  
 No cause for her distressful cry;  
 But yet for her dear lady's sake  
 I stooped, methought, the dove to take,  
 When lo! I saw a bright green snake  
 Coil'd around its wings and neck,  
 Green as the herbs on which it couched.  
 Close by the dove's its head it crouched;  
 And with the dove it heaves and stirs,  
 Swelling its neck as she swell'd hers!  
 I woke; it was the midnight hour,  
 The clock was echoing in the tower;  
 But though my slumber was gone by,  
 This dream it would not pass away—  
 It seems to live upon my eye!  
 And thence I vowed this selfsame day,  
 With music strong and saintly song  
 To wander through the forest bare,  
 Lest aught unholy loiter there.”

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,  
 Half listening heard him with a smile;  
 Then turned to Lady Geraldine,  
 His eyes made up of wonder and love,  
 And said in courtly accents fine,  
 “Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous  
 dove,

With arms more strong than harp or song,  
 Thy sire and I will crush the snake!”  
 He kissed her forehead as he spake,  
 And Geraldine, in maiden wise,  
 Casting down her large bright eyes,  
 With blushing cheek and courtesy fine  
 She turned her from Sir Leoline;

Softly gathering up her train,  
 That o'er her right arm fell again;  
 And folded her arms across her chest,  
 And couched her head upon her breast,  
 And looked askance at Christabel—  
 Jesu Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and  
 shy,  
 And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her  
 head,  
 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,  
 And with somewhat of malice, and more  
 of dread,

At Christabel she look'd askance!—  
 One moment—and the sight was fled!  
 But Christabel, in dizzy trance  
 Stumbling on the unsteady ground,  
 Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound:  
 And Geraldine again turned round,  
 And like a thing, that sought relief,  
 Full of wonder and full of grief,  
 She rolled her large bright eyes divine  
 Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,  
 She nothing sees—no sight but one!  
 The maid, devoid of guile and sin,  
 I know not how, in fearful wise  
 So deeply had she drunken in  
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,  
 That all her features were resigned  
 To this sole image in her mind;  
 And passively did imitate  
 That look of dull and treacherous hate!  
 And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,  
 Still picturing that look askance  
 With forced unconscious sympathy  
 Full before her father's view—  
 As far as such a look could be,  
 In eyes so innocent and blue!  
 And when the trance was o'er, the maid  
 Paused a while, and inly pray'd:  
 Then falling at the Baron's feet,  
 “By my mother's soul do I entreat  
 That thou this woman send away!”  
 She said: and more she could not say:  
 For what she knew she could not tell,  
 O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,  
 Sir Leoline? Thy only child  
 Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,  
 So fair, so innocent, so mild;

The same for whom thy lady died !  
 O by the pangs of her dear mother  
 Think thou no evil of thy child !  
 For her, and thee, and for no other,  
 She prayed the moment ere she died,  
 Prayed that the babe for whom she died,  
 Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride !  
 That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,  
     Sir Leoline !  
 And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,  
     Her child and thine ?

Within the Baron's heart and brain,  
 If thoughts like these had any share,  
 They only swell'd his rage and pain,  
 And did but work confusion there.  
 His heart was cleft with pain and rage,  
 His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were  
     wild.

Dishonored thus in his old age;  
 Dishonored by his only child,  
 And all his hospitality  
 To the wrong'd daughter of his friend,  
 By more than woman's jealousy  
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end.—  
 He roll'd his eyes with stern regard  
 Upon the gentle minstrel bard,  
 And said in tones abrupt, austere—  
 "Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?  
 I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;  
 And turning from his own sweet maid,  
 The aged knight, Sir Leoline,  
 Led forth the Lady Geraldine!

#### THE CONCLUSION TO PART II.

A little child, a limber elf,  
 Singing, dancing to itself,  
 A fairy thing with red round cheeks,  
 That always finds, and never seeks,  
 Makes such a vision to the sight  
 As fills a father's eyes with light;  
 And pleasures flow in so thick and fast  
 Upon his heart, that he at last  
 Must needs express his love's excess  
 With words of unmeant bitterness.  
 Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together  
 Thoughts so all unlike each other;  
 To mutter and mock a broken charm,  
 To dally with wrong that does no harm.  
 Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty  
 At each wild word to feel within  
 A sweet recoil of love and pity.  
 And what if in a world of sin

(O sorrow and shame should this be  
     true!)

Such giddiness of heart and brain  
 Comes seldom save from rage and pain,  
 So talks as it's most used to do.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

#### KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
     A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
 Through caverns measureless to man  
     Down to a sunless sea.  
 So twice five miles of fertile ground  
 With walls and towers were girdled round:  
 And there were gardens bright with sinu-  
     ous rills  
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing  
     tree;  
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which  
     slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn  
     cover!

A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was  
     haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless tur-  
     moil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were  
     breathing,

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:  
 Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding  
     hail,

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and  
     ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river..  
 Five miles meandering with a mazy mo-  
     tion

Through wood and dale the sacred river  
     ran,

Then reached the caverns measureless to  
     man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from  
     far

Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
 Floated midway on the waves;  
 Where was heard the mingled measure  
 From the fountain and the caves.  
 It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
 A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw;  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me  
 That, with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them  
     there,  
 And all should cry, Beware! beware  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I  
 pondered, weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume  
 of forgotten lore,  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly  
 there came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping  
 at my chamber-door.  
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tap-  
 ping at my chamber-door—  
 Only this, and nothing more."  
 Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the  
 bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought  
 its ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I  
 had tried to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow—  
 sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom  
 the angels name Lenore,  
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of  
 each purple curtain  
 Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic  
 terrors never felt before;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my  
 heart, I stood repeating,  
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance  
 at my chamber-door,  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at  
 my chamber-door;  
 This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesi-  
 tating then no longer,  
 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your  
 forgiveness I implore;  
 But the fact is I was napping, and so  
 gently you came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tap-  
 ping at my chamber-door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you."—  
 Here I opened wide the door;—  
 Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I  
 stood there wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal  
 ever dared to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the  
 stillness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was  
 the whispered word "Lenore!"  
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured  
 back the word "Lenore!"—  
 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my  
 soul within me burning,  
 Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat  
 louder than before.  
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something  
 at my window-lattice;  
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and  
 this mystery explore,  
 Let my heart be still a moment, and  
 this mystery explore;  
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with  
 many a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepp'd a stately Raven of the  
 saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he ; not an  
 instant stopped or stayed he ;  
 But with mien of lord or lady, perched  
 above my chamber-door,—  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just  
 above my chamber-door,—  
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad  
 fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the  
 countenance it wore,  
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,  
 thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wan-  
 dering from the Nightly shore,—  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the  
 Night's Plutonian shore."  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to  
 hear discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning—little  
 relevancy bore ;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living  
 human being  
 Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above  
 his chamber-door—  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust  
 above his chamber-door,  
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid  
 bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one  
 word he did outpour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered ; not a  
 feather then he fluttered—  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered,  
 "Other friends have flown before—  
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my  
 Hopes have flown before."  
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so  
 aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is  
 its only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom  
 unmerciful Disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster till his  
 song one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope that melan-  
 choly burden bore—  
 Of 'Never'—'Nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad  
 soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in  
 front of bird, and bust, and door ;  
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook  
 myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this  
 ominous bird of yore—  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,  
 gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no  
 syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned  
 into my bosom's core ;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my  
 head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the  
 lamplight gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the  
 lamplight gloating o'er—  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought the air grew denser, per-  
 fumed from an unseen censer  
 Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls  
 tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent  
 thee—by these angels he hath sent  
 thee  
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy  
 memories of Lenore !  
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and  
 forget this lost Lenore !"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil ! proph-  
 et still, if bird or devil !—  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tem-  
 pest tossed thee here ashore,  
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert  
 land enchanted—  
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell  
 me truly, I implore—  
 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead ?—tell  
 me, tell me, I implore !"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil,—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—  
by that God we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within  
the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom  
the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom  
the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or  
fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the  
Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that  
lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the  
bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and  
take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,  
still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above  
my chamber-door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a  
demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming  
throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that  
lies floating on the floor,

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city;

The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side;

A pleasanter spot you never spied;

But, when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,

To see the townsfolk suffer so

From vermin was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and kill'd the  
cats,

And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,

And lick'd the soup from the cook's own  
ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoil'd the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking

With shrieking and squeaking

In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flocking:

"'Tis clear," cried, they "our Mayor's a  
noddy;

And as for our Corporation—shocking  
To think we buy gowns lined with er-  
mine

For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin!

You hope, because you're old and obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe ease?

Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a rack-  
ing

To find the remedy we're lacking,

Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in counsel,

At length the Mayor broke silence:

"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;

I wish I were a mile hence!

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—

I'm sure my poor head aches again,

I've scratch'd it so, and all in vain.

Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap

At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?

"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's  
that?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,

Looking little though wondrous fat;

Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister

Than a too long-open'd oyster,

Save when at noon his paunch grew  
mutinous

For a plate of turtle, green and glutin-  
ous)

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?

Anything like the sound of a rat

Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"



"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger :

And in did come the strangest figure !  
His queer long coat from heel to head  
Was half of yellow and half of red ;  
And he himself was tall and thin,  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and in—  
There was no guessing his kith and kin !  
And nobody could enough admire  
The tall man and his quaint attire :  
Quoth one : " It's as my great-grandsire,  
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's  
tone,  
Had walk'd this way from his painted  
tombstone !"

He advanced to the council-table :

And, " Please your honors," said he, " I'm  
able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,  
After me so as you never saw !  
And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm,  
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;  
And people call me the Pied Piper."

(And here they noticed round his neck  
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the selfsame  
check ;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;  
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever  
straying

As if impatient to be playing  
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

" Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,  
In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats ;  
I eased in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats ;  
And, as for what your brain bewilders—  
If I can rid your town of rats,  
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

" One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation

Of the astonish'd Mayor and Corpora-  
tion.

Into the street the piper stept,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while ;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twink-  
led,

Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled ;  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe utter'd,  
You heard as if an army mutter'd ;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;  
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rum-  
bling ;

And out of the houses the rats came tum-  
bling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny  
rats,

Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny  
rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cooking tails and pricking whiskers,

Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—

Follow'd the piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,

And step for step they follow'd dancing,

Until they came to the river Weser,

Wherein all plunged and perish'd,

Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,

Swam across and lived to carry

(As the manuscript he cherish'd)

To Rat-land home his commentary,

Which was, " At the first shrill notes of  
the pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider press's gripe :

And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve-cup-  
boards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil  
flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;

And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery

Is breathed) call'd out, O rats, rejoice !

The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !

So munch on, crunch on, take your nun-  
cheon,

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !

And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,  
All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
Glorious scarce an inch before me,  
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!  
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people

Ring the bells till they rock'd the steeple;

"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!

Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a trace  
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face  
Of the piper perk'd in the market-place,  
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor look'd blue;

So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havoc  
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;  
And half the money would replenish  
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.  
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!

"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,

"Our business was done at the river's brink;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
From the duty of giving you something for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;

But, as for the guilders, what we spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;  
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell and he cried,  
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,  
I've promised to visit by dinner-time  
Bagdat, and accept the prime  
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,

Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—  
With him I proved no bargain-driver.  
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook

Being worse treated than a Cook?

Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald?

You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;

And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling, that seem'd like a bustling

Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood

As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry

To the children merrily skipping by—

And could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,

And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,

As the Piper turn'd from the High Street

To where the Weser roll'd its waters

Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However, he turned from south to west,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps address'd,

And after him the children press'd;  
Great was the joy in every breast.  
"He never can cross that mighty top!  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop!"  
When, lo, as they reach'd the mountain's side,

A wondrous portal open'd wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollow'd;  
And the Piper advanced and the children follow'd,

And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
Did I say all? No! one was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way,

And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say,  
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me,  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gush'd and fruit trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new;  
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
And horses were born with eagles' wings;

And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopp'd, and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate

A text which says that Heaven's Gate  
Opens to the rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south

To offer the Piper by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children behind him.  
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,  
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,

They made a decree that lawyers never  
Should think their records dated duly  
If, after the day of the month and year,  
These words did not as well appear:

"And so long after what happen'd here

On the twenty-second of July,  
Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six;"

And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the children's last retreat,  
They call'd it the Pied Piper's Street,  
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor  
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.  
Nor suffer'd they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn,  
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the great church-window painted  
The same, to make the world acquainted  
How their children were stolen away,  
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say  
That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress  
On which their neighbors lay such stress,  
To their fathers and mothers having risen

Out of some subterranean prison,  
Into which they were trepann'd  
Long time ago in a mighty band  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers  
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;

And, whether they pipe us free, from rats  
or from mice,

If we've promised them aught, let us keep  
our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MAR-  
INER.

PART I.

An an- It is an ancient mariner,  
cient mariner And he stoppeth one of three,  
meeth three gal- "By thy long gray beard and glit-  
lants bidden to a tering eye,  
wedding Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?  
feast, and detaineth one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are open-  
ed wide,  
And I am next of kin ;  
The guests are met, the feast is  
set :  
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
"There was a ship," quoth he.  
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard  
loon!"  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wed- He holds him with his glittering  
ding guest eye—  
is spall- The wedding guest stood still,  
bound by the eye of the old  
the old sea-faring  
man, and constrained to hear  
his tale. The mariner hath his will.

The wedding guest sat on a stone :  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient  
man,  
The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheer'd, the harbor  
clear'd,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The mar- The sun came up upon the left,  
iner tells how the Out of the sea came he!  
ship sail- And he shone bright, and on the  
ed south- ward with a good  
ward with a good  
wind and fair wea-  
ther, till it reached  
the line. Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon—  
The wedding guest here beat his  
breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she ;  
Nodding their heads before her  
goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The wed-  
ding guest  
heareth  
the bridal  
music ;  
but the  
mariner  
continu-  
eth his  
tale.

The wedding guest he beat his  
breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and  
he  
Was tyrannous and strong :  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

The ship  
drawn by  
a storm  
toward  
the south  
pole.

With sloping masts and dipping  
prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the  
blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and  
snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold :  
And ice, mast-high, came floating  
by,  
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy  
clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen :  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we  
ken—  
The ice was all between.

The land  
of ice, and  
of fearful  
sounds, where no  
living  
thing was  
to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around :  
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd  
and howl'd,  
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross, Till a  
Thorough the fog it came ; great sea-  
As if it had been a Christian soul, bird call-  
We hail'd it in God's name. ed the al-  
batross  
came  
through  
the snow-  
fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steer'd us through!

And lo! And a good south wind sprung up  
behind;

And lo! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.  
The albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perch'd for vespers nine;  
While all the night, through fog-  
smoke white,  
Glimmer'd the white moonshine.

The ancient mariner inhospitably kill-eth the pious bird of good omen.  
"God save thee, ancient mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee  
thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?"—With my  
cross-bow  
I shot the albatross.

## PART II.

The Sun, now rose upon the right:  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew  
behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His ship-mates cry out against the ancient mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.  
And I had done an hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to  
slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.  
Nor dim nor red, like God's own  
head  
The glorious Sun uprist:  
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the  
bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds  
to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam  
flew,  
The furrow follow'd free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.  
northward, even till it reaches the line.

The fair breeze continues: the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails

Down dropt the breeze, the sails  
dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed;

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did  
stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor mo-  
tion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

And the albatross begins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with  
legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,  
The death-fires danced at night,  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd  
us  
From the land of mist and snow.  
A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter  
drought,  
Was wither'd at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than  
if  
We had been choked with soot.

The ship- Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks  
mates, in Had I from old and young!  
their sore distress, Instead of the cross, the albatross  
would fain About my neck was hung.  
throw the whole guilt on the ancient mariner; in sign whereof  
they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

## PART III.

There pass'd a weary time. Each  
throat  
Was parch'd, and glazed each  
eye.

The an- A weary time! a weary time!  
cient mariner How glazed each weary eye,  
beholdeth When looking westward, I beheld  
a sign in A something in the sky.  
the element  
star off.  
At first it seem'd a little speck,  
And then it seem'd a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took at  
last  
A certain shape I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist;  
And still it near'd and near'd;  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

At its With throats unslaked, with black  
nearer ap- lips baked,  
proach, it We could nor laugh nor wail;  
seemeth him to be Through utter drought all dumb  
a ship; and at a we stood!  
dear ran- I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,  
som he freeth his And cried, A sail! a sail!  
speech from the bonds of  
thirst.

A flash of With throats unslaked, with black  
joy. lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call;  
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew  
in,  
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried), she tacks no And hor-  
more! ror fol-  
Hither to work us weal; lows. For  
Without a breeze, without a tide, can it be  
She steadies with upright keel! a ship that  
comes on-  
ward  
without  
wind or  
tide?

The western wave was all aflame,  
The day was well-nigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun;  
When that strange shape drove  
suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was fleck'd It seem-  
with bars eth him  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!), but the  
As if through a dungeon-grate he skeleton  
peer'd of a ship.  
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart  
beat loud),  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those *her* sails that glance in  
the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs through which And its  
the Sun ribs are  
seen as  
Did peer, as through a grate? bars on  
And is that Woman all her crew? the face  
of the set-  
ting sun.  
Is that a Death? and are there The spec-  
two? tre wo-  
man and  
her death-  
mate, and  
no other,  
on board  
the skele-  
ton-ship.  
Is Death that woman's mate? Like ves-  
sel, like  
crew.

*Her* lips were red, *her* looks were  
free,  
*Her* looks were yellow as gold;  
*Her* skin was as white as leprosy,  
The night-mare Life-in-Death was  
she,  
Who thicks man's blood with  
cold.

The naked hulk alongside came, Death and  
And the twain were casting dice; Life-in-  
"The game is done! I've won, I've Death  
won!" have  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice. dined for  
the ship's  
crew, and  
she (the  
latter)  
winneth the ancient mariner.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.  
 The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;  
 At one stride comes the dark;  
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the moon,  
 We listen'd and look'd sideways up!  
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup;  
 My life-blood seem'd to sip!  
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;  
 From the sails the dew did drip—  
 Till clombe above the eastern bar  
 The horn'd Moon, with one bright star  
 Within the nether tip.

One after another,  
 One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,  
 Too quick for groan or sigh,  
 Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,  
 And cursed me with his eye.

His ship-mates drop down dead;  
 Four times fifty living men  
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan),  
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
 They dropp'd down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient mariner.  
 The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
 They fled to bliss or woe!  
 And every soul, it pass'd me by,  
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

#### PART IV.

The wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;  
 "I fear thee, ancient mariner!  
 I fear thy skinny hand!  
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
 As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
 And thy skinny hand so brown."—  
 Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!

But the ancient mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
 Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
 And never a saint took pity on  
 My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!  
 And they all dead did lie:  
 And a thousand thousand slimy things  
 Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,  
 And drew my eyes away;  
 I look'd upon the rotting deck,  
 And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;  
 But, or ever a prayer had gush'd,  
 A wicked whisper came, and made  
 My heart as'dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
 And the balls like pulses beat;  
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,  
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
 And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
 Nor rot nor reek did they:  
 The look with which they look'd on me  
 Had never pass'd away.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
 A spirit from on high;  
 But oh! more horrible than that  
 Is a curse in a dead man's eye!  
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
 And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
 And nowhere did abide:  
 Softly she was going up,  
 And a star or two beside—  
 moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

In his loneliness and fixeness he yearneth towards the journeying

Her beams bemock'd the sultry  
main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow  
lay,  
The charmed water burnt away  
A still and awful red.

By the  
light of  
the moon  
he be-  
holdeth  
God's  
creatures  
of the  
great  
calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watch'd the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining  
white,  
And when they rear'd, the elfish  
light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coil'd and swam; and every  
track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their  
beauty  
and their  
happi-  
ness.

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gush'd from my  
heart,  
And I bless'd them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on  
me,  
And I bless'd them unaware.

He bless-  
eth them  
in his  
heart.

The spell  
begins to  
break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

#### PART V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be giv-  
en!  
She sent the gentle sleep from  
Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

By grace  
of the  
holy mo-  
ther, the  
ancient  
mariner  
is re-  
freshed  
with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remain'd,  
I dreamt that they were fill'd  
with dew;  
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was  
cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my  
limbs:  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind: He hear-  
It did not come anear; eth  
But with its sound it shook the strange  
sails, sights and  
That were so thin and sere. commo-  
tions in  
the sky  
and the  
element.

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more  
loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain pour'd down from  
one black cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft,  
and still  
The Moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high  
crag,  
The lightning fell with never a  
jag,  
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reach'd the The bod-  
ies of the  
ship, ship's  
Yet now the ship moved on! crew are  
Beneath the lightning and the inspired,  
Moon and the  
The dead men gave a groan. ship  
moves on,

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all  
uprose,  
Nor spake, nor mov'd their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a  
dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.



The helmsman steer'd, the ship  
moved on ;

Yet never a breeze up blew ;  
The mariners all 'gan work the  
ropes,

Where they were wont to do ;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless  
tools—

We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee :  
The body and I pull'd at one rope,  
But he said naught to me.

But not  
by the  
souls of  
the men,  
nor by  
famous  
of earth  
or middle  
air, but  
by a  
blessed  
troop of  
angelic  
spirits,  
sent  
down by  
the invo-  
cation of  
the guar-  
dian  
saint.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"  
Be calm, thou wedding guest!  
'Twas not those souls that fled in  
pain,  
Which to their corse came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest:  
For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd  
their arms,  
And cluster'd round the mast;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through  
their mouths,  
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet  
sound,

Then darted to the Sun ;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the  
sky,

I heard the skylark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seem'd to fill the sea  
and air

With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute ;  
And now it is an angel's song  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made  
on

A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
Slowly and smoothly went the  
ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid : and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their  
tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The lone-  
some spir-  
it from  
the south  
pole car-  
ries on  
the ship  
as far as  
the line  
in obedi-  
ence to  
the angel-  
ic troop,  
but still  
requireth  
ven-  
geance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fix'd her to the ocean :  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her  
length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a paving horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound :  
It flung the blood into my head  
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare ;  
But ere my living life return'd,  
I heard, and in my soul discern'd  
Two voices in the air.

The Polar  
Spirit's  
fellow-dæ-  
mons, the  
invisible  
inhabit-  
ants of  
the ele-  
ment,  
take part  
in his  
wrong ;  
and two  
of them  
relate,  
one to  
the other,  
that pen-  
ance long  
and hea-  
vy for the  
ancient  
mariner  
hath been  
accorded  
to the Po-  
lar Spirit,  
who re-  
turneth  
south-  
ward.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the  
man ?  
By Him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full  
low  
The harmless albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the  
man  
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew :  
Quoth he, "The man hath penance  
done,  
And penance more will do."

## PART VI.

## FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so  
fast?  
What is the ocean doing?

## SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,  
The ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.

## FIRST VOICE.

The mar- But why drives on that ship so fast,  
iner hath been cast Without or wave or wind?  
into a  
trance:  
for the  
angelic  
power  
causeth  
the vessel  
to drive  
north-  
ward, fast-  
er than  
human  
life could  
endure.

## SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.  
Fly, brother, fly! more high, more  
high!  
Or we shall be belated:  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the mariner's trance is abated.

The su- I woke, and we were sailing on  
pernatu- As in a gentle weather:  
ral motion 'Twas night, calm night, the moon  
is retard- was high;  
ed; the mariner  
awakes, and his  
penance begins  
anew.

The dead men stood together.  
All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All fix'd on me their stony eyes  
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which  
they died,  
Had never pass'd away:  
I could not draw my eyes from  
theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snap't: once more  
The curse  
is finally  
expiated;

I view'd the ocean green,  
And look'd far forth, yet little  
saw  
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turn'd round  
walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on  
me,  
Nor sound nor motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my  
cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sail'd softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?  
And the  
ancient  
mariner  
beholdeth  
his native  
country.

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
Oh let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight  
lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no  
less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steep'd in silent-  
ness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent  
light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows  
were,  
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies, And appear in their own forms of light.  
A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:  
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—  
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his  
hand:

It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his  
hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the pilot's cheer;  
My head was turn'd perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast:  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:  
It is the hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash  
away  
The albatross's blood.

#### PART VII.

The hermit of the wood. This hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he  
rears!  
He loves to talk with mariners  
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and  
eve—

He hath a cushion plump:  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard  
them talk,

"Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many and  
fair,

That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the her-  
mit said—  
"And they answer'd not our cheer!  
The planks look'd warp'd! and see  
those sails

How thin they are and sere!  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with  
snow,

And the owlet whoops to the wolf  
below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish  
look

(The pilot made reply)—  
I am a-fear'd."—"Push on, push  
on!"

Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;  
The boat came close beneath the  
ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;  
The ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful  
sound,

Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days  
drown'd

My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the pilot's boat.

The ship suddenly sinketh

The ancient mariner is saved in the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the  
ship,  
The boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shriek'd  
And fell down in a fit;  
The holy hermit raised his eyes,  
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the  
while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain  
I see,  
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own cuntry,  
I stood on the firm land!  
The hermit stepp'd forth from the  
bout,  
And scarcely he could stand.

The an- "Oh shrieve me, shrieve me, holy  
cient mariner man!"  
earnestly The hermit cross'd his brow.  
entreat- "Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee  
eth the say—  
hermit to shrieve  
him; and the pen-  
ance of life falls  
on him. What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was  
wrench'd  
With a woeful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale;  
And then it left me free.

And ever Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
and anon That agony returns:  
through- And till my ghastly tale is told,  
out his fu- ture life  
an agony constrain-  
eth him to travel  
from land to land. I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear  
me;  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that  
door!

The wedding-guests are there:  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are:  
And hark the little vesper-bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding-guest! this soul hath  
been

Alone on a wide wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seem'd there to be.

Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father  
bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving  
friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding-guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast.

And to  
teach, by  
his own  
example,  
love and  
reverence  
to all  
things  
that God  
made and  
loveth.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

The mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone; and now the wedding-  
guest  
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been  
stunn'd,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

*THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.*

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
 Who, with thy hollow breast  
 Still in rude armor drest,  
 Comest to daunt me!  
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
 But with thy fleshless palms  
 Stretch'd, as if asking alms;  
 Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
 Pale flashes seem'd to rise,  
 As when the Northern skies  
 Gleam in December;  
 And, like the water's flow  
 Under December's snow,  
 Came a dull voice of woe  
 From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!  
 My deeds, though manifold,  
 No Skald in song has told,  
 No Saga taught thee!  
 Take heed, that in thy verse  
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
 Else dread a dead man's curse;  
 For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern land,  
 By the wild Baltic's strand,  
 I, with my childish hand,  
 Tamed the ger-falcon;  
 And, with my skates fast bound,  
 Skimm'd the half-frozen sound,  
 That the poor whimpering hound  
 Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair  
 Track'd I the grisly bear,  
 While from my path the hare  
 Flew like a shadow;  
 Oft through the forest dark  
 Follow'd the were-wolf's bark,  
 Until the soaring lark  
 Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,  
 Joining a corsair's crew,  
 O'er the dark sea I flew  
 With the marauders.  
 Wild was the life we led;  
 Many the souls that sped,  
 Many the hearts that bled,  
 By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail bout  
 Wore the long winter out;  
 Often our midnight shout  
 Set the cocks crowing,  
 As we the Berserk's tale  
 Measured in cups of ale,  
 Draining the oaken pail,  
 Fill'd to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee  
 Tales of the stormy sea,  
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
 Burning, yet tender;  
 And as the white stars shine  
 On the dark Norway pine,  
 On that dark heart of mine  
 Fell their soft splendor.

"I woo'd the blue-eyed maid,  
 Yielding, yet half afraid,  
 And in the forest's shade  
 Our vows were plighted.  
 Under its loosen'd vest  
 Flutter'd her little breast,  
 Like birds within their nest  
 By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
 Shields gleam'd upon the wall,  
 Loud sang the minstrels all,  
 Chanting his glory;  
 When of old Hildebrand  
 I ask'd his daughter's hand,  
 Mute did the minstrels stand  
 To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd,  
 Loud then the champion laugh'd,  
 And as the wind-gusts waft  
 The sea-foam brightly,  
 So the loud laugh of scorn,  
 Out of those lips unshorn,  
 From the deep drinking-horn  
 Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a prince's child,  
 I but a Viking wild,  
 And though she blush'd and smiled,  
 I was discarded!  
 Should not the dove so white  
 Follow the sea-mew's flight?  
 Why did they leave that night  
 Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
 Bearing the maid with me,—  
 Fairest of all was she  
     Among the Norsemen!—  
 When on the white sea-strand,  
 Waving his armed hand,  
 Saw we old Hildebrand,  
     With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast,  
 Bent like a reed each mast,  
 Yet we were gaining fast,  
     When the wind fail'd us;  
 And with a sudden flaw  
 Came round the gusty Skaw,  
 So that our foe we saw  
     Laugh as he hail'd us.

"And as to catch the gale  
 Round veer'd the flapping sail,  
 Death! was the helmsman's hail,  
     Death without quarter!  
 Mid-ships with iron keel  
 Struck we her ribs of steel;  
 Down her black hulk did reel  
     Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,  
 Sails the fierce cormorant,  
 Seeking some rocky haunt,  
     With his prey laden,  
 So toward the open main,  
 Beating to sea again,  
 Through the wild hurricane  
     Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,  
 And when the storm was o'er,  
 Cloud-like we saw the shore  
     Stretching to leeward;  
 There for my lady's bower  
 Built I the lofty tower,  
 Which, to this very hour,  
     Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;  
 Time dried the maiden's tears;  
 She had forgot her fears,  
     She was a mother;  
 Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
 Under that tower she lies;  
 Ne'er shall the sun arise  
     On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,  
 Still as a stagnant fen!  
 Hateful to me were men,  
     The sunlight hateful.  
 In the vast forest here,  
 Clad in my warlike gear,  
 Fell I upon my spear,  
     Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seam'd with many scars,  
 Bursting these prison-bars,  
 Up to its native stars  
     My soul ascended.  
 There, from the flowing bowl  
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
 Skoal! to the Northland! skoal!"  
     —Thus the tale ended.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

OH what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!  
 Alone and palely loitering?  
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!  
 So haggard and so woe-begone?  
 The squirrel's granary is full,  
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,  
 With anguish moist and fever dew;  
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the mead—  
 Full beautiful, a fairy's child;  
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
 And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,  
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
 She look'd at me as she did love,  
 And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
 And nothing else saw all day long;  
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
 A fairy song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
 And honey wild, and manna dew;  
 And sure in language strange she said—  
 "I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore;  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

And there she lull'd me asleep;  
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too—  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
They cried—"La belle dame sans merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,  
With horrid warning gap'd wide;  
And I awoke, and found me here,  
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the  
lake,  
And no birds sing.

JOHN KEATS.

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

#### A ROMANCE.

" 'A jolly place,' said he, 'in days of old,  
But something ails it now; the spot is curst.'"  
HART-LEAF WELL, BY WORDSWORTH.

#### PART I.

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but  
dreams,

Unnatural and full of contradictions,  
Yet others of our most romantic schemes  
Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground,  
It might be merely by a thought's ex-  
pansion,  
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found  
An old deserted mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,  
A dwelling-place,—and yet no habita-  
tion;

A house—but under some prodigious ban  
Of excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,  
Jarr'd by the gusty gales of many win-  
ters,

That from its crumbled pedestal had flung  
One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or  
small,

No pigeon on the roof, no household  
creature,

No cat demurely dozing on the wall—  
Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirr'd, to go or come,  
No face look'd forth from shut or open  
casement,

No chimney smoked—there was no sign  
of home  
From parapet to basement.

With shatter'd panes the grassy court was  
starr'd;

The time-worn coping-stone had tum-  
bled after,

And through the ragged roof the sky  
shone, barr'd

With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

The flow'rgrew wild and rankly as the weed,  
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,  
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed  
Had overgrown the dial.

But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,  
No heart was there to heed the hour's  
duration;

All times and tides were lost in one long  
term

Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the porch; she  
found

Its quiet loneliness so sure and thor-  
ough;

And on the lawn, within its turfy mound,  
The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted  
through

The shrubby clumps, and frisk'd, and  
sat, and vanish'd,

But leisurely and bold, as if he knew  
His enemy was banish'd.

The wary crow, the pheasant from the woods,  
Lull'd by the still and everlasting same-  
ness,

Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,  
Fed with a "shocking tameness."

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,  
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted,  
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond  
Of solitude, alighted,—

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,  
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,  
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if  
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard except, from far away,  
The ringing of the witwall's shrilly  
laughter,  
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,  
That Echo murmur'd after.

But Echo never mock'd the human tongue;  
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could  
not pardon,  
A secret curse on that old building hung,  
And its deserted garden.

The beds were all untouch'd by hand or  
tool:  
No footstep mark'd the damp and mossy  
gravel,  
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,  
For want of human travel.

The vine unpruned, and the neglected  
peach,  
Droop'd from the wall with which they  
used to grapple;  
And on the canker'd tree, in easy reach,  
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunn'd the ground,  
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring  
poacher;  
In spite of gaps that through the fences  
round  
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

The pear and quince lay squander'd on  
the grass;  
The mould was purple with unheeded  
showers

Of bloomy plums—a wilderness it was  
Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers!

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,  
The gourd embraced the rose-bush in  
its ramble,  
The thistle and the stock together grew,  
The hollyhock and bramble.

The bearbine with the lilac interlaced,  
The sturdy burdock choked its slender  
neighbor,  
The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced  
Of human care and labor.

The very yew formality had train'd  
To such a rigid pyramidal stature,  
For want of trimming had almost regain'd  
The raggedness of nature.

The fountain was a-dry—neglect and  
time  
Had marr'd the work of artisan and  
mason,  
And efts and croaking frogs, begot of  
slime,  
Sprawl'd in the ruin'd basin.

The statue, fallen from its marble base,  
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage  
rotten,  
Lay like the idol of some bygone race,  
Its name and rites forgotten.

On ev'ry side the aspect was the same,  
All ruin'd, desolate, forlorn, and savage:  
No hand or foot within the precinct came  
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted.  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

## PART II.

Oh, very gloomy is the house of Woe,  
Where tears are falling while the bell is  
knelling,  
With all the dark solemnities which show  
That Death is in the dwelling!



Oh very, very dreary is the room  
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer  
nestles,

But, smitten by the common stroke of  
doom,

The corpse lies on the trestles!

But House of Woe, and hearse, and sable  
pall,

The narrow home of the departed  
mortal,

Ne'er looked so gloomy as that ghostly hall,  
With its deserted portal!

The centipede along the threshold crept,  
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,  
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept  
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her  
brood,

The emmets of the steps had old posses-  
sion,

And march'd in search of their diurnal  
food

In undisturb'd procession,—

As undisturb'd as the prehensile cell  
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,  
For never foot upon that threshold fell,  
To enter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

Howbeit, the door I push'd—or so I  
dream'd—

Which slowly, slowly gaped—the hinges  
creaking

With such a rusty eloquence, it seem'd  
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that mansion  
old,

Or left his tale to the heraldic banners  
That hung from the corroded walls, and  
told

Of former men and manners,—

Those tatter'd flags, that with the open'd  
door

Seem'd the old wave of battle to re-  
member,

While fallen fragments danced upon the  
floor

Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out—bird after  
bird—

The screech-owl overhead began to flut-  
ter,

And seem'd to mock the cry that she had  
heard

Some dying victim utter!

A shriek that echo'd from the joisted roof,  
And up the stair, and further still and  
further,

Till in some ringing chamber far aloof  
It ceased its tale of murder!

Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round,  
The banner shudder'd, and the ragged  
streamer;

All things the horrid tenor of the sound  
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helmet hung and  
belt,

Stirr'd as the tempest stirs the forest  
branches,

Or as the stag had trembled when he felt  
The bloodhound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,  
And through its many gaps of desti-  
tution

Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,  
Like those of dissolution.

The woodlouse dropp'd, and roll'd into a  
ball,

Touch'd by some impulse occult or me-  
chanic,

And nameless beetles ran along the wall  
In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead

Hung like a spy on human guilt and  
error,

Suddenly turn'd, and up its slender thread  
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall,  
Assuming features solemn and terrific,  
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,  
Lock'd up in hieroglyphic,—

Some tale that might, perchance, have  
solved the doubt  
Wherefore, amongst those flags so dull  
and livid,

The banner of the Bloody Hand shone out  
So ominously vivid ;

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,  
Which made the very frame of Nature  
quiver ;  
And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel  
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

If but a rat had linger'd in the house,  
To lure the thought into a social chan-  
nel !

But not a rat remain'd, or tiny mouse,  
To squeak behind the panel.

Huge drops roll'd down the walls, as if  
they wept ;  
And where the cricket used to chirp so  
shrilly,  
The toad was squatting, and the lizard  
crept  
On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled  
there,  
Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly  
metal ;  
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair,  
The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of mould and must,  
The fungus in the rotten seams had quick-  
en'd ;

While on the oaken table coats of dust  
Perennially had thicken'd.

No mark of leathern jack or metal can,  
No cup—no horn—no hospitable token,—  
All social ties between that board and man  
Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumor in the air,  
The shadow of a presence so atrocious ;  
No human creature could have feasted  
there,  
Even the most ferocious !

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

### PART III.

'Tis hard for human actions to account,  
Whether from reason or from impulse  
only—

But some internal prompting bade me  
mount  
The gloomy stairs and lonely,—

Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp,  
and cold,  
With odors as from bones and relics  
carnal,  
Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould,  
The chapel vault, or charnel ;

Those dreary stairs, where with the sound-  
ing stress  
Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,  
The mind, with dark misgivings, fear'd to  
guess  
How many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,  
Till each unwholesome stone was darkly  
spotted,  
As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,  
With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick—and in the upper gloom  
The bat—or something in its shape—was  
winging ;  
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,  
The Death's-head moth was clinging,—

That mystic moth, which, with a sense pro-  
found  
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly ;  
And with a grim significance flits round  
The taper burning blueely.

Such omens in the place there seem'd to be,  
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,  
The straining eyeball was prepared to see  
Some apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

Yet no portentous shape the sight amazed ;  
 Each object plain, and tangible, and valid ;  
 But from their tarnish'd frames dark figures  
     gazed,  
 And faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies  
 Within the compass of Art's simulation :  
 Their souls were looking through their  
     painted eyes  
 With awful speculation.

On every lip a speechless horror dwelt ;  
 On every brow the burden of affliction ;  
 The old ancestral spirits knew and felt  
     The house's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,  
 They might have stirr'd, or sigh'd, or  
     wept, or spoken ;  
 But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,  
 The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,  
 Except my steps in solitary clamber  
 From flight to flight, from humid stair to  
     stair,  
 From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,  
 That old magnificence had richly fur-  
     nish'd  
 With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,  
 And carvings gilt and burnish'd.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art  
 With Scripture history, or classic fable ;  
 But all had faded, save one ragged part,  
     Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth  
 Had marr'd the tissue with a partial  
     ravage ;  
 But undecaying frown'd upon the cloth  
 Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale ; the cloud a thing of  
     doubt ;  
 Some hues were fresh, and some decay'd  
     and duller ;  
 But still the Bloody Hand shone strangely  
     out  
 With vehemence of color !—

The Bloody Hand that with a lurid stain  
 Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,  
 Projected from the casement's painted  
     pane,  
 Where all beside was broken ;

The Bloody Hand significant of crime,  
 That, glaring on the old heraldic banner,  
 Had kept its crimson unimpair'd by time,  
 In such a wondrous manner !

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,  
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
 The place is haunted !

The death-watch tick'd behind the pan-  
     ell'd oak,  
 Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,  
 And echoes strange and mystical awoke,  
 The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that fill'd the soul with  
     dread,  
 But through one gloomy entrance point-  
     ing mostly,  
 The while some secret inspiration said,  
 That chamber is the ghostly !

Across the door no gossamer festoon  
 Swung pendulous—no web—no dusty  
     fringes,  
 No silky chrysalis or white cocoon,  
 About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunn'd the interdicted room,  
 The moth, the beetle, and the fly were  
     banish'd,  
 And where the sunbeam fell athwart the  
     gloom  
 The very midge had vanish'd.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a bed,  
 As if with awful aim direct and certain,  
 To show the Bloody Hand in burning  
     red  
 Embroider'd on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt—  
 The pillow in its place had slowly  
     rotted :  
 The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt,  
 Those boards obscurely spotted,—

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence  
With mazy doubles to the grated case-  
ment—

Oh what a tale they told of fear intense,  
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of  
night  
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel  
distance?

Had sought the door, the window, in his  
flight,  
Striving for dear existence?

What shrieking spirit in that bloody room  
Its mortal frame had violently quitted?—  
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,  
A ghostly shadow flitted,—

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,  
But painted on the air so very dimly,  
It hardly veil'd the tapestry at all,  
Or portrait frowning grimly.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys,  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace  
(Radiant palace) rear'd its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow  
(This, all this, was in the olden  
Time, long ago);  
And every gentle air that dallied  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley  
Through two luminous windows saw  
Spirits moving musically  
To a lute's well-tuned law;

Round about a throne, where, sitting  
(Porphyrogene!)

In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace-door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing,  
flowing,

And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assail'd the monarch's high estate  
(Ah! let us mourn, for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him, desolate);  
And round about his home the glory  
That blush'd and bloom'd  
Is but a dim-remember'd story  
Of the old time entomb'd.

And travellers now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody;  
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out for ever,  
And laugh—but smile no more.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

### ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGINE.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,  
Conversed as they sat on the green;  
They gazed on each other with tender de-  
light;  
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the  
knight,  
The maiden's, the Fair Imogine.

"And oh!" said the youth, "since to-mor-  
row I go  
To fight in a far-distant land,  
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to  
flow,  
Some other will court you, and you will  
bestow  
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions," Fair Imo-  
gine said,

"Offensive to love and to me;  
For if you be living, or if you be dead,  
I swear by the Virgin that none in your  
stead

Shall husband of Imogine be.

"If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,  
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,  
God grant that, to punish my falsehood  
and pride,

Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my  
side,

May tax me with perjury, claim me as  
bride,

And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold;

His love she lamented him sore,

But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed,  
when, behold!

A baron, all cover'd with jewels and  
gold,

Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious  
domain,

Soon made her untrue to her vows;

He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her  
brain,

He caught her affections, so light and so  
vain,

And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been bless'd  
by the priest,

The revelry now was begun,

The tables they groan'd with the weight  
of the feast,

Nor yet had the laughter and merriment  
ceased,

When the bell at the castle toll'd one.

Then first with amazement fair Imogine  
found

A stranger was placed by her side;

His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,  
He spake not, he moved not, he look'd

not around,

But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his  
height,

His armor was sable to view;

All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at  
his sight;

The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in  
affright;

The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay;  
The guests sat in silence and fear;

At length spake the bride—while she  
trembled—"I pray,

Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you  
would lay,

And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent; the stranger complies,  
His visor he slowly unclosed;

O God! what a sight met fair Imogine's eyes!  
What words can express her dismay and

surprise

When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,

All turn'd with disgust from the scene;

The worms they crept in, and the worms  
they crept out,

And sported his eyes and his temples  
about,

While the spectre address'd Imogine.

"Behold me, thou false one, behold me!"  
he cried,

"Remember Alonzo the Brave!

God grants that, to punish thy falsehood  
and pride,

My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy  
side,

Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee  
as bride,

And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he  
wound,

While loudly she shriek'd in dismay;

Then sunk with his prey through the wide-  
yawning ground,

Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,  
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron, and none, since  
that time,

To inhabit the castle presume,

For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,  
There Imogine suffers the pain of her  
crime,

And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does  
her sprite,

When mortals in slumber are bound,  
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,  
Appear in the hall with the skeleton  
knight,  
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn  
from the grave,

Dancing round them the spectres are  
seen;  
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible  
stave

They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the  
Brave,

And his consort, the Fair Imogine!"

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

### TAM O'SHANTER.

#### A TALE.

"Of browns and of bogliss full is this buke."—  
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,  
As market-days are wearing late,  
An' folks begin to tak' the gate;  
While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonny lasses).  
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee wae thou was a skellum,  
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;  
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;  
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.

She prophes'd, that late or soon,  
Thou would be found deep drown'd in  
Doon;

Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,  
To think how many counsels sweet,  
How many lengthen'd sage advices,  
The husband frac the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,  
Tam had got planted unco right;  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;  
They had been fou for weeks thegither!  
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;  
And ay the ale was growing better:  
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;  
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.  
The storm without might rair and rustle—  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.  
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy!  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills of life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.  
Nae man can tether time or tide;  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-  
stone,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he taks the road in  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;  
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd;

That night, a child might understand,  
The De'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,  
A better never lifted leg,  
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;  
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots son-  
net;

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares;  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—  
By this time he was cross the foord  
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;  
And past the birks and meikle stane,  
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;  
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.  
Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;  
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
Near and more near the thunders roll;  
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;  
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!  
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he cared nae deils a boddle.  
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,  
'Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
She ventured forward on the light;  
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels:  
A winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge;  
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—  
Coffins stood round, like open presses;  
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip slight  
Each in its cauld hand held a light—  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;  
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;  
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed, and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they  
cleekit,  
'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans  
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen,  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,  
Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' braw-  
lie,

There was a winsome wench and walie,  
That night enlisted in the core  
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;  
For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear).  
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,  
That while a lassie she had worn,  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;  
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
(A souple jade she was and strang),  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd;  
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidget fu' fain,  
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and  
main:

'Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
And in an instant all was dark:  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy  
fairin'!

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the brig;  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they darena cross!  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fient a tail she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain gray tail:  
The carlin clauight her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:

Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—  
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ROBERT BURNS

### THE HAG.

THE hag is astride,  
This night for to ride—  
The devil and she together;  
Through thick and through thin,  
Now out and then in,  
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a bur  
She takes for a spur;  
With a lash of the bramble she rides now:  
Through brakes and through briers,  
O'er ditches and mires,  
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,  
Dares now range the wood,  
But husht in his lair he lies lurking;  
While mischiefs, by these,  
On land and on seas,  
At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise,  
And trouble the skies,  
This night; and, more the wonder,  
The ghost from the tomb  
Affrighted shall come,  
Call'd out by the clap of the thunder.

ROBERT HERRICK

### SISTER HELEN.

"WHY did you melt your waxen man,  
Sister Helen?  
To-day is the third since you began."  
"The time was long, yet the time ran,  
Little brother."  
(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Three days to-day, between hell and  
heaven!)

"But if you have done your work aright,  
Sister Helen,  
You'll let me play, for you said I might."  
"Be very still in your play to-night,  
Little brother."



(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Third night, to-night, between hell and  
heaven!)

"You said it must melt ere vesper-bell,  
Sister Helen,  
If now it be molten, all is well."  
"Even so,—nay, peace! you cannot tell,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Oh what is this between hell and heaven?)

"Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,  
Sister Helen;  
How like dead folk he has dropp'd away!"  
"Nay now, of the dead what can you say,  
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
What of the dead, between hell and  
heaven?)

"See, see, the sunken pile of wood,  
Sister Helen,  
Shines through the thinn'd wax red as  
blood!"

"Nay, now, when look'd you yet on blood,  
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
How pale she is between hell and heaven!)

"Now close your eyes, for they're sick and  
sore,

Sister Helen,  
And I'll play without the gallery door."  
"Ay, let me rest,—I'll lie on the floor,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
What rest to-night between hell and  
heaven?)

"Here high up in the balcony,  
Sister Helen,  
The moon flies face to face with me."  
"Ay, look and say whatever you see,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
What sight to-night, between hell and  
heaven?)

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,  
Sister Helen;  
In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."  
"Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you  
spake,

Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
What sound to-night, between hell and  
heaven?)

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,  
Sister Helen,  
Three horsemen, that ride terribly."  
"Little brother, whence come the three,  
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Whence should they come, between hell  
and heaven?)

"They come by the hill-verge from Boyne  
Bar,

Sister Helen,  
And one draws nigh, but two are afar."  
"Look, look, do you know them who they  
are,

Little brother?"  
(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Who should they be between hell and  
heaven?)

"Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,  
Sister Helen,  
For I know the white mane on the blast."  
"The hour has come, has come at last,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Her hour at last between hell and heaven!)

"He has made a sign and call'd, Halloo,  
Sister Helen,  
And he says that he would speak with you."  
"Oh tell him I fear the frozen dew,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Why laughs she thus between hell and  
heaven?)

"The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,  
Sister Helen,  
That Keith of Ewern's like to die."  
"And he and thou, and thou and I,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
And they and we between hell and heaven.)

"For three days now he has lain abed,  
Sister Helen,  
And he prays in torment to be dead."  
"The thing may chance if he have pray'd,

Little brother."  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 If he have pray'd between hell and heaven!)

"But he has not ceased to cry to-day,  
 Sister Helen,  
 That you should take your curse away."  
 "My prayer was heard—he need but pray,  
 Little brother."  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 Shall God not hear between hell and  
 heaven?)

"But he says, till you take back your ban,  
 Sister Helen,  
 His soul would pass, yet never can."  
 "Nay, then, shall I slay a living man,  
 Little brother?"  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 A living soul between hell and heaven!)

"But he calls for ever on your name,  
 Sister Helen,  
 And says that he melts before a flame."  
 "My heart for his pleasure fared the same,  
 Little brother."  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 Fire at the heart between hell and heaven!)

"Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast,  
 Sister Helen,  
 For I know the white plume on the blast."  
 "The hour, the sweet hour, I forecast,  
 Little brother."  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 Is the hour sweet between hell and heaven?)

"He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,  
 Sister Helen;  
 But his words are drown'd in the wind's  
 course."  
 "Nay, hear! nay, hear! you must hear per-  
 force,  
 Little brother!"  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 A word ill heard between hell and heaven!)

"Oh, he says that Keith of Ewern's cry,  
 Sister Helen,  
 Is ever to see you ere he die."  
 "He sees me in earth, in moon, and sky,  
 Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 Earth, moon, and sky between hell and  
 heaven!)

"He sends a ring and a broken coin,  
 Sister Helen,  
 And bids you mind the banks of Boyne."  
 "What else he broke will he ever join,  
 Little brother?"  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 Oh never more between hell and heaven!)

"He yields you these and craves full fain,  
 Sister Helen,  
 You pardon him in his mortal pain."  
 "What else he took will he give again,  
 Little brother?"  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 No more, no more, between hell and  
 heaven!)

"He calls your name in an agony,  
 Sister Helen,  
 That even dead Love must weep to see,"  
 "Hate, born of Love, is blind as he,  
 Little brother!"  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 Love turn'd to hate between hell and  
 heaven!)

"Oh, it's Keith of Keith now that rides  
 fast,  
 Sister Helen,  
 For I know the white hair on the blast."  
 "The short, short hour will soon be past,  
 Little brother."  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 Will soon be past, between hell and  
 heaven!)

"He looks at me, and he tries to speak,  
 Sister Helen,  
 But, oh, his voice is sad and weak!"  
 "What here should the mighty Baron  
 seek,  
 Little brother?"  
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 Is this the end, between hell and heaven?)

"Oh, his son still cries if you forgive,  
 Sister Helen,  
 The body dies, but the soul shall live."  
 "Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,  
 Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
As she forgives between hell and heaven!)

"Oh, he prays you as his heart would  
rive,

Sister Helen,  
To save his dear son's soul alive."

"Nay, flame cannot slay it; it shall thrive,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Alas, alas, between hell and heaven!)

"He cries to you, kneeling in the road,  
Sister Helen,

To go with him for the love of God!"

"The way is long, to his son's abode,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
The way is long between hell and heaven!)

"O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,  
Sister Helen;

More loud than the vesper-chime it fell."

"No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
His dying knell, between hell and heaven!)

"Alas, but I fear the heavy sound,  
Sister Helen;

Is it in the sky or in the ground?"

"Say, have they turn'd their horses round,  
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
What would she more, between hell and  
heaven?)

"They have raised the old man from his  
knee,

Sister Helen,  
And they ride in silence hastily."

"More fast the naked soul doth flee,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
The naked soul, between hell and heaven!)

"Oh, the wind is sad in the iron chill,  
Sister Helen,

And weary sad they look by the hill."

"But Keith of Ewern's sadder still,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Most sad of all, between hell and heaven!)

"See, see, the wax has dropp'd from its  
place,

Sister Helen,  
And the flames are winning up apace."

"Yet here they burn but for a space,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Here for a space, between hell and  
heaven!)

"Ah! what white thing at the door has  
cross'd,

Sister Helen?  
Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?"

"A soul that's lost as mine is lost,  
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
Lost, lost, all lost, between hell and  
heaven!)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

### THE ABBOT M'KINNON.

M'KINNON'S tall mast salutes the day,  
And beckons the breeze in Iona bay;  
Plays lightly up in the morning sky,  
And nods to the green wave rolling by;  
The anchor upheaves, the sails unfurl,  
The pennons of silk in the breezes curl;  
But not one monk on holy ground  
Knows whither the Abbot M'Kinnon is  
bound.

Well could that bark o'er the ocean glide,  
Though monks and friars alone must  
guide;

For never man of other degree  
On board that sacred ship might be.  
On deck M'Kinnon walk'd soft and slow;  
The haulers sung from the gilded prow;  
The helmsman turn'd his brow to the sky,  
Upraised his cowl and upraised his eye,  
And away shot the bark on the wing of  
the wind,  
Over billow and bay like an image of  
mind.

Aloft on the turret the monks appear,  
To see where the bark of their abbot  
would bear;

They saw her sweep from Iona bay,  
And turn her prow to the north away,  
Still lessen to view in the hazy screen,  
And vanish amid the islands green.

Then they turn'd their eyes to the female  
dome,  
And thought of the nuns till the abbot  
came home.

Three times the night with aspect dull  
Came stealing o'er the moors of Mull ;  
Three times the sea-gull left the deep,  
To doze on the knob of the dizzy steep,  
By the sound of the ocean lull'd to sleep ;  
And still the watch-lights sailors see  
On the top of the spire, and the top of  
Dun-ye ;  
And the laugh rings through the sacred  
dome,  
For still the abbot is not come home.

But the wolf that nightly swam the sound,  
From Rosa's rude impervious bound,  
On the ravenous burrowing race to feed,  
That loved to haunt the home of the dead,  
To him Saint Columb had left in trust  
To guard the bones of the royal and just,  
Of saints and of kings the sacred dust ;  
The savage was scared from his charnel of  
death,  
And swam to his home in hunger and  
wrath,  
For he momentarily saw, through the night  
so dun,  
The cowering monk, and the veiled nun,  
Whispering, sighing, and stealing away  
By cross dark alley and portal gray.  
Oh, wise was the founder, and well said he,  
"Where there are women, mischief must  
be."

No more the watch-fires gleam to the  
blast,  
M'Kinnon and friends arrive at last.  
A stranger youth to the isle they brought,  
Modest of mien and deep of thought,  
In costly sacred robes bedight,  
And he lodged with the abbot by day and  
by night.

His breast was graceful, and round withal,  
His leg was taper, his foot was small,  
And his tread so light that it flung no  
sound  
On listening ear or vault around.  
His eye was the morning's brightest ray,  
And his neck like the swan's in Iona bay ;

His teeth the ivory polish'd new,  
And his lip like the morel when gloss'd  
with dew,  
While under his cowl's embroider'd fold  
Were seen the curls of waving gold.  
This comely youth, of beauty so bright,  
Abode with the abbot by day and by  
night.

When arm in arm they walk'd the isle,  
Young friars would beckon, and monks  
would smile ;  
But sires, in dread of sins unshriven,  
Would shake their heads and look up to  
heaven,  
Afraid the frown of the saint to see,  
Who rear'd their temple amid the sea,  
And pledged his soul to guard the dome,  
Till Virtue should fly her western home.  
But now a stranger of hidden degree,  
Too fair, too gentle a man to be—  
This stranger of beauty and step so light  
Abode with the abbot by day and by  
night.

The months and the days flew lightly by,  
The monks were kind and the nuns were  
shy ;  
But the gray-hair'd sires, in trembling  
mood,  
Kneel'd at the altar and kiss'd the rood.

M'Kinnon he dream'd that the saint of  
the isle  
Stood by his side, and with courteous  
smile,  
Bade him arise from his guilty sleep,  
And pay his respects to the God of the  
deep,  
In temple that north in the main appear'd,  
Which fire from bowels of ocean had  
sear'd,  
Which the giant builders of heaven had  
rear'd,  
To rival in grandeur the stately pile  
Himself had uprear'd in Iona's isle ;  
For round them rose the mountains of  
sand,  
The fishes had left the coasts of the land,  
And so high ran the waves of the angry  
sea,  
They had drizzled the cross on the top of  
Dun-ye.

The cycle was closed and the period run ;  
He had vow'd to the sea, he had vow'd to  
the sun,

If in that time rose trouble or pain,  
Their homage to pay to the God of the  
main.

Then he bade him haste and the rites pre-  
pare,  
Named all the monks should with him  
fare,  
And promised again to see him there.

M'Kinnon awoke from his vision'd sleep,  
He open'd his casement and look'd on the  
deep ;

He look'd to the mountains, he look'd to  
the shore,

The vision amazed him and troubled him  
sore,

He never had heard of the rite before ;  
But all was so plain, he thought meet to  
obey,

He durst not decline, and he would not  
delay.

Uprose the abbot, uprose the morn,  
Uprose the sun from the Bens of Lorn ;  
And the bark her course to the northward  
framed,  
With all on board whom the saint had  
named.

The clouds were journeying east the sky,  
The wind was low and the swell was high,  
And the glossy sea was heaving bright  
Like ridges and hills of liquid light ;  
While far on her lubrick bosom were seen  
The magic dyes of purple and green.

How joy'd the bark her sides to lave !  
She lean'd to the lee and she girdled the  
wave ;

Aloft on the stayless verge she hung,  
Light on the steep wave veer'd and swung,  
And the crests of the billows before her  
flung.

Loud murmur'd the ocean with downward  
growl,

The seal swam aloof and the dark sea-  
fowl ;

The pie-duck sought the depth of the  
main,

And rose in the wheel of her wake again ;

And behind her far to the southward  
shone

A pathway of snow on the waste alone.

But now the dreadful strand they gain,  
Where rose the sacred dome of the main ;  
Oft had they seen the place before,  
And kept aloof from the dismal shore,  
But now it rose before their prow,  
And what they beheld they did not know.  
The tall gray forms in close-set file,  
Upholding the roof of that holy pile ;  
The sheets of foam and the clouds of  
spray,

And the groans that rush'd from the por-  
tals gray,  
Appall'd their hearts and drove them  
away.

They wheel'd their bark to the east around,  
And moor'd in basin, by rocks imbound ;  
Then, awed to silence, they trode the  
strand

Where furnaced pillars in order stand,  
All framed of the liquid burning levin,  
And bent like the bow that spans the  
heaven,  
Or upright ranged in horrid array,  
With purple of green o'er the darksome  
gray.

Their path was on wondrous pavement of  
old,

Its blocks all cast in some giant mould,  
Fair hewn and grooved by no mortal hand,  
With countermure guarded by sea and by  
land.

The watcher Bushella frown'd over their  
way,

Enrobed in the sea-baize, and hooded with  
gray ;

The warder that stands by that dome of  
the deep,

With spray-shower and rainbow, the en-  
trance to keep.

But when they drew nigh to the chancel  
of Ocean,

And saw her waves rush to their raving  
devotion,

Astounded and awed to the antes they  
clung,

And listen'd the hymns in her temple she  
sung.

The song of the cliffs, when the winter  
winds blow,  
The thunder of heaven, the earthquake  
below,  
Conjoin'd, like the voice of a maiden  
would be,  
Compared with the anthem there sung by  
the sea.

The solemn rows in that darksome den .  
Were dimly seen like the forms of men,  
Like giant monks in ages agone,  
Whom the God of the ocean had sear'd to  
stone,  
And bound in his temple for ever to lean,  
In sackcloth of gray and visors of green,  
An everlasting worship to keep,  
And the big salt tears eternally weep.

So rapid the motion, the whirl and the  
boil,  
So loud was the tumult, so fierce the tur-  
moil,  
Appall'd from those portals of terror they  
turn,  
On pillar of marble their incense to burn.  
Around the holy flame they pray,  
Then turning their faces all west away,  
On angel pavement each bent his knee,  
And sung this hymn to the God of the  
sea.

#### THE MONKS' HYMN.

Thou, who makest the ocean to flow,  
Thou, who walkest the channels below;  
To thee, to thee, this incense we heap,  
Thou, who knowest not slumber nor sleep,  
Great Spirit that mov'st on the face of the  
deep!  
To thee, to thee, we sing to thee,  
God of the western wind, God of the sea!

To thee, who bringest with thy right hand  
The little fishes around our land;  
To thee, who breath'st in the bosom'd sail,  
Rulest the shark and the rolling whale,  
Flingest the sinner to downward grave,  
Lightest the gleam on the mane of the  
wave,  
Bid'st the billows thy reign deform,  
Laugh'st in the whirlwind, sing'st in the  
storm;

Or risest like mountain amid the sea,  
Where mountain was never, and never  
will be,  
And rearest thy proud and thy pale chap-  
eroon  
'Mid walks of the angels and ways of the  
moon;  
To thee, to thee, this wine we pour,  
God of the western wind, God of the  
shower!

To thee, who bid'st those mountains of  
brine  
Softly sink in the fair moonshine,  
And spread'st thy couch of silver light,  
To lure to thy bosom the queen of the  
night;  
Who weavest the cloud of the ocean dew,  
And the mist that sleeps on her breast so  
blue;  
When the murmurs die at the base of the hill,  
And the shadows lie rock'd and slumber-  
ing still,  
And the solan's young, and the lines of  
foam,  
Are scarcely heaved on thy peaceful home,  
We pour this oil and this wine to thee,  
God of the western wind, God of the sea!—  
"Greater yet must the offering be."

The monks gazed round, the abbot grew  
wan,  
For the closing notes were not sung by man.  
They came from the rock, or they came  
from the air,  
From voice they knew not, and knew not  
where;  
But it sung with a mournful melody,  
"Greater yet must the offering be."

In holy dread they pass'd away,  
And they walk'd the ridge of that isle so  
gray,  
And saw the white waves toil and fret,  
An hundred fathoms below their feet;  
They look'd to the countless isles that lie  
From Barra to Mull, and from Jura to  
Skye;  
They look'd to heaven, they look'd to the  
main,  
They look'd at all with a silent pain,  
As on places they were not to see again.

A little bay lies hid from sight,  
O'erhung by cliffs of dreadful height;  
When they drew nigh that airy steep,  
They heard a voice rise from the deep,  
And that voice was sweet as voice could be,  
And they fear'd it came from the Maid of  
the Sea.

M'Kinnon lay stretch'd on the verge of  
the hill,  
And peep'd from the height on the bay so  
still;  
And he saw her sit on a weedy stone,  
Laving her fair breast, and singing alone;  
And aye she sank the wave within,  
Till it gurgled around her lovely chin,  
Then comb'd her locks of the pale sea-  
green,  
And aye this song was heard between.

#### THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Matilda of Skye  
Alone may lie,  
And list to the wind that whistles by:  
Sad may she be,  
For deep in the sea,  
Deep, deep, deep in the sea,  
This night her lover shall sleep with me.  
She may turn and hide  
From the spirits that glide,  
And the ghost that stands at her bedside:  
But never a kiss the vow shall seal,  
Nor warm embrace her bosom feel;  
For far, far down in the floors below,  
Moist as this rock-weed, cold as the snow,  
With the eel, and the clam, and the pearl  
of the deep,  
On soft sea-flowers her lover shall sleep;  
And long and sound shall his slumber be,  
In the coral bowers of the deep with me.

The trembling sun, far, far away,  
Shall pour on his couch a soften'd ray,  
And his mantle shall wave in the flowing  
tide,  
And the little fishes shall turn aside;  
But the waves and the tides of the sea  
shall cease,  
Ere wakes her love from his bed of peace.  
No home!—no kiss!—No, never! never!  
His couch is spread for ever and ever.

The abbot arose in dumb dismay,  
They turn'd and fled from the height  
away,

For dark and portentous was the day.  
When they came in view of their rocking  
sail,

They saw an old man who sat on the wale;  
His beard was long and silver-gray,  
Like the rime that falls at the break of  
day;

His locks like wool and his color wan,  
And he scarcely look'd like an earthly  
man.

They ask'd his errand, they ask'd his  
name,

Whereunto bound, and whence he came;  
But a sullen, thoughtful silence he kept,  
And turn'd his face to the sea and wept.  
Some gave him welcome, and some gave  
him scorn,

But the abbot stood pale, with terror o'er-  
borne;

He tried to be jocund, but trembled the  
more,

For he thought he had seen the face be-  
fore.

Away went the ship with her canvas all  
spread,

So glad to escape from that island of  
dread;

And skimm'd the blue wave like a streamer  
of light,

Till fell the dim veil 'twixt the day and  
the night.

Then the old man arose and stood up on  
the prow,

And fix'd his dim eyes on the ocean be-  
low;

And they heard him saying, "Oh, woe is  
me!

But great as the sin must the sacrifice  
be."

Oh, mild was his eye, and his manner  
sublime,

When he look'd unto heaven, and said,  
"Now is the time."

He look'd to the weather, he look'd to the  
lee,

He look'd as for something he dreaded to  
see,

Then stretch'd his pale hand, and pointed  
his eye  
To a gleam on the verge of the eastern  
sky.

The monks soon beheld, on the lofty Ben-  
More,  
A sight which they never had seen before,  
A belt of blue lightning around it was  
driven,  
And its crown was encircled by morion of  
heaven ;  
And they heard a herald that loud did cry,  
"Prepare the way for the abbot of I !"

Then a sound arose, they knew not where,  
It came from the sea or it came from the  
air,  
'Twas louder than tempest that ever blew,  
And the sea-fowls scream'd, and in terror  
flew ;  
Some ran to the cords, some kneel'd at the  
shrine,  
But all the wild elements seem'd to com-  
bine ;  
'Twas just but one moment of stir and  
commotion,  
And down went the ship like a bird of the  
ocean !

This moment she sail'd all stately and  
fair,  
The next, nor ship nor shadow was there,  
But a boil that arose from the deep below ;  
A mountain-gurgling column of snow :  
It sunk away with a murmuring moan—  
The sea is calm, and the sinners are gone.

JAMES HOGG.

### THE NECKAN.

IN summer, on the headlands,  
The Baltic Sea along,  
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,  
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls, beneath the headlands,  
Green rolls the Baltic Sea ;  
And there, below the Neckan's feet,  
His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,  
Its shells and roses pale ;  
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings—  
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,  
And sings a mournful stave  
Of all he saw and felt on earth,  
Far from the kind sea-wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wander'd  
By castle, field, and town—  
But earthly knights have harder hearts  
Than the sea-children own.

Sings of his earthly bridal—  
Priest, knights, and ladies gay.  
"—And who art thou," the priest began,  
"Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?"—

"—I am no knight," he answer'd ;  
"From the sea-waves I come."—  
The knights drew sword, the ladies scream'd,  
The surpliced priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel  
He vanish'd with his bride,  
And bore her down to the sea-halls,  
Beneath the salt sea-tide.

He sings how she sits weeping  
'Mid shells that round her lie.  
"—False Neckan shares my bed," she  
weeps ;  
"No Christian mate have I."—

He sings how through the billows  
He rose to earth again,  
And sought a priest to sign the cross,  
That Neckan heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,  
Beneath the birch trees cool,  
He sate and play'd his harp of gold,  
Beside the river-pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan—  
Tears fill'd his mild blue eye.  
On his white mule, across the bridge,  
A cassock'd priest rode by.

"—Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan,  
And play'st thy harp of gold ?  
Sooner shall this, my staff, bear leaves,  
Than thou shalt heaven behold."

But lo, the staff, it budded !  
It green'd, it branch'd, it waved.  
"—O ruth of God," the priest cried out  
"This lost sea-creature saved !"



The cassock'd priest rode onward,  
And vanish'd with his mule;  
But Neckan in the twilight gray  
Wept by the river-pool.

He wept: "The earth hath kindness,  
The sea, the starry poles;  
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above—  
But, ah, not human souls!"

In summer, on the headlands,  
The Baltic Sea along,  
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,  
And sings this plaintive song.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### HALLO, MY FANCY.

In melancholic fancy,  
Out of myself,  
In the vulcan dancy,  
All the world surveying,  
Nowhere staying,  
Just like a fairy elf;  
Out o'er the tops of highest mountains  
skipping,  
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys  
tripping,  
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or  
shipping.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the misty vapors,  
Fain would I know  
What doth cause the tapers;  
Why the clouds benight us,  
And affright us

While we travel here below.

Fain would I know what makes the roaring  
thunder,  
And what these lightnings be that rend  
the clouds asunder,  
And what these comets are on which we  
gaze and wonder.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I know the reason  
Why the little ant,  
All the summer season,  
Layeth up provision,  
On condition  
To know no winter's want:

And how housewives, that are so good and  
painful,  
Do unto their husbands prove so good and  
gainful,  
And why the lazy drones to them do prove  
disdainful.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, ships, I will descry you  
Amidst the main;  
I will come and try you  
What you are protecting,  
And projecting,  
What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandise and  
trading,

Another stays to keep his country from  
invading,

A third is coming home with rich and  
wealth of lading.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

When I look before me,  
There I do behold  
There's none that sees or knows me;  
All the world's a-gadding,  
Running madding,

None doth his station hold.

He that is below envieth him that riseth,  
And he that is above, him that's below  
despiseth,

So every man his plot and counterplot  
deviseth.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look, what bustling  
Here I do espy;  
Each another jostling,  
Every one turmoiling,  
Th' other spoiling,  
As I did pass them by.

One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,  
Another hangs his head, because he's out  
of fashion,

A third is fully bent on sport and recrea-  
tion.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the foamy ocean,  
Fain would I know  
What doth cause the motion,  
And returning  
In its journeying,  
And doth so seldom swerve!

And how these little fishes, that swim  
 beneath salt water,  
 Do never blind their eye; methinks it is a  
 matter  
 An inch above the reach of old Erra  
 Pater!  
 Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I be resolved  
 How things are done;  
 And where the bull was calved  
 Of bloody Phalaris,  
 And where the tailor is  
 That works to the man i' the  
 moon!

Fain would I know how Cupid aims so  
 rightly;  
 And how these little fairies do dance and  
 leap so lightly;  
 And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles  
 nightly.  
 Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

In conceit like Phaeton,  
 I'll mount Phœbus' chair,  
 Having ne'er a hat on,  
 All my hair a-burning  
 In my journeying,  
 Hurrying through the air.

Fair would I hear his fiery horses neigh-  
 ing,  
 And see how they on foamy bits are play-  
 ing;  
 All the stars and planets I will be survey-  
 ing!  
 Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Oh, from what ground of nature  
 Doth the pelican,  
 That self-devouring creature,  
 Prove so froward  
 And untoward,  
 Her vitals for to strain?  
 And why the subtle fox, while in death's  
 wounds is lying,  
 Doth not lament his pangs by howling and  
 by crying;  
 And why the milk-white swan doth sing  
 when she's a-dying.  
 Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I conclude this,  
 At least make essay,  
 What similitude is;  
 Why fowls of a feather  
 Flock and fly together,  
 And lambs know beasts of prey:  
 How Nature's alchymists, these small  
 laborious creatures,  
 Acknowledge still a prince in ordering  
 their matters,  
 And suffer none to live, who slothing lose  
 their features.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

I'm rapt with admiration,  
 When I do ruminate,  
 Men of an occupation,  
 How each one calls him brother,  
 Yet each envieth other,  
 And yet still intimate!  
 Yea, I admire to see some natures farther  
 sund'red,  
 Than antipodes to us. Is it not to be  
 wond'red,  
 In myriads ye'll find, of one mind scarce  
 a hundred?  
 Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

What multitude of notions  
 Doth perturb my pate,  
 Considering the motions,  
 How the heavens are preserved,  
 And this world served  
 In moisture, light, and heat!  
 If one spirit sits the outmost circle turning,  
 Or one turns another, continuing in jour-  
 neying,  
 If rapid circles' motion be that which  
 they call burning!  
 Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain also would I prove this,  
 By considering  
 What that, which you call love, is:  
 Whether it be a folly  
 Or a melancholy,  
 Or some heroic thing!  
 Fain I'd have it proved, by one whom love  
 hath wounded,  
 And fully upon one his desire hath founded,  
 Whom nothing else could please though  
 the world were rounded.  
 Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

To know this world's centre,  
Height, depth, breadth, and  
length,

Fain would I adventure  
To search the hid attractions  
Of magnetic actions,  
And adamant strength.

Fain would I know, if in some lofty moun-  
tain,

Where the moon sojourns, if there be  
trees or fountain;

If there be beasts of prey, or yet be fields  
to hunt in.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I have it tried

By experiment,

By none can be denied!

If in this bulk of nature,

There be voids less or greater,

Or all remains complete.

Fain would I know if beasts have any  
reason;

If falcons killing eagles do commit a  
treason;

If fear of winter's want make swallows fly  
the season.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Hallo, my fancy, hallo!

Stay, stay at home with me,

I can thee no longer follow,

For thou hast betray'd me,

And bewray'd me;

It is too much for thee.

Stay, stay at home with me; leave off thy  
lofty soaring;

Stay thou at home with me, and on thy  
books be poring;

For he that goes abroad lays little up in  
storing:

Thou'rt welcome home, my fancy, wel-  
come home to me.

WILLIAM CLELAND.

### PAN IN WALL STREET.

A. D. 1867.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front  
Look over Wall Street's mingled nations;  
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont  
To throng for trade and last quotations;  
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold  
Outrival, in the ears of people,

The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled  
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain  
Sound high above the modern clamor,  
Above the cries of greed and gain,  
The curbstone war, the auction's ham-  
mer;

And swift, on Music's misty ways,  
It led, from all this strife for millions,  
To ancient, sweet do-nothing days  
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,  
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,  
I saw the minstrel, where he stood  
At ease against a Doric pillar:  
One hand a droning organ played,  
The other held a Pan's pipe (fashioned  
Like those of old) to lips that made  
The reeds give out that strain impas-  
sioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here  
A-strolling through this sordid city,  
And piping to the civic ear  
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!  
The demigod had crossed the seas,—  
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and  
satyr,

And Syracusan times,—to these  
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;  
But—hidden thus—there was no doubt-  
ing

That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,  
His gnarlèd horns were somewhere  
sprouting;

His club feet, casèd in rusty shoes,  
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see  
them,

And trousers, patched of divers hues,  
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath  
them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,  
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,  
And with his goat's-eyes looked around  
Where'er the passing current drifted;  
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills  
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear  
him,

Even now the tradesmen from their tills,  
With clerks and porters, crowded near  
him.

The bulls and bears together drew  
From Jauncey Court and New Street  
Alley,

As erst, if pastorals be true,  
Came beasts from every wooded valley;  
The random passers stayed to list,—  
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,  
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst  
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long  
In tattered cloak of army pattern,  
And Galatea joined the throng,—  
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;  
While old Silenus staggered out  
From some new-fangled lunch-house  
handy,  
And bade the piper, with a shout,  
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A news-boy and a peanut-girl  
Like little Fauns began to caper:  
His hair was all in tangled curl,  
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;  
And still the gathering larger grew,  
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,  
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew  
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still  
With throbs her vernal passion taught  
her,—  
Even here, as on the vineclad hill,  
Or by the Arcthusan water!  
New forms may fold the speech, new lands  
Arise within these ocean-portals,  
But Music waves eternal wands,—  
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod  
A man in blue, with legal baton,  
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,  
And pushed him from the step I sat on.  
Doubting I mused upon the cry,  
“Great Pan is dead!”—and all the  
people  
Went on their ways:—and clear and high  
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

### HYMN TO NEPTUNE.

GOD of the mighty deep! wherever now  
The waves beneath thy brazen axles bow—  
Whether thy strong, proud steeds, wind-  
wing'd and wild,  
Trample the storm-vex'd waters round  
them piled,  
Swift as the lightning-flashes, that reveal  
The quick gyrations of each brazen wheel;  
While round and under thee, with nideous  
roar,  
The broad Atlantic, with thy scourging  
sore,  
Thundering, like antique Chaos in his  
spasms,  
In heaving mountains and deep-yawning  
chasms  
Fluctuates endlessly; while, through the  
gloom,  
Their glossy sides and thick manes fleck'd  
with foam,  
Career thy steeds, neighing with frantic  
glee  
In fierce response to the tumultuous sea,—  
Whether thy coursers now career below,  
Where, amid storm-wrecks, hoary sea-  
plants grow,  
Broad-leaved, and fanning with a ceaseless  
motion  
The pale, cold tenants of the abysmal  
ocean—  
Oh, come! our altars waiting for thee  
stand  
Smoking with incense on the level strand!  
Perhaps thou lettest now thy horses roam  
Upon some quiet plain; no wind-toss'd  
foam  
Is now upon their limbs, but leisurely  
They tread with silver feet the sleeping  
sea,  
Fanning the waves with slowly-floating  
manes,  
Like mist in sunlight; haply, silver strains  
From clamorous trumpets round thy cha-  
riot ring,  
And green-robed sea-gods unto thee, their  
king,  
Chant, loud in praise: Apollo now doth  
gaze  
With loving looks upon thee, and his  
rays

Light up thy steeds' wild eyes: a pleasant  
warmth  
Is felt upon the sea, where fierce, cold  
storm  
Has just been rushing, and the noisy  
winds,  
That Æolus now within their prison binds,  
Flying with misty wings: perhaps, below  
Thou liest in green caves, where bright  
things glow  
With myriad colors—many a monster cum-  
bers  
The sand a-near thee, while old Triton  
slumbers  
As idly as his wont, and bright eyes peep  
Upon thee every way, as thou dost sleep.

Perhaps thou liest on some Indian isle,  
Under a waving tree, where many a mile  
Stretches a sunny shore, with golden sands  
Heap'd up in many shapes by Naiads'  
hands,  
And, blushing as the waves come rippling  
on,  
Shaking the sunlight from them as they  
run  
And curl upon the beach—like molten  
gold  
Thick-set with jewelry most rare and  
old;  
And sea-nymphs sit, and, with small, del-  
icate shells,  
Make thee sweet melody: as in deep dells  
We hear, of summer nights, by fairies  
made,  
The while they dance within some quiet  
shade,  
Sounding their silver flutes most low and  
sweet,  
In strange but beautiful tunes, that their  
light feet  
May dance upon the bright and misty  
dew

In better time: all wanton airs that blew  
But lately over spice trees, now are here,  
Waving their wings, all odor-laden, near  
The bright and laughing sea. Oh, wilt  
thou rise,  
And come with them to our new sacrifice!

ALBERT PIKE.

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

### PART I.

ON either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And through the field the road runs by  
To many-tower'd Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below—  
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten; aspens quiver;  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Through the wave that runs for ever  
By the island in the river,  
Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers;  
And the silent isle imbowers  
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-véil'd,  
Slide the heavy barges, trail'd  
By slow horses; and, unhail'd,  
The shallop flitteth, silken-sail'd—  
Skimming down to Camelot:  
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?  
Or is she known in all the land,  
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river, winding clearly  
Down to tower'd Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers, "T is the fairy  
Lady of Shalott."

### PART II.

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colors gay.  
She has heard a whisper say  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be:  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.

And, moving through a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.  
There she sees the highway near,  
    Winding down to Camelot:  
There the river-eddy whirls;  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market-girls,  
    Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad—  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-hair'd page, in crimson clad,  
    Goes by to tower'd Camelot;  
And sometimes through the mirror blue  
The knights come riding, two and two:  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights;  
For often, through the silent nights,  
A funeral, with plumes and lights  
    And music, went to Camelot:  
Or, when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed;  
"I am half sick of shadows," said  
    The Lady of Shalott.

## PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves  
He rode between the barley sheaves;  
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
    Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
    Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden galaxy.  
The bridle bells rang merrily,  
    As he rode down to Camelot:  
And, from his blazon'd baldric slung,  
A mighty silver bugle hung;  
And as he rode his armor rung,  
    Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather;  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
    As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often, through the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
    Moves over still Shalott:

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
    As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror:  
"Tirra lirra," by the river,  
    Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom;  
She made three paces through the room;  
She saw the water-lily bloom;  
She saw the helmet and the plume;  
    She look'd down to Camelot:  
Out flew the web, and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
"The curse is come upon me," cried  
    The Lady of Shalott.

## PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complain-  
    ing,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
    Over tower'd Camelot;  
Down she came, and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat;  
And round about the prow she wrote  
    *The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse—  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
    Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loos'd the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white,  
 That loosely flew to left and right—  
 The leaves upon her falling light—  
 Through the noises of the night  
     She floated down to Camelot.  
 And as the boat-head wound along,  
 The willowy hills and fields among,  
 They heard her singing her last song,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly,  
     Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.  
 For ere she reach'd, upon the tide,  
 The first house by the water-side,  
 Singing, in her song she died,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
 By garden-wall and gallery,  
 A gleaming shape she floated by,  
 Dead-pale between the houses high,  
     Silent, into Camelot.  
 Out upon the wharfs they came,  
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame;  
 And round the prow they read her name,  
     *The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
 And in the lighted palace near

Died the sound of royal cheer;  
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
     All the knights at Camelot:  
 But Lancelot mused a little space:  
 He said, "She has a lovely face;  
 God in his mercy lend her grace,  
     The Lady of Shalott."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

— ♦ —  
 "PROUD MAISIE IS IN THE WOOD."

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,  
 Walking so early;  
 Sweet robin sits on the bush,  
 Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
 When shall I marry me?"  
 "When six braw gentlemen  
 Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,  
 Birdie, say truly?"  
 "The gray-headed sexton  
 That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone  
 Shall light thee steady;  
 The owl from the steeple sing  
 Welcome, proud lady!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.







## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

---

### THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still  
Fur'z you can look 'or listen,  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,  
An' peck'd in thru the winder,  
An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace fill'd the room's one side,  
With half a cord o' wood in—  
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)  
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the pootiest, bless her!  
An' leetle flames danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young  
Fetch'd back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
Seem'd warm from floor to ceilin',  
An' she look'd full ez rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
On sech a blessed cretur,  
A dogrose blushin' to a brook  
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A, 1,  
Clean grit an' human natur';  
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton,  
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd spark'd it with full twenty gals,  
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,  
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—  
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
All crinkly like curl'd maple,  
The side she bresh'd felt full o' sun  
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing  
Ez hisn in the choir;  
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,  
She *know'd* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer  
When her new meetin'-bunnet  
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair  
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she look'd *some*!  
She seemed to've gut a new soul,  
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' know'd it tu,  
A-raspin' on the scraper,—  
All ways to once her feelin's flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper,

He kin' o' l'iter'd on the mat,  
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,  
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk,  
Ez though she wish'd him furdur,  
An' on her apples kep' to work,  
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I-s'pose?"  
"Wal . . . . no . . . . I come dasign-  
in'"—

"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,  
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';  
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t'other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"  
Says she, "Think likely, mister;"  
Thet last word prick'd him like a pin,  
An' . . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose naturs never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued  
Too tight for all expressin',  
Tell mother see how matters stood,  
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
An' all I know is they was cried  
In mestin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

THE laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's  
great,  
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the  
state;  
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,  
But favor wi' woooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look  
well;  
M'Lish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, and as gude  
as new;  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was  
blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,  
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a'  
that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily—  
And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha'  
Lee:

"'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily  
ben,  
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o'  
Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower  
wine:

"And what brings the Laird at sic a like  
time?"

She put aff her apron, and on her silk  
gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa'  
down.

And when she cam' ben, he bow'd fu' low,  
And what was his errand he soon let her  
know;

Amazed was the Laird when the lady said  
"Na;"

And wi' a laigh curtsey she turnèd awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was—nae sigh did he  
gie;

He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;  
And aften he thought, as he gaed through  
the glen,

She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had  
made,  
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she  
had said;

"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll  
get ten,

I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the lady  
were seen,

They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on  
the green.

Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit  
hen—

But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at  
Cockpen.

LADY CAROLINA NAIRNE.

### THE WHISKERS.

THE kings who ruled mankind with haugh-  
ty sway,

The prouder pope, whom even kings obey--

Love, at whose shrine both popes and monarchs fall,  
And e'en self-interest, that controls them all—

Possess a petty power, when all combined,  
Compared with fashion's influence on mankind:

For love itself will oft to fashion bow:  
The following story will convince you how:

A petit maitre woo'd a fair,  
Of virtue, wealth, and graces rare;  
But vainly had prefer'd his claim,  
The maiden own'd no answering flame;  
At length by doubt and anguish torn,  
Suspense too painful to be borne,  
Low at her feet he humbly kneel'd,  
And thus his ardent flame reveal'd:

"Pity my grief, angelic fair,  
Behold my anguish and despair;  
For you this heart must ever burn—  
Oh bless me with a kind return;  
My love no language can express,  
Reward it, then, with happiness;  
Nothing on earth but you I prize,  
All else is trifling in my eyes;  
And cheerfully would I resign  
The wealth of worlds to call you mine.  
But, if another gain your hand,  
Far distant from my native land,  
Far hence from you and hope I'll fly,  
And in some foreign region die."

The virgin heard, and thus replied:

"If my consent to be your bride  
Will make you happy, then be blest;  
But grant me, first, one small request;  
A sacrifice I must demand,  
And in return will give my hand."

"A sacrifice! Oh speak its name,  
For you I'd forfeit wealth and fame;  
Take my whole fortune—every cent—"

"'Twas something more than wealth I meant."

"Must I the realms of Neptune trace?  
Oh speak the word—where'er the place,  
For you, the idol of my soul,  
I'd e'en explore the frozen pole;  
Arabia's sandy deserts tread,  
Or trace the Tigris to its head."

"Oh no, dear sir, I do not ask  
So long a voyage, so hard a task;  
You must—but ah! the boon I want,  
I have no hope that you will grant."

"Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire  
To be the world's imperial sire?  
Express the wish, and here I vow,  
To place a crown upon your brow."

"Sir, these are trifles," she replied—  
"But, if you wish me for your bride,  
You must—but still I fear to speak—  
You'll never grant the boon I seek."

"O say," he cried—"dear angel, say—  
What must I do, and I obey;  
No longer rack me with suspense,  
Speak your commands, and send me hence."

"Well, then, dear generous youth!" she cries,

"If thus my heart you really prize,  
And wish to link your fate with mine,  
On one condition I am thine;  
'Twill then become my pleasing duty  
To contemplate a husband's beauty;  
And, gazing on your manly face,  
His feelings and his wishes trace;  
To banish thence each mark of care,  
And light a smile of pleasure there.  
Oh let me, then, 'tis all I ask,  
Commence at once the pleasing task;  
Oh let me, as becomes my place,  
Cut those huge whiskers from your face."

She said—but oh what strange surprise  
Was pictured in her lover's eyes!  
Like lightning from the ground he sprung,

While wild amazement tied his tongue.  
A statue, motionless, he gazed,  
Astonished, horror-struck, amazed.  
So look'd the gallant Perseus, when  
Medusa's visage met his ken;  
So look'd Macbeth, whose guilty eye  
Discern'd an "air-drawn dagger" nigh.  
And so the Prince of Denmark stared,  
When first his father's ghost appear'd.

At length our hero silence broke,  
And thus in wildest accents spoke:

"Cut off my whiskers! O ye gods!  
I'd sooner lose my ears by odds;  
Madam, I'd not be so disgraced,  
So lost to fashion and to taste,  
To win an empress to my arms,  
Though blest with more than mortal  
charms.

My whiskers! zounds!" He said no  
more,

But quick retreated through the door,  
And sought a less obdurate fair  
To take the beau with all his hair.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

—♦—  
*EPIGRAM: "ALL SAINTS."*

In a church which is furnish'd with mul-  
lion and gable,

With altar and reredos, with gargoyle  
and groin,

The penitents' dresses are sealskin and  
sable,

The odour of sanctity's Eau-de-Cologne.

But only could Lucifer, flying from Hades,  
Gaze down on this crowd with its paniers  
and paints,

He would say, as he look'd at the lords and  
the ladies,

"Oh, where is 'All Sinners' if this is  
'All Saints'?"

EDMUND YATES.

—♦—  
*THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.*

ONE night came on a hurricane,  
The sea was mountains rolling,  
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,  
And said to Billy Bowling:

"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill;  
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?

Lord help 'em, how I pities all  
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in town,  
What danger they are all in,

And now are quaking in their beds,

For fear the roof should fall in:

Poor creatures, how they envies us,

And wishes, I've a notion,

For our good luck, in such a storm,

To be upon the ocean.

"But as for them who're out all day,  
On business from their houses,  
And late at night are coming home,  
To cheer the babes and spouses;  
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,  
Are comfortably lying,  
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots  
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard  
How men are killed and undone,  
By overturns of carriages,  
By thieves, and fires in London.  
We know what risks all landmen run,  
From noblemen to tailors;  
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence  
That you and I are sailors!"

WILLIAM PITT.

—♦—  
*EPIGRAM.—A VOICE AND NOTHING  
ELSE.*

"I WONDER if Brougham thinks as much  
as he talks,"

Said a punster perusing a trial:

"I vow, since his lordship was made Baron  
Vaux,

He's been *Vaux et prateræ nihil!*"

LONDON PUNCH.

—♦—  
*THE SORROWS OF WERTHER.*

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte,  
Such as words could never utter;  
Would you know how first he met her?  
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,  
And a moral man was Werther,  
And for all the wealth of Indies  
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sigh'd and pined and ogled,  
And his passion boil'd and bubbled,  
Till he blew his silly brains out,  
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body  
Borne before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
Went on cutting bread and butter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

## JUPITER AND TEN.

Mrs. Chub was rich and portly,  
 Mrs. Chub was very grand,  
 Mrs. Chub was always reckoned  
 A lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion  
 In a very stately square,—  
 Mr. C. knows what it cost him,  
 But that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Chub was so sagacious,  
 Such a patron of the arts,  
 And she gave such foreign orders,  
 That she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs. Chub was always talking,  
 When she went away from home,  
 Of a most prodigious painting  
 Which had just arrived from Rome.

"Such a treasure," she insisted,  
 "One might never see again!"  
 "What's the subject?" we inquired.  
 "*It is Jupiter and Ten!*"

"Ten *what?*" we blandly asked her,  
 For the knowledge we did lack.  
 "Ah! that I cannot tell you,  
 But the name is on the back.

"There it stands in printed letters.  
 Come to-morrow, gentlemen;  
 Come and see our splendid painting,  
 Our fine *Jupiter and Ten.*"

When Mrs. Chub departed,  
 Our brains we all did rack,—  
 She could not be mistaken,  
 For the name was on the back.

So we begged a great Professor  
 To lay aside his pen,  
 And give some information  
 Touching "*Jupiter and Ten.*"

And we pondered well the subject,  
 And our Lemprière we turned,  
 To discover what the *Ten* were;  
 But we could not, though we burned!

But when we saw the picture,—  
 Oh, Mrs. Chub! Oh, fie! Oh!

We perused the printed label,  
 And 'twas *Jupiter and Io!*  
 JAMES T. FIELDS.

## OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

A TAILOR, thought a man of upright dealing—

True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing,

Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,  
 And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;

The fiends of hell, mustering in fearful manner,

Of sundry color'd silks display'd a banner  
 Which he had stolen, and wish'd, as they did tell,

That he might find it all one day in hell.  
 The man, affrighted with this apparition,  
 Upon recovery grew a great precisian:  
 He bought a Bible of the best translation,  
 And in his life he show'd great reformation;

He walk'd mannerly, he talk'd meekly,  
 He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;

He vow'd to shun all company unruly,  
 And in his speech he used no oath; but truly

And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,  
 His meat for that day on the eve was drest;  
 And lest the custom which he had to steal  
 Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,

He gave his journeymen a special charge,  
 That if the stuff, allowance being large,  
 He found his fingers were to filch inclined,  
 Bid him to have the banner in his mind.  
 This done (I scant can tell the rest for laughter)

A captain of a ship came three days after,  
 And brought three yards of velvet and three quarters,

To make Venetians down below the garters,  
 He, that precisely knew what was enough,  
 Soon slipt aside three quarters of the stuff;  
 His man, espying it, said, in derision,  
 Master, remember how you saw the vision!  
 Peace, knave! quoth he, I did not see one rag

Of such a color'd silk in all the flag.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

*THE IRISHMAN.*

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,  
 A lady very stylish, man,  
 And yet, in spite of all her teeth,  
 She fell in love with an Irishman,—  
 A nasty, ugly Irishman,  
 A wild, tremendous Irishman,  
 A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping,  
 ramping, roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,  
 For with small-pox 'twas scarr'd across,  
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog  
 Were almost double a yard across.  
 Oh, the lump of an Irishman,  
 The whiskey-devouring Irishman,  
 The great he-rogue, with his wonderful  
 brogue, the fighting, rioting Irish-  
 man !

One of his eyes was bottle-green,  
 And the other eye was out, my dear,  
 And the calves of his wicked-looking  
 legs  
 Were more than two feet about, my dear.  
 Oh, the great big Irishman,  
 The rattling, battling Irishman,  
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, stag-  
 gering, leathering swash of an  
 Irishman !

He took so much of Lundy-Foot  
 That he used to snort and snuffle, oh !  
 And in shape and size the fellow's neck  
 Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.  
 Oh, the horrible Irishman,  
 The thundering, blundering, Irish-  
 man,  
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing,  
 thrashing, hashing Irishman !

His name was a terrible name indeed,  
 Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;  
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler  
 of punch  
 He'd not rest till he fill'd it full  
 again.  
 The boozing, bruising Irishman,  
 The 'toxicated Irishman,  
 The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy,  
 brandy, no-dandy Irishman !

This was the lad the lady loved,  
 Like all the girls of quality,  
 And he broke the skulls of the men of  
 Leith,  
 Just by the way of jollity.  
 Oh, the leathering Irishman,  
 The barbarous, savage Irishman !  
 The hearts of the maids, and the gentle-  
 men's heads, were bother'd, I'm  
 sure, by this Irishman.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

*FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.*

## A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
 And used to war's alarms :  
 But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
 So he laid down his arms !

Now as they bore him off the field,  
 Said he, " Let others shoot,  
 For here I leave my second leg,  
 And the Forty-second Foot !"

The army-surgeons made him limbs :  
 Said he, " They're only pegs ;  
 But there's as wooden Members quite,  
 As represent my legs !"

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
 Her name was Nelly Gray ;  
 So he went to pay her his devours  
 When he'd devour'd his pay !

But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
 She made him quite a scoff ;  
 And when she saw his wooden legs  
 Began to take them off !

" O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !  
 Is this your love so warm ?  
 The love that loves a scarlet coat  
 Should be more uniform !"

Said she, " I loved a soldier once,  
 For he was blithe and brave ;  
 But I will never have a man  
 With both legs in the grave !

" Before you had those timber toes,  
 Your love I did allow ;  
 But then, you know, you stand upon  
 Another footing now !"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call, I left my legs,  
In Badajos's *breaches*!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the  
feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray!  
I know why you refuse:—  
Though I've no feet—some other man  
Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;  
But now a long farewell!  
For you will be my death;—alas!  
You will not be my *Nell*!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burden grown,  
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the Line.

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off—of course  
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead  
As any nail in town,—  
For, though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died—  
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
With a *stake* in his inside!

THOMAS HOOD.

### FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG BEN He was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That though she did seem in a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head  
He'll be as good as me;  
For when your swain is in our boat,  
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone? and is he gone?"  
She cried, and wept outright:  
"Then I will to the waterside,  
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her—  
"Now, young woman," said he,  
"If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben  
To sail with old Benbow;"  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him  
To the Tender ship, you see."  
"The Tender ship!" cried Sally Brown,  
"What a hard-ship that must be!"

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him;  
But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place  
That's underneath the world;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were fur'd.



But when he call'd on Sally Brown,  
To see how she got on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown! O Sally Brown!  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,  
He heaved a bitter sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's well,"  
But could not, though he tried;  
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,  
At forty-odd befell:  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton toll'd the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,  
And a clearer one never was seen;  
There is not a wife in the west country  
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,  
And behind doth an ash tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne;  
Joyfully he drew nigh,  
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he;  
And he sat down upon the bank  
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the house hard by  
At the well to fill his pail;  
On the well-side he rested it,  
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?"  
quoth he;

"For an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this  
day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,  
Ever here in Cornwall been?  
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,  
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was  
here,"  
The stranger he made reply;  
"But that my draught should be the better  
for that,  
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quothe the Cornish-man,  
"many a time  
Drank of this crystal well;  
And before the angel summon'd her,  
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well  
Shall drink before his wife,  
A happy man thenceforth is he,  
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,—  
God help the husband then!"  
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,  
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, be-  
times?"  
He to the Cornish-man said;  
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger  
spake,  
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was  
done,  
And left my wife in the porch;  
But if faith she had been wiser than me,  
For she took a bottle to church."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"  
 "You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.  
 "What is your father, my pretty maid?"  
 "My father's a farmer, sir," she said.  
 "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"  
 "My face is my fortune, sir," she said.  
 "Then I can't marry you, my pretty  
 maid?"  
 "Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

---

### THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

OH for one hour of youthful joy!  
 Give back my twentieth spring!  
 I'd rather laugh a bright-hair'd boy  
 Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!  
 Away with learning's crown!  
 Tear out life's wisdom-written page,  
 And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream  
 From boyhood's fount of flame!  
 Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
 Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,  
 And, calmly smiling, said,  
 "If I but touch thy silver'd hair,  
 Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track  
 To bid thee fondly stay,  
 While the swift seasons hurry back  
 To find the wish'd-for day?"

Ah! truest soul of womankind!  
 Without thee what were life?  
 One bliss I cannot leave behind:  
 I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen  
 And wrote in rainbow dew,  
 "The man would be a boy again,  
 And be a husband, too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid  
 Before the change appears?  
 Remember, all their gifts have fled  
 With those dissolving years!"

"Why, yes; for memory would recall  
 My fond paternal joys;  
 I could not bear to leave them all:  
 I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!"  
 The smiling angel dropp'd his pen—  
 "Why, this will never do;  
 The man would be a boy again,  
 And be a father, too!"

And so I laugh'd—my laughter woke  
 The household with its noise—  
 And wrote my dream, 'when morning  
 broke,  
 To please the gray-hair'd boys.  
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

### BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

IN ancient times, as story tells,  
 The saints would often leave their cells,  
 And stroll about, but hide their quality,  
 To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,  
 As authors of the legend write,  
 Two brother hermits, saints by trade,  
 Taking their tour in masquerade,  
 Disguised in tatter'd habits, went  
 To a small village down in Kent;  
 Where, in the strollers' canting strain,  
 They begg'd from door to door in vain,  
 Tried every tone might pity win;  
 But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woeful state,  
 Treated at this ungodly rate,  
 Having through all the village past,  
 To a small cottage came at last  
 Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,  
 Call'd in the neighborhood Philemon;  
 Who kindly did these saints invite  
 In his poor hut to pass the night;  
 And then the hospitable sire  
 Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire;  
 While he from out the chimney took  
 A flitch of bacon off the hook,  
 And freely from the fattest side  
 Cut out large slices to be fried;  
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,  
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,  
 And saw it fairly twice go round;  
 Yet (what was wonderful) they found  
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,  
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.

The good old couple were amazed,  
 And often on each other gazed ;  
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,  
 And just began to cry " What art'?"  
 Then softly turn'd aside to view  
 Whether the lights were burning blue.  
 The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,  
 Told them their calling and their errand :  
 " Good folks, you need not be afraid,  
 We are but saints," the hermits said ;  
 " No hurt shall come to you or yours :  
 But for that pack of churlish boors,  
 Not fit to live on Christian ground,  
 They and their houses shall be drown'd ;  
 While you shall see your cottage rise,  
 And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when fair and  
 soft,  
 The roof began to mount aloft ;  
 Aloft rose every beam and rafter ;  
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,  
 Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,  
 And there stood fasten'd to a joist,  
 But with the up side down, to show  
 Its inclination for below :  
 In vain ; for a superior force  
 Applied at bottom stops its course :  
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,  
 'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost  
 Lost by disuse the art to roast,  
 A sudden alteration feels,  
 Increased by new intestine wheels ;  
 And, what exalts the wonder more,  
 The number made the motion slower.  
 The fier, though it had leaden feet,  
 Turn'd round so quick you scarce could  
 see't ;

But, slacken'd by some secret power,  
 Now hardly moves an inch an hour.  
 The jack and chimney, near allied,  
 Had never left each other's side ;  
 The chimney to a steeple grown,  
 The jack would not be left alone ;  
 But, up against the steeple rear'd,  
 Became a clock, and still adhered ;  
 And still its love to household cares,  
 By a shrill voice at noon, declares,  
 Warning the cook-maid not to burn  
 That roast meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,  
 Like a huge snail, along the wall ;  
 There stuck aloft in public view,  
 And with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row  
 Hung high, and made a glittering show  
 To a less noble substance changed,  
 Were now but leathern buckets ranged.

The ballads pasted on the wall,  
 Of Joan of France, and English Moll,  
 Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,  
 The little Children in the Wood,  
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,  
 Improved in picture, size, and letter :  
 And, high in order placed, describe  
 The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,  
 Compact of timber many a load,  
 Such as our ancestors did use,  
 Was metamorphosed into pews ;  
 Which still their ancient nature keep  
 By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,  
 Grown to a church by just degrees,  
 The hermits then desired their host  
 To ask for what he fancied most.  
 Philemon, having paused a while,  
 Return'd them thanks in homely style ;  
 Then said, " My house is grown so fine,  
 Methinks, I still would call it mine.  
 I'm old, and fain would live at ease ;  
 Make me the parson if you please."

He spoke, and presently he feels  
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels :  
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,  
 About each arm a pudding sleeve ;  
 His waistcoat to a cassock grew,  
 And both assumed a sable hue ;  
 But, being old, continued just  
 As threadbare, and as full of dust.  
 His talk was now of tithes and dues :  
 He smoked his pipe, and read the news ;  
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,  
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;  
 At christenings well could act his part,  
 And had the service all by heart ;  
 Wish'd women might have children fast,  
 And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;  
 Against dissenters would repine,  
 And stood up firm for " right divine ;"  
 Found his head fill'd with many a system ;  
 But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,  
 Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.  
 Instead of homespun coifs, were seen  
 Good pinners edged with colberteen;  
 Her petticoat, transform'd apace,  
 Became black satin, flounced with lace.  
 "Plain Goody" would no longer down,  
 'Twas "Madame," in her grogram gown.  
 Philemon was in great surprise,  
 And hardly could believe his eyes.  
 Amazed to see her look so prim,  
 And she admired as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life,  
 Were several years this man and wife:  
 When on a day, which proved their last,  
 Discoursing o'er old stories past,  
 They went by chance, amid their talk,  
 To the churchyard to take a walk;  
 When Baucis hastily cried out,  
 "My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"—  
 "Sprout!" quoth the man; "What's this  
 you tell us?"

I hope you don't believe me jealous!  
 But yet, methinks I feel it true,  
 And really yours is budding too—  
 Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;  
 It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my Muse,  
 In short, they both were turn'd to yews.  
 Old Goodman Dobson of the green  
 Remembers he the trees has seen;  
 He'll talk of them from noon till night,  
 And goes with folks to show the sight;  
 On Sundays after evening prayer,  
 He gathers all the parish there;  
 Points out the place of either yew,  
 Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:  
 Till once a parson of our town,  
 To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;  
 At which, 'tis hard to be believed  
 How much the other tree was grieved,  
 Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted.  
 So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

—♦—  
*TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT  
 THEE.*

THIS winters weather itt waxeth cold,  
 And frost doth freese on every hill,  
 And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,  
 That all our cattell are like to spill;

Bell my wiffe, who loves noc strife,  
 Shee sayd unto me quietlye,  
 Rise up, and save cow Cumbockes liffe,  
 Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte "and scorne?"  
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:  
 Itt is soe bare and overworne  
 A cricke he theron cannot renn:  
 Then Ile no longer borrowe nor lend,  
 "For once Ile new appareld bee,  
 To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,"  
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

Cow Cumbocke is a very good cowe,  
 ' Shee ha beene alwayes true to the payle,  
 Shee has helpt us to butter and cheese, I  
 trow,  
 And other things shee will not fayle;  
 I wold be loth to see her pine,  
 Good husband, counsell take of mee,  
 It is not for us to go soe fine,  
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake,  
 Itt hath been always true to the weare,  
 But now it is not worth a groat;  
 I have had it four and forty yeere;  
 Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,  
 'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may see,  
 Itt will neither hold out winde nor raine;  
 And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe  
 Since the one of us the other did ken,  
 And we have had betwixt us tow  
 Of children either nine or ten;  
 Wee have brought them up to women and  
 men;  
 In the feare of God I trow they bee;  
 And why wilt thou thyselfe misken?  
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou "floute?"  
 Now is nowe and then was then:  
 Seeke now all the world throughout,  
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.

They are clad in blacke, greene, yellow, or  
gray,  
Soe far above their owne degree :  
Once in my life Ile " doe as they,"  
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,  
His breeches cost him but a crowne,  
He held them sixpence all too deere ;  
Therefore he called the taylor Lowne.  
He was a wight of high renowe,  
And thouse but of a low degree :  
Itt's pride that putts this countrye downe,  
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

" Bell my wife she loves not strife,  
Yet she will lead me if she can ;  
And oft, to live a quiet life,  
I am forced to yield, though Ime good-  
man ;"  
Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,  
Unlesse he first gave oer the plea :  
As wee began wee now will leave,  
And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,  
My curtains drawn and all is snug ;  
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,  
And Tray is sitting on the rug.  
Last night I had a curious dream,  
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mog—  
What d'ye think of that, my cat ?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,  
I could but woo, and she was won ;  
Myself in blue, the bride in white,  
The ring was placed, the deed was done !  
Away we went in chaise-and-four,  
As fast as grinning boys could flog—  
What d'ye think of that, my cat,  
What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

What loving *tête-à-têtes* to come !  
But *tête-à-têtes* must still defer !  
When Susan came to live with me,  
Her mother came to live with *her* !

With Sister Belle she couldn't part,  
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—  
What d'ye think of that, my cat ?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—  
A monkey, too, what work he made !  
The sister introduced a beau,  
My Susan brought a favorite maid.  
She had a tabby of her own,—  
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog,—  
What d'ye think of that, my cat ?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

The monkey bit, the parrot scream'd,  
All day the sister strumm'd and sung ;  
The petted maid was such a scold !  
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue ;  
Her mother had such wretched health,  
She sate and croak'd like any frog—  
What d'ye think of that, my cat ?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,  
I soon came down to simple " M !"  
The very servants cross'd my wish,  
My Susan let me down to them.  
The poker hardly seem'd my own,  
I might as well have been a log—  
What d'ye think of that, my cat ?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

My clothes they were the qucerest shape !  
Such coats and hats she never met !  
My ways they were the oddest ways !  
My friends were such a vulgar set !  
Poor Tompkinson was snubb'd and huff'd  
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—  
What d'ye think of that, my cat ?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

At times we had a spar, and then  
Mamma must mingle in the song—  
The sister took a sister's part—  
The maid declared her master wrong—  
The parrot learn'd to call me " Fool !"  
My life was like a London fog—  
What d'ye think of that, my cat ?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog ?

My Susan's taste was superfine,  
As proved by bills that had no end ;  
I never had a decent coat—  
I never had a coin to spend !

She forced me to resign my club,  
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—  
What d'y'e think of that, my cat?  
What d'y'e think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout  
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;  
And when I tried to steal away,  
I found my study full of whist!  
Then, first to come and last to go,  
There always was a Captain Hogg—  
What d'y'e think of that, my cat?  
What d'y'e think of that, my dog?

Now was not that an awful dream  
For one who single is and snug,  
With Pussy in the elbow-chair,  
And Tray reposing on the rug?—  
If I must totter down the hill,  
'Tis safest done without a clog—  
What d'y'e think of that, my cat?  
What d'y'e think of that, my dog?  
THOMAS HOOD.

#### A SERENADE.

"LULLABY, O, lullaby!"  
Thus I heard a father cry.  
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
The brat will never shut an eye;  
Hither come, some power divine!  
Close his lids, or open mine!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
What the devil makes him cry?  
Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
Still he stares—I wonder why,  
Why are not the sons of earth  
Blind, like puppies, from their birth?"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
Thus I heard the father cry;  
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
Mary, you must come and try!—  
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—  
The more I sing, the more you wake!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
Fie, you little creature, fie!  
Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?  
Give him some, or give him all,  
I am nodding to his fall!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
Two such nights and I shall die!  
Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
He'll be bruised, and so shall I—  
How can I from bedposts keep,  
When I'm walking in my sleep?"  
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
Sleep his very looks deny—  
Lullaby, O, lullaby!"  
Nature soon will stupefy—  
My nerves relax—my eyes grow dim—  
Who's that fallen—me or him?"  
THOMAS HOOD.

#### ODE TO MY LITTLE SON.

THOU happy, happy elf!  
(But stop—first let me kiss away that  
tear!)—  
Thou tiny image of myself!  
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)  
Thou merry, laughing sprite!  
With spirits feather-light,  
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—  
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a  
pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the  
air—  
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down  
the stair!)  
Thou darling of thy sire!  
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy!  
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright  
a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!  
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;  
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight  
pale,  
In harmless sport and mirth—  
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)  
Thou human humming-bee, extracting  
honey  
From every blossom in the world that  
blows,  
Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny—  
(Another tumble!—that's his precious  
nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!  
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-  
rope!)

With pure heart newly stamp'd from  
Nature's mint—

(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!

(He'll have that jug off, with another  
shove!)

Dear nursing of the Hymeneal nest!

(Are those torn clothes his best?)

Little epitome of man!

(He'll climb upon the table, that's his  
plan!)

Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawn-  
ing life—

(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!

No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky fore-  
seeing,

Play on, play on,

My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—

(I knew so many cakes would make him  
sick!)

With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,  
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic  
brisk,

With many a lamb-like frisk—

(He's got the scissors, snipping at your  
gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!

(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your  
nose!)

Balmy and breathing music like the south—  
(Here really brings my heart into my mouth!)

Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its  
star—

(I wish that window had an iron bar!)

Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—

(I'll tell you what, my love,

I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE LOST HEIR.

"Oh where, and oh where,  
Is my bonny laddie gone?"—OLD SONG.

ONE day, as I was going by  
That part of Holborn christen'd High,  
I heard a loud and sudden cry

That chill'd my very blood;  
And lo! from out a dirty alley,  
Where pigs and Irish went to rally,  
I saw a crazy woman sally,  
Bedaub'd with grease and mud.  
She turn'd her east, she turn'd her west,  
Staring like Pythoness possess'd,  
With streaming hair and heaving breast,  
As one stark mad with grief.

This way and that she wildly ran,  
Jostling with woman and with man—  
Her right hand held a frying-pan,  
The left a lump of beef.

At last her frenzy seem'd to reach  
A point just capable of speech,  
And with a tone almost a screech,  
As wild as ocean birds,  
Or female Ranter moved to preach,  
She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear! my heart will break, I  
shall go stick stark staring wild!

Has ever a one seen anything about the  
streets like a crying lost-looking  
child?

Lawk help me, I don't know where to look,  
or to run, if I only knew which way—

A Child as is lost about London streets,  
and especially Seven Dials, is a  
needle in a bottle of hay.

I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight,  
do, you wretch, you little Kitty  
M'Nab!

You promised to have half an eye to him,  
you know you did, you dirty deceit-  
ful young drab.

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing,  
was with my own blessed Motherly  
eyes,

Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a-  
playing at making little dirt pies.

I wonder he left the court where he was bet-  
ter off than all the other young boys,

With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-  
shells, and a dead kitten by way of  
toys.

When his Father comes home—and he  
always comes home as sure as ever  
the clock strikes one—

He'll be rampant, he will, at his child be-  
ing lost; and the beef and the  
inguns not done!

La bless you, good folks, mind your own  
 consarns, and don't be 'making a  
 mob in the street;  
 O Sergeant M'Farland! you have not come  
 across my poor little boy, have you  
 in your beat?  
 Do, good people, move on! don't stand  
 staring at me like a parcel of stupid  
 stuck pigs;  
 Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been in-  
 viggled away up a court for the sake  
 of his clothes by the prigs;  
 He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I  
 bought it myself for a shilling one  
 day in Rag Fair,  
 And his trowsers considering not very  
 much patch'd, and red plush, they  
 was once his Father's best pair.  
 His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing  
 in the tub, or that might have gone  
 with the rest;  
 But he'd got on a very good pinafore with  
 only twoslits and a burn on the breast.  
 He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown  
 was sew'd in, and not quite so much  
 jagg'd at the brim.  
 With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a  
 boot, and not a fit, and you'll know  
 by that if it's him.  
 Except being so well dress'd, my mind  
 would misgive, some old beggar  
 woman, in want of an orphan,  
 Had borrow'd the child to go a-begging  
 with, but I'd rather see him laid  
 out in his coffin!  
 Do, good people, move on, such a rabble  
 of boys! I'll break every bone of  
 'em I come near,  
 Go home—you're spilling the porter—go  
 home—Tommy Jones, go along  
 home with your beer.  
 This day is the sorrowfullest day of my  
 life, ever since my name was Betty  
 Morgan,  
 Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once  
 before all along of following a  
 Monkey and an Organ:  
 O my Billy—my head will turn right  
 round—if he's got kiddynapp'd with  
 them Italians,  
 They'll make him a plaster parish image  
 boy, they will, the outlandish tat-  
 terdemalions.

Billy—where are you, Billy?—I'm as hoarse  
 as a crow with screaming for ye, you  
 young sorrow!  
 And sha'n't have half a voice, no more I  
 sha'n't, for crying fresh herrings to-  
 morrow.  
 O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two,  
 and my life won't be of no more vally,  
 If I'm to see other folks' darlins, and none  
 of mine, playing like angels in our  
 alley;  
 And what shall I do but cry out my eyes,  
 when I looks at the old three-legged  
 chair  
 As Billy used to make coach and horses of,  
 and there ain't no Billy there?  
 I would run all the wide world over to find  
 him, if I only know'd where to run.  
 Little Murphy, now I remember, was once  
 lost for a month through stealing a  
 penny bun,—  
 The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I  
 think it would kill me raily  
 To find my Bill holdin' up his little inno-  
 cent hand at the Old Bailey.  
 For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will  
 say, you may search for miles and  
 mileses  
 And not find one better brought up, and  
 more pretty behaved, from one end  
 to t'other of St. Giles's.  
 And if I call'd him a beauty, it's no lie,  
 but only as a mother ought to speak;  
 You never set eyes on a more handsomer  
 face, only it hasn't been wash'd for  
 a week;  
 As for hair, tho' it's red, it's the most nicest  
 hair when I've time to just show it  
 the comb;  
 I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing  
 besides, as will only bring him safe  
 and sound home.  
 He's blue eyes, and not to be call'd a squint,  
 though a little cast he's certainly got;  
 And his nose is still a good un, tho' the  
 bridge is broke by his falling on a  
 pewter pint pot;  
 He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the  
 world, and very large teeth for his age;  
 And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child  
 to play Cupid on the Drury Lane  
 stage.



And then he has got such dear winning ways—but oh I never, never shall see him no more!

Oh dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him back from death's door!

Only the very last month when the wind falls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny!

And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.

And the Cholera man came and white-wash'd us all, and, drat him, made a seize of our hog.—

It's no use to send the Crier to cry him about, he's such a blunderin' drunken old dog;

The last time he was fetch'd to find a lost child, he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,

And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted mother and father about town.

Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come, Billy, come home, to your best of mothers!

I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own sisters and brothers.

Or may be he's stole by some chimbly-sweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues, and what not,

And be poked up behind with a pick'd pointed pole, when the soot has ketch'd, and the chimbly's red hot.

Oh I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face,

For he's my darlin' darlins, and if he don't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.

I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!

Lauk! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.

Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!

But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE TWINS.

In form and feature, face and limb,  
I grew so like my brother,  
That folks got taking me for him,  
And each for one another.  
It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
It reach'd a fearful pitch;  
For one of us was born a twin,  
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,  
Before our names were fix'd,  
As we were being wash'd by nurse,  
We got completely mix'd;  
And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,  
Or rather nurse's whim,  
My brother John got christen'd me,  
And I got christen'd him.

This fatal likeness ever dogg'd  
My footsteps when at school,  
And I was always getting flogg'd  
When John turn'd out a fool.  
I put this question, fruitlessly,  
To every one I knew,  
"What would you do, if you were me,  
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide  
Of my domestic life,  
For somehow, my intended bride  
Became my brother's wife.  
In fact, year after year the same  
Absurd mistakes went on,  
And when I died, the neighbors came  
And buried brother John.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

### THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT.

THE noble king of Brentford  
Was old and very sick;  
He summon'd his physicians  
To wait upon him quick;  
They stepp'd into their coaches,  
And brought their best physic.

They cramm'd their gracious master  
With potion and with pill;  
They drench'd him and they bled him:  
They could not cure his ill.  
"Go fetch," says he, "my lawyer;  
I'd better make my will."

The monarch's royal mandate  
The lawyer did obey;  
The thought of six-and-eightpence  
Did make his heart full gay.  
"What is't," says he, "Your Majesty  
Would wish of me to-day?"

"The doctors have belabor'd me  
With potion and with pill:  
My hours of life are counted,  
O man of tape and quill!  
Sit down and mend a pen or two,  
I want to make my will.

"O'er all the land of Brentford  
I'm lord, and eke of Kew:  
I've three per cents. and five per cents.;  
My debts are but a few;  
And to inherit after me  
I have but children two.

"Prince Thomas is my eldest son,  
A sober prince is he;  
And from the day we breech'd him,  
Till now he's twenty-three,  
He never caused disquiet  
To his poor mamma or me.

"At school they never flogg'd him;  
At college, though not fast,  
Yet his little go and great go  
He creditably pass'd,  
And made his year's allowance  
For eighteen months to last.

"He never owed a shilling,  
Went never drunk to bed,  
He has not two ideas  
Within his honest head;  
In all respects he differs  
From my second son, Prince Ned.

"When Tom has half his income  
Laid by at the year's end,  
Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver  
That rightly he may spend,  
But sponges on a tradesman,  
Or borrows from a friend.

"While Tom his legal studies  
Most soberly pursues,  
Poor Ned must pass his mornings  
A-dawdling with the Muse;  
While Tom frequents his banker,  
Young Ned frequents the Jews.

"Ned drives about in buggies,  
Tom sometimes takes a 'bus;  
Ah, cruel Fate! why made you  
My children differ thus?  
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,  
And Ned a *genius*?"

"You'll cut him with a shilling,"  
Exclaim'd the man of wits:  
"I'll leave my wealth," said Brentford,  
"Sir Lawyer, as befits,  
And portion both their fortunes  
Unto their several wits."

"Your Grace knows best," the lawyer said,  
"On your commands I wait."  
"Be silent, sir," says Brentford;  
"A plague upon your prate!  
Come, take your pen and paper,  
And write as I dictate."

The will, as Brentford spoke it,  
Was writ, and sign'd, and closed:  
He bade the lawyer leave him,  
And turn'd him round and dozed;  
And next week in the churchyard  
The good old king reposed.

Tom, dress'd in crape and hatband,  
Of mourners was the chief;  
In bitter self-upbraidings  
Poor Edward show'd his grief;  
Tom hid his fat, white countenance  
In his pocket handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,  
He falter'd in his walk;  
Tom never shed a tear,  
But onward he did stalk,  
As pompous, black, and solemn  
As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford—  
That gentle king and just—  
With bell, and book, and candle  
Were duly laid in dust,  
"Now, gentlemen," says Thomas,  
"Let business be discuss'd.

"When late our sire beloved,  
Was taken deadly ill,  
Sir Lawyer, you attended him  
(I mean to tax your bill);  
And, as you sign'd and wrote it,  
I prithee read the will."

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,  
And drew the parchment out;  
And all the Brentford family  
Sat eager round about:  
Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,  
But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

"My son, as I make ready  
To seek my last long home,  
Some cares I have for Neddy,  
But none for thee, my Tom:  
Sobriety and order  
You ne'er departed from.

"Ned hath a brilliant genius,  
And thou a plodding brain;  
On thee I think with pleasure,  
On him with doubt and pain."  
("You see, good Ned," says Thomas,  
"What he thought about us twain.")

"Though small was your allowance,  
You saved a little store;  
And those who save a little  
Shall get a plenty more."  
As the lawyer read this compliment,  
Tom's eyes were running o'er.

"The tortoise and the hare, Tom,  
Set out, at each his pace;  
The hare it was the fleetest,  
The tortoise won the race;  
And since the world's beginning  
This ever was the case.

"Ned's genius, blithe and singing,  
Steps gayly o'er the ground;  
As steadily you trudge it,  
He clears it with a bound;  
But dulness has stout legs, Tom,  
And wind that's wondrous sound.

"O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,  
You pass with plodding feet;  
You heed not one nor t'other,  
But onward go your beat,  
While Genius stops to loiter  
With all that he may meet;

"And ever, as he wanders,  
Will have a pretext fine  
For sleeping in the morning,  
Or loitering to dine,  
Or dozing in the shade,  
Or basking in the shine.

"Your little steady eyes, Tom,  
Though not so bright as those  
That restless round about him  
His flashing genius throws,  
Are excellently suited  
To look before your nose.

"Thank Heaven, then, for the blinkers  
It placed before your eyes;  
The stupidest are weakest,  
The witty are not wise;  
Oh bless your good stupidity,  
It is your dearest prize!

"And though my lands are wide,  
And plenty is my gold,  
Still better gifts from Nature,  
My Thomas, do you hold—  
A brain that's thick and heavy,  
A heart that's dull and cold;

"Too dull to feel depression,  
Too hard to heed distress,  
Too cold to yield to passion  
Or silly tenderness.  
March on—your road is open  
To wealth, Tom, and success.

"Ned sinneth in extravagance,  
And you in greedy lust."  
"I faith," says Ned, "our father  
Is less polite than just."  
"In you, son Tom, I've confidence,  
But Ned I cannot trust.

"Wherefore, my lease and copyholds,  
My lands and tenements,  
My parks, my farms, and orchards,  
My houses and my rents,  
My Dutch stock, and my Spanish stock,  
My five and three per cents,

"I leave to you, my Thomas" —  
("What, all?" poor Edward said;  
"Well, well, I should have spent them,  
And Tom's a prudent head") —  
"I leave to you, my Thomas,—  
To you, IN TRUST for Ned."

The wrath and consternation  
What poet o'er could trace  
That at this fatal passage  
Came o'er Prince Tom his face;  
The wonder of the company,  
And honest Ned's amaze!

"Tis surely some mistake,"  
 Good-naturedly cries Ned ;  
 The lawyer answer'd gravely,  
 "'Tis even as I said ;  
 'Twas thus His Gracious Majesty  
 Ordain'd on his deathbed.

"See, here the will is witness'd,  
 And here's his autograph."  
 "In truth, our father's writing,"  
 Says Edward, with a laugh ;  
 "But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom,  
 We'll share it half and half."

"Alas ! my kind young gentleman,  
 This sharing cannot be ;  
 'Tis written in the testament  
 That Brentford spoke to me,  
 'I do forbid Prince Ned to give  
 Prince Tom a halfpenny.

"He hath a store of money,  
 But ne'er was known to lend it ;  
 He never help'd his brother ;  
 The poor he ne'er befriended ;  
 He hath no need of property  
 Who knows not how to spend it.

"Poor Edward knows but how to spend,  
 And thrifty Tom to hoard ;  
 Let Thomas be the steward then,  
 And Edward be the lord ;  
 And as the honest laborer  
 Is worthy his reward,

"I pray Prince Ned, my second son,  
 And my successor dear,  
 To pay to his intendant  
 Five hundred pounds a year ;  
 And to think of his old father,  
 And live and make good cheer.' "

Such was old Brentford's honest testa-  
 ment ;

He did devise his moneys for the best,  
 And lies in Brentford church in peace-  
 ful rest.

Prince Edward lived, and money made  
 and spent ;

But his good sire was wrong, it is con-  
 fess'd,

To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.  
 He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,  
 And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured  
 O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Put-  
 ney, Kew ;

But of extravagance he ne'er was cured ;  
 And when both died, as mortal men will  
 do,

'Twas commonly reported that the steward  
 Was very much the richer of the two.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### LITTLE BILLEE.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol City  
 Who took a boat and went to sea,  
 But first with beef and captain's biscuits  
 And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,  
 And the youngest he was little Billee ;  
 Now when they'd got as far as the Equator  
 They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
 "I am extremely hungaree."

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
 "We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
 "With one another we shouldn't agree !  
 There's little Bill, he's young and tender,  
 We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"O Billy ! we're going to kill and eat you,  
 So undo the button of your chemie."

When Bill received this information,  
 He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism  
 Which my poor mammy taught to me."

"Make haste ! make haste !" says guzzling  
 Jimmy,

While Jack pull'd out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant  
 mast,

And down he fell on his bended knee ;  
 He scarce had come to the twelfth com-  
 mandment,

When up he jumps—"There's land I see !

"Jerusalem and Madagascar

And North and South Amerikee ;

There's the British flag a-riding at anchor.  
 With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,  
He hang'd fat Jack and flogg'd Jimmee,  
But as for little Bill, he made him  
The captain of a Seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

"TWAS on the shores that round our coast  
From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,  
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
And weedy and long was he;  
And I heard this wight on the shore  
recite,

In a singular minor key:—

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,  
Till I really felt afraid,  
For I couldn't help thinking the man had  
been drinking,  
And so I simply said:—

"O elderly man, it's little I know  
Of the duties of men of the sea,  
And I'll eat my hand if I understand  
How ever you can be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

Then he gave a hitch to his trowsers, which  
Is a trick all seamen larn,  
And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
He spun this painful yarn:—

"'Twas in the good ship Nancy Bell  
That we sail'd to the Indian sea,  
And there on a reef we come to grief,  
Which has often occur'd to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was  
drown'd  
(There was seventy-seven o' soul);  
And only ten of the Nancy's men  
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the  
captain bold,  
And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
And the bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor  
drink,  
Till a-hungry we did feel,  
So we draw'd a lot, and, accordin', shot  
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,  
And a delicate dish he made;  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stay'd.

"And then we murder'd the bo'sun tight,  
And he much resembled pig;  
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,  
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question, 'Which  
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,  
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipp'd me;  
But we'd both be blow'd if we'd either be  
stow'd  
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says  
Tom.  
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.  
I'm boil'd if I die, my friend,' quoth I;  
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he: 'Dear James, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook me,  
While I can—and will—cook you?'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt  
And the pepper in portions true  
(Which he never forgot), and some chopp'd  
shalot,  
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,  
Which his smiling features tell;  
'Twill soothing be if I let you see  
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirr'd it round and round and round,  
And he sniff'd at the foaming froth;  
When I ups with his heels, and smothers  
his squeals  
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
And as I eating be  
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,  
For a vessel in sight I see.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And I never larf, and I never smile,  
And I never lark nor play;  
But I sit and croak, and a single joke  
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

### QUINCE.

NEAR a small village in the West,  
Where many very worthy people  
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best  
To guard from evil church and steeple,  
There stood—alas! it stands no more!—  
A tenement of brick and plaster,  
Of which, for forty years and four,  
My good friend Quince was lord and  
master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall  
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants;

He won the sympathies of all  
By making puns and making presents.  
Though all the parish were at strife,  
He kept his counsel and his carriage,  
And laugh'd, and loved a quiet life,  
And shrank from chancery suits and  
marriage.

Sound was his claret—and his head;  
Warm was his double ale—and feelings;  
His partners at the whist-club said  
That he was faultless in his dealings:  
He went to church but once a week;  
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him  
An upright man who studied Greek,  
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools,  
He used to swear were made to cozen;  
All who subscribed to them were fools,—  
And he subscribed to half a dozen:  
It was his doctrine that the poor  
Were always able, never willing;  
And so the beggar at his door  
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,  
But was no flatterer nor fretter;  
He rapp'd his box when things were bad,  
And said, "I cannot make them better!"  
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,  
And much he scorn'd the placeman's  
snuffle;

And cut the fiercest quarrels short  
With "Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle!"

For full ten years his pointer Speed  
Had couch'd beneath her master's stable;

For twice ten years his old white steed  
Had fatten'd in his master's stable;  
Old Quince averr'd, upon his troth,  
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;  
And none knew why he fed them both  
With his own hands six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,  
Quicker than thought the village slatterns

Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,  
And took up Mrs. Glasse and patterns;  
Adine was studying baker's bills;  
Louisa look'd the queen of knitters;  
Jane happen'd to be hemming frills,  
And Bell by chance was making fritters.

But all was vain; and while decay  
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,  
And found him gouty still and gay,  
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him,  
His rugged smile and easy-chair,  
His dread of matrimonial lectures,  
His wig, his stick, his powder'd hair,  
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above  
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;  
Some heard he had been crost in love  
Before he came away from college;

Some darkly hinted that His Grace  
 Did nothing great or small without him;  
 Some whisper'd with a solemn face  
 That there was "something odd about  
 him!"

I found him, at threescore and ten,  
 A single man, but bent quite double;  
 Sickness was coming on him then,  
 To take him from a world of trouble:  
 He prosed of slipping down the hill,  
 Discover'd he grew older daily:  
 One frosty day he made his will,  
 The next he sent for Doctor Bailey.

And so he lived, and so he died!—  
 When last I sat beside his pillow,  
 He shook my hand, and "Ah!" he cried,  
 "Penelope must wear the willow.  
 Tell her I hugg'd her rosy chain  
 While life was flickering in the socket;  
 And say that when I call again,  
 I'll bring a license in my pocket.

"I've left my house and grounds to Fag,  
 I hope his master's shoes will suit him;  
 And I've bequeathed to you my nag,  
 To feed him for my sake, or shoot him.  
 The vicar's wife will take old Fox,  
 She'll find him an uncommon mouser;  
 And let her husband have my box,  
 My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

"Whether I ought to die or not,  
 My doctors cannot quite determine;  
 It's only clear that I shall rot,  
 And be like Priam food for vermin.  
 My debts are paid; but Nature's debt  
 Almost escaped my recollection:  
 Tom! we shall meet again; and yet  
 I cannot leave you my direction."

WINTEROP MACKWORTH FRAED.

#### AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord  
 Lament for Madame Blaize,  
 Who never wanted a good word—  
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,  
 And always found her kind;  
 She freely lent to all the poor—  
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please  
 With manners wondrous winning;  
 And never follow'd wicked ways—  
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,  
 With hoop of monstrous size,  
 She never slumber'd in her pew—  
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver  
 By twenty beaux and more;  
 The king himself has follow'd her—  
 When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,  
 Her hangers-on cut short all,  
 The doctors found when she was dead—  
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,  
 For Kent street well may say,  
 That had she lived a twelvemonth more,  
 She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

#### OLD GRIMES.

OLD Grimes is dead; that good old man;—  
 We ne'er shall see him more:  
 He used to wear a long black coat,  
 All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,  
 His feelings all were true;  
 His hair was some inclined to gray,  
 He wore it in a queue.

When'er he heard the voice of pain,  
 His breast with pity burn'd;  
 The large, round head upon his cane  
 From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all;  
 He knew no base design:  
 His eyes were dark and rather small,  
 His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,  
 In friendship he was true:  
 His coat had pocket-holes behind,  
 His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes  
 He pass'd securely o'er;  
 And never wore a pair of boots  
 For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,  
 Nor fears misfortune's frown;  
 He wore a double-breasted vest;  
 The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,  
 And pay it its desert;  
 He had no malice in his mind,  
 No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,  
 Was sociable and gay;  
 He wore large buckles on his shoes,  
 And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
 He did not bring to view—  
 Nor make a noise town-meeting days,  
 As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw  
 In trust to Fortune's chances;  
 But lived (as all his brothers do)  
 In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturb'd by anxious cares,  
 His peaceful moments ran;  
 And everybody said he was  
 A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

### THE VICAR.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste  
 Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,  
 When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,  
 And roads as little known as scurvy,  
 The man who lost his way between  
 St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket  
 Was always shown across the green,  
 And-guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;  
 Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,  
 Led the lorn traveller up the path,  
 Through clean-clipp'd rows of box and  
 myrtle;  
 And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,  
 Upon the parlor steps collected,  
 Wagg'd all their tails, and seem'd to say,  
 "Our master knows you; you're ex-  
 pected."

Up rose the reverend Doctor Brown,  
 Up rose the doctor's "winsome marrow;"  
 The lady laid her knitting down,  
 Her husband clasp'd his ponderous  
 Barrow.  
 Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,  
 Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,  
 He found a stable for his steed,  
 And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reach'd his journey's end,  
 And warm'd himself in court or college,  
 He had not gain'd an honest friend,  
 And twenty curious scraps of know-  
 ledge;  
 If he departed as he came,  
 With no new light on love or liquor,  
 Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,  
 And not the vicarage nor the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs  
 With rapid change from rocks to roses;  
 It slipp'd from politics to puns,  
 It pass'd from Mahomet to Moses,  
 Beginning with the laws which keep  
 The planets in their radiant courses,  
 And ending with some precept deep  
 For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,  
 Of loud dissent the mortal terror,  
 And when, by dint of page and line,  
 He 'stablish'd truth or startled error,  
 The Baptist found him far too deep,  
 The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow,  
 And the lean Levite went to sleep,  
 And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermons never said or show'd  
 That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,  
 Without refreshment on the road,  
 From Jerome or from Athanasius;



And sure a righteous zeal inspired  
 The hand and head that penn'd and  
 plann'd them,  
 For all who understood admired,  
 And some who did not understand  
 them.

He wrote too, in a quiet way,  
 Small treatises, and smaller verses,  
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,  
 And hints to noble lords and nurses;  
 True histories of last year's ghost;  
 Lines to a ringlet or a turban,  
 And trifles for the "Morning Post,"  
 And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,  
 Although he had a knack of joking;  
 He did not make himself a bear,  
 Although he had a taste for smoking;  
 And when religious sects ran mad,  
 He held, in spite of all his learning,  
 That if a man's belief is bad,  
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit  
 In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,  
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,  
 And share the widow's homelier pot-  
 tage.

At his approach complaint grew mild,  
 And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,  
 The clammy lips of fever smiled  
 The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me  
 Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus;  
 From him I learnt the rule of three,  
 Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*.  
 I used to singe his powder'd wig,  
 To steal the staff he put such trust in,  
 And make the puppy dance a jig  
 When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack, the change! In vain I look  
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,  
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,  
 The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled!  
 The church is larger than before,  
 You reach it by a carriage entry;  
 It holds three hundred people more,  
 And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat; you'll hear  
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,  
 Whose hand is white, whose tone is  
 clear,  
 Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.  
 Where is the old man laid? Look down  
 And construe on the slab before you—  
 "*Hic jacet Gvilielmvs Brown,*  
*Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.*"

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRABD.

### THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good King Charles's golden days,  
 When loyalty no harm meant,  
 A zealous high-churchman was I,  
 And so I got preferment.  
 To teach my flock I never miss'd:  
 Kings were by God appointed,  
 And lost are those that dare resist  
 Or touch the Lord's anointed.  
 And this is law that I'll maintain  
 Until my dying day, sir,  
 That whatsoever king shall reign,  
 Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possess'd the crown  
 And popery grew in fashion,  
 The penal laws I hooted down,  
 And read the declaration;  
 The Church of Rome I found would fit  
 Full well my constitution;  
 And I had been a Jesuit,  
 But for the revolution.  
 And this is law that I'll maintain  
 Until my dying day, sir,  
 That whatsoever king shall reign,  
 Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When William was our king declared,  
 To ease the nation's grievance;  
 With this new wind about I steer'd,  
 And swore to him allegiance;  
 Old principles I did revoke,  
 Set conscience at a distance;  
 Passive obedience was a joke,  
 A jest was non-resistance.  
 And this is law that I'll maintain  
 Until my dying day, sir,  
 That whatsoever king shall reign,  
 Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal Anne became our queen,  
 The Church of England's glory,  
 Another face of things was seen,  
 And I became a Tory;  
 Occasional conformists base,  
 I blamed their moderation;  
 And thought the Church in danger was  
 By such prevarication.

And this is law that I'll maintain  
 Until my dying day, sir,  
 That whatsoever king shall reign,  
 Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir,

When George in pudding-time came o'er,  
 And moderate men look'd big, sir,  
 My principles I changed once more,  
 And so became a Whig, sir;  
 And thus preferment I procured  
 From our new Faith's defender,  
 And almost every day abjured  
 The pope and the Pretender.  
 And this is law that I'll maintain  
 Until my dying day, sir,  
 That whatsoever king shall reign,  
 Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover  
 And Protestant succession,  
 To these I do allegiance swear—  
 While they can keep possession:  
 For in my faith and loyalty  
 I never more will falter,  
 And George my lawful king shall be—  
 Until the times do alter.  
 And this is law that I'll maintain  
 Until my dying day, sir,  
 That whatsoever king shall reign,  
 Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

ST. ANTHONY at church  
 Was left in the lurch,  
 So he went to the ditches  
 And preached to the fishes;  
 They wriggled their tails,  
 In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,  
 Are all hither drawn;

Have open'd their jaws,  
 Eager for each clause.  
 No sermon beside  
 Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,  
 Who keep fighting like tikes,  
 Now swam up harmonious  
 To hear St. Antonius.  
 No sermon beside  
 Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,  
 Who loves fast days, the cod-fish,—  
 The stock-fish, I mean,—  
 At the sermon was seen.  
 No sermon beside  
 Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,  
 Which aldermen gorge on,  
 Went out of their way  
 To hear preaching that day.  
 No sermon beside  
 Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,  
 Who always move slow,  
 Made haste from the bottom,  
 As if the devil had got 'em.  
 No sermon beside  
 Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,  
 Lords, lackeys, and all,  
 Each look'd at the preacher  
 Like a reasonable creature:  
 At God's word,  
 They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,  
 Each turned and descended;  
 The pikes went on stealing,  
 The eels went on eeling;  
 Much delighted were they,  
 But prefer'd the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,  
 The stock-fish thick-siders,  
 The carps are sharp-set,  
 All the sermon forget;  
 Much delighted were they,  
 But prefer'd the old way.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

## NOTHING TO WEAR.

## AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,

Has made three separate journeys to Paris,  
And her father assures me, each time she was there,

That she and her friend Mrs. Harris  
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,

But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)

Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,

In one continuous round of shopping;  
Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;

For all manner of things that a woman can put

On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,

Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,

Or that can be sew'd on, or pinn'd on, or laced,

Or tied on with a string, or stitch'd on with a bow,

In front or behind, above or below :

For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;

Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;

Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;

Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;

Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;

Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall ;

All of them different in color and pattern,  
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,

Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,

Quite as expensive and much more ethereal ;

In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,

Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,

From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills ;

In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,

While M'Flimsey in vain storm'd, scolded, and swore,

They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipp'd by the steamer Arago

Form'd, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,

Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,

Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,  
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,

But for which the ladies themselves manifested

Such particular interest that they invested

Their own proper persons in layers and rows

Of muslins, embroideries, work'd underclothes,

Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those ;

Then, wrapp'd in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,

Gave *good-bye* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.

Her relations at home all marvell'd, no doubt,

Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout  
For an actual belle and a possible bride ;

But the miracle ceased when she turn'd inside out,

And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside,

Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,

Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have pass'd since the day

This merchandise went, on twelve carts,  
Up Broadway,

This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,

The last time we met, was in utter despair,  
Because she had nothing whatever to wear !

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,

I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—

That she's in a state of absolute nudity,  
Like Powers' Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;

But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,

When, at the same moment, she had on a dress

Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,

And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,

That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's

Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,  
I had just been selected as he who should throw all

The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal

On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,

Of those fossil remains which she call'd her "affections,"

And that rather decay'd, but well-known work of art,

Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."

So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,

Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,

But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,

Beneath the gas-fixtures we whisper'd our love.

Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,  
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,

Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,

It was one of the quietest business transactions,

With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,

And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.

On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,  
She exclaim'd, as a sort of parenthesis,  
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,

"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,

And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—

And you must not come here more than twice in the week,

Or talk to me either at party or ball,  
But always be ready to come when I call;  
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,  
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough

For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be

That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,

For this is a sort of engagement, you see,  
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus woo'd Miss M'Flimsey, and gain'd her,

With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contain'd her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder

At least in the property, and the best right  
To appear as its escort by day and by night;

And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—

Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,

And set all the Avenue on the tip-toe—

I considered it only my duty to call,  
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,  
When the time intervening between the first sound

Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter  
Than usual—I found—I won't say, I caught—her

Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning

To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.  
She turn'd as I enter'd—"Why, Harry, you sinner,

I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"

"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallow'd,

And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,

So being relieved from that duty, I follow'd

Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.

And now will your ladyship so condescend As just to inform me if you intend

Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend,

(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)

To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora look'd up with a pitiful air, And answer'd quite promptly, "Why Harry, *mon cher*,

I should like above all things to go with you there;

But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! Go just as you are; Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,

I engage, the most bright and particular star

On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopp'd, for her eye,

Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,

Open'd on me at once a most terrible battery

Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,

But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose

(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,

"How absurd that any sane man should suppose

That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,

No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade"

(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy." "Your pink"—"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-color'd, then, the best of the batch"—

"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."

"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker."

"The pearl-color'd"—"I would, but that plaguey dressmaker

Has had it a week."—"Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it

As more *comme il faut*—"Yes, but, dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dress'd like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine;

That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,

That zephyr-like tarletan, that rich *grenadine*"—

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen," Said the lady, becoming excited and flush'd.

"Then wear," I exclaim'd, in a tone which quite crush'd

Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turn'd the head of the head of the nation;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipp'd up,

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times at the least  
 calculation,  
 And that and the most of my dresses are  
 ripp'd up!"  
 Here *I ripp'd out* something, perhaps  
 rather rash,  
 Quite innocent, though; but, to use an  
 expression  
 More striking than classic, it "settled my  
 hash,"  
 And proved very soon the last act of  
 our session.  
 "Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the  
 ceiling  
 Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you  
 men have no feeling,  
 You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,  
 Who set yourselves up as patterns and  
 preachers.  
 Your silly pretence—why, what a mere  
 guess it is!  
 Pray, what do you know of a woman's  
 necessities?  
 I have told you and shown you I've noth-  
 ing to wear,  
 And it's perfectly plain you not only don't  
 care,  
 But you do not believe me" (here the nose  
 went still higher):  
 "I suppose if you dared you would call  
 me a liar.  
 Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the  
 spot;  
 You're a brute, and a monster, and—I  
 don't know what."  
 I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,  
 Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and  
 thief,  
 As gentle expletives which might give  
 relief;  
 But this only proved as spark to the  
 powder,  
 And the storm I had raised came faster  
 and louder,  
 It blew, and it rain'd, thunder'd, light-  
 en'd, and hail'd  
 Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till lan-  
 guage quite fail'd  
 To express the abusive, and then its ar-  
 rears  
 Were brought up all at once by a torrent  
 of tears,

And my last faint, despairing attempt at  
 an obs-  
 ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.  
 Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my  
 hat, too,  
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a  
 tattoo,  
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay  
 Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth  
 would say;  
 Then, without going through the form of  
 a bow,  
 Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew  
 how—  
 On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post  
 and square,  
 At home and up stairs, in my own easy-  
 chair;  
 Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into  
 blaze,  
 And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,  
 Supposing a man had the wealth of the  
 czar  
 Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of  
 his days,  
 On the whole, do you think he would have  
 much to spare  
 If he married a woman with nothing to  
 wear?  
 Since that night, taking pains that it should  
 not be bruited  
 Abroad in society, I've instituted  
 A course of inquiry, extensive and  
 thorough,  
 On this vital subject, and find, to my  
 horror,  
 That the fair Flora's case is by no means  
 surprising,  
 But that there exists the greatest dis-  
 tress  
 In our female community, solely arising  
 From this unsupplied destitution of  
 dress,  
 Whose unfortunate victims are filling the  
 air  
 With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to  
 wear."  
 Researches in some of the "Upper Ten"  
 districts  
 Reveal the most painful and startling  
 statistics,

Of which let me mention only a few:  
 In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,  
 Three young ladies were found, all below  
 twenty-two,  
 Who have been three whole weeks without  
 anything new  
 In the way of flounced silks, and thus left  
 in the lurch  
 Are unable to go to ball, concert, or  
 church.  
 In another large mansion near the same  
 place  
 Was found a deplorable, heart-rending  
 case  
 Of entire destitution of Brussels point  
 lace.  
 In a neighboring block there was found, in  
 three calls,  
 Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair  
 shawls;  
 And a suffering family, whose case ex-  
 hibits  
 The most pressing need of real ermine  
 tippets;  
 One deserving young lady almost unable  
 To survive for the want of a new Russian  
 sable;  
 Another confined to the house, when it's  
 windier  
 Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.  
 Still another, whose tortures have been  
 most terrific  
 Ever since the sad loss of the steamer  
 Pacific,  
 In which were engulf'd, not friend or re-  
 lation  
 (For whose fate she perhaps might have  
 found consolation,  
 Or borne it, at least, with serene resigna-  
 tion),  
 But the choicest assortment of French  
 sleeves and collars  
 Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands  
 of dollars,  
 And all as to style most *recherché* and  
 rare,  
 The want of which leaves her with nothing  
 to wear,  
 And renders her life so drear and dyspep-  
 tic  
 That she's quite a recluse, and almost a  
 skeptic,

For she touchingly says that this sort of  
 grief  
 Cannot find in Religion the slightest re-  
 lief,  
 And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare  
 For the victims of such overwhelming de-  
 spair.  
 But the saddest by far of all these sad  
 features  
 Is the cruelty practised upon the poor  
 creatures  
 By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards  
 and Timons,  
 Who resist the most touching appeals  
 made for diamonds  
 By their wives and their daughters, and  
 leave them for days  
 Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or  
 bouquets,  
 Even laugh at their miseries whenever  
 they have a chance,  
 And deride their demands as useless ex-  
 travagance;  
 One case of a bride was brought to my  
 view,  
 Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too  
 true,  
 Whose husband refused, as savage as  
 Charon,  
 To permit her to take more than ten  
 trunks to Sharon.  
 The consequence was, that when she got  
 there,  
 At the end of three weeks she had nothing  
 to wear;  
 And when she proposed to finish the  
 season  
 At Newport, the monster refused out  
 and out,  
 For his infamous conduct alleging no  
 reason,  
 Except that the waters were good for  
 his gout;  
 Such treatment as this was too shocking,  
 of course,  
 And proceedings are now going on for  
 divorce.  
 But why harrow the feelings by lifting the  
 curtain  
 From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is  
 certain,

Has been here disclosed to stir up the  
pity

Of every benevolent heart in the city,  
And spur up Humanity into a canter  
To rush and relieve these sad cases in-  
stanter.

Won't somebody, moved by this touching  
description,

Come forward to-morrow and head a sub-  
scription?

Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing  
that aid is

So needed at once by these indigent ladies,  
Take charge of the matter? or won't Peter  
Cooper

The corner-stone lay of some splendid  
super-

Structure, like that which to-day links his  
name

In the Union unending of honor and fame;  
And found a new charity just for the care  
Of these unhappy women with nothing to  
wear,

Which, in view of the cash which would  
daily be claim'd,

The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be  
named?

Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods  
importers,

Take a contract for clothing our wives and  
our daughters?

Or, to furnish the cash to supply these dis-  
tresses,

And life's pathway strew with shawls, col-  
lars, and dresses,

Ere the want of them makes it much  
rougher and thornier.

Won't some one discover a new Cali-  
fornia?

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny  
day

Please trundle your hoops just out of  
Broadway,

From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion  
and pride,

And the temples of Trade which tower on  
each side,

To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune  
and Guilt

Their children have gather'd, their city  
have built;

Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts  
of prey,

Have hunted their victims to gloom and  
despair;

Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine  
broider'd skirt,

Pick your delicate way through the damp-  
ness and dirt,

Grope through the dark dens, climb the  
rickety stair

To the garret, where wretches, the young  
and the old,

Half starved and half naked, lie crouch'd  
from the cold.

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten  
feet,

All bleeding and bruised by the stones of  
the street;

Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the  
deep groans that swell

From the poor dying creature who  
writhes on the floor,

Hear the curses that sound like the echoes  
of Hell,

As you sicken and shudder and fly from  
the door;

Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if  
you dare—

Spoil'd children of Fashion—you've no-  
thing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a  
sphere,

Where all is made right which so puzzles  
us here,

Where the glare, and the glitter, and tin-  
sel of Time

Fade and die in the light of that region  
sublime,

Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and  
of sense,

Unscreen'd by its trappings, and shows,  
and pretence,

Must be clothed for the life and the service  
above,

With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and  
love;

O daughters of Earth! foolish virgins,  
beware!

Lest in that upper realm you have nothing  
to wear!

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER



*THE JESTER'S SERMON.*

THE Jester shook his hood and bells, and  
 leap'd upon a chair,  
 The pages laugh'd, the women scream'd,  
 and toss'd their scented hair;  
 The falcon whistled, staghounds bay'd,  
 the lapdog bark'd without,  
 The scullion dropp'd the pitcher brown,  
 the cook rail'd at the lout;  
 The steward, counting out his gold, let  
 pouch and money fall,  
 And why? because the Jester rose to say  
 grace in the hall!

The page play'd with the heron's plume,  
 the steward with his chain,  
 The butler drumm'd upon the board, and  
 laugh'd with might and main;  
 The grooms beat on their metal cans, and  
 roar'd till they were red,  
 But still the Jester shut his eyes and  
 roll'd his witty head;  
 And when they grew a little still, read  
 half a yard of text,  
 And, waving hand, struck on the desk,  
 then frown'd like one perplex'd.

"Dear sinners all," the Fool began, "man's  
 life is but a jest,  
 A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor  
 at the best.  
 In a thousand pounds of law I find not a  
 single ounce of love;  
 A blind man kill'd the parson's cow in  
 shooting at the dove;  
 The fool that eats till he is sick must fast  
 till he is well;  
 The wooer who can flatter most will bear  
 away the belle.

"Let no man halloo he is safe till he is  
 through the wood;  
 He who will not when he may, must  
 tarry when he should;  
 He who laughs at crook'd men should  
 need walk very straight;  
 Oh, he who once has won a name may lie  
 abed till eight!  
 Make haste to purchase house and land,  
 be very slow to wed;  
 True coral needs no painter's brush, nor  
 need be daub'd with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the  
 pudding in his sleeve),  
 To fish for sprats with golden hooks is  
 foolish, by your leave,—  
 To travel well—an ass's ears, ape's face,  
 hog's mouth, and ostrich legs,  
 He does not care a pin for thieves who  
 limps about and begs.  
 Be always first man at a feast and last man  
 at a fray;  
 The short way round, in spite of all, is  
 still the longest way.  
 When the hungry curate licks the knife,  
 there's not much for the clerk;  
 When the pilot, turning pale and sick,  
 looks up,—the storm grows dark."  
 Then loud they laugh'd, the fat cook's  
 tears ran down into the pan:  
 The steward shook, that he was forced  
 to drop the brimming can;  
 And then again the women scream'd, and  
 every staghound bay'd,—  
 And why? because the motley Fool so wise  
 a sermon made.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

*I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.*

I AM a friar of orders gray,  
 And down in the valleys I take my way;  
 I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip—  
 Good store of venison fills my scrip;  
 My long bead-roll I merrily chant;  
 Where'er I walk no money I want;  
 And why I'm so plump the reason I tell—  
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well.  
 What baron or squire,  
 Or knight of the shire,  
 Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper, of heaven I dream;  
 But that is a pullet and clouted cream;  
 Myself, by denial, I mortify—  
 With a dainty bit of a warden pie;  
 I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin—  
 With old sack wine I'm lined within;  
 A chirping cup is my matin song,  
 And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong  
 What baron or squire,  
 Or knight of the shire,  
 Lives half so well as a holy friar?

JOHN O'KEEFE.

*THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.*

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day  
A-walking the Devil is gone,  
To visit his snug little farm the Earth,  
And see how his stock goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale,  
And he went over the plain,  
And backward and forward he switch'd  
his long tail,  
As a gentleman switches his cane.

And how then was the Devil drest?  
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:  
His jacket was red and his breeches were  
blue,  
And there was a hole where the tail came  
through.

He saw a Lawyer killing a viper  
On a dunghill hard by his own stable;  
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind  
Of Cain and his brother, Abel.

He saw an Apothecary on a white horse  
Ride by on his vocations,  
And the Devil thought of his old friend  
Death in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility;  
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin  
Is pride that apes humility.

He peep'd into a rich bookseller's shop;  
Quoth he, "We are both of one college!  
For I sate myself like a cormorant, once,  
Hard by the tree of knowledge."

Down the river did glide, with wind and  
tide,  
A pig with vast celerity,  
And the Devil look'd wise as he saw how,  
the while,  
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he  
with a smile,  
"Goes England's commercial prosper-  
ity."

As he went through Coldbath Fields he  
saw  
A solitary cell;  
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him  
a hint  
For improving his prisons in Hell.

He saw a Turnkey in a trice  
Fetter a troublesome blade;  
"Nimble," quoth he, "do the fingers  
move  
If a man be but used to his trade."

He saw the same Turnkey unfetter a man  
With but little expedition;  
Which put him in mind of the long  
debate  
On the Slave-trade abolition.

He saw an old acquaintance  
As he pass'd by a Methodist meeting;  
She holds a consecrated key,  
And the Devil nods her a greeting.

She turn'd up her nose, and said,  
"Avaunt!—my name's Religion!"  
And she look'd to Mr. ———,  
And leer'd like a love-sick pigeon.

He saw a certain minister,  
A minister to his mind,  
Go up into a certain House,  
With a majority behind;

The Devil quoted Genesis,  
Like a very learn'd clerk,  
How "Noah and his creeping things  
Went up into the Ark."

He took from the poor,  
And he gave to the rich,  
And he shook hands with a Scotchman,  
For he was not afraid of the ———.

\* \* \* \* \*

General ———'s burning face  
He saw with consternation,  
And back to Hell his way did he take—  
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake  
It was a general conflagration.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

*JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD.*

I CANNOT eat but little meat—  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood.  
Though I go bare, take ye no care;  
I am nothing a-cold,  
I stuff my skin so full within  
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare ;  
Both foot and hand go cold ;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old !

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,  
And a crab laid in the fire ;  
And little bread shall do me stead—  
Much bread I nought desire.

No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,  
Can hurt me if I wold—  
I am so wrapt, and thorowly lapt  
Of jolly good ale and old.  
Back and side go bare, go bare ;  
Both foot and hand go cold ;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old !

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life  
Loveth well good ale to seek,  
Full oft drinks she, till you may see  
The tears run down her cheek ;  
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,  
Even as a malt-worm shold ;  
And saith "Sweetheart, I took my part  
Of this jolly good ale and old."  
Back and side go bare, go bare ;  
Both foot and hand go cold ;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old !

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,  
Even as good fellows should do ;  
They shall not miss to have the bliss  
Good ale doth bring men to ;  
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls,  
Or have them lustily trowl'd,  
God save the lives of them and their wives,  
Whether they be young or old !  
Back and side go bare, go bare ;  
Both foot and hand go cold ;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old !

JOHN STILL.

### THE JOVIAL BEGGAR.

THERE was a jovial beggar,  
He had a wooden leg,  
Lame from his cradle,  
And forced for to beg.  
And a-begging we will go,  
Will go, will go,  
And a-begging we will go.

A bag for his oatmeal,  
Another for his salt,  
And a long pair of crutches,  
To show that he can halt.  
And a-begging we will go  
Will go, will go,  
And a-begging we will go.

A bag for his wheat,  
Another for his rye,  
And a little bottle by his side,  
To drink when he's a-dry.  
And a-begging we will go,  
Will go, will go,  
And a-begging we will go.

Seven years I begg'd  
For my old master Wilde,  
He taught me how to beg  
When I was but a child.  
And a-begging we will go,  
Will go, will go,  
And a-begging we will go.

I begg'd for my master,  
And got him store of pelf,  
But, Goodness now be praised,  
I'm begging for myself.  
And a-begging we will go,  
Will go, will go,  
And a-begging we will go.

In a hollow tree  
I live, and pay no rent,  
Providence provides for me,  
And I am well content.  
And a-begging we will go,  
Will go, will go,  
And a-begging we will go.

Of all the occupations,  
A beggar's is the best,  
For whenever he's a-weary,  
He can lay him down to rest.  
And a-begging we will go,  
Will go, will go,  
And a-begging we will go.

I fear no plots against me,  
I live in open cell ;  
Then who would be a king, lads,  
When the beggar lives so well ?  
And a-begging we will go,  
Will go, will go,  
And a-begging we will go.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

*A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.*

MAY the Babylonish curse  
 Straight confound my stammering verse,  
 If I can a passage see  
 In this word-perplexity,  
 Or a fit expression find,  
 Or a language to my mind  
 (Still the phrase is wide or scant),  
 To take leave of thee, Great Plant!  
 Or in any terms relate  
 Half my love, or half my hate:  
 For I hate, yet love thee so,  
 That whichever thing I show,  
 The plain truth will seem to be  
 A constrain'd hyperbole,  
 And the passion to proceed  
 More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,  
 Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;  
 Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon  
 Thy begrimed complexion,  
 And, for thy pernicious sake,  
 More and greater oaths to break  
 Than reclaim'd lovers take  
 'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay  
 Much too in the female way,  
 While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath  
 Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us  
 That our worst foes cannot find us,  
 And ill-fortune, that would thwart us,  
 Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;  
 While each man, through thy height'ning  
     steam,  
 Does like a smoking Etna seem,  
 And all about us does express  
 (Fancy and wit in richest dress)  
 A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,  
 That our best friends do not know us,  
 And for those allow'd features,  
 Due to reasonable creatures,  
 Liken'st us to fell chimeras,  
 Monsters that, who see us, fear us:  
 Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,  
 Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow  
 His tipsy rites. But what art thou,

That but by reflex canst show  
 What his deity can do,  
 As the false Egyptian spell  
 Aped the true Hebrew miracle?  
 Some few vapors thou may'st raise,  
 The weak brain may serve to amaze,  
 But to the reins and nobler heart  
 Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,  
 The old world was sure forlorn,  
 Wanting thee, that aidest more  
 The god's victories than before  
 All his panthers, and the brawls  
 Of his piping Bacchanals.  
 These, as stale, we disallow,  
 Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou  
 His true Indian conquest art;  
 And for ivy round his dart,  
 The reformed god now weaves  
 A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume  
 Chemic art did ne'er presume  
 Through her quaint alembic strain,  
 None so sov'reign to the brain:  
 Nature, that did in thee excel,  
 Framed again no second smell.  
 Roses, violets, but toys  
 For the smaller sort of boys;  
 Or for greener damsels meant;  
 Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,  
 Filth of the mouth, and fog of the mind,  
 Africa, that brags her foison,  
 Breeds no such prodigious poison;  
 Henbane, nightshade, both together,  
 Hemlock, aconite——

Nay, rather,  
 Plant divine, of rarest virtue;  
 Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.  
 'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;  
 None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee;  
 Irony all, and feign'd abuse,  
 Such as perplex'd lovers use  
 At a need, when in despair,  
 To paint forth their fairest fair,  
 Or in part but to express  
 That exceeding comeliness  
 Which their fancies doth so strike,  
 They borrow language of dislike;

And, instead of Dearest Miss,  
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,  
And those forms of old admiring,  
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,  
Basilisk, and all that's evil,  
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,  
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,  
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;  
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe—  
Not that she is truly so,  
But no other way they know  
A contentment to express,  
Borders so upon excess,  
That they do not rightly wot  
Whether it be pain or not.

Or as men, constrain'd to part  
With what's nearest to their heart,  
While their sorrow's at the height,  
Lose discrimination quite,  
And their hasty wrath let fall,  
To appease their frantic gall  
On the darling thing whatever  
Whence they feel it death to sever,  
Though it be, as they, perforce,  
Guiltless of the sad divorce.  
For I must (nor let it grieve thee,  
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.  
For thy sake, Tobacco, I  
Would do anything but die,  
And but seek to extend my days  
Long enough to sing thy praise.  
But as she, who once hath been  
A king's consort, is a queen  
Ever after, nor will bate  
Any tittle of her state,  
Though a widow, or divorced,  
So I, from thy converse forced,  
The old name and style retain,  
A right Katherine of Spain;  
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys  
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;  
Where, though I, by sour physician,  
Am debarr'd the full fruition  
Of thy favors, I may catch  
Some collateral sweets, and snatch  
Sidelong odors, that give life  
Like glances from a neighbor's wife;  
And still live in the by-places  
And the suburbs of thy graces;  
And in thy borders take delight,  
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

### THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

AN Attorney was taking a turn,  
In shabby habiliments dress'd;  
His coat it was shockingly worn,  
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffer'd a breach,  
His linen and worsted were worse;  
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,  
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus as he wander'd along,  
A cheerless and comfortless elf,  
He sought for relief in a song,  
Or complainingly talk'd to himself:—

"Unfortunate man that I am!  
I've never a client but grief:  
The case is, I've no case at all,  
And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief!"

"I've waited and waited in vain,  
Expecting an 'opening' to find,  
Where an honest young lawyer might gain  
Some reward for toil of his mind.

"'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,  
Or lack an intelligent face,  
That others have cases to plead,  
While I have to plead for a case.

"Oh, how can a modest young man  
E'er hope for the smallest progression—  
The profession's already so full  
Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,  
His eye accidentally fell  
On a very deep hole in the ground,  
And he sigh'd to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotions, he sat  
On the curbstone the space of a minute.  
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"  
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came  
('Twas the coroner bade them attend),  
To the end that it might be determined  
How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"  
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse.  
"A lawyer? Alas!" said another,  
"Undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said, "He knew the deceased,  
An attorney well versed in the laws,  
And as to the cause of his death,  
'Twas no doubt for the want of a  
cause."

The jury decided at length,  
After solemnly weighing the matter,  
"That the lawyer was drowned, because  
He could not keep his head above  
water!"

JOHN G. Saxe.

*MONODY ON THE DEATH OF AN  
ONLY CLIENT.*

OH! take away my wig and gown,  
Their sight is mockery now to me:  
I pace my chambers up and down,  
Reiterating, "Where is *he*?"

Alas! wild Echo, with a moan,  
Murmurs above my feeble head:  
In the wide world I am alone;  
Ha! ha! my only client's—dead!

In vain the robing-room I seek;  
The very waiters scarcely bow;  
Their looks contemptuously speak,  
"He's lost his only client now."

E'en the mild usher, who, of yore,  
Would hasten when his name I said,  
To hand in motions, comes no more;  
He knows my only client's dead.

Ne'er shall I, rising up in court,  
Open the pleadings of a suit:  
Ne'er shall the judges cut me short  
While moving them for a compute.

No more with a consenting brief  
Shall I politely bow my head;  
Where shall I run to hide my grief?  
Alas! my only client's dead.

Imagination's magic power  
Brings back, as clear as clear can be,  
The spot, the day, the very hour,  
When first I sign'd my maiden plea.

In the Exchequer's hindmost row  
I sat, and some one touch'd my head;  
He tender'd ten-and-six, but oh!  
That only client now is dead.

In vain I try to sing—I'm hoarse:  
In vain I try to play the flute;  
A phantom seems to flit across—  
It is the ghost of a compute.

I try to read,—but all in vain;  
My chamber listlessly I tread;  
Be still, my heart; throb less, my brain;  
Ho! ho! my only client's dead.

I think I hear a double knock:  
I did—alas! it is a dun.  
Tailor—avaunt! my sense you shock;  
He's dead! you know I had but one.

What's this they thrust into my hand?  
A bill return'd!—ten pounds for bread!  
My butcher's got a large demand;  
I'm mad! my only client's dead.

LONDON PENCIL.

*TO Q. H. F.*

SUGGESTED BY A CHAPTER IN THEODORE  
MARTIN'S "HORACE."

"HORATIUS FLACCUS, B. C. 8,"  
There's not a doubt about the date,—  
You're dead and buried:  
As you remarked, the seasons roll,  
And 'cross the Styx full many a soul  
Has Charon ferried,  
Since, mourned of men and Muses nine,  
They laid you on the Esquiline.

And that was centuries ago!  
You'd think we'd learned enough, I know,  
To help refine us,  
Since last you trod the Sacred Street,  
And tacked from mortal fear to meet  
The bore Crispinus;  
Or, by your cold Digentia, set  
The web of winter birding-net.

Ours is so far-advanced an age!  
Sensation tales, a classic stage,  
Commodious villas!  
We boast high art, an Albert Hall,  
Australian meats, and men who call  
Their sires gorillas!  
We have a thousand things, you see,  
Not dreamt in your philosophy.

And yet, how strange! our "world," to-day,  
Tried in the scale, would scarce outweigh

Your Roman cronies;  
Walk in the Park, you'll seldom fail  
To find a Sybaris on the rail  
By Lydia's ponies;  
Or hap on Barrus, wiggled and stayed,  
Ogling some unsuspecting maid.

The great Gargilius then behold!  
His "long-bow" hunting tales of old  
Are now but duller;  
Fair Neobule, too! Is not  
One Hebrus here—from Aldershot?  
Aha, you color!  
Be wise! There old Canidia sits;  
No doubt she's tearing you to bits.

And look, dyspeptic, brave, and kind,  
Comes dear Mæcenas, half behind  
Terentia's skirting;  
Here's Pyrrha, "golden-haired" at will;  
Prig Damasippus, preaching still;  
Asterie flirting,—  
Radiant, of course. We'll make her black:  
Ask her when Gyges' ship comes back.

So with the rest. Who will may trace  
Behind the new each elder face  
Defined as clearly;  
Science proceeds, and man stands still;  
Our "world" to-day's as good or ill,—  
As cultured (nearly),  
As yours was, Horace! You alone,  
Unmatched, unmet, we have not known.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

### THE MODERN BELLE.

SHE sits in a fashionable parlor,  
And rocks in her easy-chair;  
She is clad in silks and satins,  
And jewels are in her hair;  
She winks and giggles and simpers,  
And simpers and giggles and winks;  
And though she talks but little,  
'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning  
Till near the hour of noon,  
Then comes down snapping and snarling  
Because she was called so soon;  
Her hair is still in papers,  
Her cheeks still fresh with paint,—

Remains of her last night's blushes,  
Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,  
And men with "flowing hair;"  
She's eloquent over moustaches,  
They give such a foreign air.  
She talks of Italian music,  
And falls in love with the moon;  
And, if a mouse were to meet her,  
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,  
Her hands are so very white,  
Her jewels so very heavy,  
And her head so very light;  
Her color is made of cosmetics  
(Though this she will never own),  
Her body is made mostly of cotton,  
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow  
Who swells with a foreign air;  
He marries her for her money,  
She marries him for his hair!  
One of the very best matches,—  
Both are well mated in life;  
She's got a fool for a husband,  
He's got a fool for a wife!

STARK.

### WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

GUVERNER B. is a sensible man;  
He stays to his home an' looks arter his  
folks;  
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,  
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;  
But John P.  
Robinson, he  
Sez he wun't vote fer Guverner B.

My! ain't it terrible! Wut shall we du?  
We can't never choose him, o' courae,—  
thet's flat;  
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't  
you?)  
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all  
that;

Fer John P.  
Robinson, he  
Sez he wun't vote fer Guverner B.

General C. is a drestle smart man:

He's ben on all sides thet give places  
or pelf;

But consistency still wuz a part of his  
plan,—

He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is  
himself;—

So John P.

Robinson, he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war;

He don't vally principle more'n an old  
cud;

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,  
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an'  
blood?

So John P.

Robinson, he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our  
village,

With good old idees o' wut's right an'  
wut ain't,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war  
an' pillage,

An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark  
of a saint;

But John P.

Robinson, he

Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded  
idee.

The side of our country must ollers be  
took,

An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is  
our country.

An' the angel thet writes all our sin in a  
book,

Puts the debit to him, an' to us the per  
contry;

An' John P.

Robinson, he

Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts  
lies;

Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest fee,  
faw, fum:

An' thet all this big talk of our destinies  
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half  
rum;

But John P.

Robinson, he

Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of  
course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his  
life

Thet th' apostles rigg'd out in their  
swaller-tail coats,

An' march'd round in front of a drum an'  
a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on  
'em votes;

But John P.

Robinson, he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down  
in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us  
The rights and the wrongs o' these mat-  
ters, I vow,—

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise  
fellers,

To start the world's team when it gits in  
a slough;

Fer John P.

Robinson, he

Sez the world'll go right ef he hollers  
out Gee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### PARODY ON POPE.

WHY has not man a collar and a log?

For this plain reason,—man is not a dog.

Why is not man served up with sauce in  
dish?

For this plain reason,—man is not a fish.

SYDNEY SMITH.

### THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,  
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,  
Was humming with its wonted noise  
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;  
Some few upon their tasks intent,  
But more on furtive mischief bent,  
The while the master's downward look  
Was fastened on a copy-book.  
When suddenly, behind his back,  
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!



As 'twere a battery of bliss  
 Let off in one tremendous kiss.  
 "What's that?" the startled master cries;  
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,  
 "Wath William Willith, if you pleathe,—  
 I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"  
 With frown to make a statue thrill,  
 The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"  
 Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,  
 With stolen chattels on his back,  
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
 And to the awful presence came,—  
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
 The butt of all good-natured fun.  
 With smile suppressed, and birch up-  
     raised,  
 The threatener faltered,—“I'm amazed  
 That you, my biggest pupil, should  
 Be guilty of an act so rude!  
 Before the whole set school to boot,—  
 What evil genius put you to't?"  
 "’Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the  
     lad.  
 "I did not mean to be so bad;  
 But when Susanna shook her curls,  
 And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls  
 And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,  
 I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,  
 But up and kissed her on the spot!  
 I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,  
 But, somehow, from her looks—boo-  
     hoo—  
 I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

### ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

OH, St. Patrick was a gentleman,  
 Who come of decent people;  
 He built a church in Dublin town,  
 And on it put a steeple.  
 His father was a Gallagher;  
 His mother was a Brady;  
 His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,  
 His uncle an O'Grady.  
 So, success attend St. Patrick's  
     fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a  
     twist,  
 And bothered them for ever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,  
 And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;  
 But there's a hill much bigger still,  
 Much higher nor them both, sir.  
 'Twas on the top of this high hill  
 St. Patrick preached his sarmint,  
 That drove the frogs into the bogs  
 And banished all the varmint.  
 So, success attend St. Patrick's  
     fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a  
     twist,  
 And bothered them for ever!

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle  
 Where dirty varmint musters,  
 But there he put his dear fore foot  
 And murdered them in clusters.  
 The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,  
 Slap-dash into the water;  
 And the snakes committed suicide  
 To save themselves from slaughter.  
 So, success attend St. Patrick's  
     fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a  
     twist,  
 And bothered them for ever!

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue  
 He charmed with sweet discourses,  
 And dined on them at Killalloe  
 In soups and second courses.  
 Where blind-worms crawling in the grass  
 Disgusted all the nation,  
 He gave them a rise, which opened their  
     eyes  
 To a sense of their situation.  
 So, success attend St. Patrick's  
     fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a  
     twist,  
 And bothered them for ever!

No wonder that those Irish lads  
 Should be so gay and frisky,  
 For sure St. Pat he taught them that,  
 As well as making whiskey;  
 No wonder that the saint himself  
 Should understand distilling,

Since his mother kept a shebeen shop  
 In the town of Enniskillen.  
 So, success attend St. Patrick's  
 fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a  
 twist,  
 And bothered them for ever!

Oh, was I but so fortunate  
 As to be back in Munster,  
 'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground  
 I never more would once stir.  
 For there St. Patrick planted turf,  
 And plenty of the praties,  
 With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,  
 And cabbages—and ladies!  
 Then my blessing-on St. Patrick's  
 fist,  
 For he's the darling saint, O!  
 Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a  
 twist;  
 He's a beauty without paint, O!

HENRY BENNETT.

## ETIQUETTE.

THE "Ballyshannon" foundered off the  
 coast of Cariboo,  
 And down in fathoms many went the cap-  
 tain and the crew;  
 Down went the owners—greedy men whom  
 hope of gain allured:  
 Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were  
 heavily insured.

Besides the captain and the mate, the own-  
 ers and the crew,  
 The passengers were also drowned, except-  
 ing only two:  
 Young Peter Gray, who tasted teas for  
 Baker, Croop & Co.,  
 And Somers, who from Eastern shores im-  
 ported indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their cling-  
 ing to a mast,  
 Upon a desert island were eventually cast.  
 They hunted for their meals, as Alexander  
 Selkirk used,  
 But they couldn't chat together—they had  
 not been introduced.

For Peter Gray, and Somers too, though  
 certainly in trade,  
 Were properly particular about the friends  
 they made;  
 And somehow thus they settled it, without  
 a word of mouth—  
 That Gray should take the northern half,  
 while Somers took the south.

On Peter's portion oysters grew—a delicacy  
 rare,  
 But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't  
 bear.  
 On Somers' side was turtle, on the shingle  
 lying thick,  
 Which Somers couldn't eat, because it al-  
 ways made him sick.

Gray gnashed his teeth with envy as he  
 saw a mighty store  
 Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-crea-  
 ture's shore.  
 The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he  
 shoved,  
 For turtle and his mother were the only  
 things he loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow as he settled  
 in the south,  
 For the thought of Peter's oysters brought  
 the water to his mouth.  
 He longed to lay him down upon the shelly  
 bed, and stuff:  
 He had often eaten oysters, but had never  
 had enough.

How they wished an introduction to each  
 other they had had  
 When on board the "Ballyshannon"! And  
 it drove them nearly mad  
 To think how very friendly with each other  
 they might get  
 If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of eti-  
 quette!

One day, when out a-hunting for the *mus*  
*ridiculus*,  
 Gray overheard his fellow-man soliloquiz-  
 ing thus:  
 "I wonder how the playmates of my youth  
 are getting on,  
 McConnell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Byles, and  
 Robinson?"

These simple words made Peter as delighted  
as could be,  
Old chummies at the Charter-house were  
Robinson and he!  
He walked straight up to Somers, then he  
turned extremely red,  
Hesitated, hummed and hawed a bit, then  
cleared his throat, and said:

"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I  
seem too bold,  
But you have breathed a name I knew fa-  
miliarly of old.  
You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened  
to be by.  
You know him?" "Yes, extremely well."  
"Allow me; so do I."

It was enough: they felt they could more  
pleasantly get on,  
For (ah, the magic of the fact!) they each  
knew Robinson!  
And Mr. Somers' turtle was at Peter's ser-  
vice quite,  
And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster-  
beds all night.

They soon became like brothers from com-  
munity of wrongs:  
They wrote each other little odes and sang  
each other songs;  
They told each other anecdotes disparaging  
their wives;  
On several occasions, too, they saved each  
other's lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they part-  
ed for the night,  
And got up in the morning soon as ever it  
was light;  
Each other's pleasant company they reck-  
oned so upon,  
And all because it happened that they both  
knew Robinson!

They lived for many years on that inhos-  
pitable shore,  
And day by day they learned to love each  
other more and more.  
At last, to their astonishment, on getting  
up one day,  
They saw a frigate anchored in the offing  
of the bay.

To Peter an idea occurred: "Suppose we  
cross the main?"

So good an opportunity may not be found  
again."

And Somers thought a minute, then ejac-  
ulated, "Done!"

I wonder how my business in the city's get-  
ting on?"

"But stay," said Mr. Peter: "when in Eng-  
land, as you know,

I earned a living tasting teas for Baker,  
Croop & Co.,

I may be superseded—my employers think  
me dead!"

"Then come with me," said Somers, "and  
taste indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a mo-  
ment when they found

The vessel was a convict ship from Port-  
land, outward bound:

When a boat came off to fetch them, though  
they felt it very kind,

To go on board they firmly but respectfully  
declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with  
laughter at the joke,

They recognized a gentlemanly fellow pull-  
ing stroke:

'Twas Robinson—a convict, in an unbecom-  
ing frock!

Condemned to seven years for misappropri-  
ating stock!

They laughed no more, for Somers thought  
he had been rather rash

In knowing one whose friend had misap-  
propriated cash;

And Peter thought a foolish tack he must  
have gone upon

In making the acquaintance of a friend of  
Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly,  
I've heard;

They nodded when they met, and now and  
then exchanged a word:

The word grew rare, and rarer still the nod-  
ding of the head,

And when they meet each other now, they  
cut each other dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word  
 of mouth,  
 And Peter takes the north again, and Som-  
 ers takes the south ;  
 And Peter has the oysters, which he hates,  
 in layers thick,  
 And Somers has the turtle—turtle always  
 makes him sick.

W. S. GILBERT.

### THE NANTUCKET SKIPPER.

MANY a long, long year ago,  
 Nantucket skippers had a plan  
 Of finding out, though "lying low,"  
 How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,  
 And then by sounding through the night,  
 Knowing the soil that stuck so well,  
 They always guessed their reckoning  
 right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,  
 Could tell, by tasting, just the spot,  
 And so below he'd "douse the glim,"—  
 After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock  
 This ancient skipper might be found ;  
 No matter how his craft would rock,  
 He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then  
 Run down and wake him, with the lead ;  
 He'd up and taste, and tell the men  
 How many miles they went ahead.

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,  
 A curious wag,—the peddler's son ;  
 And so he mused (the wanton wretch !),  
 "To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools,  
 To think the skipper knows, by tasting,  
 What ground he's on ; Nantucket schools  
 Don't teach such stuff, with all their bast-  
 ing !"

And so he took the well-greased lead,  
 And rubbed it o'er a box of earth

That stood on deck,—a parsnip-bed,—  
 And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."  
 The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,  
 Opened his eyes in wondrous haste,  
 And then upon the floor he sprang.

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,  
 Hauled on his boots, and roared to Mar-  
 den,

"Nantucket's sunk, and here we are  
 Right over old Marin Hackett's garden!"  
 JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

### THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,  
 Tall and slender, and sallow and dry ;  
 His form was bent, and his gait was slow,  
 His long, thin hair was as white as snow,  
 But a wonderful twinkle shone in his  
 eye ;

And he sang every night as he went to bed,  
 "Let us be happy down here below ;  
 The living should live, though the dead be  
 dead,"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,  
 Writing, and reading, and history, too ;  
 He took the little ones up on his knee,  
 For a kind old heart in his breast had he,  
 And the wants of the littlest child he  
 knew :

"Learn while you're young," he often said ;  
 "There is much to enjoy down here be-  
 low ;

Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"  
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and  
 cool,

Speaking only in gentlest tones ;  
 The rod was hardly known in his school ; . . .  
 Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,  
 And too hard work for his poor old  
 bones ;

Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said :  
 "We should make life pleasant down  
 here below ;

The living need charity more than the dead,"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,  
With roses and woodbine over the door;  
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,  
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,  
And made him forget he was old and poor;

"I need so little," he often said;

"And my friends and relatives here below

Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,

Were the sociable hours he used to pass,  
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,

Making an unceremonious call,

Over a pipe and a friendly glass:

This was the finest pleasure, he said,

Of the many he tasted here below;

"Who has no cronies had better be dead!"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face

Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;

He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,

Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,

Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles:

"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said;

"I have lingered a long while here below;

But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air

Every night when the sun went down,

While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,

Leaving its tenderest kisses there,

On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown:

And, feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,

'Twas a glorious world down here below;

"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat in his door one midsummer night,  
After the sun had sunk in the west,  
And the lingering beams of golden light  
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,

While the odorous night-wind whispered,

"Rest!"

Gently, gently he bowed his head. . . .

There were angels waiting for him, I know.

He was sure of happiness, living or dead

This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

### COLOGNE.

IN Köln, a town of monks and bones,  
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,

And rags and hags and hideous wenches—  
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,

All well-defined and several stinks!

Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks!

The river Rhine, it is well known,

Doth wash your city of Cologne;

But tell me, nymphs! what power divine

Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,

Give ear unto my song;

And if you find it wond'rous short

It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,

Of whom the world might say

That still a godly race he ran

Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,

To comfort friends and foes;

The naked every day he clad

When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,

As many dogs there be,

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,

And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends :  
 But when a pique began,  
 The dog, to gain some private ends,  
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets  
 The wondering neighbors ran,  
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad  
 To every Christian eye :  
 And while they swore the dog was mad,  
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
 That show'd the rogues they lied :  
 The man recover'd of the bite,  
 The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE  
 INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
 Of credit and renown ;  
 A trainband captain eke was he  
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—  
 "Tho' wedded we have been  
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
 No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
 And we will then repair  
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton  
 All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,  
 Myself and children three,  
 Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride  
 On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire  
 Of womankind but one,  
 And you are she, my dearest dear :  
 Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,  
 As all the world doth know ;  
 And my good friend, the calender,  
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said ;  
 And, for that wine is dear,  
 We will be furnish'd with our own,  
 Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;  
 O'erjoy'd was he to find  
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
 But yet was not allow'd  
 To drive up to the door, lest all  
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,  
 Where they did all get in—  
 Six precious souls, and all agog  
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the  
 wheel—

Were never folks so glad ;  
 The stones did rattle underneath,  
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
 Seized fast the flowing mane,  
 And up he got, in haste to ride—  
 But soon came down again :

For saddletree scarce reach'd had he,  
 His journey to begin,  
 When, turning round his head, he saw  
 Three customers come in.

So down he came : for loss of time,  
 Although it grieved him sore,  
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
 Were suited to their mind ;  
 When Betty, screaming, came down stairs—  
 "The wine is left behind !"

"Good lack !" quoth he—"yet bring it me,  
 My leathern belt likewise,  
 In which I bear my trusty sword  
 When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)  
 Had two stone bottles found,  
 To hold the liquor that she loved,  
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipp'd from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow—the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay;  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung—  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
His fame soon spread around—  
"He carries weight! he rides a race!  
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the  
house,"  
They all at once did cry;  
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"  
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there;  
For why?—his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend's the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbor in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him :

"What news? what news? your tidings  
tell ;  
Tell me you must and shall—  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke ;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke :

"I came because your horse would come ;  
And, if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Return'd him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and  
wig  
A wig that flow'd behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear—  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus show'd his ready wit—  
"My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,  
"I am in haste to dine ;  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here—  
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast,  
For which he paid full dear !  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And gallop'd off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pull'd out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,  
"This shall be yours when you bring  
back  
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain—  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went post-boy at his heels,  
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With post-boy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry :

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman !"  
Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that pass'd that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again  
Flew open in short space :  
The toll-men thinking as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.



And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town;  
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!  
And Gilpin, long live he;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see!

— WILLIAM COWPER.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE, OR  
THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS  
SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-  
hoss shay,

That was built in such a logical way,  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it— Ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happen'd without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits,  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive,—  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finish'd the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or cross-bar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking  
still

Find it somewhere you must and will,—  
Above, or below, or within or without,—  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear*  
*out*.

But the Deacon *swore* (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou* ")  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';  
It should be so built that it *couldn't* break  
daown;

"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty  
plain  
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the  
strain;

'N' the wayt' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest  
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village  
folk

Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—  
That was for spokes and floor and sills;  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;  
The cross-bars were ash, from the straight-  
est trees;

The panels of white-wood, that cuts like  
cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these;  
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's  
ellum,"—

Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em,  
Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;  
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
That was the way he "put her through."—  
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll  
dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less!  
Colts grew horses, beards turn'd gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropp'd away,  
Children and grandchildren—where were  
they?

But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,  
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen Hundred;—it came and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and  
sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten;  
"Hahnsum kerridge" they call'd it then.  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—  
Running as usual; much the same.  
Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
And then come fifty, and fifty-five.

Little of all we value here  
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
 Without both feeling and looking queer.  
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its  
     youth,  
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
 (This is a moral that runs at large;  
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra  
     charge.)

First of November,—the Earthquake-  
     day,—

There are traces of age in the one-hoss  
     shay,

A general flavor of mild decay,—  
 But nothing local, as one may say.  
 There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art  
 Had made it so like in every part  
 That there wasn't a chance for one to  
     start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the  
     thills,

And the floor was just as strong as the  
     sills,

And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
 And the whippletree neither less nor  
     more,

And the back crossbar as strong as the  
     fore,

And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt,  
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!  
 This morning the parson takes a drive.  
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
 Drawn by a rat-tail'd, ewe-neck'd bay.  
 "Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went  
     they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—  
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopp'd perplex'd  
 At what the—Moses—was coming next.  
 All at once the horse stood still,  
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
 —First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
 Then something decidedly like a spill,—  
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house  
     clock,—

Just the hour of the earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found  
 When he got up and stared around?  
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!  
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
 How it went to pieces all at once,—  
 All at once, and nothing first,—  
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.—

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.

*Logic is logic.* That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

— — —  
*PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL.*  
*JAMES.*

WHICH I wish to remark,—  
 And my language is plain,—  
 That for ways that are dark,  
 And for tricks that are vain,  
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar,  
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;  
 And I shall not deny  
 In regard to the same  
 What that name might imply,  
 But his smile it was pensive and child-  
     like,  
 As I frequent remark'd to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,  
 And quite soft was the skies;  
 Which it might be inferr'd  
 That Ah Sin was likewise;  
 Yet he play'd it that day upon William  
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
 And Ah Sin took a hand:  
 It was euchre. The same  
 He did not understand;  
 But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
 With a smile that was child-like and  
     bland.

Yet the cards they were stock'd  
 In a way that I grieve,  
 And my feelings were shock'd  
 At the state of Nye's sleeve,  
 Which was stuff'd full of aces and bowers.  
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were play'd  
 By that heathen Chinee,  
 And the points that he made,  
 Were quite frightful to see,—  
 Till at last he put down a right bower,  
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I look'd up at Nye,  
 And he gazed upon me;  
 And he rose with a sigh,  
 And said, "Can this be?  
 We are ruin'd by Chinese cheap labor;"  
 And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued  
 I did not take a hand,  
 But the floor it was strew'd  
 Like the leaves on the strand  
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been  
 hiding,  
 In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
 He had twenty-four packs,—  
 Which was coming it strong,  
 Yet I state but the facts;  
 And we found on his nails, which were  
 taper,  
 What is frequent in tapers,— that's wax.

Which is why I remark,—  
 And my language is plain,—  
 That for ways that are dark,  
 And for tricks that are vain,  
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—  
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

#### MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON.

FHAIRSHON swore a feud  
 Against the clan M'Tavish—  
 March'd into their land  
 To murder and to rafish;  
 For he did resolve  
 To extirpate the vipers,  
 With four-and-twenty men,  
 And five-and-thirty pipers.

But when he had gone  
 Half-way down Strath-Canaan,  
 Of his fighting tail  
 Just three were remainin'.

They were all he had  
 To back him in ta battle;  
 All the rest had gone  
 Off to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon—  
 "So my clan disgraced is;  
 Lads, we'll need to fight  
 Before we touch the peasties.  
 Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh  
 Coming wi' his fassals—  
 Gillies seventy-three,  
 And sixty Dhuinéwassails!"

"Coot tay to you, sir!  
 Are not you ta Fhairshon?  
 Was you coming here  
 To visit any person?  
 You are a plackguard, sir!  
 It is now six hundred  
 Coot long years, and more,  
 Since my glen was plunder'd."

"Fat is tat you say?  
 Dar you cock your peaver?  
 I will teach you, sir,  
 Fat is coot behavior!  
 You shall not exist  
 For another day more;  
 I will shot you, sir,  
 Or stap you with my claymore!"

"I am fery glad  
 To learn what you mention,  
 Since I can prevent  
 Any such intention."  
 So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh  
 Gave some warlike howls,  
 Trew his skhian-dhu,  
 An' stuck it in his powels.

In this fery way  
 Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,  
 Who was always thought  
 A superior person.  
 Fhairshon had a son,  
 Who married Noah's daughter,  
 And nearly spoil'd ta flood  
 By trinking up ta water—

Which he would have done,  
 I at least believe it,  
 Had ta mixture peen  
 Only half Glenlivet.

This is all my tale :

Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye !  
Here's your fery good healths,  
And tamn ta whusky tuty !

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE ATTOUN.

—♦—  
*THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND  
THE KNIFE-GRINDER.*

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"NEEDY knife-grinder, whither are you  
going ?

Rough is the road, your wheel is out of  
order—

Bleak blows the blast, your hat has got a  
hole in't,

So have your breeches !

"Weary knife-grinder, little think the  
proud ones,

Who in their coaches roll along the turn-  
pike—

Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day  
'Knives and

Scissors to grind, oh !'

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to  
grind knives ?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?

Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?  
Or the attorney ?

"Was it the squire, for killing of his  
game, or

Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?  
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your

little

All in a lawsuit ?

"(Have you not read the *Rights of Man*,  
by Tom Paine ?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eye-  
lids,

Ready to fall, as soon as you have told  
your

Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story ! God bless you, I have none to  
tell, sir ;

Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,  
This poor old hat and breeches, as you  
see, were

Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up, for to take me into  
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;  
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish  
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honor's  
health in

A pot of beer, if you will give me six-  
pence ;

But for my part, I never love to meddle  
With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence ! I will see the  
damn'd first—

Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can  
rouse to vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
Spiritless outcast !"

[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and  
exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and  
universal philanthropy.]

GEORGE CANNING

—♦—  
*SONG.*

SUNG BY ROGERO IN THE BURLESQUE PLAY  
OF "THE ROVER."

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view

This dungeon that I'm rotting in,

I think of those companions true

Who studied with me at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he  
wipes his eyes ; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—]

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue.

Which once my love sat knotting in' —

Alas ! Matilda *then* was true !

At least I thought so at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks his chains  
in cadence.]

Barbs ! barbs ! alas ! how swift you flew

Her neat post-wagon trotting in !

Ye bore Matilda from my view ;

Forlorn I languish'd at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting in,  
My years are many—they were few  
When first I entered at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,

Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!

Thou wast the daughter of my tu—

—tor, law professor at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,

That kings and priests are plotting in;

Here doom'd to starve on water gru—

—el, never shall I see the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

[During the last stanza *Rogero* dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion; he then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.]

GEORGE CANNING.

### A TALE OF DRURY LANE.

[To be spoken by Mr. Kemble, in a suit of the Black Prince's Armor, borrowed from the Tower.]

SURVEY this shield, all bossy bright—

These cuisses twin behold!

Look on my form in armor dight

Of steel inlaid with gold;

My knees are stiff in iron buckles,

Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles.

These once belonged to sable prince,

Who never did in battle wince;

With valor tart as pungent quince,

He slew the vaunting Gaul.

Rest there a while, my bearded lance,

While from green curtain I advance

To yon footlights, no trivial dance,

And tell the town what sad mischance

Did Drury Lane befall.

### THE NIGHT.

On fair Augusta's towers and trees  
Flutter'd the silent midnight breeze,  
Curling the foliage as it past,  
Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage cast

A spangled light, like dancing spray,  
Then reassumed its still array;

When, as night's lamp unclouded hung,  
And down its full effulgence flung,

It shed such soft and balmy power

That cot and castle, hall and bower,

And spire and dome, and turret height,

Appear'd to slumber in the light.

From Henry's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,

To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul,

From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden

Town,

To Redriff, Shadwell, Horsleydown,

No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,

But all in deepest sleep reposed.

They might have thought, who gazed  
around

Amid a silence so profound,

It made the senses thrill,

That 'twas no place inhabited,

But some vast city of the dead—

All was so hush'd and still.

### THE BURNING.

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,

Had slept in everlasting gloom,

Started with terror and surprise

When light first flash'd upon her eyes—

So London's sons in night-cap woke,

In bed-gown woke her dames;

For shouts were heard 'mid fire and

snoke,

And twice ten hundred voices spoke—

"The playhouse is in flames!"

And lo! where Catharine street extends,

A fiery tail its lustre lends

To every window-pane;

Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,

And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,

And Covent Garden kennels sport

A bright ensanguined drain;

Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,

Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height

Where patent shot they sell.

The Tennis-Court, so fair and tall,

Partakes the ray with Surgeons' Hall,

The ticket-porters' house of call,

Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,

Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,

And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide,

Across red Thames's gleaming tide,

To distant fields the blaze was borne,  
And daisy white and hoary thorn  
In borrow'd lustre seemed to sham  
The rose of red sweet Wil-li-am.  
To those who on the hills around  
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,

As from a lofty altar rise,  
It seem'd that nations did conspire  
To offer to the god of fire

Some vast stupendous sacrifice !  
The summon'd firemen woke at call,  
And hied them to their stations all :  
Starting from short and broken snooze,  
Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,  
But first his worsted hosen plied,  
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,  
His nether bulk embraced ;

Then jacket thick, of red or blue,  
Whose massy shoulder gave to view  
The badge of each respective crew,  
In tin or copper traced.

The engines thunder'd through the street,  
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,  
And torches glared, and clattering feet  
Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,  
From Charing Cross along the Strand,  
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,  
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.  
The burning badge his shoulder bore,  
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,  
The cane he had, his men to bung,  
Show'd foreman of the British gang—  
His name was Higginbottom. Now  
'Tis meet that I should tell you how

The others came in view :

The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,  
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,  
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,  
The Eagle, where the new ;  
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,  
Robins from Hockley-in-the-Hole,  
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,  
Crump from St. Giles's Pound ;

Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,  
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,  
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain  
Before the plug was found.

Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,  
But ah ! no trophy could they reap,  
For both were in the Donjon Keep  
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,  
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed.  
Without, within, in hideous show,  
Devouring flames resistless glow,  
And blazing rafters downward go,  
And never halloo "Heads below !"

Nor notice give at all.

The firemen, terrified, are slow  
To bid the pumping torrent flow,  
For fear the roof would fall.

Back, Robins, back ! Crump, stand aloof !

Whitford, keep near the walls !  
Huggins, regard your own behoof,  
For lo ! the blazing, rocking roof

Down, down, in thunder falls !  
An awful pause succeeds the stroke,  
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,  
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,  
Conceal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd.  
At length the mist a while was clear'd,  
When, lo ! amid the wreck uprear'd,  
Gradually a moving head appear'd,

And Eagle firemen knew  
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,  
The foreman of their crew.

Loud shouted all in signs of woe,  
"A Muggins ! to the rescue, ho !"

And pour'd the hissing tide :  
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,  
And strove and struggled all in vain,  
For, rallying but to fall again,  
He totter'd, sunk, and died !

Did none attempt, before he fell,  
To succor one they loved so well ?  
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire  
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)

His brother chief to save ;  
But ah ! his reckless generous ire  
Served but to share his grave !  
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,  
Through fire and smoke he dauntless  
broke,

Where Muggins broke before.  
But sulphury stench and boiling drench,  
Destroying sight, o'erwhelm'd him quite,  
He sunk to rise no more.

Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,  
His whizzing water-pipe he waved ;  
"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,  
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps

Why are you in such doleful dumps?  
 A fireman and afraid of bumps!—  
 What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot  
     'em!"

Were the last words of Higginbottom.

## THE REVIVAL.

Peace to his soul! new prospects bloom,  
 And toil rebuilds what fires consume!  
 Eat we, and drink we, be our ditty,  
 "Joy to the managing committee!"  
 Eat we and drink we, join to rum  
 Roast beef and pudding of the plum;  
 Forth from thy nook, John Horner,  
     come,  
 With bread of ginger brown thy thumb,  
 For this is Drury's gay day:  
 Roll, roll thy hoop, and twirl thy tops,  
 And buy, to glad thy smiling chops,  
 Crisp parliament with lollypops,  
 And fingers of the Lady.  
 Didst mark how toil'd the busy train  
 From morn to eve, till Drury Lane  
 Leap'd like a roebuck from the plain?  
 Ropes rose and sunk, and rose again,  
 And nimble workmen trod;  
 To realize bold Wyatt's plan  
 Rush'd many a howling Irishman;  
 Loud clatter'd many a porter-can,  
 And many a ragamuffin clan,  
 With trowel and with hod.  
 Drury revives! her rounded pate  
 Is blue, is heavenly blue, with slate;  
 She "wings the midway air," elate  
 As magpie, crow, or cough;  
 White paint her modish visage smears,  
 Yellow and pointed are her ears.  
 No pendent portico appears  
 Dangling beneath, for Whitbread's shears  
 Have cut the bauble off.  
 Yes, she exalts her stately head;  
 And, but that solid bulk outspread  
 Opposed you on your onward tread,  
 And posts and pillars warranted  
 That all was true that Wyatt said,  
 You might have deem'd her walls so thick  
 Were not composed of stone or brick,  
 But all a phantom, all a trick,  
 Of brain disturb'd and fancy-sick,  
 So high she soars, so vast, so quick!

HORACE SMITH.

## THE THEATRE.

Interior of a Theatre described.—Pit gradually fills.—  
 The Check-taker.—Pit full.—The Orchestra tuned.—  
 One Fiddle rather dilatory.—Is reproved, and re-  
 pent.—Evolutions of a Play-bill.—Its final Settle-  
 ment on the Spikes.—The Gods taken to task—and  
 why.—Motley Group of Play-goers.—Holywell  
 street, St. Pancras.—Emanuel Jennings binds his  
 Son apprentice—not in London—and why.—Episode  
 of the Hat.

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to  
 six,  
 Our long wax-candles, with short cotton  
 wicks,  
 Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean  
 art,  
 Start into light, and make the lighter  
 start;  
 To see red Phœbus through the gallery-  
 pane  
 Tinge with his beams the beams of Drury  
 Lane;  
 While gradual parties fill our widen'd  
 pit,  
 And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they  
 sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice  
 and ease,  
 Distant or near, they settle where they  
 please;  
 But when the multitude contracts the  
 span,  
 And seats are rare, they settle where they  
 can.

Now the full benches to late comers  
 doom  
 No room for standing, miscall'd *standing-*  
*room*.

Hark! the check-taker moody silence  
 breaks,  
 And bawling "Pit full!" gives the checks  
 he takes;  
 Yet onward still the gathering numbers  
 cram,  
 Contending crowdiers shout the frequent  
 damn,  
 And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering,  
 and jam.

See, to their desks Apollo's sons re-  
 pair—  
 Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair!

In unison their various tones to tune,  
 Murmurs the hautboy, growls the coarse  
     bassoon;  
 In soft vibration sighs the whispering  
     lute,  
 Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the  
     flute,  
 Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle  
     sharp,  
 Winds the French horn, and twangs the  
     tingling harp;  
 Till, like great Jove, the leader, fingering in,  
 Attunes to order the chaotic din.  
 Now all seems hush'd—but, no, one fiddle  
     will  
 Give, half ashamed, a tiny flourish still.  
 Foil'd in his clash, the leader of the clan  
 Reproves with frowns the dilatory man:  
 Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,  
 Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry  
     "Hats off!"  
 And awed Consumption checks his chided  
     cough,  
 Some giggling daughter of the Queen of  
     Love  
 Drops, 'reft of pin, her play-bill from  
     above:  
 Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,  
 Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed  
     scrap;  
 But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,  
 And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;  
 Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,  
 It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl;  
 Who from his powder'd pate the intruder  
     strikes,  
 And, for mere malice, sticks it on the  
     spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel  
     tongues?  
 Who's that calls "Silence!" with such  
     leathern lungs?  
 He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!"  
     hoots,  
 Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls  
     contain!  
 Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick  
     Lane;

Bankers from Paper Buildings here re-  
     sort,  
 Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches  
     court;  
 From the Haymarket canting rogues in  
     grain,  
 Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water  
     Lane;  
 The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,  
 The full-price master, and the half-price  
     clerk;  
 Boys who long linger at the gallery-  
     door,  
 With pence twice five—they want but two-  
     pence more;  
 Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,  
 And sends them jumping up the gallery-  
     stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice  
     balk,  
 But talk their minds: we wish they'd mind  
     their talk:  
 Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—  
 Who give the lie, and tell the lie they  
     give;  
 Jews from St. Mary's Axe, for jobs so  
     wary  
 That for old clothes they'd even ax St.  
     Mary;  
 And bucks with pockets empty as their  
     pate,  
 Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;  
 Who oft, when we our house lock up,  
     carouse  
 With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up  
     house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy  
     bestow,  
 Where scowling fortune seem'd to threaten  
     woe.

John Richard William Alexander  
     Dwyer  
 Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Es-  
     quire;  
 But when John Dwyer 'listed in the  
     Blues,  
 Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.  
 Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest  
     boy  
 Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;



In Holywell street, St. Pancras, he was  
bred  
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),  
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's  
Head:  
He would have bound him to some shop  
in town,  
But with a premium he could not come  
down.  
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd  
youth,  
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than  
truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongue  
in awe,  
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,  
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his  
hat:

Down from the gallery the beaver flew,  
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.  
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery-  
door

Two shillings for what cost, when new,  
but four?

Or till half-price, to save his shilling,  
wait,

And gain his hat again at half-past eight?  
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,  
John Mullins whispers, "Take my hand-  
kerchief."

"Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't  
make a line."

"Take mine," cries Wilson; and cries  
Stokes, "Take mine."

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,  
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.  
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted  
clew,

Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red,  
and blue,

Old calico, torn silk and muslin new.

George Green below, with palpitating  
hand

Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's  
band—

Up soars the prize! The youth with joy  
unfeign'd,

Regain'd the felt, and felt the prize re-  
gain'd;

While to the applauding galleries grateful  
Pat  
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ran-  
som'd hat.

JAMES SMITH.

### THE BABY'S DÉBUT.

[Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl of  
eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in  
a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's por-  
ter.]

My brother Jack was nine in May,  
And I was eight on New-Year's day;  
So in Kate Wilson's shop  
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)  
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,  
And brother Jack a top.  
Jack's in the pouts, and this it is—  
He thinks mine came to more than his;  
So to my drawer he goes,  
Takes out the doll, and, oh, my stars!  
He pokes her head between the bars,  
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,  
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,  
And bang, with might and main,  
Its head against the parlor-door:  
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,  
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite;  
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing, forsooth!  
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,  
Half my doll's nose, and I am not  
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,  
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,

Thus to distress your aunt!  
No Drury Lane for you to-day!"  
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"  
Mamma said, "No, she sha'n't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,  
They got into a hackney-coach,  
And trotted down the street.  
I saw them go: one horse was blind,  
The tails of both hung down behind,  
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill  
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,  
Stood in the lumber-room :  
I wiped the dust from off the top,  
While Mollie mopp'd it with a mop,  
And brush'd it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,  
Came in at six to black the shoes  
(I always talk to Sam) :  
So what does he, but takes, and drags  
Me in the chaise along the flags,  
And leaves me where I am ?

My father's walls are made of brick,  
But not so tall and not so thick  
As these ; and, goodness me !  
My father's beams are made of wood,  
But never, never half so good  
As those that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !  
The carpet, when they lay it down,  
Won't hide it, I'll be bound ;  
And there's a row of lamps !—my eye !  
How they do blaze ! I wonder why  
They keep them on the ground ?

At first I caught hold of the wing,  
And kept away ; but Mr. Thing-  
umbob, the prompter-man,  
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,  
And said, "Go on, my pretty love ;  
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to curtsy, whisp-  
er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,  
And then you're sure to take :  
I've known the day when brats, not  
quite  
Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night ;  
Then why not Nancy Lake ?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa ?  
And where's my aunt ? and where's  
mamma ?

Where's Jack ? Oh there they sit !  
They smile, they nod ; I'll go my ways,  
And order round poor Billy's chaise,  
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go  
To join mamma, and see the show ;

So, bidding you adieu,  
I curtsy like a pretty miss,  
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,  
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[Blows a kiss, and exit.]  
JAMES SMITH.

### THE EXECUTION.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day ;  
It was half after two ; he had nothing to  
do,  
So his lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim was clean of limb,  
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was  
trim ;  
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,  
And a smart cockade on the top of his  
hat ;  
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,  
He stood in his stockings just four foot  
ten,  
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the  
swing,  
"Pray, did your lordship please to ring ?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,  
And thus to Tiger Tim he said :  
"Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,  
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead ;  
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,  
What may a nobleman find to do ?"

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,  
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful  
frown,  
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in  
the crown ;  
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,  
He let go the handle, and thus he said,  
As the door, released, behind him bang'd :  
"An't please you, my lord, there's a man  
to be hang'd."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the  
news :

"Run to M<sup>r</sup> Fuze and Lieutenant Tre-  
goose,  
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks of the  
Blues.

Rope-dancers a score I've seen before—  
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master  
Blackmore ;

But to see a man swing at the end of a string,  
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing.

My Lord Tomnoddy stepp'd into his cab—  
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;  
Through street and through square,  
His high-trotting mare,  
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.

Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place  
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;

She produced some alarm, but did no great harm,  
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,

Spatting with clay two urchins at play,  
Knocking down—very much to the sweep-er's dismay—  
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,

And upsetting a stall near Exeter Hall,  
Which made all the pious church-mission folks squall.

But eastward afar, through Temple Bar,  
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car,  
Never heeding their squalls,  
Or their calls, or their bawls;

He passes by Waithman's emporium for shawls,  
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,

Turns down the Old Bailey,  
Where in front of the jail he  
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gayly

Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,  
For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark mid-  
night—  
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light,

The parties are met, the tables are set,  
There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," heavy wet,

Ale-glasses and jugs, and rummers and mugs,  
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,

Cold fowl and cigars, pickled onions in jars,  
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws—

And very large lobsters, with very large claws;

And there is M'Fuze and Lieutenant Tregooze,  
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,

All come to see a man "die in his shoes."

The clock strikes one. Supper is done,  
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,

Singing "Jolly companions every one."

My Lord Tomnoddy is drinking gin-toddy,  
And laughing at everything and every-  
body.

The clock strikes two, and the clock strikes three;

"Who so merry, so merry as we?"

Save Captain M'Fuze, who is taking a snooze,

While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work  
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes four: round the debt-ors' door

Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more;

As many await at the press-yard gate,  
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight

The mob divides, and between their ranks  
A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes five. The sheriffs ar-  
rive,

And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;

But Sir Carnaby Jenks blinks and winks,

A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.

Lieutenant Tregooze is dreaming of Jews,  
And acceptances all the bill-brokers re-  
fuse;

My Lord Tomnoddy has drunk all his  
toddy,  
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep  
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh sweetly the morning breaks,  
With roseate streaks,  
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's  
cheeks;

Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky  
Smiled upon all things far and high,  
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die!  
Alack! that ever so fair a sun  
As that which its course has now begun,  
Should rise on such a scene of misery!  
Should gild with rays so light and free  
That dismal, dark-frowning gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes big with fate:  
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower  
strikes—eight!

List to that low funereal bell;  
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!  
And see! from forth that opening door  
They come—THE steps that threshold o'er  
Who never shall tread upon threshold  
more!

God! tis a fearsome thing to see  
That pale wan man's mute agony,—  
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,  
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the  
sky

As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and  
in fear,

The path of the spirit's unknown career.  
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that  
ne'er

Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer;  
That heaving chest! Enough; 'tis done!  
The bolt has fallen, the spirit is gone,  
For weal or for woe is known but to One!  
Oh, 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah me!  
A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!  
The hour is past; with its earliest chime  
The cord is sever'd, the lifeless clay  
By "dungeon villains" is borne away;  
Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke,  
And then my Lord Tomnoddy awoke.

And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks  
arose,

And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on  
his nose,

And they stared at each other, as much as  
to say,

"Hollo! hollo! Here's a rum go!  
Why, captain!—my lord!—Here's the  
devil to pay;

The fellow's been cut down and taken  
away!

What's to be done? We've miss'd all  
the fun.

Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over  
the town,

We are all of us done so uncommonly  
brown!"

What *was* to be done? 'Twas perfectly  
plain

That they could not well hang the man  
over again;

What *was* to be done? The man was  
dead.

Naught *could* be done—naught could be  
said,

So my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

### THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

On the eighth day of March it was, some  
people say,

That Saint Patrick at midnight he first  
saw the day;

While others declare 'twas the ninth he  
was born,

And 'twas all a mistake between midnight  
and morn;

For mistakes will occur in a hurry and  
shock,

And some blamed the babby—and some  
blamed the clock—

Till with all their cross-questions sure no  
one could know

If the child was too fast, or the clock was  
too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in owld Ireland,  
they say,

Was all on account of Saint Patrick's  
birthday:

Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth  
more would die,  
And who wouldn't see right, sure they  
blackened his eye!  
At last, both the factions so positive  
grew,  
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then  
had two,  
Till Father Mulcahy, who show'd them  
their sins,  
Said, "No one could have two birthdays,  
but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight  
or for nine,  
Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes  
combine;  
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is  
the mark,  
So let that be his birthday,"—"Amen,"  
says the clerk.  
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our hist'ry will  
show  
That, at least, he's worthy any two saints  
that we know!"  
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which  
compleated their bliss,  
And we keep up the practice from that  
day to this.

SAMUEL LOVER.

—♦—  
*THE SOCIETY UPON THE STAN-  
ISLOW.*

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name  
is Truthful James;  
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful  
games;  
And I'll tell in simple language what I  
know about the row  
That broke up our society upon the Stan-  
islow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a  
proper plan  
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-  
man,  
And, if a member don't agree with his  
peculiar whim,  
To lay for that same member for to "put a  
head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beau-  
tiful to see  
Than the first six months' proceedings of  
that same society,  
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of  
fossil bones  
That he found within a tunnel near the  
tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he re-  
constructed there,  
From those same bones, an animal that  
was extremely rare;  
And Jones then ask'd the chair for a sus-  
pension of the rules  
Till he could prove that those same bones  
was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and  
said he was at fault.  
It seemed he had been trespassing on  
Jones's family vault:  
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet  
Mr. Brown,  
And on several occasions he had clean'd  
out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific  
gent  
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all  
intent;  
Nor should the individual who happens to  
be meant  
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any  
great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a  
point of order—when  
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in  
the abdomen,  
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and  
curl'd up on the floor,  
And the subsequent proceedings interested  
him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every  
member did engage  
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæo-  
zoic age;  
And the way they heaved those fossils in  
their anger was a sin,  
Till the skull of an old Mammoth caved  
the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these im-  
proper games,  
For I live at Table Mountain, and my  
name is Truthful James;  
And I've told in simple language what I  
know about the row  
That broke up our society upon the Stan-  
islow.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

### THE PAINTER WHO PLEASD NO- BODY AND EVERYBODY.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,  
Keep probability in view.  
The traveller, leaping o'er those bounds,  
The credit of his book confounds.  
Who with his tongue hath armies routed  
Makes even his real courage doubted:  
But flattery never seems absurd;  
The flattered always takes your word:  
Impossibilities seem just;  
They take the strongest praise on trust.  
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,  
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,  
That every eye the picture knew;  
He hit complexion, feature, air,  
So just, the life itself was there.  
No flattery with his colors laid,  
To bloom restored the faded maid;  
He gave each muscle all its strength,  
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length.  
His honest pencil touched with truth,  
And marked the date of age and youth.  
He lost his friends, his practice failed;  
Truth should not always be revealed;  
In dusty piles his pictures lay,  
For no one sent the second pay.  
Two bustos, fraught with every grace,  
A Venus' and Apollo's face,  
He placed in view; resolved to please,  
Whoever sat, he drew from these,  
From these corrected every feature,  
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set: the hour was come,  
His pallet ready o'er his thumb.  
My lord appeared; and seated right  
In proper attitude and light,  
The painter looked, he sketched the piece,  
Then dipped his pencil, talked of Greece,

Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;  
"Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there  
Might well a Raphael's hand require,  
To give them all their native fire;  
The features fraught with sense and wit,  
You'll grant are very hard to hit;  
But yet with patience you shall view  
As much as paint and art can do.  
Observe the work." My lord replied:  
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;  
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;  
Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young."  
"Oh! pardon me," the artist cried,  
"In this the painters must decide.  
The piece even common eyes must strike,  
I warrant it extremely like."

My lord examined it anew;  
No looking-glass seemed half so true.  
A lady came; with borrowed grace  
He from his Venus formed her face.  
Her lover praised the painter's art;  
So like the picture in his heart!  
To every age some charm he lent;  
Even beauties were almost content.  
Through all the town his art they praised;  
His custom grew, his price was raised.  
Had he the real likeness shown,  
Would any man the picture own?  
But when thus happily he wrought,  
Each found the likeness in his thought.

JOHN GAY.

### THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams  
Had been of being wise and witty;  
Ere I had done with writing themes,  
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty,—  
Years, years ago, while all my joys  
Were in my fowling-piece and filly;  
In short, while I was yet a boy,  
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a county ball;  
There, when the sound of flute and fiddle  
Gave signal sweet in that old hall  
Of hands across and down the middle,  
Hers was the subtlest spell by far  
Of all that sets young hearts romancing:  
She was our queen, our rose, our star;  
And when she danced—O Heaven, her  
dancing!

Dark was her hair; her hand was white;  
 Her voice was exquisitely tender;  
 Her eyes were full of liquid light;  
 I never saw a waist so slender;  
 Her every look, her every smile,  
 Shot right and left a score of arrows;  
 I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,  
 I wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,  
 Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's son-  
 nets,  
 Of daggers or of dancing bears,  
 Of battles or the last new bonnets;  
 By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,  
 To me it mattered not a tittle,  
 If those bright lips had quoted Locke,  
 I might have thought they murmured  
 Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,  
 I loved her with a love eternal;  
 I spoke her praises to the moon,  
 I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.  
 My mother laughed; I soon found out  
 That ancient ladies have no feeling.  
 My father frowned; but how should gout  
 Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,  
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;  
 She had one brother, just thirteen,  
 Whose color was extremely hectic;  
 Her grandmother, for many a year,  
 Had fed the parish with her bounty;  
 Her second-cousin was a peer,  
 And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,  
 And mortgages, and great relations,  
 And India bonds, and tithes and rents,  
 O, what are they to love's sensations?  
 Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,  
 Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;  
 He cares as little for the stocks  
 As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,  
 Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading:  
 She botanized; I envied each  
 Young blossom in her boudoir fading:

She warbled Handel; it was grand,—  
 She made the Catalani jealous:  
 She touched the organ; I could stand  
 For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,  
 Well filled with all an album's glories,—  
 Paintings of butterflies and Rome,  
 Patterns for trimming, Persian stories,  
 Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,  
 Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter,  
 And autographs of Prince Leboo,  
 And recipes for elder water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;  
 Her steps were watched, her dress was  
 noted;  
 Her poodle-dog was quite adored;  
 Her sayings were extremely quoted.  
 She laughed,—and every heart was glad,  
 As if the taxes were abolished;  
 She frowned,—and every look was sad,  
 As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun,—  
 I knew that there was nothing in it;  
 I was the first, the only one  
 Her heart had thought of for a minute:  
 I knew it, for she told me so,  
 In phrase which was divinely moulded;  
 She wrote a charming hand, and O,  
 How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves,—  
 A little glow, a little shiver;  
 A rosebud and a pair of gloves,  
 And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;  
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,  
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,  
 A miniature, a lock of hair,  
 The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted,—months and years rolled by;  
 We met again four summers after.  
 Our parting was all sob and sigh;  
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:  
 For in my heart's most secret cell  
 There had been many other lodgers,  
 And she was not the ball-room belle,  
 But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

## NONGTONGPAW.

JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance,  
 Some time ago, to peep at France;  
 To talk of sciences and arts,  
 And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.  
 Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,  
 And answer'd John in heathen Greek:  
 To all he ask'd 'bout all he saw,  
 'Twas, "*Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.*"

John to the Palais Royal come,  
 Its splendor almost struck him dumb:  
 "I say, whose house is that there here?"  
 "House! *Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur.*"

"What, Nongtongpaw again!" cries John,  
 "This fellow is some mighty Don:  
 No doubt he's plenty for the maw,  
 I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marle's height,  
 And cried, astonish'd at the sight,  
 "Whose fine estate is that there here?"  
 "State! *Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur.*"  
 "His? What! the land and houses too?  
 The fellow's richer than a Jew:  
 On *everything* he lays his claw;  
 I'd like to dine with Nongtongpaw."

Next tripping came a courtly fair,  
 John cried, enchanted with her air,  
 "What lovely wench is that there here?"  
 "Ventch! *Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur.*"

"What! he again? Upon my life!  
 A palace, lands, and then a wife  
 Sir Joshua might delight to draw;  
 I'd like to sup with Nongtongpaw."

"But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John.

"*Je vous n'entends pas.*"—"What! is he gone?"

Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save  
 Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave?  
 His race is run, his game is up;—  
 I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup;  
 But since he chooses to withdraw,  
 Good-night t'ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw."

CHARLES DIBDIN.

EPITAPH ON THE TOMBSTONE ERECTED OVER THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA'S LEG, LOST AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

HERE rests, and let no saucy knave  
 Presume to sneer and laugh,  
 To learn that mouldering in the grave  
 Is laid a British Calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure,  
 That those who read the whole,  
 Will find such laugh was premature,  
 For here, too, lies a sole.

And here five little ones repose,  
 Twin born with other five,  
 Unheeded by their brother toes,  
 Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,  
 Rests here of one commanding;  
 Who, though his wits he might retain,  
 Lost half his understanding.

And when the guns, with thunder fraught,  
 Pour'd bullets thick as hail,  
 Could only in this way be taught  
 To give the foe leg-bail.

And now in England, just as gay  
 As in the battle brave,  
 Goes to a rout, review, or play,  
 With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here show'd her spite,  
 For he will still be found,  
 Should England's sons engage in fight,  
 Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg;  
 She meant not to disarm,  
 For when she lopp'd the hero's leg,  
 She did not seek his harm.

And but indulged a harmless whim;  
 Since he could walk with one,  
 She saw two legs were lost on him,  
 Who never meant to run.

GEORGE CANNING.

MALBROUCK.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,  
 Is gone to the war in Flanders;  
 His fame is like Alexander's;  
 But when will he come home?



Perhaps at Trinity feast; or  
 Perhaps he may come at Easter.  
 Egad! he had better make haste, or  
 We fear he may never come.

For Trinity feast is over,  
 And has brought no news from Dover;  
 And Easter is past, moreover,  
 And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower  
 Spends many a pensive hour,  
 Not knowing why or how her  
 Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in  
 That tower, she spies returning  
 A page clad in deep mourning,  
 With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prythee, come faster!  
 What news do you bring of your master?  
 I fear there is some disaster—  
 Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"  
 With sorrowful accent said he,  
 "Is one you are not ready  
 So soon, alas! to hear.

"But since to speak I'm hurried,"  
 Added this page quite flurried,  
 "Malbrouck is dead and buried!"  
 —And here he shed a tear.

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!  
 For I beheld his berring,  
 And four officers transferring  
 His corpse away from the field.

"One officer carried his sabre;  
 And he carried it not without labor,  
 Much envying his next neighbor,  
 Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer—  
 That helmet which on its wearer  
 Fill'd all who saw with terror,  
 And cover'd a hero's brains.

"Now, having got so far, I  
 Find that—by the Lord Harry!—  
 The fourth is left nothing to carry;—  
 So there the thing remains."

FRANCIS MAHONY ("Father Prout.")  
 (From the French.)

### THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

THE Emperor Nap he would set off  
 On a summer excursion to Moscow;  
 The fields were green, and the sky was blue,  
 Morbleu! Parbleu!

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more  
 Must go with him to Moscow:  
 There were Marshals by the dozen,  
 And Dukes by the score;  
 Princes a few, and Kings one or two;  
 While the fields are so green, and the sky  
 so blue.

Morbleu! Parbleu!

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,  
 Heigh-ho for Moscow!  
 Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,  
 Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!  
 General Rapp and the Emperor Nap;  
 Nothing would do,

While the fields were so green, and the sky  
 so blue,

Morbleu! Parbleu!

Nothing would do

For the whole of this crew,  
 But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talk'd so big  
 That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe.  
 John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,  
 Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please  
 To grant you peace upon your knees,  
 Because he is going to Moscow!  
 He'll make all the Poles come out of  
 their holes,  
 And beat the Russians, and eat the  
 Prussians;  
 For the fields are green, and the sky is blue.  
 Morbleu! Parbleu!

And he'll certainly march to Moscow!

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a  
 fume

At the thought of the march to Moscow:  
 The Russians, he said, they were un-  
 done,

And the great Fee-Faw-Fum  
 Would presently come,  
 With a hop, step, and jump, unto  
 London;

For, as for his conquering Russia,  
However some persons might scoff  
it,

Do it he could, and do it he would,  
And from doing it nothing would come  
but good,

And nothing could call him off it,  
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly  
know,

For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.  
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's  
Review,

Which with Holy Writ ought to be  
reckon'd:

It was, through thick and thin, to its  
party true;

Its back was buff, and its sides were  
blue,

Morbleu! Parbleu!

It served them for Law and for Gos-  
pel too.

But the Russians stoutly they turn'd  
to

Upon the road to Moscow.

Nap had to fight his way all  
through;

They could fight, though they could not  
parlez-vous;

But the fields were green, and the sky was  
blue,

Morbleu! Parbleu!

And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,

For they set fire to Moscow.

To get there had cost him much ado,

And then no better course he knew,

While the fields were green, and the sky  
was blue,

Morbleu! Parbleu!

But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him

All on the road from Moscow.

There was Tormazow and Jemalow,

And all the others that end in ow;

Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,

And Karatschkowitch,

And all the others that end in itch;

Schamscheff, Souchosaneff;

And Schepaleff,

And all the others that end in eff;

Wasiltchikoff, Kostomaroff,  
And Tchogloloff,

And all the others that end in off;

Rajeffsky, and Novereffsky,

And Rieffsky,

And all the others that end in -effsky;

Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,

And all the others that end in offsky

And Platoff he play'd them off,

And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off,

And Markoff he mark'd them off,

And Krosnoff he cross'd them off,

And Touchkoff he touch'd them off,

And Boroskoff he bored them off,

And Kutousoff he cut them off,

And Parenzoff he pared them off,

And Worronzoff he worried them off,

And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off,

And Rodionoff he flogg'd them off,

And, last of all, an Admiral  
came,

A terrible man with a terrible  
name,

A name which you all know by sight very  
well,

But which no one can speak, and no one  
can spell.

They stuck close to Nap with all their  
might;

They were on the left and on the  
right,

Behind and before, and by day and by  
night;

He would rather parlez-vous than  
fight;

Buthelook'd white, and he look'd blue.

Morbleu! Parbleu!

When parlez-vous no more would  
do;

For they remember'd Moscow.

And then came on the frost and  
snow,

All on the road from Moscow.

The wind and the weather he found, in  
that hour,

Cared nothing for him, nor for all his  
power—

For him who, while Europe crouch'd under  
his rod,

Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in  
his God.

Worse and worse every day the elements grew,  
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,  
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!  
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

What then thought the Emperor  
Nap  
Upon the road from Moscow?  
Why, I ween he thought it small  
delight  
To fight all day, and to freeze all  
night;  
And he was besides in a very great  
fright,  
For a whole skin he liked to be in;  
And so, not knowing what else to do,  
When the fields were so white, and the sky  
so blue  
Morbieu! Parbleu!  
He stole away,—I tell you true,—  
Upon the road from Moscow.  
'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most;  
So the Devil may take the hindmost.

Too cold upon the road was he;  
Too hot had he been at Moscow;  
But colder and hotter he may be,  
For the grave is colder than Muscovy;  
And a place there is to be kept in view,  
Where the fire is red, and the brimstone  
blue,  
Morbieu! Parbleu!  
Which he must go to,  
If the Pope say true,  
If he does not in time look about  
him;  
Where his namesake almost  
He may have for his host;  
He has reckon'd too long without  
him;  
If that host get him in Purgatory,  
He won't leave him there alone with his  
glory;  
But there he must stay for a very long  
day,  
For from thence there is no stealing  
away,  
As there was on the road from Mos-  
cow.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### THE LAWYER'S INVOCATION TO SPRING.

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays,  
Now divers birds are heard to sing,  
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,  
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse  
The memory of our youthful hours,  
As green as those said sprays and boughs,  
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs!—  
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, in-  
shrines  
In freehold nests; themselves, their heirs,  
Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest term of Cupid's court,  
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring,—  
Season of frolic and of sport,  
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

HENRY P. HOWARD BROWNELL.

### THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish  
To lend, thus lose, their books,  
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish  
With literary hooks—  
Who call and take some favorite tome,  
But never read it through;  
They thus complete their set at home  
By making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft,  
Last winter sore was shaken;  
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,  
Nor could I save my "Bacon;"  
And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,  
Like Hamlet, backward go,  
And, as the tide was ebbing fast,  
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down.  
Which makes me thus a talker,  
And once, when I was out of town,  
My "Johnson" proved a "Walker."  
While studying o'er the fire one day  
My "Hobbes" amidst the smoke,  
They bore my "Colman" clean away,  
And carried off my "Coke."

They pick'd my "Locke," to me far more  
 Than Bramah's patent worth,  
 And now my losses I deplore,  
 Without a "Home" on earth.  
 If once a book you let them lift,  
 Another they conceal,  
 For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"  
 As swiftly went my "Steele."

Hope "is not now upon my shelf,  
 Where late he stood elated,  
 But, what is strange, my "Pope" himself  
 Is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave  
 Is sunk to swell the ravage,  
 And what was Crusoe's fate to save,  
 'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put  
 My frozen hands upon,  
 Though ever since I lost my "Foote"  
 My "Bunyan" has been gone.  
 My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went op-  
 press'd,  
 My "Taylor," too, must fail,  
 To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,  
 In vain I offer'd "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see  
 The "Hood" so late in front,  
 And when I turn'd to hunt for "Lee,"  
 Oh, where was my "Leigh Hunt"?  
 I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,  
 Yet could not "Tickell" touch,  
 And then, alack! I miss'd my "Mickle,"  
 And surely mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,  
 My sorrows to excuse,  
 To think I cannot read my "Reid,"  
 Nor even use my "Hughes."  
 My classics would not quiet lie,—  
 A thing so fondly hoped;  
 Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry,  
 My "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away;  
 I suffer from these shocks;  
 And though I fix'd a lock on "Gray,"  
 There's gray upon my locks.  
 I'm far from "Young," am growing pale,  
 I see my "Butler" fly,  
 And when they ask about my ail,  
 'Tis "Burton" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,  
 And thus my griefs divide;  
 For oh, they cured me of my "Burns,"  
 And eased my "Akenside."  
 But all I think I shall not say,  
 Nor let my anger burn,  
 For, as they never found me "Gay,"  
 They have not left me "Sterne."

THOMAS HOOD.

### EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A SENTIMENTALIST.

"My Tables! Meat it is, I set it down!"—HAMLET.

I THINK it was Spring—but not certain I  
 am—

When my passion began first to work;  
 But I know we were certainly looking for  
 lamb,  
 And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met  
 with Miss Chase,  
 Yes—for Morris had ask'd me to dine—  
 And I thought I had never beheld such a  
 face,  
 Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others  
 quite wild  
 With sheer envy, to witness my luck;  
 How she blush'd as I gave her some turtle,  
 and smiled  
 As I afterward offer'd some duck.

I look'd and I languish'd, alas! to my cost,  
 Through three courses of dishes and  
 meats;  
 Getting deeper in love—but my heart was  
 quite lost  
 When it came to the trifle and sweets.

With a rent-roll that told of my houses  
 and land,  
 To her parents I told my designs—  
 And then to herself I presented my hand,  
 With a very fine pottle of pines!

I ask'd her to have me for weal or for  
 woe,  
 And she did not object in the least;—  
 I can't tell the date—but we married I  
 know  
 Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to——, it certainly was the sea-side ;

For the next, the most blessed of morns,  
I remember how fondly I gazed at my  
bride

Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

Oh never may memory lose sight of that  
year,

But still hallow the time as it ought !  
That season the "grass" was remarkably  
dear,

And the peas at a guinea a quart.

So happy, like hours, all our days seem'd  
to haste,

A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,  
So united in heart—so congenial in taste—  
We were both of us partial to brawn !

A long life I look'd for of bliss with my  
bride,

But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about  
that !

Oh there's nothing is certain in life, as I  
cried

When my turbot eloped with the cat.

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,  
But the cause no physician could nab ;

But something, it seem'd like consumption,  
I fear—

It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctor'd, in vain she was  
dosed,

Still her strength and her appetite pined ;  
She lost relish for what she had relish'd  
the most,

Even salmon she deeply declined !

For months still I linger'd in hope and in  
doubt,

While her form it grew wasted and thin ;  
But the last dying spark of existence went  
out,

As the oysters were just coming in !

She died, and she left me the saddest of  
men,

To indulge in a widower's moan ;  
Oh ! I felt all the power of solitude then,  
As I ate my first "natives" alone !

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their  
cloaks,

And with sorrowful crape on their hats,  
Oh my grief pour'd a flood ! and the out-of-  
door folks

Were all crying—I think it was sprats !

THOMAS HOOD.

#### ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY  
TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,  
That shoots my tortured gums along ;  
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,  
Wi' gnawing vengeance ;  
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,  
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,  
Our neighbors' sympathy may ease us,  
Wi' pitying moan ;  
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,  
Aye mocks our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle !  
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
As round the fire the giglets keckle,  
To see me loup ;  
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle  
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,  
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,  
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,  
Sad sight to see !  
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,  
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,  
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,  
And rank'd plagues their numbers tell,  
In dreadfu' raw,  
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell,  
Among them a' ;

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,  
That gars the notes of discord squeal,  
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel  
In gore a shoe-thick !—  
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal  
A towmond's Toothache !  
ROBERT BURNS.

## SYMPATHY.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,  
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;  
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,  
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"

"O, never was maid so deserted before!"

"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,  
And jump in together for company!"

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,  
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;

"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh;  
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight;  
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!

"One mournful embrace," sobbed the youth, "ere we die!"  
So kissing and crying kept company.

"Oh, had I but lov'd such an angel as you!"  
"O, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"

"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"

Sure now they were excellent company?

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,

"The weather is cold for a watery bier;  
When summer returns we may easily die,  
Till then let us sorrow in company."

REGINALD HEBER.

## EPIGRAM.

As late the Trades' Unions, by way of a show,  
Over Westminster Bridge strutted five in a row,

"I feel for the bridge," whispered Dick,  
with a shiver;

"Thus tried by the mob, it may sink in the river."

Quoth Tom, a Crown lawyer, "Abandon your fears;

As a bridge, it can only be tried by its piers."

JAMES SMITH.

## CAPTAIN REECE.

OF all the ships upon the blue,  
No ship contain'd a better crew  
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,  
Commanding of The Mantelpiece.

He was adored by all his men,  
For worthy Captain Reece, R. N.,  
Did all that lay within him to  
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,  
Their captain danced to them like mad,  
Or told, to make the time pass by,  
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,  
Warm slippers and hot-water can,  
Brown windsor from the captain's store,  
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn  
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,  
And on all very sultry days  
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops  
Stood handily on all the "tops:"  
And, also, with amusement rife,  
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea  
From Mister Mudie's libraree;  
The Times and Saturday Review  
Bequiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R. N.,  
Was quite devoted to his men;  
In point of fact, good Captain Reece  
Beatified The Mantelpiece.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,  
He said (addressing all his men):  
"Come, tell me, please, what I can do  
To please and gratify my crew.

'By any reasonable plan  
I'll make you happy if I can;  
My own convenience count as *nil*;  
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answer'd William Lee  
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,  
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man);  
He cleared his throat, and thus began:

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,  
Ten female cousins and a niece,  
A ma, if what I'm told is true,  
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,  
More friendly-like we all should be,  
If you united of 'em to  
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,  
Let each select from them a wife;  
And as for nervous me, old pal,  
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,  
Debated on his coxswain's plan:

"I quite agree," he said, "O Bill;  
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,  
Has just been promised to an earl,  
And all my other familee  
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to  
The happiness of all my crew?  
The word I gave you I'll fulfil;  
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,  
I'll settle thousands on you all,  
And I shall be, despite my hoard,  
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of The Mantelpiece,  
He blush'd and spoke to Captain Reece:

"I beg your honor's leave," he said,  
"If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widow'd mother who  
Would be the very thing for you—  
She long has loved you from afar,  
She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day—  
Address'd her in his playful way—  
"And did it want a wedding-ring?  
It was a tempting ickle sing!

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,  
We'll all be married this day week  
At yonder church upon the hill;  
It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,  
And widow'd ma of Captain Reece,  
Attended there as they were bid;  
It was their duty, and they did.

WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

### MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY  
THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COM-  
PANY.

OH will ye choose to hear the news?

Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er:

I'll tell you all about the ball

To the Naypaulase ambassador.

Begor! this fête all balls does bate

At which I've worn a pump, and I

Must here relate the splendthor great  
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,

To fête these black Achilleses.

"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Al  
mack's,

And take the rooms at Willis's."

With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,

They hung the rooms of Willis up,

And deck'd the walls, and stairs, and halls,

With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand

So sweetly in the middle there,

And soft bassoons play'd heavenly chunes,

And violins did fiddle there.

And when the coort was tired of spoort,

I'd lave you, boys, to think there was

A nate buffet before them set,

Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten, before the ball-room door  
 His mighty Excellency was;  
 He smoled and bow'd to all the crowd—  
 So gorgeous and immense he was.  
 His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,  
 Into the doorway follow'd him;  
 And oh the noise of the blackguard boys,  
 As they hurrood and hollow'd him!

The noble Chair stud at the stair,  
 And bade the dhrums to thump; and he  
 Did thus evince to that Black Prince  
 The welcome of his Company.  
 Oh fair the girls, and rich the curls,  
 And bright the oyes you saw there, was;  
 And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,  
 On Gineral Jung Bahawther was!

This Gineral great then tuck his sate,  
 With all the other ginerals  
 (Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,  
 All bleezed with precious minerals);  
 And as he there, with princely air,  
 Reclouin' on his cushion was,  
 All round about his royal chair  
 The squeezein' and the pushin' was.

O Pat, such girls, such jukes and earls,  
 Such fashion and nobilitee!  
 Just think of Tim, and fancy him  
 Amidst the hoigh gentilitée!  
 There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Porty-  
 gcese  
 Ministher and his lady there;  
 And I reckonized, with much surprise,  
 Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there.

There was Baroness Brunow, that look'd  
 like Juno,  
 And Baroness Rehausen there,  
 And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar  
 Well in her robes of gauze, in there.  
 There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first  
 When only Mr. Pips he was),  
 And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,  
 That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,  
 And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,  
 And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife—  
 I wondther how he could stuff her in.  
 There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,  
 And seem'd to ask how should I go  
 there;

And the widow Macrae, and Lord A.  
 Hay,  
 And the marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, jukes and earls, and diamonds and  
 pearls,  
 And pretty girls, was spoorting there;  
 And some beside (the rogues!) I spied  
 Behind the windies, coorting there.  
 Oh, there's one I know, bedad, would show  
 As beautiful as any there;  
 And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,  
 And shake a fut with Fanny there!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

—♦—  
*MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT  
 OF THE CORONATION.*

OCH! the Coronation! what celebration  
 For emulation can with it compare?  
 When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,  
 And the Duke of Leinster, all in order  
 did repair!

'Twas there you'd see the new Polishemen  
 Making a skrimmage at half-after four,  
 And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss  
 O'Gradys,  
 All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morn-  
 ing  
 Themselves adorning, all by the candle-  
 light,  
 With roses and lilies and daffy-down dillies,  
 And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds  
 bright.

And then approaches five hundred coaches,  
 With Giniral Dullbeak. Och! 'twas  
 mighty fine

To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,  
 With his sword drawn, prancing, made  
 them kape the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of  
 Arums,  
 All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,  
 Opening the massy doors to the bould Am-  
 bassydors,  
 The Prince of Potboys and great haythen  
 Jews;

'Twould have made you crazy to see Ester-  
 hazy  
 All joo'ls from his jasey to his di'mond  
 boots,



With Alderman Harmer and that swate  
charmer,  
The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord  
drawn, talking  
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great  
fame:

And Sir De Lacy and the Duke Dalmasey  
(They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed  
his name),

Themselves presading Lord Melbourne,  
lading

The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,  
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-  
Mello,

The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the noble Prussians, likewise the Rus-  
sians,

In fine laced jackets with their goulden  
cuffs,

And the Bavarians, and the proud Hunga-  
rians,

And Everythingarians all in furs and  
muffs.

Then Mithur Spaker, with Mithur Pays  
the Quaker,

All in the Gallery you might persave;  
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone  
a-fishing,

Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give  
him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,  
And Prince Von Schwartzenburg, and  
many more,

Och! I'd be bother'd and entirely smoth-  
er'd

To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;  
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns  
and dresses,

And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of  
Works;

But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,  
"I'd be proud to see the likes among the  
Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och!  
they did dress her

In her purple garmaments and her goulden  
crown;

Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,  
With eight young ladies houlding up her  
gown.

Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar  
The big drums bating and the trumpets  
blow,

And Sir George Smart! oh! he play'd a  
Consarto,

With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on  
a row.

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden  
dish up

For to resave her bounty and great wealth,  
Saying, "Plase your Glory, great Queen  
Vic-tory!

Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your  
health!"

Then his Riverence, retrating, discoorsed  
the mating;

"Boys, here's your Queen! deny it if you  
can!

And if any bould traitour or infarier cray-  
thur

Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'r's  
appealing,

"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious  
reign!"

And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront  
her,

All in his scarletgown and goulden chain.  
The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair,  
too,

But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,  
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,  
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his  
eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store  
of speeching,

With Dukes and Marquises on bended  
knee:

And they did splash her with raal Macas-  
shur,

And the Queen said, "Ah! then thank  
ye all for me!"

Then the trumpets braying and the organ  
playing,

And sweet trombones with their silver  
tones;

But Lord Rolle was rolling ;—'twas mighty  
 consoling  
 To think that his Lordship did not break  
 his bones !

Then the crames and custard, and the beef  
 and mustard,

All on the tombstones like a poultherer's  
 shop ;

With lobsters and white-bait, and other  
 swatemeats,

And wine, and nagus, and Imperial Pop !  
 There was cakes and apples in all the  
 Chapels,

With fine polonies, and rich mellow  
 pears,—

Och ! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he  
 got prog enough,

The sly ould Divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people  
 wonder'd,

Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal  
 Queen !"

—Och ! if myself should live to be a hun-  
 dred,

Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have  
 seen !

And now I've ended, what I pretended,  
 This narration splendid in swate  
 thry,

Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,  
 Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty  
 dhry !

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

### A VIRTUOSO.

BE seated, pray. "A grave appeal" ?

The sufferers by the war, of course ;  
 Ah, what a sight for us who feel,—

This monstrous *mélodrame* of Force !

We, sir, we connoisseurs, should know

On whom its heaviest burden falls ;

Collections shattered at a blow,

Museums turned to hospitals !

"And worse," you say ; "the wide distress !"

Alas, 'tis true distress exists,

Though, let me add, our worthy Press

Have no mean skill as colorists ;—

Speaking of color, next your seat

There hangs a sketch from Vernet's hand ;

Some Moscow fancy, incomplete,  
 Yet not indifferently planned ;

Note specially the gray old Guard,  
 Who tears his tattered coat to wrap

A closer bandage round the scarred

And frozen comrade in his lap ;—

But, as regards the present war,—

Now, don't you think our pride of pence

Goes—may I say it?—somewhat far

For objects of benevolence ?

You hesitate. For my part, I—

Though ranking Paris next to Rome,

Æsthetically—still reply

That "Charity begins at home."

The words remind me. Did you catch

My so-named "Hunt" ? The girl's a gem ;

And look how those lean rascals snatch

The pile of scraps she brings to them !

"But your appeal's for home," you say,

"For home, and English poor !" Indeed

I thought Philanthropy to-day

Was blind to mere domestic need—

However sore—yet though one grants

That home should have the foremost  
 claims,

At least these Continental wants

Assume intelligible names ;

While here with us—Ah ! who could hope

To verify the varied pleas,

Or from his private means to cope

With all our shrill necessities ?

Impossible ! One might as well

Attempt comparison of creeds ;

Or fill that huge Malayan shell

With these half-dozen Indian beads.

Moreover, add that every one

So well exalts his pet distress,

'Tis—Give to all, or give to none,

If you'd avoid invidiousness.

Your case, I feel, is sad as A's,

The same applies to B's and C's ;

By my selection I should raise

An alphabet of rivalries ;

And life is short,—I see you look

At yonder dish, a priceless bit ;

You'll find it etched in Jacquemart's book

They say that Raphael painted it ;—

And life is short, you understand ;

So, If I only hold you out

An open though an empty hand,  
Why, you'll forgive me, I've no doubt.

Nay, do not rise. You seem amused;  
One can but be consistent, sir!  
'Twas on these grounds I just refused  
Some gushing lady-almoner,—  
Believe me, on these very grounds.  
Good-bye, then. Ah, a rarity!  
That cost me quite three hundred pounds,  
That Dürer figure,—“Charity.”

AUSTIN DOBSON.

### A RECIPE FOR A SALAD.

To make this condiment, your poet begs  
The pounded yellow of two hard-boil'd  
eggs;  
Two boil'd potatoes, pass'd through kitchen  
sieve,  
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;  
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,  
And, half suspected, animate the whole;  
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,  
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;  
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault  
To add a double quantity of salt;  
Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca  
crown,  
And twice with vinegar procured from  
town;  
And, lastly, o'er the flavor'd compound  
toss  
A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.  
Oh, green and glorious! oh, herbaceous  
treat!  
'Twould tempt a dying anchorite to eat:  
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting  
soul,  
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl!  
Serenely full, the epicure would say,  
“Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-  
day!”

SYDNEY SMITH.

### EPIGRAM.

SLY Beelzebub took all occasions  
To try Job's constancy and patience.  
He took his honor, took his health,  
He took his children, took his wealth,  
His servants, oxen, horses, cows—  
But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,  
And loves to disappoint the devil,  
Had predetermined to restore  
*Twofold* all he had before;  
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—  
Short-sighted devil, *not* to take his spouse!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

EVEN is come; and from the dark Park.  
hark,  
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!  
And six is sounding from the chime, prime  
time  
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,  
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,  
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made  
blade,  
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—  
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride  
Four horses as no other man can span;  
Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split  
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.  
Anon Night comes, and with her wings  
brings things  
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young  
sung;  
The gas up-blazes with its bright white  
light,  
And paralytic watchmen prowls, howl,  
growl,  
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,  
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.  
Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash,  
crash,  
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,  
But frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,  
And, while they're going, whisper low,  
“No go!”  
Now puss, while folks are in their beds,  
treads leads,  
And sleepers waking grumble, “Drat that  
cat!”  
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls,  
mauls  
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-  
will.  
Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise  
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore  
poor

Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly;—  
 But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-  
 pressed,  
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James  
 Games,  
 And that she hears—what faith is man's!—  
 Ann's banns  
 And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice,  
 thrice:  
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout  
 out,  
 That upward goes, shows Rose knows those  
 bows' woes!

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

AN Austrian army, awfully arrayed,  
 Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.  
 Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
 Dealing destruction's devastating doom.  
 Every endeavor engineers essay,  
 For fame, for fortune fighting,—furious  
 fray!  
 Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gra-  
 cious God!  
 How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!  
 Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,  
 Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred  
 kill.  
 Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;  
 Men march mid mounds, mid moles, mid  
 murderous mines;  
 Now noxious, noisy numbers nothing,  
 naught  
 Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;  
 Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly  
 pressed,  
 Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter! Quar-  
 ter!" quest.  
 Reason returns, religious right redounds,  
 Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.  
 Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy  
 train,  
 Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!  
 Vanish, vain victory! vanish, victory vain!  
 Why wish we warfare? Wherefore wel-  
 come were  
 Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?  
 Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield  
 your yell!  
 Zeus's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,  
 Attracting all, arms against acts appeal!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### BACHELOR'S HALL.

BACHELOR'S HALL! what a quare-lookin'  
 place it is!  
 Kape me from sich all the days of my  
 life!  
 Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace  
 it is  
 Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

Seethe old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,  
 Placing his taykettle over the fire;  
 Soon it tips over—St. Patrick! he's mad  
 enough  
 (If he were present) to fight wid the  
 squire.

Then, like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,  
 Awkward enough, see him knading his  
 dough;  
 Troth! if the bread he could ate widout  
 swallowing,  
 How it would favor his palate, you know!

His dishcloth is missing: the pigs are de-  
 vourin' it;  
 In the pursuit he has battered his shin;  
 A plate wanted washing: Grimalkin is  
 scourin' it;  
 Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

His meal being over, the table's left set-  
 ting so;  
 Dishes, take care of yourselves, if you  
 can!  
 But hunger returns; then he's fuming and  
 fretting so!  
 Och! let him alone for a baste of a man.

Pots, dishes, pans, and such grasy com-  
 modities,  
 Ashes and prata-skins, kiver the floor;  
 His cupboard's a storehouse of comical  
 oddities  
 Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed  
 shiverin':  
 Niver the bit is the bed made at all;  
 He crapes, like a tarrapin, under the kiver-  
 erin'—  
 Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall.

JOHN FINLEY.



NOTES  
EXPLANATORY AND CORROBORATIVE.





# NOTES

## EXPLANATORY AND CORROBORATIVE.

---

*Page 1.*—HOME, SWEET HOME!—The following additional verses to the song of "Home, Sweet Home!" Mr. Payne affixed to the sheet music, and presented them to Mrs. Bates in London, a relative of his, and the wife of a rich banker:

To us, in despite of the absence of years,  
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears!  
From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,

The unsatisfied heart turns, and says with a sigh,  
"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home!  
There's no place like home!"

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow;  
But mine has been checkered with many a woe!  
Yet, tho' different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same,

And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,  
"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home!  
There's no place like home!"

—*Life and Writings of John Howard Payne*,  
4to, Albany, 1875.

*Page 3.*—THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.—The house of William Burns was the scene of this fine, devout, and tranquil drama, and William himself was the saint, the father, and the husband who gives life and sentiment to the whole. "Robert had frequently remarked to me," says Gilbert Burns, "that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God!' used by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship." To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the "Cotter's Saturday Night." He owed some little, however, of the inspiration to Fergusson's "Farmer's Ingle," a poem of great merit.

—*Burns's Poetical Works*, 8vo ed., Philada.

*Page 7.*—MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.—Lapraik was a very worthy facetious old fellow, late of Dalfram near Muirkirk, which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble, "The Ayr Bank." He has often told me that he composed this song one day

when his wife had been fretting over their misfortunes.—*Robert Burns*.

*Page 10.*—THE MARINER'S WIFE.—This most felicitous song is better known as "There's nae Luck about the House." It first appeared on the streets about the middle of the last century, and was included in Herd's *Collection*, 1776. The authorship is a matter of doubt. A copy of it, like a first draught, was found among the papers of William Julius Mickle, and the song has hence been believed to be his, notwithstanding that he did not include it in his own works. On the other hand, there has been some plausible argument to show that it must have been the work of a Mrs. Jane Adams, who kept a school at Crawford's Dyke, near Greenock; it is not, however, included in her volume of *Miscellany Poems*, published as early as 1734. Jane Adams gave Shakespearian readings to her pupils, and so admired Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* that she walked to London to see the author. Toward the close of her life she became a wandering beggar, died in the poor-house of Glasgow on April 3, 1765, and was "buried at the house expense."—*Notes and Queries*, Third Series, vol. x.

Notwithstanding the weighty authority of *Notes and Queries*, I am inclined to ascribe its authorship to Jean Adam (not Jane Adams). Mickle never lived near a seaport, and never wrote anything as good as this poem. The remarkable statement that the poem does not appear in any of the published works of either claimant is, as far as it goes, an argument in favor of Miss Adam. She was poor, and probably published but one edition of her poems, which had a sale so small that the industrious Allibone does not mention her name in his *Dictionary of Authors*, while the scholarly translator of the *Lusial* published many volumes of poems, some of which ran into several editions; and the fact that he never included "The Mariner's Wife" in any of them should determine the question of its authorship in her favor.

*Page 30.*—PHILIP MY KING.—Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, was born in 1850, and was a beautiful child—worthy of this well-known lyric from his godmother, Mrs. Craik. But alas for the



"large brown eyes"! When but three years old, in playing with some children, he received a blow on one of his eyes, and, inflammation setting in, he gradually lost the sight of both eyes. Thus cut off from the world without, the inner vision was the stronger, and some of his poems, though sad, have unusual merit.

*Page 32.—LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.*—The subject of this pathetic ballad the editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife, Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots. But this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed, Earl Bothwell's age, who was upward of sixty at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed that it entirely refers to a private story. A young lady of the name of Bothwell—or rather Boswell—having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself.—*Percy's Reliques*.

*Page 33.—THE ANGELS' WHISPER.*—A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep it is "talking with the angels."—*Lover's Lyrics of Ireland*.

*Page 39.—GOLDEN TRESS'D ADELAIDE.*—The gifted child of the poet, Adelaide Anne Procter.

*Page 46.—THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.*—An Inverary correspondent writes: "Thom gave me the following narrative as to the origin of 'The Mitherless Bairn'; I quote his own words: 'When I was livin' in Aberdeen, I was limping roun' the house to my garret, when I heard the greetin' o' a wean. A lassie was thumpin' a bairn, when out cam' a big dame, bellowin', "Ye hussie! will ye lick a mitherless bairn?" I hobbled up the stair and wrote the sang afore sleepin'.'"

*Page 53.—THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.*—The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favorable a light by *The Spectator*, No. 85) seems to be taken from an old play, entitled "Two Lamentable Tragedies; the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streets, etc. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffins, with the consent of his uncle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to." Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father's and mother's dying charge; in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue; his hiring two ruffians to destroy his wards, under pretence of sending them to school; their choosing a wood to perpetrate the murder in; one of the ruffians relenting and a battle ensuing, etc. In other respects he has departed

from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua; there is but one child, which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian; he is slain himself by his less bloody companion, but ere he dies he gives the other a mortal wound, the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle, who, in consequence of this impeachment, is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, etc. Whoever compares the play with the ballad will have no doubt but the former is the original: the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs through the whole performance that, had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama; whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.—*Percy's Reliques*.

*Page 75.—WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.*—This song owes its existence to the following incident: The author some years since was riding out with a friend in the suburbs of New York City, and when near Bloomingdale they observed a cottager in the act of sharpening his axe under the shadow of a noble ancestral tree. His friend, who was once the proprietor of the estate on which the tree stood, suspected that the woodman intended to cut it down, remonstrated against the act, and, accompanying the protest with a ten-dollar note, succeeded in preserving from destruction this legendary memorial of his earlier and better days.—*Frederick Saunders's Festival of Song*.

*Page 76.—THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.*—The house commemorated in the poem is the Gold-Appleton house—now known as the Plunkett mansion—in Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

*Page 81.—AULD LANG SYNE.*—Of the two versions of this song, we adopt for our text that supplied to Johnson in preference to the copy made for George Thomson. The arrangement of the verses is more natural; it wants the redundant syllable in the fourth line of stanza first; and the spelling of the Scotch words is more correct. The poet transcribed the song for Mrs. Dunlop in his letter to her dated 17th December, 1788, and it is unfortunate that Dr. Currie did not print a verbatim copy of it, along with that letter, instead of simply referring his reader to the Thomson correspondence for it. Thomson's closing verse stands *second* in Johnson, where it seems in its proper place, as having manifest reference to the earlier stages of the interview between the long-separated friends. Many of our readers must have observed that when a social company unites in singing the song before dispersing, it is the custom for the singers to join hands in a circle at the words, "And there's a hand," etc. This ought to conclude the song, with the chorus sung rapidly and emphatically thereafter. But

how awkwardly and out of place does the slow singing of Thomson's closing verse come in after that excitement!—"And surely ye'll be your pint stopw," etc. No, no! The play is over; no more pint stopws!—*Burns's Poems*, William Scott Douglas's edition.

*Page 87.*—ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.—This remarkable poem was written in Chierical, Malabar, the author having left his native land, Scotland, in quest of a fortune in India. He died shortly afterward in Java.—*Frederick Saunders's Festival of Song*.

*Page 103.*—WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE RE BON-  
NY.—Nothing is known with certainty as to the authorship of this exquisite song, one of the most affecting of the many that Scotland can boast. It had been supposed to refer to an incident in the life of Lady Barbara Erskine, wife of the second Marquis of Douglas; but the allusions are evidently to the deeper woes of one not a wife—who "loved not wisely, but too well."—*Illustrated Book of Scottish Song*.

*Page 112.*—THE NUT-BROWN MAID.—Henry, Lord Clifford, first Earl of Cumberland, and Lady Margaret Percy his wife, are the originals of this ballad. Lord Clifford had a miserly father and ill-natured stepmother, so he left home and became the head of a band of robbers. The ballad was written in 1502, and says that the "Not-browne Mayd" was wooed and won by a knight who gave out that he was a banished man. After describing the hardships she would have to undergo if she married him, and finding her love true to the test, he revealed himself to be an earl's son, with large hereditary estates in Westmoreland.—*Percy's Reliques* (Series II.).

*Page 120.*—HIGHLAND MARY.—"Highland Mary," says the Hon. A. Erskine in a letter to Mr. George Thomson, "is most enchantingly pathetic." Burns says of it himself, in a letter to Mr. Thomson: "The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner; you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still-glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition."—*Illustrated Book of Scottish Song*.

The history of this humble maiden is now known to all the world, and will continue to be remembered as long as Scottish song exists. Her name was Mary Campbell, and her parents resided at Campbelltown, in Argyshire. At the time Burns became acquainted with her she was servant at Coilsfield House, the seat of Colonel

Montgomery, afterward Earl of Eglinton. In notes to the *Museum*, Burns says of the present song: "This was a composition of mine before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." Cromek adds a few particulars of the final interview of the youthful lovers: "This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotion and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook, they laved their hands in the limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, they pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted never to meet again." Cromek's account of this parting interview was considered somewhat apocryphal till, a good many years ago, a pocket Bible in two volumes, presented by Burns to Mary Campbell, was discovered in the possession of her sister at Ardrossan. This Bible afterward found its way to Canada, whither the family had removed; and having excited the interest of some Scotchmen at Montreal, they purchased it (for its possessors were unfortunately in reduced circumstances), and had it conveyed back to Scotland, with the view of being permanently placed in the monument at Ayr. On its arrival at Glasgow, Mr. Weir, stationer, Queen street (through the instrumentality of whose son, we believe, the precious relic was mainly procured), kindly announced that he would willingly show it for a few days at his shop to any person who might choose to see it. The result was, that thousands flocked to obtain a view of this interesting memorial, and the ladies in particular displayed an unwonted eagerness regarding it, some of them being even moved to tears on beholding an object which appealed so largely to female sympathies. On the anniversary of the poet in 1841, the Bible, enclosed in an oaken glass case, was deposited among other relics in the monument at Ayr. On the boards of one of the volumes is inscribed in Burns's handwriting, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord," Levit., chap. xix. v. 12; and on the other, "Thou shalt not forswear thy-

self, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath," St. Matt., chap. v. v. 33; and on the blank leaves of both volumes, "Robert Burns, Mossiel."—*Burns's Works*, Blackie & Son's ed.

Page 120.—SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.—Carey says the occasion of his ballad was this: "A shoemaker's apprentice, making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chain, and all the elegancies of Moorfields; from whence proceeding to the Farthing Piehouse, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef and bottle ale; through all which scenes the author dodged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship), from whence he drew this little sketch of nature." The song, he adds, made its way into the polite world, and was more than once mentioned with approbation by "the divine Addison."—*Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*.

Page 124.—TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.—This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the Gate-house, Westminster, to which he was committed by the House of Commons in April, 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights and to settle the government. See Wood's *Athenæ*, vol. ii., p. 228, and Lysons's *Enviroms of London*, vol. i., p. 109, where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want in 1658.—*Percy's Reliques*.

Page 126.—JEAN.—This song was written in celebration of the charms of Jean Armour, afterward the poet's wife.

"Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw" was the most universally popular of all Burns's songs, at least in the west of Scotland, and it is still a great favorite. The air is by Mr. Marshall, who in Burns's time was butler to the Duke of Gordon, and who composed several other fine airs. Only the first two stanzas were written by Burns. The last two have been ascribed to John Hamilton, music-seller, Edinburgh.—*Burns's Works*, Blackie & Son's ed.

Page 127.—THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.—The Feast of St. Agnes was formerly held as in a special degree a holiday for women. It was thought possible for a girl, on the eve of St. Agnes, to obtain by divination a knowledge of her future husband. She might take a row of pins, and, plucking them out one after another,

stick them in her sleeve, singing the whilst a Paternoster, and thus ensure that her dreams would that night present the person in question. Or, passing into a different country from that of her ordinary residence, and taking her right-leg stocking, she might knit the left garter round it, repeating:

"I knit this knot, this knot I knit,  
To know the thing I know not yet,  
That I may see  
The man that shall my husband be,  
Not in his best or worst array,  
But what he wearth every day;  
That I to-morrow may him ken  
From among all other men."

Lying down on her back that night with her hands under her head, the anxious maiden was led to expect that her future spouse would appear in a dream and salute her with a kiss.—*Chambers's Book of Days*.

Page 126.—LOCHINVAR.—The ballad of Lochinvar is in a very slight degree founded on a ballad called "Katharine Janfarie." (See *Note to Katharine Janfarie*.)

Page 127.—AULD ROBIN GRAY.—This beautiful ballad, of which the authorship was long a mystery, was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarrais, and afterward Lady Barnard. It appears to have been composed at the commencement of the year 1772, when the author was yet a young girl. It was published anonymously, and acquired great popularity. No one, however, came forward to lay claim to the laurels lavished upon it, and a literary controversy sprang up to decide the authorship. Many conjectured that it was as old as the days of David Rizzio, if not composed by that unfortunate minstrel himself, while others considered it of much later date. The real author was, however, suspected; and ultimately, when her ladyship was an old woman, Sir Walter Scott received a letter from Lady Anne herself openly avowing that she had written it. She stated that she had been long suspected by her more intimate friends, and often questioned with respect to the mysterious ballad, but that she had always managed to keep her secret to herself without a direct and absolute denial. She was induced to write the song by a desire to see an old plaintive Scottish air ("The Bridegroom Grat when the Sun gaod down") which was a favorite with her fitted with words more suitable to its character than the ribald verses which had always hitherto, for want of better, been sung to it. She had previously been endeavoring to beguile the tedium occasioned by her sister's marriage and departure for London by the composition of verses; but of all she

had written, either before or since, none have reached the merit of this admirable little poem. It struck her that some tale of virtuous distress in humble life would be most suitable to the plaintive character of her favorite air; and she accordingly set about such an attempt, taking the name of "Auld Robin Gray" from an ancient herd at Balcarras. When she had written two or three of the verses she called to her junior sister (afterward Lady Ilardwicke), who was the only person near her, and thus addressed her: "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes; I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover: but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines—poor thing! Help me to one." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. "The cow," adds Lady Anne in her letter, "was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed."—*Illustrated Book of Scottish Song.*

*Page 137.*—TO MARY IN HEAVEN.—"At Ellisland," says Professor Wilson, "Burns wrote many of his finest strains, and, above all, that immortal burst of passion, 'To Mary in Heaven.' This celebrated poem was composed in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day in which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell. According to Mrs. Burns, he spent that day, though laboring under cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits; but as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow very sad about something, and at length wandered out to the barnyard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that the frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately on entering the house called for his desk, and wrote as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, these sublime and pathetic verses."—*John Gibson Lockhart.*

*Page 140.*—THE MILKMAID'S SONG.—This song and "The Milkmaid's Mother's Answer" have been ascribed by some editors to Shakespeare, but there is very little doubt but that they were written respectively by Marlowe and Raleigh. Isaac Walton says, in *The Compleat Angler*: "As I left this place and entered into the next field a second pleasure entertained me. 'Twas a hand-

some milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty suited for it. 'Twas that smooth song which was made by *Kit Marlow* now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by *Sir Walter Raleigh* in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! On my word, yonder they both be a-milking again! I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us."

*Page 145.*—MAID OF ATHENS.—Our servant, who had gone before to procure accommodation, met us at the gate and conducted us to Theodora Macri, the Consulina's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest celebrated for her beauty, and said to be the subject of those stanzas by Lord Byron—

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart!" etc.

Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colors bound around their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders—the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound, and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles; below is a handkerchief of muslin covering the bosom and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that, a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a gore round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful negligence; white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black or dark hair and eyes; their visage oval and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded and nose straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant and their manners pleasing and lady-like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They pos-

sess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions it would, indeed, be remarkable if they did not meet with great attention from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the Eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambourine, and reading.—*Travels in Italy, Greece, etc.*, by H. W. Williams, Esq.

*Page 145.*—*BONNIE LESLEY.*—The poet, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop dated August, 1792, describes the influence which the beauty of Miss Lesley Baillie exercised over his imagination. "Know, then," said he, "that the heartstruck awe, the distant, humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy and their imaginations soar in transport,—such, so delighting and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbor. Mr. Baillie with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago on their way to England, did me the honor of calling on me, on which I took my horse (though God knows I could ill spare the time!) and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them, and riding home I composed the following ballad."—*Burns's Poems.*

*Page 166.*—*JESSY.*—The Jessy of this and several other songs was Jessy Lewars, sister of a fellow-exciseman of Burns in Dumfries. She was distinguished from many of his contemporary admirers by the affectionate sympathy which she always had for him and for his wife, and which during his last illness took the form of a daughter's watchful care. This is the last song Burns ever wrote.—*Mary Carlyle Aitken.*

*Page 167.*—*WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.*—In the title and chorus of this favorite little pastoral I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar than a Scottish phrase so common that when it is altered into the proper way every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart accounts it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way ("When the kye come hame"), when a tailor, scratching his head, said, "It was a terrible affected way, that!" I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again.—*Hogg's Poems.*

*Page 170.*—*THE BANK O' DOON.*—"Miss Margaret K—— was the daughter of a land-proprietor in Carriok; Burns met her at the house of a Mauchline friend where she was paying a visit. The lively conversation of the young lady, her youth and beauty, deeply impressed the susceptible poet, and he made her the subject of the song (entitled 'Young Peggy') which he sent to her enclosed in a letter. The bard could little imagine the sad fate which was in reality in store for Young Peggy. When she was but seventeen, a train of circumstances commenced which was to end in the loss of her good name and her early death, and it is to her unhappy story that this song refers."—*Notes to Burns's Poems.*

*Page 173.*—*A PASTORAL.*—The Phœbe of this admired pastoral was Joanna, the daughter of the very learned Dr. Richard Bentley, archdeacon and prebendary of Ely, regius professor and master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died in 1742. She was afterward married to Dr. Dennison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert in Killaloe in Ireland, and grandson of Dr. Richard Cumberland, bishop of Peterborough.—*Spectator*, No. 603, note.

*Page 179.*—*CASTARA.*—Castara was a daughter of William Herbert, first Lord Percy, and became the wife of the poet. There are no purer and few more graceful records of a noble attachment than that which is contained in the poems to which Habington has given the name of the lady of his happy love.—*Richard Chenevix Trench.*

*Page 185.*—*GO, LOVELY ROSE.*—A lady of Cambridge lent Waller's poems to Henry Kirke White, and when he returned them to her she discovered this additional stanza written by him at the end of this poem:

"Yet, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;  
And teach the maid  
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies,  
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies."

—*Henry Kirke White's Poems.*

*Page 185.*—*TO HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.*—On that amiable princess, Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia September 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known. Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany in behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes; for he gave away a jewel that was worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia" ("for so," says Walton in

*The Life of Wotton*, "she was pleased he should always call her").—*Belle's Poets' Corner*.

Page 186.—JENNY KISSED MR.—Leigh Hunt called on Carlyle to inform him of some very pleasant piece of news. Mrs. Carlyle, who was in the room at the time, was so delighted that she jumped up and kissed him. On his return home he wrote this pretty little compliment.

Page 199.—ANNIE LAURIE.—

MAXWELTON BANKS.

Maxwelton banks are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew;  
Where me and Annie Laurie  
Made up the promise true;  
Made up the promise true,  
And never forget will I;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'll lay me down and die.

She's backit like the peacock,  
She's breistit like the swan,  
She's jimp about the middle,  
Her waist ye weel nicht span;  
Her waist ye weel nicht span,  
And she has a rolling eye;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'll lay me down and die.

"These two verses," as we are informed by Mr. Robert Chambers, "were written by Mr. Douglas of Finland upon Annie, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddell of Minto. As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is painful to record that, notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr. Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife; she was married to Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch."

Page 223.—THE GRAVE OF MACAURA.—At Callan, a pass on an unfrequented road leading from Glanerought (the Vale of the Roughty) to Bantry, the country-people point out a flat stone by the pathway which they name as the burial-place of Daniel MacCarthy, who fell there in an engagement with the Fitzgeralds in 1261. The stone still preserves the traces of characters, which are, however, illegible. From the scanty records of the period it would appear that this battle was no inconsiderable one. The Geraldines were defeated; and their leader, Thomas Fitzgerald, and his son, eighteen barons, fifteen knights, and many others of his adherents, slain. But the honor and advantage of victory were dearly purchased by the exulting natives, owing to the death of their brave and noble chieftain. The name MacCarthy,

as spelt in Irish, would be pronounced MacCaura.—*Lover's Lyrics of Ireland*.

Page 225.—THE GOOD LORD CLIFFORD.—Mr. Southey, describing the mountain-scenery of the Lake region, says: "The story of the shepherd Lord Clifford, which was known only to a few antiquarians till it was told so beautifully in verse by Wordsworth, gives a romantic history to Blencathara." Henry, Lord Clifford, was the son of John, Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton, which battle placed the House of York upon the throne. His family could expect no mercy from the conqueror, for he was the man who slew the younger brother of Edward IV. in the battle of Wakefield—a deed of cruelty in a cruel age. The hero of this poem fled from his paternal home, and lived for twenty-four years as a shepherd. He was restored to his rank and estates by Henry VII. The following narrative is from an old MS. quoted by Mr. Southey:

"So in the condition of a shepherd's boy at Lonsborrow, where his mother then lived for the most part, did this Lord Clifford spend his youth, till he was about fourteen years of age, about which time his mother's father, Henry Bromflett, Lord Vesey, deceased. But a little after his death it came to be rumored, at the court, that his daughter's two sons were alive, about which their mother was examined; but her answer was, that she had given directions to send them both beyond seas, to be bred there, and she did not know whether they were dead or alive.

"And as this Henry, Lord Clifford, did grow to more years, he was still the more capable of his danger, if he had been discovered. And therefore presently after his grandfather, the Lord Vesey, was dead, the said rumor of his being alive being more and more whispered at the court, made his said loving mother, by the means of her second husband, Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, to send him away with the said shepherds and their wives into Cumberland, to be kept as a shepherd there, sometimes at Threlkeld, and amongst his father-in-law's kindred, and sometimes upon the borders of Scotland, where they took lands purposely for these shepherds that had the custody of him; where many times his father-in-law came purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly. By which mean kind of breeding this inconvenience befell him, that he could neither write nor read; for they durst not bring him up in any kind of learning, lest by it his birth should be discovered. Yet, after he came to his lands and honors, he learnt to write his name only.

"Notwithstanding which disadvantage, after he came to be possessed again, and restored to the enjoyment of his father's estate, he came to be a very wise man, and a very good manager of his estate and fortunes.

"This Henry, Lord Clifford, after he came to be possessed of his said estate, was a great builder and repairer of all his castles in the North, which had gone to decay when he came to enjoy them; for they had been in strangers' hands about twenty-four or twenty-five years. Skipton Castle, and the lands about it, had been given to William Stanley by King Edward IV., which William Stanley's head was cut off about the tenth year of King Henry VII.; and Westmoreland was given by Edward IV. to his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who was afterward king of England, and was slain in battle, the 22d of August, 1485.

"This Henry, Lord Clifford, did, after he came to his estate, exceedingly delight in astronomy and the contemplation of the course of the stars, which it is likely he was seasoned in during the course of his shepherd's life. He built a great part of Barden Tower (which is now much decayed), and there he lived much; which it is thought he did the rather because in that place he had furnished himself with instruments for that study.

"He was a plain man, and lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to the court or London but when he was called thither to sit in them as a peer of the realm, in which parliament, it is reported, he behaved himself wisely, and nobly, and like a good Englishman."—*Knight's Half Hours with the Best Authors*.

**Page 235.—EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.**—The accomplished sister of Sir Philip Sidney, who dedicated to her his *Arcadia*. The countess of Pembroke wrote some graceful poems, translated the tragedy of *Antony* from the French, and joined her brother in a translation of the Psalms. Spenser speaks of her as

"Most resembling, both in shape and spirit,  
Her brother dear."

She died in 1621. The above epitaph was first introduced into the collected works of Ben Jonson by Whalley, on the ground that it was "universally assigned to him." Jonson's claim to it, however, is by no means certain.—*Bellens's Poets' Corner*.

**Page 235.—ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.**—Lucy, the lady of Edward, third Earl of Bedford, and daughter of John, Lord Harrington. She was a munificent patron of genius, and seems to have been peculiarly kind to Jonson. One of the most exquisite compliments that ever was offered to talents, beauty, and goodness was paid by the graceful poet to this lady. The biographers are never weary of repeating after one another that she was "the friend of Donne and Daniel, who wrote verses on her," but of Jonson, who wrote more than both, they preserve a rigid silence.—*Jonson's Works*, vol. vii.

**Page 236.—SONNET TO CYRIAC SKINNER.**—Cyriac Skinner was one of the principal members of Harrington's political club. Wood says that he was "an ingenious young gentleman and scholar to John Milton."

**Page 237.—MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.**—This poem, so Miltonic in its purity and force of expression, was at first attributed to the great poet himself, and was actually published in an English edition of his works as a recently-discovered poem by him.

**Page 237.—TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.**—The daughter of Sir James Ley, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law till he came to be made Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. He died at an advanced age, and Milton attributes his death to the breaking of the *Parliament*; and it is true that the Parliament was dissolved the 10th of March, 1628, and he died on the 14th of the same month.

**Page 237.—LYCIDAS.**—The name under which Milton celebrates the untimely death of Edward King, Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge, who was drowned in his passage from Chester to Ireland, August 10th, 1637. He was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland.—*Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.

**Page 240.—AN HORATIAN ODE.**—This ode was written in the summer of 1650, after Cromwell's return from the campaign in Ireland, and after he had been designated for the expedition to Scotland, but while as yet the "laureat wreath" of Dunbar Field was unwon.

**Page 247.—ON THE DEATH OF DR. LEVETT.**—In one of his (Johnson's) memorandum-books in my possession is the following entry: "January 20, Sunday, 1782, Robert Levett was buried in the churchyard of Bridewell between one and two in the afternoon. He died on Thursday, 17, about seven in the morning, by an instantaneous death. He was an old and faithful friend. I have known him from about 1746. *Commendavi*. May God have mercy on him! May He have mercy on me!" Boswell quotes as follows from "Critical Remarks" by Nathan Drake, M. D.: "The stanzas on the death of this man of great but humble utility are beyond all praise. The wonderful powers of Johnson were never shown to greater advantage than on this occasion, where the subject, from its obscurity and mediocrity, seemed to bid defiance to poetical efforts; it is, in fact, warm from the heart, and is the only poem from the pen of Johnson that has been bathed with tears. Would to God that on every medical man

who attends the poor such encomiums could be justly passed!"—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

Page 249.—ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON.—Captain Matthew Henderson, a gentleman of very agreeable manners and great propriety of character, usually lived in Edinburgh, dined constantly at Fortune's Tavern, and was a member of the Capillaire Club, which was composed of all who desired to be thought witty or joyous. He died in 1789. Burns, in a note to the poem, says: "I loved the man much, and have not flattered his memory." Henderson seems, indeed, to have been universally liked. "In our travelling party," says Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass, "was Matthew Henderson, then (1759) and afterward well known and much esteemed in the town of Edinburgh, at that time an officer in the Twenty-fifth regiment of foot, and, like myself, on his way to join the army; and I may say with truth that in the course of a long life I have never known a more estimable character than Matthew Henderson."—*Memoirs of Campbell of Ardkinglass*.

Page 253.—BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.—Sir John Moore often said that if he were killed in battle he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a body of the Ninth regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blanket. The interment was hastened, for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made they should be ordered away and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave, the funeral service was read by the chaplain, and the corpse was covered with earth.—*Edinburgh Annual Register* (1808).

Page 253.—ON, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.—This poem refers to Robert Emmett, an eloquent Irish enthusiast, born in Cork in 1780. He was an ardent but misguided partisan of Irish independence, and appears to have been a sincere patriot. He was one of the chiefs of the "United Irishmen." In July, 1803, he rashly put himself at the head of a party of insurgents consisting of the rabble of Dublin, who murdered the chief-justice, Lord Kilwarden, and others, but were quickly dispersed by the military. Emmett was arrested, was tried, and after an eloquent and impassioned speech in vindication of his course, suffered with intrepid courage a felon's death, September, 1803.—*Thomas's Biographical Dictionary*.

Page 264.—THE LOST LEADER.—Many have been the speculations and surmises and assertions and contradictions as to who the "lost leader" was. The verdict of one of the immortals on his fellow-immortal concerns us all; hence it is with no common thankfulness that the editor of Wordsworth's prose embraces this opportunity of settling the controversy beyond appeal by giving a letter which Mr. Browning has done him the honor to write for publication. It is as follows:

"19 WARWICK-CRESCENT, W.,

"DEAR MR. GROSART: "Feb. 24, '75.

"I have been asked the question you now address me with, and as duly answered it, I can't remember how many times; there is no sort of objection to one more assurance or rather confession on my part, that I did in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of WORDSWORTH as a sort of painter's model; one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account: had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet, whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore. But just as in the tapestry on my wall I can recognize figures which have struck out a fancy, on occasion, that though truly enough thus derived, yet would be preposterous as a copy, so, though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I altogether refuse to have it considered as the 'very effigies' of such a moral and intellectual superiority.

"Faithfully yours,

"ROBERT BROWNING."

—*Preface to Wordsworth's Prose Works*.

Page 268.—ICHABOD.—"And she named the child Ichabod, saying, The glory is departed from Israel." 1 Samuel iv. 21. This poem was written upon receipt of the intelligence of Daniel Webster's speech in the U. S. Senate, March 7, 1850, in defence of the Compromise measures, and especially of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Page 281.—ANNE HATHAWAY.—The *Critic* for May 17th, 1884, has the following note: "Mr. Rolfe is anxious to trace that one of the two ballads entitled 'Anne Hathaway' in which the lady's name is played upon. The verses, falsely ascribed to Shakespeare, appear in various anthologies of recent date. We are happy to be able to direct Mr. Rolfe to the book in which the ballad first appeared. It is entitled *A Tour in Quest of a Genealogy through several parts of Wales, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire, with a Description of Stourhead and Stonehenge, various Anecdotes and Curious Fragments from a Manuscript Collection ascribed to Shakespeare*. By a Barrister. London: Sherwood, Neely & Jones. 1811. The 'Frag-



ments' consist of a 'poem to Anne Hathaway, from W. S.,' a 'Letter' inscribed to 'Mistress Judith Hathaway,' from William Shakespeare; A few items from his [Shakespeare's] Journal, and a sample of his own Memoirs by himself; 'A Song to her owne Lovynge Willie Shakespeare,' by 'Anna Hatheway;' 'To the Belovyd of the Muses and Mee,' by 'Anna Hatheway;' a letter 'To Master William Benson,' by 'W. S.:' and 'To the peerlesse Anna, magnette of my affectionnes.' It is a rare volume, but Mr. Rolfe will probably find a copy of it in the Barton collection."

*Page 282.*—JACQUEMINOT.—Jean François Jacqueminot was born at Nancy, May 23, 1787. Graduating at the military academy at the age of eighteen, he at once entered Napoleon's army, and won his spurs at the brilliant victory of Ansterlitz, and soon attained the full rank of colonel. He participated in the battles of Essling and Wagram, and in the disastrous retreat from Moscow he especially distinguished himself for his bravery at the crossing of Beresina. At Quatre Bras he led a brilliant charge, and at Waterloo his bravery was conspicuous, for which he afterward received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and was promoted to the command of a brigade. In 1827 he was a deputy from the department of the Vosges, and was famous for his oratorical powers. In the insurrection of 1830 he organized the expedition against Rambouillet which determined Charles X. to abdicate the throne. In 1834 he was elevated to the grade of general, and finally marshal, and in 1840 was a member of the Thiers cabinet. He died April, 1848.

*Page 282.*—A HEALTH.—The heroine of this poem, whose secondary title is "To the most beautiful woman in America," was Mrs. Margaret Eaton, the beautiful widow of Major Timberlake, whose subsequent marriage to Major Eaton, the Secretary of War in Jackson's famous "Kitchen" Cabinet, caused so much commotion in social and political circles. General Jackson's chivalric defence of the lady, and his impetuous determination to use every means in his power to crush out defamation and establish her social position, are a part of the political history of the national capital.

*Page 291.*—HARMOZAN.—After a noble defence, Harmozan, the prince or satrap of Ahwaz and Susa, was compelled to surrender his person and his state to the discretion of the caliph; and their interview exhibits a portrait of the Arabian manners. In the presence and by the command of Omar the gay barbarian was despoiled of his silken robes embroidered with gold, and of his tiara bedecked with rubies and emeralds. "Are you not sensible," said the conqueror to his naked captive—"are you not sensible of the judgment

of God, and of the different rewards of infidelity and obedience?"—"Alas!" replied Harmozan, "I feel them too deeply. In the days of our common ignorance we fought with the weapons of the flesh, and my nation was superior. God was then neuter; since He has espoused your quarrel you have subverted our kingdom and religion." Oppressed by this painful dialogue, the Persian complained of intolerable thirst, but discovered some apprehension lest he should be killed whilst he was drinking a cup of water. "Be of good courage," said the caliph; "your life is safe till you have drunk this water." The crafty satrap accepted the assurance, and instantly dashed the vase against the ground. Omar would have avenged the deceit, but his companions represented the sanctity of an oath; and the speedy conversion of Harmozan entitled him not only to a free pardon, but even to a stipend of two thousand pieces of gold.—*Gibbon's Rome*, chap. li.

*Page 293.*—CRESCENTIUS.—Crescentius was consul of the Romans in the reign of the Emperor Otho III. He attempted to shake off the Saxon yoke, and was besieged by Otho in the Mole of Hadrian (long called the Tower of Crescentius). He was betrayed and beheaded.—*Bellew's Poets' Corner*.

*Page 294.*—THE BARD.—This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death. The original argument of this ode, as Mr. Gray had set it down in one of the pages of his commonplace book, was as follows: The army of Edward I., as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardor of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valor in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot.—*Gray's Poems*.

*Page 296.*—A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD.—The effect of the original ballad (which existed both in Spanish and Arabic) was such that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.—*Byron's Poems*.

*Page 298.*—**MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!**—This poem is founded on the heroic achievement of Arnold de Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, which was fought on the 9th of July, 1386. In this battle the Swiss gained a great victory over Leopold, Duke of Austria, and secured the liberty of their country, which had been grossly oppressed by Austria.

*Page 299.*—**THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.**—In the battle of Agincourt, fought on the 25th of October, 1415, Henry V. of England, with an army of about ten thousand men, totally defeated the French under the Constable d'Albret. The French army consisted of about sixty thousand men.

*Page 300.*—**THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.**—There had long been a rivalry between the families of Percy and Douglas, which showed itself by incessant raids into each other's territory. Percy of Northumberland one day vowed he would hunt for three days in the Scottish border without condescending to ask leave of Earl Douglas. The Scottish warden said in his anger, "Tell this vaunter he shall find one day more than sufficient." The ballad called "Chevy Chace" mixes up this hunt with the battle of Otterburn, which, Dr. Percy justly observes, was "a very different event." Chevy Chace means the chase or hunt among the "Chyviat hyls."—*Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

*Page 303.*—**EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.**—The great battle of Flodden was fought upon the 9th of September, 1513. The defeat of the Scottish army, resulting mainly from the fantastic ideas of chivalry entertained by James IV., and his refusal to avail himself of the natural advantages of his position, was by far the most disastrous of any recounted in the history of the northern wars. The whole strength of the kingdom, both Lowland and Highland, was assembled, and the contest was one of the sternest and most desperate upon record. For several hours the issue seemed doubtful. On the left the Scots obtained a decided advantage; on the right they were broken and overthrown; and at last the whole weight of the battle was brought into the centre, where King James and the Earl of Surrey commanded in person. The determined valor of James, imprudent as it was, had the effect of rousing to a pitch of desperation the courage of the meanest soldiers; and the ground becoming soft and slippery from blood, they pulled off their boots and shoes, and secured a firmer footing by fighting in their hose. Both parties did wonders, but none performed more than the king. He would fight not only in person, but on foot. At first he had abundance of success; but at length his battalion was surrounded, and the

Scots formed themselves into a ring, and, being resolved to die nobly with their sovereign, who scorned to ask quarter, were altogether cut off. The loss of the Scots was about ten thousand men. The loss to Edinburgh was peculiarly great. All the magistrates and able-bodied citizens had followed their king to Flodden, whence very few of them returned. The news of the overthrow on the field of Flodden overwhelmed the inhabitants with grief and confusion. The streets were crowded with women seeking intelligence about their friends, clamoring and weeping. The city banner referred to in the poem is a standard still held in great honor by the burghers, having been presented to them by James III. in return for their loyal service in 1482. This banner, still conspicuous in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, was honorably brought back from Flodden, and could certainly never have been displayed on a more memorable field. No event in Scottish history ever took a more lasting hold on the public mind than the "woeful fight" of Flodden; and even now the songs and traditions which are current on the Border recall the memory of a contest unsullied by disgrace, though terminating in disaster and defeat.—*Harper's Magazine.*

*Page 307.*—**THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.**—The "Flowers of the Forest" are the young men of the districts of Selkirkshire and Peeblesshire, anciently known as "the Forest." The song is founded by the author upon an older composition of the same name, deploring the loss of the Scotch at Flodden Field, of which all has been lost except two or three lines.—*Illustrated Book of Scottish Song.*

*Page 308.*—**IVRY.**—Henry IV., on his accession to the French throne, was opposed by a large part of his subjects under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy, and from the union of these several nations their army was called the "Army of the League." In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry, a small town in France. Before the battle he said to his troops, "My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume; you will always find it in the path to honor and glory." His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the Leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout Henry followed, crying, "Save the French!" and his clemency added a number of the enemy to his own army.

*Page 312.*—**NASEBY.**—The battle of Naseby was fought June 14, 1645, between the royal forces, commanded by Charles I., and the Parliamentary

party, nicknamed "Roundheads," under Lord Fairfax. The forces on both sides were about equal, Fairfax having rather the choice of position. At first, Prince Rupert, who commanded the right wing of the royal army, made such an impetuous attack upon the left wing of the Parliamentarians that it was broken and put to flight, and Ireton, its commander, wounded and taken prisoner; but finally Cromwell, who commanded the right wing of Fairfax's army, routed the left wing of the opposing army, and came to the relief of the Parliamentary centre, commanded by Fairfax and Skippon, when the royal army was defeated, and Charles fled from the bloody field, leaving 800 killed, 4500 prisoners, besides his artillery, ammunition, and several thousand stand of arms. The battle virtually decided the war.

*Page 314.*—WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.—This sonnet, the first of those which refer to English public affairs, was written in November, 1642, and probably on Saturday, the 12th of that month. The Civil War had then begun, and Milton, already known as a vehement anti-Episcopal pamphleteer and Parliamentarian, was living, with two young nephews whom he was educating, in his house in Aldersgate street, a suburban thoroughfare just beyond one of the city gates of London. After some of the first actions of the war, including the indecisive battle of Edgehill (Oct. 23), the king's army, advancing out of the Midlands, with the king and Prince Rupert present in it, had come as near to London as Hounslow and Brentford, and was threatening a further march to crush the Londoners and the Parliament at once. They were at their nearest on Saturday, the 12th of November; and all that day and the next there was immense excitement in London in expectation of an assault—chains put up across streets, houses barred, etc. It was not till the evening of the 13th that the citizens were reassured by the retreat of the king's army, which had been checked from a closer advance by a rapid march-out of the trained bands under Essex and Skippon. Milton, we are to fancy, had shared the common alarm. His was one of the houses which, if the Cavaliers had been let loose, it would have given them particular pleasure to sack. Knowing this, the only precaution he takes is, half in jest, and yet perhaps with some anxiety, to write a sonnet addressed to the imaginary Royalist captain, colonel, or knight who may command the Aldersgate street sacking-party. "*On his door when ye city expected an assault*" is the original heading of the sonnet in the copy of it, by an amanuensis, among the Cambridge MSS., as if the sonnet had actually been pasted or nailed up on the outside of Milton's door. This title was afterward de-

leted by Milton himself, and the other title substituted in his own hand; but the sonnet appeared without any title at all in the editions of 1645 and 1673.—*Milton*, Masson's edition.

*Page 314.*—ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.—This, the most powerful of Milton's sonnets, was written in 1655, and refers to the persecutions instituted, in the early part of that year, by Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, against his Protestant subjects of the valleys of the Cottian Alps. This Protestant community, half French and half Italian, and known as the Waldenses or Vaudois, were believed to have kept up the tradition of a primitive Christianity from the time of the apostles. There had been various persecutions of them since the Reformation, but that of 1655 surpassed all. By an edict of the duke they were required to part with their property and leave their habitations within twenty days, or else to become Roman Catholics. On their resistance, forces were sent into their valleys, and the most dreadful atrocities followed. Many were butchered, others were taken away in chains, and hundreds of families were driven for refuge to the mountains covered with snow, to live there miserably or perish with cold and hunger. Among the Protestant nations of Europe, and especially in England, the indignation was immediate and violent. Cromwell, who was then Protector, took up the matter with his whole strength. He caused Latin letters, couched in the strongest terms, to be immediately sent, not only to the offending Duke of Savoy, but also to the chief princes and powers of Europe. These letters were drawn up by Milton, and may be read among his Letters of State. An ambassador was also sent to collect information; a Fast Day was appointed; a subscription of £40,000 was raised for the sufferers; and altogether Cromwell's remonstrances were such that, backed as they would have been, if necessary, by armed force, the cruel edict was withdrawn, and a convention made with the Vaudois, allowing them the exercise of their worship. Milton's sonnet is his private and more tremendous expression in verse of the feeling he expressed publicly, in Cromwell's name, in his Latin State Letters.—*Milton*, Masson's edition.

*Page 314.*—THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.—James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was born at Edinburgh in 1612. Having finished his studies in France, after his return to Scotland he served for a time in the Presbyterian army, but subsequently went over to the royalists. He was appointed by Charles I., in 1644, Marquis of Montrose and commander-in-chief of the Scottish forces. He signally defeated the Covenanters at Tippermuir in 1644, also at Inverlochy and at

Kilsyth in 1645; but his army was surprised and totally defeated by General Leslie at Philiphaugh in September, 1645. Montrose soon after went to Germany, where he was received with great distinction by the Austrian emperor and made a marshal of the Empire. Having collected a small but ill-organized force, he returned to Scotland in 1650, but was soon after defeated and taken prisoner. He was executed, without a trial, at Edinburgh, in May, 1650.—*Thomas's Biographical Dictionary*.

*Page 317.*—THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE.—Dundee, enraged at his enemies, and still more at his friends, resolved to retire to the Highlands, and to make preparations for civil war, but with secrecy, for he had been ordered by James to make no public insurrection until assistance should be sent him from Ireland.

Whilst Dundee was in this temper, information was brought him—whether true or false is uncertain—that some of the Covenanters had associated themselves to assassinate him, in revenge for his former severities against their party. He flew to the Convention and demanded justice. The Duke of Hamilton, who wished to get rid of a troublesome adversary, treated his complaint with neglect, and, in order to sting him in the tenderest part, reflected upon that courage which could be alarmed by imaginary dangers. Dundee left the house in a rage, mounted his horse, and with a troop of fifty horsemen, who had deserted to him from his regiment in England, galloped through the city. Being asked by one of his friends, who stopped him, "Where he was going?" he waved his hat, and is reported to have answered, "Wherever the spirit of Montrose shall direct me." In passing under the walls of the Castle, he stopped, scrambled up the precipice at a place difficult and dangerous, and held a conference with the Duke of Gordon at a postern-gate, the marks of which are still to be seen, though the gate itself is built up. Hoping, in vain, to infuse the vigor of his own spirit into the duke, he pressed him to retire with him into the Highlands, raise his vassals there, who were numerous, brave, and faithful, and leave the command of the Castle to Winram, the lieutenant-governor, an officer on whom Dundee could rely. The duke concealed his timidity under the excuse of a soldier. "A soldier," said he, "cannot in honor quit the post that is assigned him." The novelty of the sight drew numbers to the foot of the rock upon which the conference was held. These numbers every minute increased, and, in the end, were mistaken for Dundee's adherents. The Convention was then sitting; news was carried thither that Dundee was at the gates with an army, and had prevailed upon the governor of the Castle to

fire upon the town. The Duke of Hamilton, whose intelligence was better, had the presence of mind, by improving the moment of agitation, to overwhelm the one party, and provoke the other, by their fears. He ordered the doors of the house to be shut, and the keys to be laid on the table before him. He cried out, "That there was danger within as well as without doors: that traitors must be held in confinement until the present danger was over; but that the friends of liberty had nothing to fear, for that thousands were ready to start up in their defence at the stamp of his foot." He ordered the drums to be beat and the trumpets to sound through the city. In an instant vast swarms of those who had been brought into town by him and Sir John Dalrymple from the western counties, and who had been hitherto hid in garrets and cellars, showed themselves in the streets; not, indeed, in the proper habiliments of war, but in arms, and with looks fierce and sullen, as if they felt disdain at their former concealment. This unexpected sight increased the noise and tumult of the town, which grew loudest in the square adjoining the house where the members were confined, and appeared still louder to those who were within, because they were ignorant of the cause from which the tumult arose, and caught contagion from the anxious looks of each other. After some hours the doors were thrown open, and the Whig members, as they went out, were received with acclamations, and those of the opposite party with the threats and curses of a *prepared* populace. Terrified by the prospect of future alarms, many of the adherents of James quitted the Convention and retired to the country; most of them changed sides; only a very few of the most resolute continued their attendance.—*Dalrymple's Memoirs*.

*Page 318.*—THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.—John Graham, Viscount Dundee, was born in 1643. He served in the French army from 1668 to 1672, and next entered the Dutch service as cornet in the Prince of Orange's horse-guards, and is reported to have saved the life of the prince at the battle of Seneffe in 1674. Returning to Scotland, he took a prominent part in the persecution of the Covenanters and in the attempt to force Episcopacy on the people of that country. In 1688, on the eve of the Revolution, he was raised to the peerage by James II. as Viscount Dundee and Lord Graham of Claverhouse. When James was driven from the throne, Dundee remained faithful to the fallen monarch. He was joined by the Jacobite Highland clans and by auxiliaries from Ireland, and raised the standard of rebellion against the government of William and Mary. After various movements in the North, he advanced upon Blair in Athol, and General Mackay, com-

manding the government forces, hastened to meet him. The two armies confronted each other at the Pass of Killiecrankie, July 27, 1689. Mackay's force was about four thousand men; Dundee's, twenty-five hundred foot, with one troop of horse. A few minutes decided the contest. After both armies had exchanged fire, the Highlanders rushed on with their swords, and the enemy instantly scattered and gave way. Mackay lost by death and capture two thousand five hundred men; the victors, nine hundred. Dundee fell by a musket-shot while waving on one of his battalions to advance. He was carried off the field to Urrard House, or Blair Castle, and there expired.

*Page 320.*—*Fontenoy.*—The battle of Fontenoy was fought between the French, under Marshal Saxe, and the English, Dutch, and Austrians, under the Duke of Cumberland, May 11, 1745. The fortunes of war were at first in favor of the French, who were posted on a hill behind Fontenoy, when Cumberland, heading a column of fourteen thousand British and Hanoverian infantry, with fixed bayonets, plunged down the ravine separating the two armies, and gained the hill, carrying everything before him. The day was apparently lost to the French, and Marshal Saxe in vain urged the king to fly. At this critical moment the Irish brigade charged on the English flank, and changed the apparent defeat into a decisive victory.

*Page 322.*—*Lochiel's Warning.*—Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked—the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders by the appellation of the "gentle Lochiel," for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honor overruled his wisdom. Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France and reserve himself and his friends for a more favorable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to his proposal, but answered that he was determined to put all to the hazard. "In a few days," said

he, "I will erect the royal standard, and will proclaim to the people of Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."—*Campbell's Poems*, note.

*Page 326.*—*THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.*—Written on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the command of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden, 1746. It is said that Smollett originally finished the poem in six stanzas, when some one representing that such a diatribe against government might injure his prospects, he sat down and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza.—*Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature.*

*Page 327.*—*LOUIS XV.*—The story of the king's meeting a coffin was in everybody's mouth. No one here had heard it. So Jerome told that the king was fond of asking questions of strangers, and particularly about disease, death, and churchyards, because he thought his gay attendants did not like to hear of such things. One day he was hunting in the forest of Senard when he met a man on horseback carrying a coffin. "Where are you carrying that coffin?" asked the king. "To the village yonder." "Is it for a man or a woman?" "For a man." "What did he die of?" "Of hunger." The king clapped spurs to his horse and rode away.—*The Peasant and the Prince*, by Harriet Martineau.

*Page 328.*—*PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.*—Paul Revere was one of the four engravers in America at the time of the Revolution, and one of the most active participants in the political movements immediately preceding the breaking out of the war. He was prominent in the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, and was sent to Philadelphia and New York to convey the news of that event; and again visited those cities to enlist their sympathy and co-operation when the decree for closing the port of Boston was passed. On the night of April 18th, 1775, Dr. Joseph Warren sent him and William Dawes to Lexington and Concord to give notice of General Gage's intended expedition to destroy the Provincial military stores and cannon at Concord. Dawes went by way of Roxborough to Lexington, while Revere went through Charlestown. After the latter had crossed the Charles River orders were sent from the British head-quarters to arrest him, but, eluding the British sentinels, he rowed across the Charles River

five minutes before the order was received, and galloped through the country to Lexington, arousing the inhabitants as he went along. The two messengers passed through Lexington a little after midnight, and aroused Hancock and Adams, who were lodging at the house of the Rev. Jonas Clark, and then hurried on to Concord. They were afterward taken prisoners, and brought as far as Lexington, but were released in the confusion of the battle.

*Page 330.*—SONG OF MARION'S MEN.—The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting chapter in the annals of the American Revolution. The British troops were so harassed by the irregular and successful warfare which he kept up at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting "like a gentleman and a Christian."—*Notes to Bryan's Poems.*

*Page 330.*—HOHENLINDEN.—During his tour in Germany, Campbell saw a battle from a convent near Ratisbon, and he saw the field of Ingolstadt after a battle. From such experiences he derived his poem on the battle in which the French defeated the Austrians at Hohenlinden on the 3d of December, 1800. Ten thousand Austrians were killed or wounded, and as many were made prisoners.—*Morley's Shorter English Poems.*

*Page 340.*—BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.—In December, 1800, a maritime alliance was formed between Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden in regard to the rights of neutral nations in war. For the purpose of breaking up this confederacy a fleet of 52 sail was sent in March, 1801, to the Baltic under Sir Hyde Parker, Nelson consenting to act as second in command. The squadron passed the Sound on the 30th, and entered the harbor of Copenhagen. To Nelson, at the head of 12 ships of the line and smaller vessels, making 36 in all, was assigned the attack; against him were opposed 18 vessels mounting 628 guns, moored in a line a mile in length and flanked by two batteries. The action began about 10 A. M., April 2, and lasted five hours. About 1 o'clock Sir Hyde Parker made the signal for discontinuing. Nelson ordered it to be acknowledged, but, putting the glass to his blind eye, exclaimed, "I really don't see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle still flying. That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast." By 2 o'clock, the Danish fleet being almost entirely taken or destroyed, he wrote to the crown prince the following note: "Vice-Admiral Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which cov-

ered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English." An armistice of fourteen weeks was agreed to, and in the mean time the accession of Alexander to the throne of Russia broke up the confederacy and left matters on their old footing. For this battle, which Nelson said was the most terrible of all in which he had ever been engaged, he was raised to the rank of viscount.—*Appleton's Cyclopædia.*

*Page 344.*—CASABIANCA.—Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel when the flames had reached the powder.—*Heman's Poems.*

*Page 344.*—THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.—At the terrible fight of Buena Vista, Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

*Page 346.*—MARCO BOZZARIS.—Marco Bozzaris was one of the bravest and best of the modern Greek chieftains. He fell in a night-attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory.—*Halleck's Poems.*

*Page 347.*—ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.—During the revolutionary movements of 1848, Venice in March revolted against the Austrian rule and proclaimed the restoration of the republic: but after enduring a long siege and a terrible bombardment, she capitulated on August 23, 1849, and on the 30th Radetzky entered the city, which was not released from the state of siege until May 1, 1854.—*Appleton's Cyclopædia.*

*Page 347.*—THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.—"On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we pre-

pared day and night. I had gone out to try to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her.

"At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the ploughing.' She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she clasped my hand, drew me toward her and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin'; it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! we're saved!' Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utter bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'! Here's help at last!'

"To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line, 'Will ye no believe it noo! The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear? d'ye hear?' At this moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact.

"That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers. No; it was indeed the

blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the queen!' they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears: 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' etc. After this nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remembered what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld lang syne.'—*Letter to the London Times.*

*Page 348.*—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—The battle of Balaklava was fought October, 1854, between the allied English, French, and Turkish forces, under Lord Raglan, Omar Pacha, and Marshal St. Arnaud, and the Russian armies; the fighting being principally by the English and Russians. The brilliant but useless charge of the Light Brigade has made this battle famous in song and story, but it really did little toward deciding the result.

*Page 349.*—ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.—In the fall of 1861 "All Quiet along the Potomac" was the familiar heading of all war-despatches. So when this poem appeared in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*, Nov. 30th, it was quickly republished in almost every journal in the land. As it bore only the initials E. B., the poem soon became a nameless waif, and was attributed to various pens.

The *London Times* copied it as having been written by a Confederate soldier and found in his pocket after death. (It seems to have been a dangerous thing to copy it, as it has so often been found in dead men's pockets.) An American paper quoted it, saying that it was written by a private soldier in the United States service, and sent home to his wife. This statement was met by another, asserting that it was written by Fitz-James O'Brien. As the soul of that true poet and gallant soldier had gone out through a ragged battle-rift won at Ball's Bluff, this was uncontradicted until an editorial paragraph appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, July 4th, 1863, saying it had been written for that paper by a lady contributor.

It appeared in a volume of *War-Poetry of the*

*South*, edited by Wm. Gilmore Sims, as a Southern production, and was set to music by a Richmond music-publisher in 1864, with "Words by Lamar Fontaine" on its title-page. A soldier-cousin, who went with Sherman to the sea, found in a deserted printing-office at Fayetteville a paper containing a two-column article on the poem, with all the circumstances under which "Lamar Fontaine composed it while on picket-duty."

It appeared in the earlier editions of *Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song* over Mrs. Howland's name, which was afterward corrected by Mr. Bryant.

I have been at some pains to gather up these dates and names as one of the curiosities of newspaper-waif life. To those who know me, my simple assertion that I wrote the poem is sufficient, but to set right any who may care to know, I refer to the columns of the old ledger at Harper's, on whose pages I saw but the other day the business form of acceptance of, and payment for, "The Picket-Guard," among other contributions.

Fortunately, I have two credible witnesses to the time and circumstances of its writing. A lovely lady sitting opposite me at the boarding-house table looked up from her morning paper at breakfast-time to say, "All quiet along the Potomac, as usual," and I, taking up the next line, answered back, "Except a poor picket shot." After breakfast it still haunted me, and with my paper across the end of my sewing-machine I wrote the whole poem before noon, making but one change in copying it, reading it aloud to ask a boy's judgment in reference to two different endings, and adopting the one he chose. Nothing was ever more vivid or real to me than the pictures I had conjured up of the picket's lonely walk and swift summons, or the waiting wife and children. A short sojourn in Washington had made me quite familiar with the routine of war-time and soldier-life. The popularity of the poem was perhaps due more to the pathos of the subject than to any inherent quality.—*Note to Collected Edition of Mrs. Bevers' Poems.*

*Page 350.—BARBARA FRIETCHIE.*—"My attention has been called to an article in the June number of the *Century* in which the writer, referring to the poem on Barbara Frietchie, says: 'The story will perhaps live, as Mr. Whittier has boasted, until it gets beyond the reach of correction.' Those who know me will bear witness that I am not in the habit of boasting of anything whatever, least of all of congratulating myself upon a doubtful statement outliving the possibility of correction. I certainly made no 'boast' of the kind imputed to me. The poem of 'Barbara Frietchie' was written in good faith. The story was no invention of mine. It came to me from sources which

I regarded as entirely reliable; it had been published in newspapers and had gained public credence in Washington and Maryland before my poem was written. I had no reason to doubt its accuracy then, and I am still constrained to believe that it had foundation in fact. If I thought otherwise, I should not hesitate to express it. I have no pride of authorship to interfere with my allegiance to truth."—*John G. Whittier.*

*Page 353.—THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.*—This song was composed under the following circumstances: A gentleman had left Baltimore with a flag of truce for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his, who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag-vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate; and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, which the admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day, with anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb-shells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the flag of his country.—*McCurt's National Songs.*

*Page 359.—PIBROCH OF DONUILL DHU.*—This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan MacDonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own.—*Scott's Poems, Abbotsford ed.*

*Page 362.—THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.*—Tara, or Tarah, was from the earliest times the capital of Ireland. Each province appears to have had its own king, but he was subject to the monarch who ruled in person over the central district of Meath and resided at Tarah. There is now preserved in the old museum of Trinity College, at Dublin, an old harp which is said to have been owned by one of these old monarchs of Ireland at Tara. It is made of willow and oak, and ornamented with brass and silver and various carvings. Only one of its twenty-eight strings remains. The following history is told of it: It was at one time the property of Brian Borumha or Brien Boromha, monarch of Ireland, about the year A. D. 1000. After his death, at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014, it was presented by his son to the pope. After remaining in the Vatican



for several centuries it was given by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII. of England, who transmitted it to the first earl of Clanricarde. It passed from the possession of one family to that of another, until at the end of the last century the marquis of Conyngham gave it to the museum of Trinity College, where it now can be seen.—*Literary World, Boston.*

*Page 369.*—SIR PATRICK SPENS.—The name of Sir Patrick Spens is not mentioned in history, but I am able to state that tradition has preserved it. In the little island of Papa Stronsay, one of the Orcadian group, lying over against Norway, there is a large grave, or *tumulus*, which has been known to the inhabitants, from time immemorial, as "the grave of Sir Patrick Spens." . . . The people know nothing beyond the traditional appellation of the spot, and they have no legend to tell. Spens is a Scottish, not a Scandinavian name. Is it, then, a forced conjecture that the shipwreck took place off the iron-bound coast of the northern islands, which did not then belong to the crown of Scotland?—*Aytoun (Noted Names of Fiction).*

*Page 374.*—HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS.—The following is an extract from a private note of Robert Browning, dated London, Jan. 23, 1881: "There is no sort of historical foundation for the poem about 'Good News to Ghent.' I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel, off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse 'York,' then in my stable at home. It was written in pencil on the fly-leaf of Bartoli's *Simboli*, I remember."—*Literary World, Boston.*

*Page 376.*—THE WANDERING JEW.—The story of the "Wandering Jew" is of considerable antiquity. It had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Matthew Paris; for in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who, being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, etc. Among the rest, a monk who sat near him inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of, who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive, in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered that the fact was true; and afterward one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French "that his lord knew the person they spoke of very well; that he had dined

at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus, who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster! why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching and dispersion, and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when the Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the "Wandering Jew," whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible*. See also *The Turkish Spy*, vol. ii., book 3, let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one who appeared at Hamburg in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion. The ballad, however, seems to be of a later date.—*Percy's Reliques.*

*Page 377.*—THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.—Eugene Aram, the son of a poor gardener, but who by the most indefatigable industry and unswerving perseverance in the face of the greatest difficulties had won for himself the reputation of extensive scholarship, was a schoolmaster in Knaresborough. In 1745 he was implicated in a robbery committed by Daniel Clark, a shoemaker of that place, but was acquitted for want of evidence. Nevertheless, he left Knaresborough and went to London, while at the same time Clark mysteriously disappeared. Nothing was known of the matter until February, 1750, nearly fourteen years afterward, when a skeleton was dug up near Knaresborough which was suspected to be that of the shoemaker. At the time of this discovery Aram was an usher at an academy in Lynn, pursuing his favorite studies of heraldry, botany, the Chaldee, Arabic, Welsh, and Irish languages, and was just engaged in compiling a comparative lexicon of the English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Celtic languages, when he was suddenly arrested on the charge of murder. At the

trial he conducted his own defence with wonderful ability and ingenuity, but the evidence of his crime was overwhelming, and he was found guilty. After his condemnation he confessed his guilt and attempted to commit suicide, but was discovered before he had led to death, and expiated his crime on the gallows.

*Page 380. — Incheape Rock.* — An old writer mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. "By east the Isle of May," says he, "twelve milos from all land, in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Incheape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported, in old times upon the saide rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea-pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgment of God." — *Stoddart's Remarks on Scotland.*

*Page 381. — CUMNOR HALL.* — The death of Lord Dudley's deserted wife at this critical juncture, under peculiarly suspicious circumstances, gave rise to dark rumors that she had been put out of the way to enable him to accept the willing hand of a royal bride. Several days before the tragedy was perpetrated at Cumnor Hall, it had been reported in the court that she was very ill and not expected to recover, although at that time in perfect health. The Spanish ambassador, De Quadra, writes to the Duchess of Parma: "The queen, on her return from hunting, told me that Lord Robert's wife was dead, or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it. Assuredly it is a matter full of shame and infamy. Since this was written," His Excellency adds, "the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly." The queen said in Italian, "She had broken her neck; she was found dead at the foot of a staircase at Cumnor Hall." There was certainly a great lack of feminine feeling in the brief, hard terms in which Elizabeth announced the tragic fate of the unfortunate lady, from whom she had alienated a husband's love. Lever, one of the popular preachers of the day, wrote to Cecil, "that the country was full of dangerous suspicion and muttering of the death of her that was Lord Robert Dudley's wife, and entreated that there might be an earnest investigation, with punishment if any were found guilty; for if the matter were hushed up or passed over, the displeasure of God, the dishonor of the queen, and the danger of the whole realm were to be feared." Lord Robert caused a coroner's inquest to sit on the body of his deceased wife, but we detect him in

correspondence with the foreman of the jury; and, although a verdict of accidental death was returned, Lord Robert continued to be burdened with the suspicion of having contrived the murder, or, to use Cecil's more expressive words, "was infamed by the death of his wife." Throckmorton, the English ambassador at Paris, was so thoroughly mortified at the light in which this affair was regarded on the Continent that he wrote to Cecil: "The bruits be so brim, and so maliciously reported here, touching the marriage of the Lord Robert and the death of his wife, that I know not where to turn me nor what countenance to bear." — *Strickland's Queens of England.*

*Page 383. — THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.* — This ballad was first published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; but other versions of it were previously in circulation, and it is stated by Sir Walter Scott to have been "a very great favorite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest," where it is universally believed to be founded on fact. Sir Walter, indeed, "found it easy to collect a variety of copies;" and from them he collated the present edition — avowedly for the purpose of "suiting the tastes of these more light and giddy-paced times." A copy is contained in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*; another in Buchan's *Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*; it no doubt originated the popular composition beginning —

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,"

by Hamilton of Bangour, first published in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and suggested the ballad "The Braes of Yarrow," by the Rev. John Logan. In Herd's *Collection*, in Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, and in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* are to be found fragments of another ballad, entitled "Willie's drowned in Yarrow," of which this is the concluding stanza:

"She sought him east, she sought him west,  
She sought him braid and narrow;  
Syne in the cleaving of a craig,  
She found him drowned in Yarrow."

Indeed, "Yarrow stream" has been a fertile source of poetry, and seems to have inspired the poets; the very sound is seductive: and, as Mr. Buchan remarks, "All who have attempted to sing its praise or celebrate the actions of those who have been its visitors have almost universally succeeded in their attempts."

That the several versions of the story scattered among the people and preserved by them in some form or other had one common origin there can be little doubt. "Tradition," according to Sir Walter Scott, "places the event recorded in the song very early, and it is probable

the ballad was composed soon afterward, although the language has been modernized in the course of its transmission to us through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition." "The hero of the ballad," he adds, "was a knight of great bravery, called Scott;," and he believes it refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, betwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlstane, in which the latter was slain. Annan's Treat is a low muir on the banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected about eighty yards distant from each other, and the least child, that can herd a cow, will tell the passenger that there lie "the two lords who were slain in single combat." Sir Walter also informs us that, according to tradition, the murderer was the brother of either the wife or the betrothed bride of the murdered, and that the alleged cause of quarrel was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, hence the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat.—*Percy's Reliques*.

Page 389.—HARTLEAP WELL.—Hartleap Well is a small spring of water about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second part of the following poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.—*Wordsworth*, 8vo ed.

Page 395.—KATHARINE JANFARIE.—Of this ballad—first published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*—the editor informs us that it is "given from several recited copies." It has obviously undergone some alteration, yet much of the rugged character of the original has been retained. The scenery of the ballad is said by tradition to lie upon the banks of the Caddenwater, "a small rill which joins the Tweed (from the north) betwixt Inverleithen and Clovenford." It is also traditionally stated that Katharine Janfarie "lived high up in the glen"—a beautiful and sequestered vale connected with Traquair, and situated about three miles above Traquair House. The recited copies, from which it is probable Sir Walter Scott collected the verses he has here brought together, exist in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, and in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*. It derives interest and importance, however, less from its intrinsic merit than from the circumstance of its having given to Scott the hint upon which he founded one of the most brilliant and spirit-stirring of his com-

positions—the famous and favorite ballad of "Young Lochinvar."—*Percy's Reliques*.

Page 397.—O'CONNOR'S CHILD.—The poem of "O'Connor's Child" is an exquisitely finished and pathetic tale. The rugged and ferocious features of ancient feudal manners and family pride are there displayed in connection with female suffering, love, and beauty, and with the romantic and warlike coloring suited to the country and times. It is full of antique grace and passionate energy—the mingled light and gloom of the wild Celtic character.—*Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*.

Page 400.—PRISONER OF CHILLON.—François de Bonnavard was born in Seyssel, in the department of Ain, in 1496. Having adopted republican opinions, he took sides with the Genevese against Duke Charles III. of Savoy; but he had the misfortune in 1530 to fall into the power of the latter, who confined him six years in the castle of Chillon. The Château de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of the Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of eight hundred feet (French measure); within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early Reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and fettered; in the pavement the steps of Bonnavard have left their traces.

Page 404.—FAIR HELEN.—The story upon which this ballad is founded is thus related in the first edition of the *Statistics of Scotland*: "In the burial-ground of Kirkconnell are still to be seen the tombstones of Fair Helen and her favorite lover, Adam Fleeming. She was a daughter of the family of Kirkconnell, and fell a victim to the jealousy of a lover. Being courted by two young gentlemen at the same time, the one of whom, thinking himself slighted, vowed to sacrifice the other to his resentment when he again discovered him in her company. An opportunity soon presented itself when the faithful pair, walking along the romantic banks of the Kirtle, were discovered from the opposite banks by the assassin. Helen, perceiving him lurking among the bushes, and dreading the fatal resolution, rushed to her lover's bosom to rescue him from the danger, and thus receiving the wound intended for another, sank and expired in her favorite's arms. He immedi-

ately avenged her death and slew her murderer. The inconsolable Adam Fleeming, now sinking under the pressure of grief, went abroad and served under the banners of Spain against the infidels. The impression, however, was too strong to be obliterated. The image of woe attended him thither, and the pleasing remembrance of the tender scenes that were past, with the melancholy reflection that they could never return, harassed his soul and deprived his mind of repose. He soon returned, and stretching himself on her grave, expired, and was buried by her side. Upon the tombstone are engraven a sword and cross, with 'Hic jacet Adamus Fleeming.'—*Burns's Works*, Blackie and Son's edition.

*Page 411.*—GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.—It hapned in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho, surnamed the Great was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto in the time of this great famine afore-mentioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a Barne, and, like a most accursed and merciless caitiffe, burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelat to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars, that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks quarrel, did not long suffer this hainous tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the Prelate, thinking he should be secure from the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the towne, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troupes of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those sillie creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they soraped and knawed out his very name from the walls and tapistry

wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the Mice is shewn to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious Prelate, being situate in a little green Island in the midst of the Rhine near to the towne of Bingen, and is commonly called in the German Tongue the Mowse-turn.—*Coryat's Crudities*.

*Page 418.*—THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.—Moore's "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," written at Norfolk, in Virginia, is founded on the following legend: "A young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterward heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the *Dismal Swamp*, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger or had been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—*Frederick Saunders's Festival of Song*.

*Page 427.*—THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.—A thousand years and more ago a good monk named St. Botolph founded a church in what is now Lincolnshire, on the river Lindis and near the sea. The town which grew up around this old church came to be called "Botolph's Town," afterward contracted into "Boston." Here the Rev. John Cotton was vicar of the parish church before he came to New England, two hundred and fifty years ago, and hence came the name for the new town which sprang up on Massachusetts Bay. In old Boston, too, was born Jean Ingelow, the sweet English poetess, under the very shadows of the tall square tower of Boston church, which is a most conspicuous landmark for miles around over the fens and flat lands of Lincolnshire. "We had a lofty nursery," she says, "with a bow-window that overlooked the river. My brother and I were constantly wondering at this river. The coming up of the tides and the ships, and the jolly gangs of tow-ers dragging them on with a monotonous song, made a daily delight for us." One of the stories of olden times which Jean Ingelow learned in these childhood days was that of a memorable high tide which invaded the river and adjacent country in 1571, a 'stolen tyde,' as it was called—a tide, namely, which was not the result of storm, but rose in calm weather and stole inland without warning. In this instance the bells of Boston church-tower rang out a peal known as 'The Brides of Enderby,' the signal of danger. The tide swept up with fearful volume and rapidity, and created a tragic devastation the memory of which is one of old Boston's heritages."—*Literary World*.

*Page 419.*—BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.—There are several versions of this popular ballad, and

we have chosen the one adopted by Mr. Allingham in his *Ballad Book*. Allingham says: "No doubt, however, those who have been bred up, as it were, in a particular form of a ballad will be apt, at least at first, to dislike any other form. One who has had impressed upon his youthful mind—

'It was in or about the Martinmas time,  
When the green leaves were a-fallin',  
That Sir John Graeme in the west countrie  
Fell in love with Barbara Allen.'

may very likely be ill-content to find name of person and season of year altered, as they are in this equally authentic version. But let him not, therefore, fall foul of the editor, who was bound to choose without prejudice between Autumn and Spring, *Jemmy Grove* and *Sir John*."

*Page 419.—LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.*—This fragment, obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a Border freebooter hanged over the gate of his own tower by James V. in the course of that memorable expedition in 1529 which was fatal to Johnie Armstrong, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders. —*Sir Walter Scott*.

*Page 522.—LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.*—The Mermaid Tavern was the resort of Ben Jonson and his literary friends, members of a club established by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1603, and numbering among them Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Donne, Selden, and the noblest names in English authorship. Truly might Beaumont, in his poetical epistle to Jonson, exclaim—  
"What things have seen

Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have  
been

So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whom they came  
Had mean'd to put his whole wit in a jest!"

—*Chambers's Book of Days*.

*Page 531.—ALNWICK CASTLE.*—Alnwick Castle is one of the finest in England. It is built of freestone, in the Gothic style, and covers five acres of ground, and was restored in 1830 at an outlay of \$1,000,000. It belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, a descendant of the Percys so famed in ancient ballads, and especially for their feuds with their neighbors on the other side of the border, the noble Douglasses.

*Page 532.—HELVELLYN.*—In the spring of 1805 a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterward, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary ram-

bles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.—*Scott's Poems*.

*Page 535.—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*—"The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.—*Moore's Works*, 8vo.

*Page 539.—THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.*—"It was on this journey (*i. e.* their wedding-journey) that, passing through Springfield, they visited the arsenal. While Mr. Sumner was endeavoring to impress upon the attendant that the money expended upon these weapons of war would have been much better spent upon a great library, Mrs. Longfellow pleased her husband by remarking how like an organ looked the ranged and shining gun-barrels, which covered the walls from floor to ceiling, and suggesting what mournful music Death would bring from them. 'We grew quite warlike against war,' she wrote, 'and I urged H. to write a peace-poem.' From this hint came 'The Arsenal at Springfield,' written some months later."—*Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, by Samuel Longfellow.

*Page 543.—ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.*—This magnificent ode, called by Hallam "perhaps the finest in the English language," was composed, as we learn from Milton's own heading of it in the edition of 1645, in the year 1629. Milton was then twenty-one years of age, in the sixth academic year at Cambridge, and a B. A. of a year's standing. There is an interesting allusion to the ode by Milton himself, when he was in the act of composing it, in the sixth of his Latin elegies. In that elegy, addressed to his friend Charles Diodati, residing in the country, in answer to a friendly epistle which Diodati had sent to him on the 13th of December, 1629, there is a distinct description of the "Ode on the Nativity" as then finished, or nearly so, and ready to be shown to Diodati, together with the express information that it was begun on Christmas Day, 1629.—*Milton*, Masson's ed.

*Page 569.—EMIGRANTS IN THE BERMUDAS.*—Representative government was introduced into the Bermudas in 1620, and in 1621 the Bermuda Company of London issued a sort of charter to the colony, including rights and liberties—among them liberty of worship—that attracted many of those English emigrants whose feeling Marvell has here fashioned into song.—*Morley's Shorter Poems of the English Language*.

*Page 570.—REBECCA'S HYMN.*—It was in the twilight of the day when her trial—if it could be called such—had taken place, that a low knock

was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison-chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in the evening prayer recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn which we have ventured thus to translate into English.—*Ivanhoe*.

**Page 613.—I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.**—This hymn was written without the remotest idea that any portion of it would ever be employed in the devotions of the Church. Whatever service it has done in that way is owing to the late Bishop of Pennsylvania, then the rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, who made the selection of verses out of the whole which constitutes the present hymn, and offered it to the Committee on Hymns appointed by the General Convention of —. The hymn was at first rejected by the committee, of which the unknown author was a member, who, upon a satirical criticism being made upon it, earnestly voted against its adoption. It was admitted on the importunate application of Dr. Onderdonk to the bishops on the committee.—*Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature*.

**Page 638.—HIS LAST VERSES.**—Clare died in the county lunatic asylum at Northampton, England. His life was one continuous struggle with abject poverty and its too often accompanying vices, and in this poem, composed in the few lucid intervals of his last sickness, he sadly sums up the result.

**Page 650.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.**—As he was floating down the river to attack Quebec, General Wolfe read the "Elegy" in low tones to his officers, and upon its conclusion said: "I had rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec"—a remark which has perhaps done as much to perpetuate Wolfe's name as the capture of Quebec, great as that achievement was.

**Page 657.—STANZAS.**—These beautiful lines were composed by Hood on his death-bed.

**Page 675.—THE LIE.**—This celebrated poem has been attributed to Joshua Sylvester. In a note of Mr. Peter Cunningham's to his edition of Campbell's *Lives of the Poets*, referring to the passage in which Campbell says, "We would willingly ascribe the 'Soul's Errand' to him (Raleigh)," we read, "'The Lie' is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh in an answer to it written at the time, and recently discovered in the Cheetham Library at Manchester. That it was written by Raleigh is now almost past a doubt."—*Bellew's Poets' Corner*.

**Page 676.—ARMSTRONG'S GOOD-NIGHT.**—These verses are said to have been composed by one of the Armstrongs, executed for the murder of Sir

John Carmichael of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marches. Whether these are the original words will admit of a doubt.—*Sir Walter Scott*

This is one of the songs which so touched Goldsmith in his youth that nothing he heard sung in after years had an equal charm for him. "The music of the finest singer," he wrote in the *Bee*, October 13, 1759, "is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night' or the 'Cruelty of Barbara Allen';" and in a letter to his Irish friend Hodson, December 27, 1757, he says: "If I go to the opera where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for 'Lishoy's Fireside' and 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night,' from Peggy Golden."—*Mary Carlyle Aitken*.

**Page 692.—THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.**—The whole of the sixteenth century was marked by important changes of every kind—political, religious, and social. The wars with France and the internal contests of the Roses were over, and the energy of the nation was directed to new objects. Trade and commerce were extended; fresh sources of wealth were developed; and new classes of society sprang up into importance whose riches enabled them to outvie the old landed gentry, but who had few of their hereditary tastes and habits. Hence the innovation of old customs and the decay of ancient manners to which the gentry themselves were compelled to conform. This old song, which is printed in the *Percy Reliques* from an ancient black-letter copy in the *Pepys Collection*, is a lament over the changes which had taken place in the early part of the seventeenth century, as compared with the days of Queen Elizabeth.—*Knight's Half Hours with the Best Authors*.

**Page 697.—BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.**—The battle of Blenheim or Hochstadt was fought August 13, 1704, between the English and Austrians, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French and Bavarians, under Marshal Tallard, Marson, and the Elector of Bavaria. The latter army, being badly handled and huddled together in the village of Blenheim, was suddenly attacked by Marlborough and completely defeated, losing 30,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Marlborough's loss was but 11,000. This victory completely shattered the French prestige which Louis XIV. had struggled so hard to obtain.

**Page 718.—LINES WRITTEN BY ONE IN THE TOWER.**—Chidock Tychborn shared in Babington's conspiracy, and was executed with him in 1586. (For a fuller account see Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.)

Page 732.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST.—St. Cecilia is said to have been a Roman lady born about A. D. 295, bred in the Christian faith, and married to a Pagan nobleman, Valerianus. She told her husband that she was visited nightly by an angel, whom he was allowed to see after his own conversion. The celestial youth had brought from paradise two wreaths, which he gave to them. One was of the lilies of heaven, the other of its roses. They both suffered martyrdom at the beginning of the third century, in the reign of Septimius Severus. The angel by whom Cecilia was visited is referred to in the closing lines of Dryden's "Ode," coupled with a tradition that he had been drawn down to her from heaven by her melodies. In the earliest traditions of Cecilia there is no mention of her skill in music. This part of her story seems to have been developed by a little play of fancy over her relations with the angel, and the great Italian painters—Raffaello, Domenichino, and others—fixed her position as the patron saint of music by representing her always with symbols of harmony, a harp or organ-pipes. Then came the suggestion adopted in Dryden's "Ode," that the organ was invented by St. Cecilia. The practice of holding musical festivals on St. Cecilia's Day, the 22d of November, began to prevail in England at the close of the seventeenth century. The earliest piece composed for such a meeting was produced in 1683, and was by Henry Purcell. From that date to about 1740 there was an annual Cecilian festival in London, and the fashion spread into the provinces.—*Morley's Shorter Poems.*

Page 733.—A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.—I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavorable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all such difficulties.

Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air to which I adapted these stanzas appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins—

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré  
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés;

and the refrain to every verse was—

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,  
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings

that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.—*Moore's Poems*, note.

Page 754.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—Lissoy, near Ballymahon, where the poet's brother, a clergyman, had his living, claims the honor of being the spot from which the localities of "The Deserted Village" were derived. The church which tops the neighboring hill, the mill, and the brook, are still pointed out; and a hawthorn has suffered the penalty of poetical celebrity, being cut to pieces by those admirers of the bard who desired to have classical toothpick-cases and tobacco-stoppers. Much of this supposed locality may be fanciful, but it is a pleasing tribute to the poet in the land of his fathers.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Page 783.—EXCELSIOR.—"I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem *Excelsior*, and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display in a series of pictures the life of a man, a genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is 'Excelsior'—'higher.' He passes through the Alpine village—through the rough, cold paths of the world—where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is in an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glaciers—his fate—before him. He disregards the warning of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayers mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes without having reached the perfection he longed for, and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward."—*Letter from the author to Mr. C. K. Tuckerman.*

Page 785.—INDIAN REVELRY.—This remarkable poem appeared originally, it is believed, in the *St. Helena Magazine*, and was afterward copied in the *London Spectator* and other journals. It relates to the early service of English

officers in India when the army was mowed down by pestilence. When Macaulay's account of the effects of smallpox in England is remembered, as it describes the separation of brothers, sisters, and lovers, it will be seen that this poem gives with wonderful effect what is far nobler, however painful—the very poetry of military despair, but still the dying together of brothers in arms.

*Page 785.—TITHONUS.*—Tithonus was a beautiful Trojan, beloved by Aurora. He begged the goddess to grant him immortality, which request she granted; but as he had forgotten to ask for youth and vigor, he soon grew old, infirm, and ugly. When life became insupportable, he prayed Aurora to remove him from the world; this, however, she could not do, but she changed him into a grasshopper.—*Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

*Page 799.—THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.*—The stealing of Miss Belle Fermor's hair (by Lord Petre) was taken too seriously, and caused an estrangement between the two families, though they had lived so long in great friendship before. A common acquaintance and well-wisher to both desired me to write a poem, to make a jest of it and laugh them together again. It was with this view that I wrote "The Rape of the Lock," which was well received, and had its effect in the two families. Nobody but Sir George Brown was angry, and he was a good deal so, and for a long time. He could not bear that Sir Plume should talk nothing but nonsense. The machinery was added afterward.—*Pope's Letter to Spence.*

*Page 814.—THE CULPRIT FAY.*—This exquisite poem was composed hastily among the highlands of the Hudson in the summer of 1810. The author was walking with some friends on a warm moonlight evening, when one of the party remarked that it would be difficult to write a faery poem, purely imaginative, without the aid of human characters. The party was reassembled two or three days afterward, and "The Culprit Fay" was read to them, nearly as it is now printed.—*Introduction to the "Culprit Fay."*

*Page 822.—COMUS.*—"Comus" was presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales. This drama was founded on an actual occurrence. The Earl of Bridgewater then resided at Ludlow Castle; his sons, Lord Brackley and Mr. Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, his daughter, passing through Raywood Forest in Herefordshire, on their way to Ludlow, were benighted, and the lady was for a short time lost. This accident being related to their father upon their arrival at his castle, Milton—at the request of his friend, Henry Lawes the musician, who taught music in the family—wrote

the masque. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas Night, 1634, the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes himself, bearing each a part in the representation.

*Page 837.—KILMENY.*—Besides the old tradition on which this ballad is founded, there are some modern incidents of a similar nature which cannot well be accounted for, yet are as well attested as any occurrence that has taken place in the present age. The relation may be amusing to some readers:

A man in the parish of Traquair and county of Peebles was busied one day casting turf in a large open field opposite the mansion-house—the spot is well known, and is still pointed out as rather unsafe; his daughter, a child seven years of age, was playing beside him and amusing him with her prattle. Chancing to ask a question of her, he was surprised at receiving no answer, and, looking behind him, he perceived that his child was not there. He always averred that, as far as he could remember, she had been talking to him about half a minute before; he was certain it was not above a whole one at most. It was in vain that he ran searching all about like one distracted, calling her name; no trace of her remained. He went home in a state of mind that may be better conceived than expressed, and raised the people of the parish, who searched for her several days with the same success. Every pool in the river, every bush and den on the mountains around, was searched in vain. It was remarked that the father never much encouraged the search, being thoroughly persuaded that she had been carried away by some invisible being, else she could not have vanished so suddenly. As a last resource, he applied to the minister of Inverleithen, a neighboring divine of exemplary piety and zeal in religious matters, who enjoined him to cause prayers to be offered to God for her in several Christian churches next Sabbath at the same instant of time; "And then," said he, "if she is dead, God will forgive our sin in praying for the dead, as we do it through ignorance; and if she is still alive, I will answer for it that all the devils in hell shall be unable to keep her." The injunction was punctually attended to. She was remembered in the prayers of all the neighboring congregations next Sunday at the same hour, and never were there such prayers for fervor heard before. There was one clergyman in particular Mr. Davidson, who prayed in such a manner that all the hearers trembled. As the old divine foreboded, so it fell out. On that very day, and within an hour of the time on which these prayers were offered, the girl was found in the Flora wood sitting picking the bark from a tree. She could give no perfect account of the circumstances which



had befallen to her, but she said she did not want plenty of meat, for that her mother came and fed her with milk and bread several times a day, and sung her to sleep at night. Her skin had acquired a bluish cast, which gradually wore off in the course of a few weeks. Her name was Jane Brown; she lived to a very advanced age, and was known to many still alive. Every circumstance of this story is truth, if the father's report of the suddenness of her disappearance may be relied on.

Another circumstance, though it happened still later, is not less remarkable. A shepherd of Tushilaw, in the parish of Ettrick, whose name was Walter Dalgleish, went out to the heights of that farm one Sabbath morning to herd the young sheep of his son and let him go to church. He took his own dinner along with him, and his son's breakfast. When the sermon was over, the lad went straight home, and did not return to his father. Night came, but nothing of the old shepherd appeared. When it grew very late his dog came home—seemed terrified, and refused to take any meat. The family were ill at ease during the night, especially as they had never known his dog leave him before; and early next morning the lad arose and went to the height to look after his father and his flock. He found his sheep all scattered, and his father's dinner unbroken, lying on the same spot where they had parted the day before. At the distance of twenty yards from the spot the plaid which the old man wore was lying as if it had been flung from him, and a little farther on, in the same direction, his bonnet was found, but nothing of himself. The country people, as on all such occasions, rose in great numbers and searched for him many days. My father and several old men still alive were of the party. He could not be found or heard of, neither dead nor alive, and at length they gave up all thoughts of ever seeing him more. On the twentieth day after his disappearance, a shepherd's wife, at a place called Berrybush, came in as the family were sitting down to dinner and said that if it were possible to believe that Walter Dalgleish was still in existence, she would say yonder was he coming down the hill. They all ran out to watch the phenomenon, and as the person approached nigher they perceived that it was actually he, walking without his plaid and his bonnet. The place where he was first descried is not a mile distant from that where he was last seen, and there is neither brake, bog, nor bush. When he came into the house he shook hands with them all—asked for his family, and spoke as if he had been absent for years, and as if convinced something had befallen them. As they perceived something singular in his looks and manner, they unfortunately forbore asking him any questions

at first, but desired him to sit and share their dinner. This he readily complied with, and began to sup some broth with seeming eagerness. He had only taken one or two spoonfuls when he suddenly stopped, a kind of rattling sound was heard in his breast, and he sank back in a faint. They put him to bed, and from that time forth he never spoke another word that any person could make sense of. He was removed to his own home, where he lingered a few weeks and died. What befell him remains to this day a mystery, and for ever must.—*Hogg's Poems.*

Page 845.—CHRISTABEL.—Coleridge's friend, Mr. Gilman, with whom he spent much of the latter part of his life, and who began his biography, tells us that "the following relation was to have occupied a third and fourth canto, and to have closed the tale: 'Over the mountains the Bard, as directed by Sir Leoline, hastes with his disciple, but in consequence of one of those inundations supposed to be common to this country, the spot only where the castle once stood is discovered, the edifice being washed away. He determines to return. Geraldine, being acquainted with all that is passing, like the Weird Sisters in *Macbeth*, vanishes. Reappearing, however, she waits the return of the Bard, exciting, in the mean time, by her wily arts, all the anger she could rouse in the baron's breast, as well as that jealousy of which he is described to have been susceptible. The old Bard and the youth at length arrive, and therefore she can no longer personate the character of Geraldine, the daughter of Lord Roland de Vaux, but changes her appearance to that of the accepted, though absent, lover of Christabel. Next ensues a courtship most distressing to Christabel, who feels—she knows not why—great disgust for her once-favored knight. This coldness is very painful to the baron, who has no more conception than herself of the supernatural transformation. She at last yields to her father's entreaties, and consents to approach the altar with this hated suitor. The real lover, returning, enters at this moment, and produces the ring which she had once given him in sign of her betrothment. Thus defeated, the supernatural being, Geraldine, disappears. As predicted, the castle-bell tolls, the mother's voice is heard, and, to the exceeding great joy of the parties, the rightful marriage takes place, after which follow a reconciliation and explanation between the father and daughter.'"—*Morley's Shorter Poems.*

Page 852.—KUBLA KHAN.—In the summer of the year 1797 the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight in-

disposition, an anodyne had been proscribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purkeas's Pilgrimage*: "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines, if that, indeed, can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but alas! without the after-restoration of the latter.—*Coleridge's Poems*.

Page 855.—THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.—The story of the Pied Piper—that first by his pipe gathered together all the rats and mice and drowned them in the river, and afterward, being defrauded of his reward, which the town promised him if he could deliver them from the plague of those vermin, took his opportunity and by the same pipe made the children of the town follow him, and leading them into a hill that opened, buried them there all alive—has so evident proof of it in the town of Hameln where it was done, that it ought not at all to be discredited. For the fact is very religiously kept among their ancient records, painted out also in their church-windows, and is an epoch joined with the year of our Lord in their bills and indentures and other law instruments.—*Henry Moore's Philosophy*.

Page 859.—THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.—Wordsworth has given the following account of the origin of "The Ancient Mariner." "It arose," he says, "out of the want of five pounds which Coleridge and I needed to make a tour together in Devonshire. We agreed to write jointly a poem, the subject of which Coleridge took from a dream, which a friend of his had once dreamt, concerning a person suffering under

a dire curse from the commission of some crime. I supplied the crime, the shooting of the albatross, from an incident I had met with in one of Shelvocke's voyages. We tried the poem conjointly for a day or two, but we pulled different ways, and only a few lines of it are mine."—*Frederick Saunders's Festival of Song*.

Page 882.—THE ABBOT M'KINNON.—To describe the astonishing scenes to which this romantic tale relates, Ioolmkill and Staffa, would only be multiplying pages to no purpose. By the Temple of the Ocean is meant the Isle of Staffa, and by its channel the Cave of Fingal.

St. Columba placed the nuns in an island at a little distance from Iona, where he would not suffer either a cow or a woman; "for where there are cows," said he, "there must be women; and where there are women, there must be mischief."—*Hogg's Poems*.

Page 896.—THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.—Miss Ferrier, who wrote *Marriage Destiny*, etc., added the last two verses.

Page 903.—BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.—The original tale here playfully modernized is in the Eighth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where Jove and Mercury are the originals of the two brother hermits. Finding hospitality only in the thatched cottage of the poor old couple, Baucis and Philemon, the gods after their entertainment took the old couple to the top of the hill, whence they saw the houses and lands of their uncharitable neighbors all swallowed in a lake. Only their little home remained, which expanded to a temple. In this they served as the priests of Jove until they were changed into companion trees, hung over with fresh garlands by their worshippers.—*Morley's Shorter Poems*.

Page 918.—THE VICAR OF BRAY.—The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a Papist under the reign of Henry VIII., and a Protestant under Edward VI.; he was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied, "Not so, neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle: which is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray."

This vivacious and reverend hero has given birth to a proverb peculiar to this county: "The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still." But how has it happened that this vicar should be so notorious, and one in much higher rank, acting the same part, should have escaped notice? Dr. Kitchen, Bishop of Llandaff, from an idle abbot under Henry VIII. was made a busy bishop;

Protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a Parliament Protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name, for they said that he had always loved the *Kitchen* better than the *Church*.—*Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature*.

*Page 932.*—WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.—This satire was written to ridicule the habit of comparatively obscure personages writing long letters to the newspapers supporting this or that candidate. The General C. mentioned in the poem is Gen. Caleb Cushing, afterward Attorney-General of the United States. During his absence at the head of his troops in the Mexican war he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but was not elected.

*Page 939.*—THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.—Mr. Beyer, an eminent linen-draper at the end of Paternoster Row, where it adjoins to Cheapside—who died on the 11th of May, 1791, at the ripe age of ninety-eight—is reported upon tolerable authority to have undergone in his earlier days the adventure which Cowper has depicted in his ballad of "John Gilpin." It appears from Southey's *Life of the poet* that, among the efforts which Lady Austen from time to time made to dispel the melancholy of Cowper, was her recital of a story told to her in her childhood of an attempted but unlucky pleasure-party of a London linen-draper, ending in his being carried past his point both in going and returning, and finally brought home by his contrarious beast, without ever having come in contact with his longing family at Edmonton. Cowper is said to have been extremely amused by the story, and kept awake by it the great part of the ensuing night, during which he probably laid the foundations of his ballad embodying the incidents. This was in October, 1782.

Southey's account of the origin of the ballad may be consistent with truth; but any one who candidly reads the marriage adventure of Commodore Trunnion, in *Peregrine Pickle*, will be forced to own that what is effective in the narration previously existed there.—*Chambers's Book of Days*.

*Page 945.*—THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.—In this poem Canning ridicules the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which, he says, it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich. The Sapphic rhymes of Southey afforded a tempting subject for ludicrous parody, and Canning quotes the following stanza, lest he should be suspected of painting from fancy, and not from life:

"Cold was the night-wind: drifting fast the  
snows fell;  
Wide were the downs, and shelterless and  
naked;  
When a poor wanderer struggled on her jour-  
ney,  
Weary and waysore."

*Page 945.*—SONG, BY ROGERO.—*The Rovers*; or, *The Double Arrangement*, was a caricature of the sentimental drama, and was levelled at Schiller's *Robbers* and Goethe's *Stella*. The following extract will throw some light on the song. The soliloquy is by Frere, the song by Canning and Ellis:

#### SCENE FROM "THE ROVERS."

(*Scene changes to a subterranean vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, with coffins, scutcheons, Death's heads, and cross-bones.*—Toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage.—Roger appears in chains, in a suit of rusty armor, with his beard grown and a cap of a grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a crock or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the caverns.—Roger rises and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.)

Rog. Eleven years! It is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre—the cruelty of a minister—the perfidy of a monk—yes, Matilda! for thy sake—alive amidst the dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my fellow-men. Soft! what have we here? (*Stumbles over a bundle of sticks.*) This cavern is so dark that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh!—the register of my captivity—let me see, how stands the account? (*Takes up the sticks and turns them over with a melancholy air; then stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in calculation.*) Eleven years and fifteen days!—Ha! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my Matilda. It was a summer evening; her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine as I pressed it to my bosom—some demon whispered me that I should never see her more. I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever. The tears were petrified under my eyelids. My heart was crystallized with agony. Anon, I looked along the road. The diligence seemed to diminish every instant. I felt my heart beat against its prison as if anxious to leap out and overtake it. My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels. A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust; it

was the emanation of divinity, luminous with love and beauty like the splendor of the setting sun, but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk for ever. Yes, here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nursing-cradle of hell—the suburbs of perdition—in a nest of demons, where despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where agony woos the embrace of death; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities—yet even *here* to behold her, to embrace her!—yes, Matilda, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more loathsome reptiles of a court, would be indifferent to me. Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads, while fiends would envy the eternity of suffering love. . . . Soft, what air was that? It seemed a sound of more than human warblings. Again (*listens attentively for some minutes*). Only the wind. It is well, however—it reminds me of that melancholy air which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. (*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the song with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra.*)—*Morley's Shorter Poems.*

*Page 946.*—A TALE OF DRURY LANE.—The opening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1802, after

having been burnt and rebuilt, and the offering of a prize of fifty pounds by the manager for the best opening address, were the circumstances which suggested the production of the *Rejected Addresses*. The idea of the work was suddenly conceived, and it was executed in six weeks. Of the examples of the *Rejected Addresses* given in this book, "A Tale of Drury Lane" is a burlesque imitation of Sir Walter Scott's poems, "The Theatre" of Crabbe's, and "The Baby's Début" of Wordsworth's.

*Page 957.*—MALBROUCK.—"Malbrouck" does not date from the battle of Malplaquet (1709), but from the time of the Crusades, six hundred years before. According to a tradition discovered by M. de Chateaubriand, the air came from the Arabs, and the tale is a legend of Mambrun, a crusader. It was brought into fashion during the Revolution by Mme. Poitrine, who used to sing it to her royal foster-child, the son of Louis XVI. M. Arago tells us that when M. Monge, at Cairo, sang this air to an Egyptian audience, they all knew it, and joined in it. Certainly the song has nothing to do with the Duke of Marlborough, as it is all about feudal castles and Eastern wars. We are told also that the band of Captain Cook, in 1770, was playing the air one day on the east coast of Australia, when the natives evidently recognized it, and seemed enchanted.—*Moniteur de l'Armée.*—*Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*



# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE		PAGE
A BABY was sleeping.....	33	And hast thou sought thy heavenly home.....	39
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide .....	577	And is this—Yarrow?—This the stream.....	528
About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)....	684	And oh, to think the sun can shine .....	276
Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting..	280	And this is thy grave, Macaura.....	223
A chieftain, to the Highlands bound.....	383	And thou art dead, as young and fair.....	740
A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun.....	451	And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!) .....	742
A district school, not far away.....	933	“And wherefore do the poor complain?” ..	709
Ae fond kiss and then we sever!.....	154	“And where have you been, my Mary”.....	813
A fair little girl sat under a tree.....	72	And ye sall walk in silk attire .....	147
Afar in the desert I love to ride .....	494	An old song made by an aged old pate.....	692
Again at Christmas did we weave.....	719	A poor wayfaring man of grief.....	561
Again the Lord of Life and Light.....	556	Arethusa arose .....	469
A good that never satisfies the mind.....	676	Ariel to Miranda:—Take.....	730
A happy bit hame this auld world would be..	705	Around the lovely valley rise.....	443
Ah, Chloris! could I now but sit .....	189	Art thou pale for weariness.....	455
Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh.....	189	Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?	680
Ah, how sweet it is to love!.....	97	Art thou weary, art thou languid.....	597
Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn.....	57	As, by some tyrant's stern command.....	736
Ah! my heart is weary waiting.....	437	As by the shore at break of day.....	363
Ah! then how sweetly closed those crowded days!.....	53	As I gaed down by yon house-en'.....	416
Ah! what avails the sceptred race?.....	762	A simple child.....	51
Ah! what a weary race my feet have run....	526	As it fell upon a day.....	484
Airy, fairy Lillian .....	203	As Julia once a-slumbering lay.....	209
A knight and a lady once met in a grove.....	963	As late the Trades' Unions, by way of a show.	963
A life on the ocean wave.....	509	Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea..	192
A little child, beneath a tree.....	55	Ask me no more where Jove bestows.....	192
A little pause in life while daylight lingers....	703	Ask me why I send you here .....	214
Athen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning.....	186	A slanting ray of evening light.....	691
All hail the power of Jesus' name .....	556	A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers..	83
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.....	119	As one who destined from his friends to part..	782
All in the merry month of May.....	419	A song of a boat....	21
All praise to Thee, my God, this night.....	575	As ships becalm'd at eve, that lay.....	742
“All quiet along the Potomac,” they say.....	349	As thro' the land at eve we went.....	39
All thoughts, all passions, all delights.....	100	A street there is in Paris famous.....	89
All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom.....	663	A sweet disorder in the dress.....	738
All yesterday I was spinning.....	772	A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing....	899
All ye woods, and trees, and bowers.....	433	A thousand miles from land are we.....	474
Aloft upon an old basaltic crag.....	275	A thousand silent years ago .....	782
Alone I walked the ocean strand.....	678	At midnight in his guarded tent.....	346
Alone I walk the morning street.....	780	At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers.....	333
Although I enter not.....	211	At Paris it was, at the opera there.....	180
A man there came, whence none could tell....	685	At setting day and rising morn.....	195
A monk, when his rites sacerdotal wore o'er...	685	At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still .....	668
An attorney was taking a turn.....	930	At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barr'd.....	373
An Austrian army, awfully arrayed.....	969		
And are ye sure the news is true?.....	10		

	PAGE		PAGE
At the king's gate the subtle noon.....	791	Brothers, the day declines .....	572
Avenge, O Lord ! thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones .....	314	Brother, thou hast gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown.....	615
Awake, Æolian lyre, awake.....	726	Burly, dozing humble-bee!.....	486
Awake, awake, my lyre! .....	121	Bury the Great Duke.....	271
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....	573	Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride.....	384
Awake thee, my lady-love.....	178	Busy, curious, thirsty fly .....	487
A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright.....	875	But one short week ago the trees were bare ...	439
"Away! away!" cried the stout Sir John.....	422	By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	595
Away, away o'er the feathery crest.....	510	By Nebo's lonely mountain.....	600
Away! let naught to love displeasing.....	7	By our camp-fires rose a murmur.....	321
A weary weed, toss'd to and fro.....	517	By the moon we sport and play.....	797
A wee bird came to our ha'-door.....	325	By the rude bridge that arched the flood.....	367
A well there is in the west country.....	902		
A wet sheet and a flowing sea.....	509	CALL for the robin redbreast and the wren....	658
Ay, this is freedom! these pure skies.....	498	Calm me, my God, and keep me calm.....	585
BACHELOR's Hall! what a quare-lookin' place it is!.....	969	Calm on the Spirit of thy God.....	708
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight.....	74	Cam ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg.....	325
Balow, my babe, lye stil and sleipe! .....	32	Can I see another's woe.....	609
Bards of passion and of mirth.....	738	Can I, who have for others oft compiled.....	228
Beat on, proud billows; Boreas blow.....	243	Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms.....	314
Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!.....	196	Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night... ..	774
Because I oft in dark abstracted guise.....	779	Carol, carol, Christians.....	550
Before I trust my fate to thee.....	187	Charm me asleep, and melt me so.....	752
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	566	Cheeks as soft as July peaches .....	29
Before the beginning of years.....	742	Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry.....	214
Before the starry threshold of Jove's court.....	322	Child, amidst the flowers at play.....	584
Behold.....	635	Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight.....	486
Behold the sun, that seem'd but now.....	576	Children are what the mothers are .....	36
Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull.....	662	Children of the heavenly King.....	594
Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among.....	112	Christians, awake, salute the happy morn.....	551
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms	162	Christ the Lord is risen to-day.....	555
Ben Battle was a soldier bold.....	900	Christ will gather in his own.....	629
Beneath the warrior's helm behold.....	778	Close his eyes, his work is done .....	277
Be seated, pray. "A grave appeal?".....	967	Come, all ye jolly shepherds.....	167
Best and brightest, come away!.....	503	Come away, come away, Death.....	197
Better trust all and be deceived.....	699	Come, follow, follow me .....	797
Between the broad fields of wheat and corn... ..	75	Come from my first, ay, come! .....	265
Between the dark and the daylight.....	45	Come hither, Evan Cameron!.....	314
Beyond the smiling and the weeping.....	615	Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire .....	562
Bid me to live and I will live.....	221	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	562
Bird of the wilderness .....	477	Come in the evening, or come in the morning.....	158
Blame not my Lute! for he must sound.....	190	Come into the garden, Maud.....	177
Blest as the immortal gods is he.....	192	Come listen to me, you gallants so free .....	392
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord.....	568	Come live with me, and be my love.....	140
Blossom of the almond trees.....	466	Come, oh come! in pious lays.....	571
Blow, blow, thou winter wind .....	447	Come, O thou Traveller unknown.....	591
Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen.....	837	Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer.....	147
Born in yon blaze of orient sky.....	440	Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged! 'tis at a white heat now.....	507
Bound upon th' accursed tree .....	555	Come sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace.....	774
Break, break, break .....	88	Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.....	605
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.....	554	Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee.....	11
Bright flower, whose home is everywhere .....	463	Come unto these yellow sands.....	798
Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of blisse.....	580	Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly .....	550
		Come, ye thankful people, come.....	578
		Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet a while....	274

PAGE	PAGE
Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet	Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark. 968
'tis early morn..... 149	Ever let the Fancy roam ..... 504
Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine..... 247	Every wedding, says the proverb..... 183
Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas. 17	
Crabbed age and youth..... 754	FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime..... 733
Creator Spirit, by whose aid..... 563	Fair Amoret is gone astray..... 155
Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a	Fair as the dawn of the fairest day..... 520
cloud ..... 236	Fair Daffodils, we weep to see..... 462
Cupid and my Campaspe play'd ..... 99	Fair pledges of a fruitful tree..... 466
Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, tho'	Fair stood the wind for France..... 299
clear..... 236	Fallen? How fallen? States and empires fall. 270
	False world, thou ly'st; thou canst not lend.. 674
DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power ..... 775	Fare thee well! and if for ever..... 15
Daughter to that good earl, once President ... 237	Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour 85
Day, in melting purple dying..... 170	Farewell,—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter! 779
Day of vengeance, without morrow!..... 631	Farewell, life! my senses swim ..... 657
Day of wrath! O day of mourning!..... 630	Farewell, rewards and fairies..... 837
Day-stars! that ope your eyes with morn to	Farewell, thou busy world, and may..... 499
twinkle ..... 460	Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean. 195
Dazzled thus with height of place..... 232	Far from the world, O Lord, I flee..... 602
Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the	Far in a wild, unknown to public view..... 686
East ..... 26	Father, I know that all my life..... 587
Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd..... 2	Father of all! in every age..... 565
Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends. 482	Fear no more the heat o' the sun..... 657
Dear is my little native vale..... 502	Fairshon swore a feud..... 944
Dear my friend and fellow-student, I would	First time he kiss'd me, he but only kiss'd..... 135
lean my spirit o'er you..... 104	Five years have passed; five summers with
Deathless principle, arise!..... 616	the length..... 540
Deem not devoid of elegance the sage..... 747	Flee fro' the pres, and duelle with sothfast-
Deep in the wave is a coral grove..... 518	ness ..... 718
Deep on the convent-roof the snows..... 566	Flower of the waste! the heathfowl shuns.... 456
Despairing beside a clear stream..... 194	Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing..... 725	braes..... 533
Diaphenia, like the daffodown-dilly..... 179	Fly hence, shadows, that do keep..... 752
Did Christ o'er sinners weep?..... 555	Follow a shadow, it still flies you..... 124
Dios Ira, Dies Illa!..... 629	Fool, stand back, the king is dying..... 791
Does the road wind up-hill all the way?..... 593	For ever with the Lord!..... 617
Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes..... 127	For our martyred Charles I pawned my plate. 311
Down the dimpled green-sward dancing..... 53	Fountain of mercy! God of Love!..... 583
Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down... 787	Friend after friend departs!..... 658
Downward sinks the setting sun..... 718	From all that dwell below the skies..... 572
Down trickling, soft and slow..... 467	From beautiful Windsor's high and storied
Do ye hear the children weeping, O my	halls..... 522
brothers ..... 63	From gold to gray ..... 695
Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,	From Greenland's icy mountains ..... 600
the dove..... 479	From harmony, from heavenly harmony..... 724
Drink to me only with thine eyes..... 195	From his brimstone bed at break of day..... 927
Drop, drop, slow tears ..... 564	From Oberon, in fairy-land..... 812
Duncan Gray cam here to woo..... 144	From out the grave of one whose budding
	years..... 738
EARTH has not anything to show more fair... 521	From Stirling Castle we had seen..... 528
Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills..... 649	Full fathom five thy father lies..... 798
E'en such is time; which takes on trust..... 232	From the desert I come to thee ..... 177
Ere last year's moon had left the sky..... 29	Full knee-deep lies the winter snow..... 447
Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade..... 708	Full many a glorious morning have I seen.... 448
Eternal source of every joy..... 579	Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary..... 357
Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!..... 400	
Ethereal Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!..... 477	GAMARRA is a dainty steed..... 492



PAGE	PAGE
Gane were but the winter cauld..... 658	Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes.... 553
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may..... 123	Has there any old fellow got mix'd with the boys? ..... 80
Gentle in personage..... 210	Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star... 536
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us..... 563	Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay ..... 942
Get up, get up, for shame! the blooming morn. 436	Have you not heard the poets tell..... 30
Gin a body meet a body..... 214	Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance. 192
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet..... 598	Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father..... 584
Give place, ye lovers, here before..... 154	Hear the sledges with the bells..... 763
"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried..... 216	Hear ye, ladies that despise..... 169
Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease.. 203	He first deceased; she for a little tried..... 230
Glorious things of thee are spoken..... 618	Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups..... 20
God bless the king!—I mean the Faith's De- fender ..... 311	He is gone on the mountain..... 645
God gives not kings the style of gods in vain. 702	Hence, all you vain delights..... 676
God is love! His mercy brightens ..... 564	Hence away, thou Siren; leave me..... 153
God makes sech nights, all white an' still..... 895	Hence, loathèd Melancholy..... 731
God might have bade the earth bring forth... 464	Hence, vain deluding joys..... 733
God moves in a mysterious way..... 563	Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling ... 659
God of the mighty deep! wherever now..... 891	Here, passenger, beneath this shed ..... 228
God prosper long our noble king..... 200	Here rests, and let no saucy knave..... 957
God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay ..... 553	Here's a health to aye I lo'e dear..... 166
God rest you, merry gentlemen..... 551	Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!..... 214
God save our gracious king!..... 355	Her eyes are homes of silent prayer..... 719
Golden slumbers kiss your eyes..... 32	Her eyes the glow-worms lend thee..... 127
Go, lovely rose!..... 185	Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark..... 361
Good-bye, good-bye to Summer! ..... 481	Her suffering ended with the day..... 645
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home..... 677	He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower..... 504
Good-morrow to thy sable beak..... 485	He that loves a rosy cheek..... 180
Good-night to all the world! there's none..... 638	He that of such a height hath built his mind. 232
Good people all, of every sort ..... 938	He who died at Azan sends ..... 701
Good people all, with one accord..... 916	High in the breathless hall the minstrel sate.. 225
Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see..... 512	His golden locks time hath to silver turned... 749
Go, soul, the body's guest..... 675	His steed was old, his armor worn..... 406
Go to dark Gethsemane..... 554	Holy Bible, book divine..... 582
Go where glory waits thee..... 95	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty..... 566
Go, youth beloved, in distant glades..... 94	Home of the Percy's high-born race..... 531
Graceful may seem the fairy form ..... 24	Home they brought her warrior dead..... 56
Green be the turf above thee..... 254	Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin..... 87
Green little vaulter in the sunny grass ..... 486	"Horatius Flaccus, B. C. 8"..... 931
Grown to man's stature! O my little child!... 44	"Ho, sailor of the sea! ..... 67
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!..... 593	How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!..... 578
Guvener B. is a sensible man..... 932	How blest has my time been, what joys have I known..... 2
HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!..... 485	How calmly sinks the parting sun!..... 450
Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus ..... 558	How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood ..... 74
Hail to the Chief, who in triumph advances... 364	"How does the water ..... 526
Hail to thee, blithe spirit ..... 478	How do I love thee? let me count the ways... 135
Hail to the Lord's Anointed..... 557	How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean..... 599
Half a league, half a league... ..... 348	How happy is he born and taught ..... 681
Hamelin Town's in Brunswick..... 855	How hard, when those who do not wish..... 960
Happy the man, whose wish and care..... 753	Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake..... 710
Hark! ah, the nightingale!..... 476	How little recks it where men die..... 700
Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling ..... 620	How much the heart may bear, and yet not break! ..... 637
Hark—hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings. 448	
Hark! how all the welkin rings!..... 552	
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord..... 561	

	PAGE		PAGE
How many summers, love.....	14	I held it truth, with him who sings .....	719
How many times do I love thee, dear?.....	102	I in these flowery meads would be.....	471
How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits	682	I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd.	761
How sleep the Brave who sink to rest.....	363	I know not that the men of old.....	745
How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth	228	I lay in sorrow, deep distress'd.....	707
How sweet it were, if without feeble fright....	741	I lean'd out of window, I smelt the white	
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.....	561	clover.....	20
How sweet thy modest light to view .....	456	I like a church, I like a cowl.....	683
How vainly men themselves amaze.....	501	I look'd upon his brow; no sign.....	293
Hush, my dear! Lie still and slumber!.....	34	I love, and have some cause to love, the earth.	596
I AM a friar of orders gray.....	926	I loved him not; and yet now he is gone.....	141
I am as I am, and so will I be.....	191	I loved thee long and dearly.....	171
I am content, I do not care .....	680	I loved thee once; I'll love no more.....	141
I am dying, Egypt, dying .....	290	I love it, I love it; and who shall dare.....	73
I am monarch of all I survey.....	699	I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	594
I am old and blind!.....	237	I love to look on a scene like this.....	77
I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows?...	638	I made a posy, while the day ran by.....	754
I arise from dreams of thee.....	103	I mind me of a pleasant time.....	93
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers.	453	I mourn no more my vanished years.....	633
I cannot eat but little meat.....	927	I'm sitting alone by the fire.....	207
I cannot make him dead .....	48	I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary.....	86
I care not though it be .....	179	I'm wearin' awa', Jean .....	656
I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hell-		In a church which is furnish'd with mullion	
vellyn .....	532	and gable.....	898
I come from haunts of coot and hern.....	469	In all the land, range up, range down.....	203
I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair.....	148	In ancient times, as story tells .....	903
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be.....	557	In Clementina's artless mien.....	214
I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way.....	500	In eddying course when leaves began to fly...	506
I dug beneath the cypress shade.....	126	I never gave a lock of hair away.....	134
If all the world and love were young.....	140	In form and feature, face and limb.....	910
If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song.....	449	In good King Charles's golden days.....	918
If doughty deeds my lady please.....	161	In Köln, a town of monks and bones.....	938
If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath		In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes.	464
stay'd.....	244	In melancholic fancy.....	888
I feel a newer life in every gale.....	441	In pride of wit, when high desires of fame....	762
If I had thought thou couldst have died.....	708	In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay...	510
If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange.....	135	In such a night, when every louder wind.....	443
I fill this cup to one made up.....	282	In summer, on the headlands .....	887
If this fair rose offend thy sight.....	214	In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm de-	
If thou must love me, let it be for naught....	134	clining .....	694
If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance	408	In the greenest of our valleys.....	875
If thou wert by my side, my love.....	9	In their ragged regimentals.....	330
If thou wilt ease thine heart.....	178	In the merrie moneth of Maye.....	145
If to be absent were to be....	125	In the ranks of the Austrian you found him..	364
If women could be fair, and yet not fond.....	190	In the silent midnight watches.....	595
If you become a nun, dear.....	171	In token that thou shalt not fear.....	583
I give immortal praise.....	566	Into the Devil Tavern.....	310
I have naobody now, I have naobody now .....	83	In vain men tell us time can alter.....	759
I have seen great anes, and sat in great ha's...	1	In vain you tell your parting lover.....	196
I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years		In Xanadu did Kubla Khan.....	852
old.....	50	In yonder grave a Druid lies.....	246
I have had playmates, I have had compan-		I prithee send me back my heart.....	171
ions .....	77	I remember, I remember .....	73
I have ships that went to sea.....	787	I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is	
I have something sweet to tell you.....	213	Truthful James.....	954
I heard a thousand blended notes .....	439	I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden.....	201
I hear thee speak of the better land.....	618	I saw him last on this terrace proud .....	341
		I saw him once before.....	753

	PAGE		PAGE
I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride .....	609	John Brown of Ossawatimie spake on his dying day.....	277
I saw two clouds at morning.....	220	John Bull for pastime took a prance.....	957
I say to thee, do thou repeat.....	682	John Gilpin was a citizen.....	939
I sing the hymn of the conquered who fell in the battle of life.....	702	Joy to the world! the Lord is come .....	569
Is it come? they said on the banks of the Nile.	746	Just as I am, without one plea.....	588
I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan.....	21	Just for a handful of silver he left us.....	264
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he.....	374	Just where the Treasury's marble front.....	890
Is there for honest poverty.....	793	KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his king.....	311
Is there, where the winds are singing.....	52	Ken ye aught of brave Lochiel?.....	324
Is this a fast—to keep .....	607	King Almanzor of Granada, he hath bid the trumpets sound.....	410
It came upon the midnight clear.....	552	King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport.....	413
I think it was Spring—but not certain I am..	961	LADY Clara Vere de Vere.....	210
I think when I read that sweet story of old..	588	Laid in my quiet bed.....	877
It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free.....	450	Lars Porsena of Clusium.....	283
It is an ancient mariner.....	859	Late at e'en, drinking the wine.....	383
It is a place where poets crown'd may feel the heart's decaying.....	248	Lay a garland on my hearse.....	212
It is not beauty I demand.....	139	Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom.	589
It is not growing like a tree.....	698	Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us.....	605
It is the miller's daughter.....	155	Leaves have their time to fall.....	650
It little profits that an idle king.....	289	Lest men suspect your tale untrue .....	955
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be.....	357	Let me move slowly through the street.....	667
It was a friar of orders gray.....	117	Let me not to the marriage of true minds.....	218
It was a summer evening.....	697	Let Observation, with extensive view.....	669
It was a time of sadness, and my heart.....	610	Let us go, lassie, go.....	502
It was many and many a year ago.....	412	Life! I know not what thou art .....	633
It was the calm and silent night!.....	549	Like as the culver, on the bar'd bough.....	190
It was the schooner Hesperus.....	514	Like as the damask rose you see.....	646
It was the time when lilies blow.....	138	Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore .....	751
I've a letter from thy sire.....	25	Like the violet, which alone.....	179
I've heard them liting at our ewe-milking....	307	Like to the clear in highest sphere.....	123
I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west.....	118	Like to the falling of a star.....	718
I've wander'd to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree.....	78	Listen, my children, and you shall hear.....	328
I wander'd by the brookside.....	169	Lithe and listen, gentlemen.....	370
I wander'd lonely as a Cloud .....	461	Little drops of water .....	659
I was thy Neighbor once, thou rugged Pile!..	523	Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloak'd clown .....	796
I weep for Adonais—he is dead!.....	254	“Live while you live!” the epicure would say.....	594
I weigh not fortune's frown or smile.....	680	Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day.....	322
I will not let you say a woman's part.....	188	Lo! He comes with clouds descending.....	631
I will not say that thou wast true.....	213	Lo! here a little volume, but great book.....	606
I wish I were where Helen lies.....	404	Lone upon a mountain, the pine trees wailing round him .....	172
I wish I were where Helen lies.....	405	Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest....	589
I wonder if Brougham thinks as much as he talks.....	898	Look at me with thy large brown eyes.....	30
I worship thee, sweet Will of God!.....	586	Look, how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade .....	777
I would have gone; God bade me stay.....	611	Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!.....	184
I would I were an excellent divine.....	572	Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.....	632
I would not live alway—live alway below!....	613	Lord, it belongs not to my care .....	586
JENNY kiss'd me when we met.....	186	Lord Lovel he stood at his castle-gate.....	198
Jesu, lover of my soul.....	560	Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee?.....	602
Jesu, my strength, my hope.....	599		
JESUS, I my cross have taken.....	559		
John Anderson, my jo, John.....	8		

	PAGE		PAGE
Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band.....	47	My country, 'tis of thee.....	354
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell.....	579	My curse upon thy venom'd stang.....	962
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee.....	568	My days among the dead are pass'd.....	735
Loud is the Summer's busy song.....	441	My days pass pleasantly away.....	749
Love in her sunny eyes doth basking play....	142	My dear and only love, I pray.....	193
Love in my bosom, like a bee .....	98	My dear mistress has a heart .....	156
Love is a sickness full of woes.....	98	My earrings! my earrings! they've dropp'd into the well.....	183
Love is the blossom where there blows.....	98	My fairest child, I have no song to give you..	48
Lovely, lasting peace of mind!.....	679	My faith looks up to Thee.....	558
Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!..	187	My God and Father, while I stray.....	586
Love me not for comely grace.....	139	My God, now I from sleep awake.....	577
Love still hath something of the sea.....	99	My hair is grey, but not with years .....	400
Love thy mother, little one!.....	35	My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains.	482
Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours.....	435	My heart leaps up when I behold.....	453
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!" .....	907	My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here.....	358
MAGNIFICENT thy fate! .....	350	My letters! all dead paper, . . . mute and white!.....	185
Maiden! with the meek brown eyes.....	66	My life is like the summer rose.....	636
Maid of Athens, ere we part.....	145	My life, which was so straight and plain.....	637
Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve.....	155	My little love, do you remember.....	85
"Make way for liberty!"—he cried.....	298	My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day.....	951
Malbrouck, the prince of commanders.....	957	My lov'd, my honor'd, much-respected friend.	3
Many a long, long year ago.....	937	My love and I for kisses play'd.....	156
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale.....	358	My love he built me a bonny bower.....	419
Margarita first possess'd.....	221	My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow.	732
Martial, the things that do attain.....	636	My love is like a red, red rose.....	157
Mary! I want a lyre with other strings.....	247	My minde to me a kingdom is .....	735
Matron! the children of whose love.....	702	My mother bore me in the southern wild .....	187
Maud Muller, on a summer's day.....	102	My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd.....	906
Maxwelton braes are bonnie.....	199	My prime of youth is but a frost of cares.....	718
May! queen of blossoms.....	436	My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep- hook .....	200
May the Babylonish curse .....	929	My silks and fine array.....	190
Men of England! who inherit.....	356	My soul to-day.....	519
Merry it is in the good greenwood.....	842	Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew.	450
Merry Margaret .....	227	My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent.....	173
Methinks it is good to be here.....	653	My true-love hath my heart, and I have his..	127
Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.	737		
Midnight past! Not a sound of aught.....	199	Naz shoon to hide her tiny taes.....	41
'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam .....	1	Naked on parent's knees, a new-born child....	50
Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire! .....	461	Near a small village in the West.....	915
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour..	242	Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	584
Mine be a cot beside the hill;.....	6	"Needy knife-grinder, whither are you going?"	945
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.....	354	Never any more.....	211
Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square....	920	News of battle!—news of battle!.....	303
M'Kinnon's tall mast salutes the day.....	882	Nobles and heralds, by your leave .....	243
Mortality, behold and fear.....	522	No longer mourn for me when I am dead.....	219
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn .....	328	No stir in the air, no stir in the sea.....	380
"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey.....	367	Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.....	253
Mrs. Chub was rich and portly.....	899	Not as all other women are.....	208
Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold...	737	Not, Celia, that I juster am.....	127
Music, when soft voices die .....	185	Nothing but leaves; the Spirit grieves.....	598
My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by .....	496	Not marble, nor the gilded monuments.....	750
My brother Jack was nine in May.....	950	Not one kiss in life, but one kiss at life's end.	142
My coachman, in the moonlight there.....	796	Not ours the vows of such as plight.....	101
		Now gentle sleep hath clos'd up those eyes...	156

	PAGE		PAGE
Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!.....	308	Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light.....	353
Now ponder well, you parents deare.....	53	Oh, say what is that thing call'd Light.....	67
Now poor Tom Dunstan's cold.....	791	Oh, sing unto my roundelay!.....	147
Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger.....	435	Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom.....	741
Now the third and fatal conflict for the Per- sian throne was done.....	291	Oh, stay not thine hand when the winter's wind rude.....	697
O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard.....	484	Oh, St. Patrick was a gentleman.....	934
O day most calm, most bright!.....	580	Oh! take away my wig and gown.....	931
Och! the Coronation! what celebration.....	965	Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story... 157	
O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!.....	249	Oh that last day in Lucknow fort!.....	847
O'er a low couch the setting sun.....	641	Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd.....	15
O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare.....	747	Oh, the gallant fisher's life!.....	472
O faint, delicious, spring-time violet!.....	462	Oh! the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!.....	745
O fair and stately maid, whose eyes.....	217	Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow.....	715
Of all the girls that are so smart.....	120	Oh, timely happy, timely wise.....	573
Of all the rides since the birth of time.....	373	Oh waly waly up the bank.....	103
Of all the ships upon the blue.....	963	Oh, weel may the boatie row.....	516
Of all the thoughts of God that are.....	642	Oh welcome, bat and owl gray.....	485
Of a' the airts the wind can blow.....	126	Oh what can all thee, knight-at-arms!.....	869
Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair.....	197	Oh, what will a' the lads do.....	161
Of Nelson and the North.....	340	Oh wha will shoe my fair foot.....	396
Of has it been my lot to mark.....	706	Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north.....	312
Of this fair volume which we World do name.....	470	Oh, why left I my name?.....	362
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray.....	56	Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? 647	
Oft in the stilly night.....	77	Oh, will ye choose, to hear the news?.....	984
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	607	Oh yet we trust that somehow good.....	719
O God! whose thunder shakes the sky.....	585	Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West. 136	
Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green.....	465	O, if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm. 162	
O happy soul that lives on high.....	595	O Jesu, Thou art standing.....	570
O happy Thames that didst my Stella bear!... 191		Old girl that has borne me far and fast.....	497
Oh, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade.....	253	Old Grimes is dead; that good old man.....	916
Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair.....	176	Old letters! wipe away the tear.....	88
Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high.....	421	Old wine to drink!.....	747
Oh, ever skill'd to wear the form we love!.... 633		O Lord, another day is flown.....	588
Oh, for a closer walk with God.....	584	O lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!.....	122
Oh for one hour of youthful joy!.....	903	O Mary, at thy window be!.....	147
Oh, hadst thou never shared my fate.....	9	O melancholy bird! a winter's day.....	476
Oh happy day that fixed my choice.....	585	O mistress mine, where are you roaming?..... 163	
Oh, happy is the man who hears.....	595	O moon that shinest on this heathy wild.....	455
Oh, how kindly hast Thou led me.....	590	O mother dear, Jerusalem.....	622
Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem.....	751	O Mother Earth! upon thy lap.....	263
Oh! it is great for our country to die where the ranks are contending.....	365	On a day, alack the day!.....	141
Oh, it is hard to work for God.....	592	On a hill there grows a flower.....	182
Oh, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease..... 455		O Nanny, wilt thou go with me.....	161
Oh listen, listen, ladies gay!.....	405	Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee... 347	
"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home..... 419		Once, in the flight of ages past.....	638
Oh, my love's like the steadfast sun.....	18	Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands.....	696
Oh, never talk again to me.....	146	Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary.....	853
Oh! once the harp of Innisfail.....	397	One by one the sands are flowing.....	703
Oh saw ye Bonnie Lesley.....	145	One day, as I was going by.....	908
Oh, saw ye not fair Ines.....	102	On either side the river lie.....	892
		One more Unfortunate.....	714

	PAGE		PAGE
One night came on a hurricane.....	898	Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.....	745
One sweetly solemn thought.....	607	Restless forms of living light.....	413
One word is too often profaned.....	148	Ride on, ride on in majesty!.....	554
O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray.....	482	Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.....	720
On Leven's banks, while free to rove.....	533	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	590
On Linden, when the sun was low.....	339	"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down.....	209
On the eighth day of March it was, some people say.....	953	Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	560
On thy fair bosom, silver lake.....	539	"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!.....	294
On yonder hill a castle standes.....	387	SAD is our youth, for it is ever going.....	634
O Paradise! O Paradise!.....	621	Saint Augustine! well hast thou said.....	699
O reader! hast thou ever stood to see.....	467	Saviour! like a shepherd lead us.....	597
Orpheus with his lute made trees.....	730	Saviour, when in dust to Thee.....	559
O stream descending to the sea.....	634	Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.....	560
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows.....	604	Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing... ..	164
O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend.....	559	Say over again, and yet once over again.....	184
O Time, who know'st a lenient hand to lay.....	706	Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown'd.....	779
Our band is few, but true and tried.....	330	Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.....	296
Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd.....	83	Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness!.....	444
Our God, our help in ages past.....	569	See, from this counterfeited of him.....	223
Our good steeds snuff the evening air.....	366	See the chariot at hand here of Love!.....	160
Our life is two-fold: sleep hath its own world.....	788	See the course throug'd with gazers, the sports are begun.....	492
Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw.....	42	See, what an humble bravery doth shine.....	253
Out and in the river is winding.....	781	See with what simplicity.....	242
Out of the church she follow'd them.....	188	Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?.....	220
Out upon it, I have loved.....	142	Shall I tell you whom I love?.....	123
Over hill, over dale.....	798	Shall I, wasting in despair.....	169
Over the mountains.....	97	Shed no tear! oh, shed no tear!.....	797
Over the river they beckon to me.....	649	She dwelt among the untrodden ways.....	49
O wild West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being.....	445	She is a winsome wee thing.....	9
O Word of God incarnate.....	605	She is far from the land: where her young hero sleeps.....	274
O World! O Life! O Time!.....	764	She is my only girl.....	41
PACK, clouds, away, and welcome, day.....	215	She is not fair to outward view.....	172
Passions are likened best to floods and streams.....	182	Shepherds all, and maidens fair.....	499
Peace in the clover-scented air.....	365	She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie.....	218
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.....	359	She sits in a fashionable parlor.....	932
Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray..	38	She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh.....	216
Piping down the valleys wild.....	68	She stood breast-high amid the corn.....	144
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.....	712	She walks in beauty like the night.....	789
Pleasant are Thy courts above.....	620	She was a Phantom of delight.....	10
Poor lone Hannah.....	512	Should auld acquaintance be forgot.....	81
Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth.....	751	Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing.....	553
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow".....	603	Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.....	187
Praise to God, immortal praise.....	563	Silence, in truth, would speak my sorrow best.....	230
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....	583	Silent nymph, with curious eye!.....	524
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin.....	163	Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part.....	170
Proud Maisie is in the wood.....	894	Since Thou hast added now, O God!.....	574
QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair.....	455	Sing, I pray, a little song.....	39
Quhy dois your brand sae drop wi' bluid.....	382	Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!.....	473
Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares.....	471	Sir Marmaduke was a hearty knight.....	782
RARELY rarely, comest thou.....	777	Slave of the dark and dirty mine!.....	87
		Sleep, baby, sleep!.....	32
		Sleep breathes at last from out thee.....	86

	PAGE		PAGE
Sleep on, baby on the floor.....	33	Sweet Spring! thou turn'st with all thy	
Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the		goodly train.....	433
hill-tops far away.....	406	Swiftly walk over the western wave.....	451
Sly Beelzebub took all occasions.....	968		
So cruel prison how could betide, alas!.....	224	TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear.	252
So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn.....	268	Take, oh take those lips away.....	184
Softly! .....	658	Tasteful illumination of the night.....	487
Softly now the light of day.....	572	Teach me, my God and King.....	564
Some dreams we have are nothing else but		Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.	85
dreams .....	870	Tell me not in mournful numbers.....	635
Some murmur when their sky is clear.....	678	Tell me not, sweete, I am unkind.....	124
Sometimes a light surprises .....	593	Tell me where is fancy bred.....	842
Somewhat back from the village street.....	76	Tender-handed stroke a nettle.....	708
Some years ago, ere time and taste.....	917	That day of wrath, that dreadful day.....	630
Songs of praise the angels sang.....	603	That the first Charles does here in triumph	
Souls of poets dead and gone.....	522	ride .....	270
Sound fife, and cry the slogan.....	318	That time of year thou may'st in me behold..	219
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea.	570	That way look, my Infant, lo!.....	489
Spake full well, in language quaint and olden.	457	That which her slender waist confined.....	185
Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking north-		The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the	
ward, far away.....	344	fold ....	283
Speak low! tread softly through these halls..	736	The baby wept .....	45
"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!.....	868	The "Ballyshannon" foundered off the coast	
Spirit that breathest through my lattice;		of Cariboo.....	935
thou .....	451	The blessed damozel leaned out.....	843
Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleas-		The bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking in	
ant king.....	435	the ase.....	37
Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air..	440	The books I cannot hope to buy.....	762
St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!.....	127	The boy stood on the burning deck.....	344
Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!.....	328	The breaking waves dash'd high.....	309
St. Anthony at church.....	919	The castle-clock had toll'd midnight .....	313
Star that bringest home the bee.....	456	The chimes, the chimes of Motherland .....	521
Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake.....	46	The church bells were ringing, the devil sat	
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!.....	684	singing.....	582
Still sits the school-house by the road.....	47	The conference-meeting through at last.....	222
Still to be neat, still to be drest.....	738	The crackling embers on the hearth are dead.	773
Still young and fine, but what is still in view.	452	The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.....	650
Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies,—.....	698	The day is cold and dark and dreary.....	773
Strong Son of God, immortal Love.....	720	The day is done, and the darkness.....	772
Such was old Chaucer; such the placid mien..	227	The dews of summer night did fall.....	381
Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour dear.....	575	The dew was falling fast, the stars began to	
Survey this shield, all bossy bright.....	946	blink .....	491
Sweet and low, sweet and low .....	31	The doubt which we misdeem, fair love, is	
Sweet are the charms of her I love.....	154	vain.....	101
Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content..	680	The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine.....	166
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.	754	The dusky night rides down the sky.....	497
Sweet baby, sleep! what ails my dear?.....	34	Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come	
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes.....	210	in! 'Tis kind of thee.....	22
Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours.	481	"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed".....	10
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright.....	682	The Emperor Nap he would set off.....	958
Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower.....	65	The farmer sat in his easy-chair.....	6
Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well.....	535	The farmer's wife sat at the door .....	513
Sweet is the rose, but grows away on a brear.....	773	The forward youth that would appear.....	240
Sweet is the scene when virtue dies.....	638	The fountains mingle with the river.....	97
Sweetly breathing, vernal air.....	440	The fourteenth of July had come.....	331
Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies.....	457	The gallant Youth who may have gain'd .....	529
Sweet nest of the woods—a long adieu!.....	484	The glories of our blood and state .....	643
Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go .....	576	The glow and the glory are plighted .....	202

	PAGE		PAGE
The God of Abraham praise.....	603	There is a land of pure delight.....	619
The groves of Blarney they look so charming.	534	There is no flock, however watch'd and	
The hag is astride.....	879	tended.....	666
The harp that once through Tara's halls.....	362	There is not in the wide world a valley so	
The heath this night must be my bed.....	186	sweet.....	535
The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scatter'd in		There's a good time coming, boys.....	748
dismay .....	293	There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly	
The house is dark and dreary .....	783	round trot.....	717
The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece! .....	360	There's no dew left on the daisies and clover..	19
The Jester shook his hood and bells, and		There's not a joy the world can give like that	
leap'd upon a chair.....	926	it takes away .....	676
The king can drink the best of wine .....	794	There was a jovial beggar.....	928
The king sits in Dunfermline town.....	309	There was a lady lived at Leith .....	900
The kings who ruled mankind with haughty		There was a may, and a weel-fared may.....	395
sway .....	896	There was a time when meadow, grove, and	
The king with all his kingly train.....	327	stream .....	664
The Knight had ridden down from Wensley		There were ninety and nine that safely lay... 601	
Moor.....	389	There were three maidens who loved a king... 156	
The lady lay in her bed.....	709	There were three sailors of Bristol City..... 913	
The Lady Mary Villiers lies.....	276	There were two sisters sat in a bower..... 420	
The laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's		The rich man's son inherits land.....	794
great .....	896	The roses grew so thickly.....	465
The lark now leaves his watery nest.....	476	These, as they change, Almighty Father, these. 431	
The last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin'.	201	The sea! the sea! the open sea!.....	507
The little gate was reach'd at last.....	217	These to His memory—since he held them	
The loppèd tree in time may grow again .....	776	dear .....	278
The Lord my pasture shall prepare .....	581	The shades of night were falling fast..... 783	
The melancholy days are come, the saddest		The shivering column of the moonlight lies... 536	
of the year.....	465	"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare..... 783	
The mellow year is hasting to its close .....	467	The snow had begun in the gloaming..... 446	
The merchant to secure his treasure.....	142	The soote season, that bud and bloom forth	
The midges dance aboon the burn.....	449	brings .....	433
The mighty sun had just gone down.....	269	The spacious firmament on high.....	565
The Moorish king rides up and down.....	296	The Spearman heard the bugle sound.....	394
The morning's cheery, my boys, arouse!..... 356		The splendor falls on castle-walls.....	506
The morning light is breaking.....	581	The Spirit in our hearts.....	593
The muffled drum's sad roll has beat.....	367	The stars above will make thee known..... 227	
The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime..... 721		The stately Homes of England!.....	1
The night has a thousand eyes.....	180	The summer and autumn had been so wet.... 411	
The night is come; like to the day.....	576	The Summer, the divinest Summer burns..... 442	
The night is dark, and the winter winds..... 12		The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-	
The night was made for cooling shade.....	519	lomond .....	163
The noble king of Brentford .....	910	The sun is bright, the sky is clear.....	413
The old mayor climb'd the belfry-tower..... 417		The sun is warm, the sky is clear.....	262
The Ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded.....	145	The sun rises bright in France.....	358
The pastor sits in his easy-chair.....	92	The sun shines bright in our old Kentucky	
The pines were dark on Ramoth hill.....	82	home.....	24
The play is done, the curtain drops .....	693	The tempest rages wild and high.....	515
The poetry of earth is never dead .....	486	The thirsty earth soaks up the rain.....	455
The rain is o'er. How dense and bright..... 439		The thoughts are strange that crowd into my	
There are gains for all our losses.....	762	brain.....	538
There be none of Beauty's daughters.....	157	The tree of deepest root is found.....	639
There be those who sow beside .....	637	The twentieth year is well-nigh past..... 247	
There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin. 359		The twilight hours, like birds, flew by..... 515	
There is a calm for those who weep.....	661	The wanton troopers, riding by.....	505
There is a dwelling-place above.....	619	The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is	
There is a garden in her face.....	185	wailing.....	445
There is a happy land.....	619	The weary teacher sat alone.....	91



	PAGE		PAGE
The weather-leech of the topsail shivers.....	516	'Tis the middle of night by the castle-clock...	845
The wife sat thoughtfully turning over.....	12	'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night....	814
The wisest of the wise.....	749	'Tis time this heart should be unmoved.....	88
The woods decay, the woods decay and fall...	785	'Tis twenty years, and something more.....	79
The woosel-cock, so black of hue.....	444	To battle! to battle! .....	297
The world goes up and the world goes down..	778	To bear the burden of an Empire's care.....	281
The world is very evil.....	624	To bear, to nurse, to rear.....	21
The World's a bubble, and the Life of Man...	633	To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name.	230
The wretch, condemn'd with life to part.....	783	To fair Fidele's grassy tomb .....	657
They are all gone into the world of light.....	617	To him who in the love of Nature holds .....	644
They come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers.....	438	To live in hell, and heaven to behold.....	212
They grew in beauty, side by side.....	28	To make this condiment, your poet begs.....	908
"They made her a grave too cold and damp..	416	To me, fair friend, you never can be old.....	750
They sat and comb'd their beautiful hair.....	784	Too late, alas! I must confess.....	126
They say that God lives very high.....	44	Too late I stay'd,—forgive the crime! .....	777
They that have power to hurt, and will do none.....	752	To one who has been long in city pent .....	503
This figure, that thou here seest put.....	232	To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death.	229
This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling...	539	To sigh, yet feel no pain.....	182
This is the month, and this the happy morn...	543	To the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun .....	423
This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign...	474	To the lords of convention 'twas Claverhouse ho spoke.....	317
This morning, timely rapt with holy fire.....	235	To <del>the</del> whom death again did wed .....	655
This night is my departing night .....	676	To the sound of timbrels sweet.....	220
This only grant me, that my means may lie...	235	To Thy temple I repair.....	581
This winter's weather itt waxeth cold .....	905	Touch us gently, Time!.....	749
Those evening bells! those evening bells!...	762	To wake the soul by tender strokes of art.....	244
Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee.....	614	Tread softly,—bow the head.....	716
Thou art, O God! the life and light.....	571	Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?.....	775
Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew.....	464	Triumphal arch that fill'st the sky.....	453
Thou chronicle of crimes! I read no more....	352	Trust not, sweet soul, those curl'd waves of gold .....	739
Thought is deeper than all speech .....	780	"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale.....	159
Thou happy, happy elf!.....	907	Turn I my looks unto the skies.....	156
Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie .....	157	'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago.....	937
Thou lingering star, with lessening ray.....	137	'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won.....	722
Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea.....	475	'Twas at the silent solemn hour.....	175
Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!...	744	'Twas in the prime of summer-time.....	377
Three fishers went sailing away to the west...	513	'Twas Commencement eve, and the ball-room belle.....	90
Three Poets, in three distant ages born.....	242	'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow .....	536
Threescore o' nobles rode up the king's ha'...	408	'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among.....	265
Three years she grew in sun and shower.....	49	'Twas on a holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean.....	43
Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column fall'd.....	320	'Twas on a Monday morning .....	324
Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream.....	386	'Twas on the shores that round our coast.....	914
Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue.....	203	'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house.....	67
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess.....	582	'Twas when the seas were roaring.....	125
Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums.....	741	Twelve years ago I made a mock.....	79
Tiger! tiger! burning bright.....	498	"Two hands upon the breast .....	640
Timely blossom, infant fair.....	35	Tying her bonnet under her chin.....	217
Time wasteth years, and months, and hours...	172		
Tired with all these, for restless death I cry...	219	UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree.....	739
The midnight's holy hour, and silence now...	95	Under my window, under my window .....	58
The Morn:—the sea-breeze seems to bring...	14		
The sweet to hear the merry lark.....	476		
The sweet to view, from half-past five to six.....	948		
The last rose of Summer.....	465		

	PAGE		PAGE
Underneath this sable hearse.....	235	What need my Shakespeare for his honor'd	
Under the greenwood tree.....	466	bones.....	232
Under yonder beech tree standing on the		What shall I do with all the days and hours..	101
green sward.....	142	What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod..	653
Up from the meadows rich with corn.....	350	What state of life can be so blest.....	213
Up from the south, at break of day.....	351	What's this dull town to me?.....	102
Upon the white sea sand.....	700	What was he doing, the great god Pan.....	721
Up! quit thy bower; late wears the hour....	503	What was't awakened first the untried ear....	740
Up the airy mountain.....	798	When a deed is done for Freedom, through	
Up the dale and down the bourne.....	442	the broad earth's aching breast .....	342
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes.....	603	When age hath made me what I am not now.	753
Up with me! up with me into the clouds!....	477	When a' i'ther bairnies are hushed to their	
		hame .....	46
VAIN world, what is in thee?.....	612	When all is done and said .....	678
Versailles!—Up the chestnut alley.....	328	When all Thy mercies, O my God.....	587
Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying.....	94	When as in faire Jerusalem.....	376
Victorious men of earth, no more.....	643	When Britain first, at Heaven's command....	355
Vital spark of heavenly flame.....	616	Whence comes my love? O, heart, disclose...	124
		When chapman billies leave the street.....	877
WANTON droll, whose harmless play.....	488	When coldness wraps this suffering clay .....	645
Was it the chime of a tiny bell.....	648	Whene'er with haggard eyes I view.....	945
Watchman, tell us of the night.....	23	When first I saw sweet Peggy.....	165
'Way down upon de Swannee Ribber .....	18	When Freedom from her mountain-height....	353
We are all here.....	17	When gathering clouds around I view.....	589
We are born; we laugh; we weep.....	635	When God at first made Man.....	682
We are the sweet Flowers.....	458	When hope lies dead within the heart.....	705
We are two travellers, Roger and I.....	712	When I am dead, no pageant train.....	292
We count the broken lyres that rest .....	646	When icicles hang by the wall.....	447
Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower.....	463	When I consider how my light is spent.....	236
Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan.....	784	When I do count the clock that tells the time.	750
Weep with me, all you that read.....	284	When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes.	219
Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie.....	487	When in the chronicle of wasted time.....	220
Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town....	41	When Israel, of the Lord beloved.....	570
Welcome, welcome, do I sing.....	123	When I survey the bright.....	773
We meet 'neath the sounding rafter.....	785	When I survey the wondrous cross.....	567
Were I as base as is the lowly plain.....	99	When I upon thy bosom lean.....	7
Werther had a love for Charlotte .....	898	When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous	
We sing the praise of Him who died.....	555	foes .....	774
We the fairies, blithe and antic.....	798	When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair....	155
We watch'd her breathing through the		When lovely woman stoops to folly .....	707
night.....	645	When Love, with unconfin'd wings.....	124
We were crowded in the cabin.....	38	When maidens such as Hester die.....	280
We were not many—we who stood.....	347	When marshall'd on the nightly plain.....	597
We wreathed about our darling's head.....	49	When May is in his prime, and youthful	
What ails this heart o' mine?.....	199	Spring .....	436
What an image of peace and rest .....	540	When midnight o'er the moonless skies.....	94
What are these in bright array.....	618	When Music, heavenly maid, was young.....	728
What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight		When o'er the mountain steeps.....	442
shade.....	655	When on my ear your loss was knell'd.....	658
What bird so sings, yet so does wail?.....	484	When our heads are bow'd with woe.....	602
What constitutes a state?.....	363	When silent time wi' lightly foot.....	93
What dire offence from amorous causes		When stars are in the quiet skies.....	218
springs .....	799	When that the fields put on their gay attire...	481
What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and		When the fields were white with harvest, and	
cells .....	517	the laborers were few .....	704
What I shall leave thee, none can tell.....	235	When the hounds of spring are on winter's	
What is the existence of man's life.....	698	traces.....	434
What is the meaning of the song.....	146	When the hours of day are number'd.....	771

	PAGE		PAGE
When the lessons and tasks are all ended.....	62	"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the	
When the midnight hour is come.....	269	Spider to the Fly.....	707
When the sheep are in the fauld, when the		Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley	
kye's come hame.....	137	fool!.....	479
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought..	751	With a glancing eye and curving mane.....	497
When troubled in spirit, when weary of life...	493	With broken heart and contrite sigh.....	582
When we for age could neither read nor write.	718	With deep affection .....	534
When we two parted .....	86	With fingers weary and worn.....	711
When winter's cold tempests and snows are		With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st	
no more.....	479	the skies!.....	118
Where are the swallows fled?.....	704	Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush.	480
Where are you going, my pretty maid?.....	902	Within his sober realm of leafless trees.....	660
Whereas on certain boughs and sprays.....	360	With little here to do or see.....	462
Where did you come from, baby dear?.....	31	With one consent let all the earth.....	565
Where dost thou careless lie.....	227	With silent awe I hail the sacred morn.....	443
Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?..	646	Woodman, spare that tree!.....	775
Where lies the land to which the ship would		Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng.....	281
go?.....	520	Word was brought to the Danish king .....	422
Where shall the lover rest.....	176	Worship, honor, glory, blessing.....	621
Where the bee sucks, there suck I.....	798	Wouldst thou hear what man can say.....	225
Where the remote Bermudas ride.....	569		
Wherever I wander, up and about.....	7	YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams.....	955
Whether on Ida's shady brow.....	752	Ye banks, and braes, and streams around.....	120
Which I wish to remark.....	943	Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon .....	170
"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?".....	45	Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause.	332
While shepherds watched their flocks by		Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.....	522
night.....	549	Ye gentlemen of England.....	507
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled.....	776	Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell.....	608
Whilst in this cold and blustering clime .....	471	Ye little birds, that sit and sing.....	162
Whilst Thee I seek, protecting Power.....	592	Ye Mariners of England.....	356
Whither, 'midst falling dew.....	475	Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song.....	547
Whoe'er she be.....	121	Ye say they all have passed away.....	538
Who finds a woman good and wise.....	24	Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay.....	205
"Who is it knocks this stormy night?.....	659	"Yes," I answer'd you last night.....	188
Who is Sylvia? what is she.....	217	Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more...	237
Who is there now knows aught of his story...	282	You are old, Father William, the young man	
Who'll press for gold this crowded street .....	695	cried .....	694
"Who's dead?" Ye want to know.....	793	You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your	
Why, Damon, with the forward day.....	657	changes.....	19
"Why did you melt your waxen man.....	879	You know we French storm'd Ratisbon.....	340
Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears.....	461	You lay a wreath on murder'd Lincoln's bier.	278
Why has not man a collar and a log? .....	933	You may give over plough, boys.....	640
"Why sit'st thou by that ruined hall.....	717	You meaner beauties of the night.....	185
Why so pale and wan, fond lover?.....	104	You must wake and call me early, call me	
Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing.....	764	early, mother dear .....	69
"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?.....	134	Young Ben he was a nice young man .....	901
Wild rose of Alloway! my thanks.....	251	Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn..	165







UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



142 596

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY